



bamboozled

dave calder



*bamboozled      dave calder*

*drawings by mary bogan*

## The Megahertz

From behind  
the smooth strains  
of the  
orchestra  
came the  
urgent  
snuffling  
of some  
enormous  
beast.

It grew  
louder,  
drowned  
the music,  
devoured  
the hall,  
chewed  
the transmitter,  
came clawing  
heavily  
along  
the wavelength,  
started  
scratching  
and whining  
inside  
the radio

In the nick  
of time  
I leapt  
to my feet,  
switched  
it off,  
saved  
the world.

## **My Grandfather Gavin**

My Grandfather Gavin  
kept his Morris Minor  
in a wooden boathouse  
miles from the seashore,

but he drove it like  
you'd steer a boat:  
it bounced, bobbed and bellied,  
only just afloat;

and up the rolling waves of hills  
and down the other side  
we sailed, as fast and thrilling  
as a roller-coaster ride.

My Grandfather Gavin  
was known near and far:  
I think people stayed indoors  
when he drove his car.

My Grandfather Gavin  
had a round bald head -  
it was rounder  
and shinier  
than his Morris Minor  
and he parked it  
in his bed.

## **mirror**

mirror, mirror on the wall  
I'm sure that's not my face at all  
this ones somewhat baggy and the eyes are out of line  
have I stayed awake all night with a face that isn't mine?

## cat

i have walked on the wall and  
have put my eye on the world and  
it had better behave itself.

i have slouched under the bushes  
and have made the lumps of feather-covered cat-meat  
jump up and down  
waving their uneatable bits and squeaking stupidly

i have found slow wriggly things in my earth  
and have pulled them with my claws  
but they are not much fun  
and they are not good cat-meat

i have sat on the flowers, to watch  
the big animal that brings me cat-meat  
dig holes in my earth  
but it was not looking for the wriggly slimy  
things that are not cat-meat

it is not as intelligent as a cat,  
and has nothing to put into the hole  
except a stalk of something.

Now it has gone. i smell the stalks  
and since they are not cat-meat  
i have dug in my earth  
to make it more as I like it

and the big animal is back.  
It is jumping up and down  
like the feather-covered cat-meat  
and waving its uneatable bits  
and squeaking stupidly

It is more useless than I'd thought -  
for all the jumping and waving it has not managed  
to leave the ground and float to the tip of a tree

if it did not bring me cat-meat  
I should certainly eat it.

## **palmtrees**

a long time ago  
they grew to love the sun  
so much they simply  
stood & dreamed  
until their claws  
turned roots & they could  
no longer fly

& then small mammals  
learnt to climb  
up into their crutches  
to steal their eggs  
before they laid them

great flocks of them  
flutter by the shore  
they do not notice  
the small mammals  
the sun shines on them &  
they are still dreaming

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in the enormous  
room of the dusky plain  
worn by their efforts  
against the cobwebs  
of dust & haze, like  
tattered feather dusters  
the palmtrees are propped  
up against an horizon  
glowing red raw with  
the ageless domed lamps  
of cane fires

## **To gain power over a balloon**

First you must tie a string around your wrist  
with ribbons in spring and tinsel at christmas,  
tying it carefully, taking your time,  
breathing deeply, in and out,  
leaving a long length of string, as long as your arm,  
that you hold by its end, between thumb and forefinger.

Then hold the balloon in your lap, cupped by your hands:  
do not rub it, this excites it,  
it may squeak and try to slip away;  
do not pat it, it is not a kite,  
it expects no praise,  
it has nothing to prove.  
Hold it lightly, so the air inside  
does not get hot - heat bothers balloons.  
Be gentle, but show no real interest,  
a balloon has a mind like the wind.

Breathe deeply, in and out, in and out:  
the balloon likes to hear air moving around.  
Now take a full chest of air and  
**HOLD YOUR BREATH**

The balloon will now think you are a balloon.

Quickly slip the noose of string  
the string you're holding in your fingers  
around its neck, and knot it.

The balloon will now follow you everywhere.  
You can breathe again.

