



## 12. The Oulipo

Don Pedro from his shirt has washed the fleas

The bull's horns ought to dry it like a bone

Old corned-beef's rusty armour spreads disease

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That suede ferments is not at all well known

To one sweet hour of bliss my memory clings

Signalling gauchos very rarely shave

An icicle of frozen marrow pings

As sleeping-bags the silent landscape pave

Staunch pilgrims longest journeys can't depress

What things we did we went the whole darned hog

And played their mountain croquet jungle chess

Southern baroque's seductive dialogue

Suits lispng Spanish tongues for whom say some

The bell tolls fee-less fi-less fo-less fum