

## **Sperm Jingle Harvest.**

*Lyrics*

Moff Skellington

2008

Uncle Bill

Chimney Stack Builder

The Obfuscator

Marley Chain

Reversing the Dosage

Waiting for the Hedgemakers to Seal Me in

A season of Sweating and Farting

Mackintosh Lady

Fleeing Machines

Unfathomable Deity

Navy Work

Tunnel Thinking

Waltz of the Navy Moon

A Charm to Keep Them Safe from Superstition

Wall-Eyed Lady Thwarts

Good Morning, Mr Wellbeloved

Information

## Uncle Bill

When there was a scream in the night  
Coming from the woods  
Uncle Bill drew a fox on the back of my hand.

When there were empty bicycles  
Free-wheeling past our house  
Uncle Bill slowed them to a halt  
With a stopwatch and a kind word.

When there were scarecrows living in the quarry  
Uncle Bill explained their jokes to me.

When I saw a tubby Graceland toilet  
Boogie down Margarine Street  
Uncle Bill showed me the chin catalogue  
And I became a man.

When trench-lairy soldiers  
Scarpered in figures of eight  
In the tunnels under beacon hill  
Uncle Bill bid them hide beneath his coat  
With a beaker of hush  
Until the blood stopped beating.

When I waved a heron across the river bridge  
And the angler lost his meal and spat  
Uncle Bill hurled a bolt of flabbergast  
And burst his maggot box.

When penknife boys were scratching tags  
Into the lichens of the headstones  
Uncle Bill folded them a bicycle each  
From broadsheets of windfall paper.



## **The Obfuscator**

I am the obfuscator.

Climbing the riddles in my ivy,  
You will meet yourself  
As you will appear in the last days,

Careering up the Autistic Spectrum  
With anguish and great good humour  
Towards dislocation and new beginnings.

But you can't come in  
The masters making soil  
And I've left a few coins in vinegar for you.

There's an engine turning over  
And the letterbox goes.  
It's a teaspoonful of yoghurt in cling film  
Thank you very much.

## **Marley Chain**

Hurl your wedding souvenirs from the train.  
Gather them up to make a Marley Chain.

Belly-crawl or limp in jest, like an animal in pain  
Rehearse the crooked gate for when you haul the Marley Chain.

Empty all your keepsakes down the storm drain.  
Comb the seashore for the Marley Chain.

Don't forget the sand you tread, not a single grain.  
It's all used in the fabrication of the Marley Chain.

And don't forget the fish you ate to edify your brain,  
It's providing life and laughter for your Marley Chain.

And hang your wedding rags out on the weathervane  
Later you can stitch 'em up to your Marley Chain.

Invite your sister, Jordan and your brother Cain  
To shovel out their flotsam onto your Marley Chain.

And use some photographs from your holiday in Spain  
To brighten up the links in your Marley Chain.

The hereafter is a Marley Chain of rude shifting matter;  
The sum of our plain infirmities in dark metal garlands.

Angel Blossoms, trite and pretty as cake  
Cockade the khazi pipes in heaven's windowless annex.

The fire-breasted clouds of heaven are spiteful molecules  
Girding you all about.

## Reversing the Dosage

While Mother Nature wallows in the sludges of a spa town,  
Nature's course is in the hands of her barmy sister, whiskers,  
And bending over backwards to thank me for attending,  
Whiskers brings my world to the boil.

A raft of failed paper boats out there on the lake  
Dreams itself as a phoenix nest with Sinbad;  
A claxon of Pontin-makers, shelled in almond sportswear  
Hurls my varied works into the mere.

It rains hard and the moon floods, pastry softens, hats are worn,  
A stranger has appeared on the shore.  
And it becomes apparent as he locks his feet with mine  
That I am to be treated to his discourse.