This spell  
is as strong as your string.

it's afternoon and here i lie  
with my face turned to the sky  
& watch the clouds that drift & run  
(only flowers can stare at the sun)

some things here are acting busy  
they buzz & bustle & end up dizzy,  
but the spinach, the flowers, the trees & i  
we hold the ground & look at the sky.

but every plant, however slight,  
is pushing and shoving for water & light,  
each grass, lettuce, cherry, heaves,  
kicking its roots and flexing its leaves.

in the whole garden there is only  
one thing that's not doing, and that's me;  
i'm not looking for food or safety or home  
i lie on my back and dream this poem.

### **Keys**

With this key I drive my house,  
with this I open bottle-tops  
I keep this one to clean my nails  
and this to tighten big screws up

this is for where I pour money in  
this is for where fat moths fly out  
this one opens paint tins well  
cuts string and twists odd things about

I use this one to lock my street  
and this to shut up Auntie Glenda  
this one opens nothing at all  
what this one does I can't remember ...





## **Dr. Frankenstein Explains**

All the way through school it was the same:  
"Don't be such a cissy, Frankenstein,  
you're a big boy now ..."

And so they'd pull me, coaxing, mocking,  
from the only  
games that gave me any pleasure.

Boys, I was told, make machines, are inventors  
especially of things that fight and kill;  
girls get first the dolls and then the babies  
to hold and watch with love and wonder.

So they pushed me into science - You're a boy.  
learn how things tick, be logical, ambitious,  
no more cissy games: if you become a man  
you can be anything you want.

I thought about this. I became  
a great scientist. I thought about this.  
I wanted to sit in a quiet corner with a child  
I wanted to feel the warmth of life continuing.

My labour has finished, or just begun.  
I have, in man's way, become a mother.  
Here is my child: isn't he beautiful?

## **A Garden for Dracula**

Beyond the gloomy hedge a thin mist  
lies as fine and sticky as cold sweat  
on disfigured statues, gaping pits,  
walls lurking in a tangled mass of cobwebbed ivy.

No wooden stakes in this garden!  
and the unpinned roses trail in the mud  
between cracked gravestones where something  
smells very rotten and the slow drip  
of dark water is menacing and sudden ...

who knows what their roots are tickling?  
their curved fangs wait for you to trip -  
be careful, be careful where you tread!  
Their flowers are like thin lips that long for blood,  
the white roses are hungry, the red have fed.

## **Getting Heavy**

big in his boots  
he met a weighing machine  
dressed as a punchball.

I tell your weight, it said  
and so he hit it  
with his heaviest punch.

the machine stood still and  
thought about it.  
seven stones lighter than me,  
it said at last

falling on top of him and  
crushing him  
flat.

## Hate

I took what I hated  
to a corner of the playground.  
I battered it, I bust its nose,  
I shoved it through the railings.

That didn't help. I took it  
to the road and pushed it - oops -  
underneath a bus, a steamroller, a tank.  
It was no use. I dropped it  
off a railway bridge, a cliff,  
an aeroplane. I crunched it  
with a 200 ton weight. I stuck it  
with a million pins. I tore it apart.  
I played football with the bits.

That didn't help. It was no use.  
It kept looking at me, winking disgustingly.  
I was shaking all over. I woke up.  
I was banging my own head on the wall.

I am the Boozle of Bam, hooray!  
I sent you a letter today.  
It said: "If in order to hear  
you use your mouth not your ear  
you won't understand what I say"

## Stray beasties

1.  
Something caught his hand  
behind the clothes. Bravely  
he leapt in ... the wardrobe  
burped

2.  
I cracked the egg.  
Inside it was  
another egg:  
and this one smiled

3.  
he was slugged from behind  
he never saw it coming -  
like an earthy whale  
leaving a silver wake  
the giant slug slid over him

4.  
he was hemmed in.  
he began to crawl  
along the low  
narrow tunnel,  
hoping the machine  
had dropped a stitch

5.  
this has gone on long enough  
I shouted. The road stopped  
& seeing my determined look  
vanished  
There was nothing all around  
or under; but I stayed there,  
casual, treading air

for this I use a special device  
of my own invention, like this poem

## Action Men

I was beating up an armchair  
with the tele on full blast,  
I was firing off my laser toy,  
I was feeling mighty tough,  
I was shouting at my sister,  
I wanted to play rough.

Suddenly the tele shattered  
and out of the screen came  
a dozen hulking men with guns -  
one said, " We like this game.  
Hi." Then he knocked out my teeth  
and bongoad on my brain.  
Somehow, after that,  
the game wasn't the same.

