

Spike Milligan – One Poem

To Robert Graves

Were we

so be-devilled,
as to lie fragmented

And the pieces *always* at the foot of
a woman?

Cannot our

high thoughts escape from
the clinging female lichen
growing on our old bones?

Tho' spring in his head
great melting ice caps
of green ladies
swamp our summer logic.

"To Robert Graves", first published in 1967, is reproduced by permission of Spike Milligan.