A battery of farts cupped in a vowel  
Proclaims itself somewhere in the void  
Distillate of random pube canal, edged in consonant  
Trims the silence somewhere near my ear:

"I reversed the dosage and made the pills take me,  
I went into the back sheds and held the puppets arm.  
I knew that a puppets arm was a splinter in my eye  
So I smithereened the nail jar with my shouting."

"Relax" I tell the stranger. "Enlarge upon your tale,  
I know it ends with nature's barmy sister.  
For I am also known to reverse the dosage  
And find something of interest in the back sheds."

## **Waiting for the Hedgemakers to Seal Me In**

Open windows carry potato voices from the fen,  
A cushion wraps the blade of my spine.  
My feeble mechanisms pipe the anthems of the dust  
While I'm waiting for the Hedgemakers to seal me in.

The rumour of a minute washed raw in salted sleet  
Is nesting in the bed of a null spark, but  
The nibs of a clawed nerve are whittled sharp as light sleep  
Waiting for the hedgemakers to seal me in.

My heart a leather bladder, a panel work of stitches  
Chooses the brittle world of China, Ice and grocers turf,  
A system of diagrams to keep my spectres lively  
As I'm waiting for the hedgemakers to seal me in.

With one eye dark to dart in florid slumber, one eye white  
Both eyes trained to fancy the gum-bubble gland.

## A Season of Sweating and Farting

I want to tell you about a season of sweating and farting.  
Gas and Water; colic and flood; Wind rush and pearly cob.  
Yep. It's a season of sweating and farting.

So, you swim like a lost oar until *here-be-monsters*.  
You're Alice, riding gravity through a mouse hole of tropics.  
You're Alice, crawling in the syrup of the stirruping gland  
And you blow out an incendiary gust  
From the shadow-kept ranges of intimate compost.

In the hidden gravy of tromboning volcanism  
Candle ships of bowel-spoken ember  
Through the catacombs of ribbed cartilage.

Gas and Water; colic and flood; Wind rush and pearly cob.  
A season of sweating and farting.

(Have you dropped your guts?  
There's sommat wrong wi' you.... See a doctor.)

But this toxic nosegay is familiar to bulldozer pilots.  
Those who traverse the sound of reeking, who steer a loop  
Of backwash over some fuming mere of offal stockings.

There's a vine of salt-rain.  
Make a grab for it...  
...makes a spine to comb  
...makes a paper roof of things before combustion.

And you. I've never known anyone sweat so free.

## **Mackintosh Lady**

Who knows where this lady goes in that Mackintosh,  
The marmite rustle of her privy bound by spelk and briar.  
Her morning is refreshing as a dog-shaped holiday;  
Her morning dreams the white and gassy shire of the seas.

Lady in that Mackintosh your blouse is tearing tatty,  
Leaking sore trump holidays where white craft leave the shore.  
Lady in that Mackintosh see the cistern dripping as  
A belch of carpet tumour spins within your sudbath churn.

I know where that lady goes in that Mackintosh.  
It's where all cleanliness is screwed into cupboards tall.  
Her twilight is a stain of dog-shade swimming out in fury,  
Wakeful and uncovered with it's chin upon the skyline.

We know where this lady goes in that Mackintosh.  
It's where the sun-squat pigeons shelve the tide-foam of her slumber  
And night is where her sugar bins lid the empty town;  
Night is where she dainty sips a chime of flowering water.

## **Fleeing Machines**

Stitch the fence with grub fingers  
Clawed around a stellar germ.  
A layer has worn from his winter hat  
And his pale ears are shut with flabbergast and wax  
For daylight is fleeing in its machines.

A blood-warm spoon of cotton milk  
Deadens him to hissing tyres,  
Draws him to a glaucous squint of static between his eyes:  
A shroud-thread of western sky,  
A broom of providential gas  
To sweep the night-suckers  
From his stone-calm rack of bones.

Desire and desire, the base notes of that dream,  
When the fleeing machines return to his blighted hemisphere,  
Are thinned to transparency and water blue with shock  
Unable to assist the daylight in its flight.

