

The Flight of the Chapbook

Here we mark the slimmest thread
Spliced between volumes of the great and the dead,
Flapping down corridors of books
Great albatross tomes heavy 'round the necks
Of too many cooks.

In between the sheets where
The librarian slam champion incognito
Limbos his poetry under Pope Benedict's Alfa Romeo.

At the point of no return
Books, pamphlets are bought and sold
And bartered
In the circle of firelight
Where pamphleteers are martyred,
Shepherds and shepherdesses,
Wranglers and wranglees,
The chapbooks flutter their lashes,
The essence of poetic licence crashes
And
It's only happenstance
That brings us here to Calder Wood
Where the Red Squirrels play on sand all day.

We aim to please
We aim to fail
All day the clink of
Nuts in may and may not,
We are all diehards
From the flick of SPL postcards
To the prolific poetry profligator
Tony Lawrence's scintillating
Soporific sales sibilants.

Not just moonshine but blue sky notebooks
The body of the green girl on the boy who came ashore
At the currying shop for a poetry supper and
Scots love from the Makar press
Those beetroots murdering sleep,
Out damned typo! (we can dream)
Reel to the fiddling family Reeves
Revolve to ex Rebel inc-ers, Tsunami butterflies;
Chilly fireflies on coconut Christmas trees.
Chap Man is a super hero this day
We will Sally Forth with Rudy Awakenings, Santa Will
And Wogan's Togs,
Callum McDonald's bouncing bairns, Perjinks!
We slim, beautifully McDermided creatures in

Our paper finery;
And every Baudelaire nouveau
Tasted between marginalia inspires us
At least to badverse (like this)
Jealousy or camaraderie at worst.
I blow up the sacred balloon of penfriendship
Release the dove of poetry for peace
In the city of dreadful night
And Aberdeen Koos
Buy literature with change
From a tenner,
A small press highlight.

Tonight we shall jingle Lagavulin not Bells
All the way to the downside up, tapsalteerie motorways,
We will curse with verse newgrange developers,
We happy few, we hawkers and roosters
Bringing our chuck books to market in boxes.
A far cry from Bloodaxioms, Picadors and their bull,
The gnome pomes of Faber & Faber;
All for one, one for all and buy one get one free,
We pamphleteers, we happy breed,
We poets failing to avoid cat poems
We www.poets.scotland.com
zài jiàn

Kevin Cadwallender

Poem written in 2 hours at the 2008 Poetry Pamphlet Fair .