

To feel like a man driving into London
eyes on him for who and what he is
given credence acceptance authorial say
creatures of his creativity
alive and kicking in the real world

All that nervous energy come to a head
the excess after the purely glandular
put to artistic production and distribution
on the improved ultra-modern plan
throughout the emotional body politic

But then the war the peace the demobbing
the dismembering, the young lions
conceived in part by his generosity
bringing in the next big thing
utterly indifferent to him

Authority he always believed his
by right of his authorship denied
when not ridiculed or worse ignored
things getting done in the real world on his
say-so approximately zero

The image reverted to glib poeticizing
no longer charging the language with utmost meaning
no longer the brainchild he called his own
everyone who knew the difference
dead or otherwise out of touch

Passed by more than ever since his *up yours*
attitudes and antics at the start of the war
his stage poet get-up and didactic barking
his ill-timed futuristic blasts
from the avant garde circus clown cannon

Income in merrie old Kensington meager,
invitations to tea dinner and column
too few, hardly a penny for his thoughts
and an indecent price set on whatever
in art might be spiritual

Post-bellum depression taken to heart
economic and aesthetic production
insidiously entangled

poetry as market vulgarity
the poet in motley back to picking rags