Daylight is a prisoner of his wind-smacked borough now,  
Like citrus printed wallpaper, its curling head is snagged  
Along the ribbed walls of his blank firmament  
Replacing the layers of his hat.

## Unfathomable Deity

You. *You.*

Your forensic leer, ripping open the fog,  
It makes a slagheap of me, shining in the rain  
And you treat my furtive skinny bone, quenching scars and all  
To a choice of rounded soups from your goitre.

On a one legged stool, with twisted gut and worry wheels  
I tabulate your gas of numerals  
And yet you wish disease to be a demon of the mind  
With cruel fingernails and ridiculous hair.

Throughout the day, throughout the night  
Your eye is open on the ceiling  
And even in a room full of sleep  
Your bleaching pesticidal gaze will not dry the maggot rift  
Though a multitude of flies finds an endless twilight.

## **Navy Work**

Inspector, he caught us  
And look what he's brought us:  
A hollow head, a broken back,  
Daydreams in a rainy sack.

I've hidden the tools up  
Inside his old chimney-breast.  
I put a shiver in his teacup  
And now he'll not have any rest.

My hammer's down, my fag is lit,  
The lads are almost out of sight,  
I'm for hanging back a bit,  
Inspector's full of work tonight.

The man in the moon says  
"These are the best days,  
You've come to work once and for all –  
You'll see the stars around you fall."

Here's the crow that talks to me,  
From the heart of a hollow tree,  
Of the thousand years gone by.  
He's been listening to my hammer fly.

Inspector, he caught us  
And look what he's brought us:  
A box with a lever  
And a red working fever.

## **Tunnel Thinking**

Though he grins the grin of bending bones  
And he kneels in the ringing of his work  
Under the stars, his back to the moon,  
Never naming them in his curses,  
That moon, those stars,  
Will forever stir the colours of his tunnel thinking.

Though he'd rather scratch his arse and shout  
Than stand and pass a quiet eye,  
Glazed in a poet's trance,  
Over shining hills and rolling mist,  
That mist, those hills,  
Will forever be making room to breathe in his tunnel thinking.

Though he spits and winks his disregard  
For shithouses and dignity,  
For the pandemonium of gangers waxing beastly,  
Those bandy-legged work horses,  
Digging pennies out of rock,  
Will forever scratch the beard of his tunnel thinking;

Will unplug the stormy shoe-shit from his tunnel thinking;  
Will close his eyes to call the light back to his tunnel thinking;  
Will scissor the world to a story book for his tunnel thinking.

## **Waltz of the Navy Moon**

Do you grind your teeth when you sleep in your own bed?  
Do you call out to your good lady wife when  
Awoken by dogs that are roaming the house and the  
Work on the track doesn't stop for the bell of the  
Chapel that trembles with dead men's disasters and  
Do you believe in the place wherein lies  
The rapture of sleep and the holy abandon of slumber?

Your lung is blown open with picnics on old mans rust  
Now that the moon has an eye on the clock and is  
Smiling a sweet pinch of brotherly woe at  
Processions of lead-grinding circles in stitches where  
Sky-lines are joined in obscuring the bed in an  
Upstairs room of the house wherein lies  
The rapture of sleep and the holy abandon of slumber.

In the meantime metal must fall onto wood and  
The tar must flame as the smouldering buries the  
Bones painted green by the weather that crack like  
Spit in the chest of the tool bringer, laughing as  
Eyes capsize with a moan for hours lost in the  
Field where the barrows explode, wherein lies  
The rapture of sleep and the holy abandon of slumber.

There is metal to fasten and stone to undo and  
Many young names to be knit with grey hair  
And a dog to ignore while it waits for your body to  
Fall down the bank in a fury of blisters as  
Men make a rain-huddle church of their number  
To pray and remember the place wherein lies  
The rapture of sleep and the holy abandon of slumber.

