

To George Gordon, Lord Byron, this poem is affectionately dedicated.

My Lord Adieu! The frozen plains of earth
In "Darkness" prophesised have come and gone
Our woes are now inbred
The knowledge of them with a million genes
Is not a halfpenny for our understanding
Related as we are to some banana
Or the honourable chimpanzee- manyana.

In early years you talked of God
Your actions were more lost than found
And though you nearly were our King of Greece
Returning us to kingdoms ever ceased
Death by fever in the swamp of Missalonghi
Embraced by your motley retinue who fondly
Bared their heads to your full flight
O shooting star to fill old England's sight.
England whose imagination never could
Stretch to trinitities of sex in such abundance
Your instrument sexed you with such confidence
Beyond all fellows, now is put to rest
Yet even in the tomb they looked
And said it was the best.

Never fear My lord, your early entry into clay
Perpetuates the myth of your great play
And though we have a ripe old age
With folly and our money in our cage
Half-concealed fear and envy cannot see
Our lives so wax-like seen by yours
For we are wax while you are with your whores.

In that celestial pantheon of heroes gone
True, they reeked their motives on our lives alone
Now we live in endless number sewn
And politicians talk like croaking frogs
Determined to make us working cogs
Around the scene of this imbroglio
Even Shakespeare fails in folio
Which wit and freedom and our love
Would cause our Byron stirring from above
To join us in a rage of sense
Whose mastery would bring us to the tense
Of language fought and held aloft
And every stranger's heart would beat in unison,
But as it is our daily duty calls
For we like you are servants of our dogs
Until we come resplendent to our gods.