They splattered the cat all over the mat  
they shattered and tattered  
and clattered and battered  
WOW ZAP SPLAT  
they flattened the flat.

They mummified mum  
and deadified dad,  
they broke up my brother,  
he looked really bad.  
They wrangled and tangled  
and strangled my sister  
and mangled her angles  
in a cement mixer.  
A grenade got gran,  
I caught her hand  
but her head fell bright red  
in the strawberry jam.

They disabled the table,  
smashed in the doors,  
exploded the road,  
thrashed on the floor:  
blew up and threw up,  
slashed up the chairs,  
torpedoed my teacup,  
crashed up the stairs,  
butted the budgie,  
pot-shot the parrot,  
bounced me on their boots  
till I cracked like a carrot

then they mowed the lawn  
with machine gun fire  
(the dog crawled out  
with its paws held high),  
and I sat in the slaughter,  
I started to cry  
and one heavy growled  
with his fist in my eye

"It's fun to meet fans  
who like violence and pain -  
since you like it so much  
we'll come back again."





## The Plot So Far

With the discovery of the elephants on the roof,  
the school was thrown into confusion. Drainpipes  
slithered from walls and wriggled away, doors  
became unhinged and flew off their handles.  
Assembly, that morning, had tasted of custard  
and the children, their mouths flecked with yellow flakes of skin,  
were having to sit hard to sop their chairs escaping.  
Nor could they catch the carrots dangled in front of them  
for the floor heaved like a sea and the teachers  
dropped their fishingrods and clutched at desks in seasick panic.  
Screams sharp as carving knives stabbed from the kitchen  
where the elephants, having stamped  
a small hole in the leaky ceiling,  
have lowered their trunks  
and are kidnapping young cabbages.  
The caretaker shouted at them till his back was sore  
but they paid no notice and he went to fetch a ladder.  
The building now began to rock more violently,  
the piano in the hall caught fire, a flock  
of gutteral parrots swooped along the corridors  
or perched in the thickness of twisted creepers  
that cascaded urgently through collapsing ceilings.  
The desks in the classroom have turned to huge, rough stones  
but the children lean on them, half-asleep,  
for they are warmed, as if warmed by the sun,  
and the teacher's voice becomes a murmur,  
a soft wind among many glossy leaves,  
and under the floorboards great fish plunge  
in icy darkness; and the books become trees  
and the chalk becomes earth and the ink  
becomes a muddy, sluggish river  
where crocodiles crawl in the whirring heat.  
And meanwhile, the elephants . . .

## **The Boozle of Bam**

Up in the attic the Boozle of Bam  
is trying as hard as a boozle can  
to discover why someone, wherever he goes,  
sticks out a tongue or wrinkles a nose  
or turns away with a pointed look  
or hides their head in a boring book.

Up in the attic, on his throne of blood and dirt,  
the Boozle is feeling terribly hurt -  
he swaffles and snaffles and scoffs till he's sick  
but nothing he does can do the trick -  
for boozles may bam and boozles may bong  
but they never ever admit they're wrong.

He scratches his ear with a rusty fork  
and mutters and putters and sneers and snorts.  
He yells, "Boozles Rule!" and "Boozle is Boss!"  
but inside he's feeling lonely and lost  
and his angry wee eyes keep jerking around,  
terrified of the tiniest sound.

Up in the attic on his throne of dirt and blood  
the Boozle is washing his hands in mud;  
and spitting out gobs of half-chewed money  
he snarls to himself, "Something's up, something's funny,  
not ha-ha but odd - and why this should be  
really bamboozles a boozle like me

for dark-suited gnomes in bowler hats,  
fat-faced cream-covered company cats,  
toads who're seen in extremely high places  
and rats with suspicious violin cases  
all shove fat envelopes under my door  
that rustle of fivers as they slide on the floor,

and they all say `We're doing fine, Boss'  
so why are these others getting so cross?"  
And he fell asleep with his mouth wide open.  
A spider, crawling spidery cross his chin,  
startled by the sudden snoring din,  
flipped, lost its balance, fell right in.

Up in the attic, in his slobber-stained coat  
with a spider weaving a web in his throat  
and his smelly fat feet in a bucket of slime,  
the Boozle is happily dreaming of crime -  
while the damp dust shudders on his sacks of gold  
he snores like an elephant with a bad cold.

