

# Capers

## Hubert Laws

What has not got my heart in it, shall we be dubbed sir names?  
With a million blither tongues, mounting bristling guilt frames  
In the fake ache of the gloom loom, slippers slap me alive

The hour hands down a miracle to spend with ugly types  
So we catch and thread a minstrel, bleed a tower down  
to its ankles

So we can't go up or stay up, find the thumb dumb in your ear brain  
Get unfunny such as choirs do, why the clock lock brought this one?

Just when things seemed so [Incomprehensible]

Like my tooth face, like my out-do

Capers, capers, capers  
Oh, a streak, oh, treacly ink, inks, tied my knees all up in elbows

Erase that lapsing smile tub, lose the slip of the small soap-fellows

Account the add ups till I do not, are we balanced? We're in business  
Idle tidal, rush in, tried all with a limb's,  
all legs and amour

I had a dreadful die hood, die hard, drunken, sunken, monk-heart

Oh, I had a wonderful die hood, thanks to my fa, fa, family

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