## **A Charm to Keep Them Safe from Superstition**

Turn left at midnight.  
Play the note remembered by your missing appendix  
And find yourself a charm  
To keep you safe from superstition.

That stinking numeral, lucky for some, is leg-ironed  
In the twin penitentiaries of jinx and serendipity.  
Never inked in funster's globule,  
It offers nothing but tilting ladders and pending misfortune.

From the Dutch windmill clog mounted on the mossy flock  
To the spotted cotton rubble in the lady-bin;  
From the chang-flindered biro stump to dice in the saucer,  
Objects are crushed under the yolk of type  
and class and model and version.

Let us grant them their uniqueness, know their rhyming partners,  
Find stories in the habits of a Dutch windmill clog.  
Let us follow the flindered biro stump to its dog-eared Narnia  
As a thousand contrary names pester intuition.

*Meanwhile, on the outside, ladders tilt and paths are crossed  
"Chalk circles, everyone, our nemesis patrols!"  
The town's people queue to be hobbled in the ghost  
By a supernatural consequence described by an elder.*

## Wall-Eyed Lady Thwarts

I crane my dear nostrils up  
Into her lacquered bun.  
I worm my fancy tongue upon  
Her dainty lacquered scalp.  
I scratch a poet's whiskey-nuts,  
A scratch of fumbled claws,  
To pepper my spleen,  
And cradle a dream,  
Of stone-rotting words.

I trophy splendid tatters for  
The 'bacca man within,  
To yellow my teeth and traipse the heath  
And throw myself on toadstools.  
When brimming tea and almond fume,  
They belly-up the world,  
To whisper me small,  
I'm tall no more,  
To spend myself in flames.

*'cause wall-eyed lady thwarts  
The fiery Fred of my bone-bits;  
Her way is to diminish me  
With comfy furniture  
And wall-eyed lady winkles out  
The rubber man I'm hiding  
'cause wall-eyed lady hasn't got  
The patience to indulge me.*

I sting the bladder of naughty trumps,  
A bloody, wild festoon,  
To muscle my throat  
And act the goat  
With stone-rotting words.  
When blizzards ache crepuscular  
Without my snuggled loam  
And lavender balms my ruddy shanks,  
I'm tucked inside her sleeve.

I bid my bonfire fingers probe  
Her range of minty marshes  
Then open up my valves to rhyme  
My body with the dawn.  
I spoon my organs empty then  
I'm sugar-pure, unborn;  
I've shrunk the pudding inches where  
The lambs are painted blue.

## **Good Morning, Mr Wellbeloved**

I sniff the rainy hollow of your enormous pillow.  
It smells like the neck of a buried linctus bottle.  
Lying low as dead-men's bones among the fibrillating roots  
And the warm and shifting earth of Bottle-buried Fen.

*Good Morning, Mr Wellbeloved,  
There is no need to knock.  
I see you've brought a greetings card  
From the village elders.  
Look closely, Mr Wellbeloved,  
My lady's boots are empty  
Of that blue Atlantic air  
And shandies from the pier.*

I know that you are poorly so, I'll stop at home today  
Should you cough so deeply that you tumble downstairs.  
Then, I'll wheel in on castors that squeal like tooth enamel  
My Pickwick-bellied tears of laboratory jelly.

I sniff the rainy hollow of your enormous pillow.  
It smells like the dark-side of *none of your business*.  
There comes a rush of scorching gas  
Out my lady's dainty mouth  
To send you deep into the earth of Bottle-buried Fen.

## **Information**

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Moff talks, sings and plays the following:  
Accordions, Melodica, whistles, percussion, guitars, harmonica,  
cimbalom, Hattyphone, Eddodiner, Swanee whistle, kazoo,  
Jaw Harp, diddley-bow, bamboo flute and other household flotsam.

Dedicated to Heart of Coal, Dr. Vibes and Mr Ted Stacey (RIP).

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