But down in the cellar where the poor make the sweat  
that the Boozle uses to keep his hair wet,  
and out on the street where they stand and wait  
for the leftover pennies that fall from his plate,  
there are grumbles and rumbles and even shouts  
about how much he eats while they go without ...

But each of us has a bit of greed  
and greed is all that a Boozle needs -  
for though some say they'd like to knock his house down  
and others, that they'd run him out of town,  
too many want what the Boozle's got -  
the golden grime, the silver snot

and would really like to get greasy palms  
and play with power, never mind who they harm,  
and stick their snouts in the honeypots  
and mess with money while everything rots  
and deny others bread, so long as they've jam:  
that's why no-one's got rid of the Boozle of Bam.

## The Monster Quiz

*in their little cages  
I hear the children sing  
"Monster dear, don't eat us up,  
we're much too fattening. "*

I squeeze along the corridor  
my tum touches both sides  
and glare in through each classroom door  
where, stacked in boxes on the floor  
my prisoners are kept squashed up  
even though the bell has gone.  
And if they get my questions wrong  
I chew their toes off one by one.

HOW BIG IS A ZIZ?  
WHAT DO THE SHE-BEARS TURN?  
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE  
FOR A KRAKEN TO WAKE  
OR AN EAGLE TO GROW FROM A WORM?

HOW MANY IS RHO?  
WHAT DID THEY LOSE IN NOK?  
WHO DID WHAT TO WHO  
IN KATUN EIGHT AHAU?  
HOW ROUGH IS RAGNAROK?

My heads jab at the cages,  
hooked like question marks;  
my helpless victims twist and turn  
as I ask them what they've never learned  
through mouths that reek of turpentine  
and sixteen-week-old stew.  
And if they won't reply right now  
I'll keep them till they do.

WHAT IS NAPIFORMED?  
HOW MANY SCISSORS MAKE TEN?  
WHAT IS TIED AROUND  
WITH A FIVE-FOLD BOND  
AND EATEN BY MERRY MEN?

WHAT WOULD A NORN KNOW?  
WHAT MAKES A GLOWWORM GLOW?  
CAN YOU SNIGGLE A SNIG  
WITH A TWYFORKED TWIG?  
WHERE DOES THE OMO GO?

*from their little cages  
I hear the teachers cry  
"Monster sir, don't eat us up  
we'd taste too old and dry. "*

### **The Bap**

The house was turning upside down,  
the sky was turning outside in;  
through the shut window swam a Bap  
grinding his teeth like a thunderclap  
with his eyes knotted up in a frown.

He said, "My brain's stuck on the shelf,  
brown and sliced in the bread bin,  
but in double time, I have to find  
what's ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and nine -  
ty nine, multiplied by itself."

I sucked upon my inky thumb,  
I buttered his fat round face,  
I said, as I slapped red chilli on,  
"Nine billion, nine hundred and ninety nine million  
eight hundred thousand, and one."  
And then I tried to take a bite  
but the frenzied Bap had gone.

I have a hippopotamus,  
I keep it in the bath.  
It is a happy hippo  
but every time it laughs  
water floods across the floor  
and mum goes on the warpath.

She tells me - Keeping hippos  
in a house is daft:  
they should be on the tele  
or in a photograph;  
why can't you keep something sensible,  
like a lion or giraffe?

an  
almost  
ridiculously  
triangular head  
at  
the  
sha  
key  
top  
ofa  
lon  
gth  
inn eck giraffes are made of dirty yel  
low plasticene and four s  
m t  
a i  
t c  
c k  
h s

is very Huge is  
ELEPHANT  
and BIG and BULKY  
andeversoeven  
PonDerOus:  
and he thinks he thinks  
but he doesn't know what  
he thinks he thinks  
for very Huge are  
ELEPHANT THOUGHTS  
and Weighty and Large  
but soft underneath;  
and he thinks he thinks  
it's time for hay  
but he doesn't know  
and that being so  
he squirts water over  
his big left shoulder  
and thinks of a Very Huge  
NOTHING

is Very Huge is  
ELEPHANT  
is Hugely ENORMOUS  
(and slightly gormless)

I am the big Boozle of Bam  
I'll tell you how hungry I am -  
I'd put my arm in French bread  
and chew it up to my head -  
I'm sure it would taste just like ham

i kept an eye on the main chance  
and when it turned its back  
i grabbed a slim chance with both hands  
and hid it in my sack

now when i teeter on the edge  
or stumble in the rough  
i put my head in the sack and ask: any chance?  
and it purrs back: enough

## **Snake's Dance**

Sensuous slither      slinkiest slide  
the slip in the silence      the hiss and glide  
steadily sweeping      shuddering squirm  
quivering question      conquering worm

I start sliding this side, certain and sure.  
I spiral all scaly, coiling a tower,  
twisting and toiling, spellbound by stealth,  
I slip through the circle and surprise myself.

