

DECLARED DEAD

Ted, thirty-five years sober
one day picked up a Belgian beer
and slipped out of his chair
onto the pavement below.

Consoling his French-speaking wife
I could remember my own death
in that British asylum
back in April sixty-two.

It was the horrible head
with his monstrous hairy hands
who brought me back to life
and prescribed the medication

which took me out to Peru again
and has kept me going since.

Thursday 5 April 12, dawn.
Marcus Cumberlege