

STARFISH-ON-THE-TOAST

Donovan

FINE ROCK-POOLING COAST THIS STARFISH-ON-THE-TOAST
THE MEN IN THE CRABBIN' BOATS THEY CRY

FAR ACROSS THE HARBOUR AND ROUND THE SANDY COVE,
THE SHEPHERD WI' HIS PIPE AND SHEEPY-DROVE

BIG CLOUD TUMBLING HIGH THE AMAZING FLYING SKY
HOW THE GULLS ARE PILLAGING THE TOWN

FANFARING DAFFODILLY TRUMPETINGLY SMALL
ALL ALONG THE BATHING HUT WALL

FAR ALONG THE EMPTY BEACH THE TIDE HAS LEFT A WORLD
OLD MEN IN TWEED FIND STUDY THERE

HOLDING WHELKS AND PERIWINKLES TINGLING IN HIS HAND
LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THEY HOLD HIM TOO