Head is for seeing, tail is for squeezing,  
tongue is for telling and fangs are for seizing;  
stretching and spinning I sway to the song -  
I go as I must, as I must I go on

Sudden is speed like a wave of the sea,  
swift is the sense as wind in tall trees,  
strong is as subtle as wise is indeed,  
they kneel to no-one who're born without knees

(and back to the beginning ...)



## **Look out**

Here comes a spider with enormous feet  
in hobnailed boots as hard as the street

Here comes a wasp with a rolled-up comic  
as big as an atlas and twice as thick

Here comes a mouse with a human-trap  
that'll break a back with a terrible snap

Here comes a cow with a churning chainsaw  
Here comes a fly to squash you on the floor

Here comes a cat with a whale in a can  
Here comes a chicken with a frying pan

Here comes a dodo with an atom bomb  
(don't ask me where he came from)

and they all look big and angry and rough  
and they all, all say - We've had enough

Here's a jolly dinosaur,  
he likes to tickle you,  
and tickle, tickle, tickle till  
your face turns red and blue.

His laugh is loud and merry,  
even if his breath smells bad,  
but he keeps it up for hours and hours  
and drives you deaf and mad.

Then he pulls your leg a bit  
(he likes his little joke)  
and snaps it off above the knee  
and shoves it down his throat.

So even though it laughs a lot  
and has a charming smile,  
you'd be mad as a hatter  
to stop to chatter  
with a massive flesh-eating reptile.

Little Miss Muffet  
sat on her tuffet  
eating her butties with Bert:

a spider crawled on her hand:  
she picked it up and  
shoved it straight down the back of his shirt

## **Punishments**

I was standing in the corner  
and the strange teacher said:  
"You must get a plate of porridge  
and pour it on your head;  
strap a fried egg to your wrist,  
use it to tell the time:  
write an essay on a messy  
slice of toast and jam -  
then pretend you are a bus-stop  
where no-one comes to wait -  
and that, bad child, is what you get  
for coming in so late."

I was standing in the corner  
and the strange teacher said:  
"Your brain is like spaghetti  
wrapped in a loaf of bread;  
I'll have to paint you black and blue  
and sting you with my tongue  
and pour cold water over you  
till all you think sounds wrong -  
and on your mouth I'll stick a sludge  
of glue and sealing-wax -  
and that, bad child, is what you get  
for messing at the back."

Little Jack Horner  
sat in a corner  
eating gobstoppers bigger than boulders  
One stuck in his jaw  
He yanked till it was sore  
and pulled his head clean off his shoulders

## **And for my next trick**

Out of his hat he pulled a hen  
that laid a shining egg, and when  
he broke the egg with his white-tipped wand  
it became an eye in the palm of his hand.

And when this eye had looked around  
he swallowed it without a sound.

At which, the hen, with a polite  
bow, put on the hat, and exited stage right.

And everyone clapped - though my sister said  
she wished it had been a duck -  
for the magician stood there in the spotlight  
all feathers and beaky head  
going  
cluck  
cluck  
cluck

those who walk with head  
down  
smell  
only themselves

## Knife Song

Even if I was lying in some puddle  
old and rusted to the hilt  
and you were to see me, lift me up;  
I would still be whispering - go on,  
test my edge - how far do you dare?  
You try me against the dead, the vegetable,  
like a sabre tooth, a stabbing claw;  
I am my own power, even for the weak.  
You press me against your thumb to see  
how sharp. And the skin turns cheesy yellow:  
blood pulls back, prepared to burst.  
You whirl me like a sparkler, slicing air.  
You like my dance. I make you hard.  
Think how I'll cut. It would be so easy.  
I fit well in the palm of your hand.  
I am comfortable here. I am humble,  
your servant, I am what you make me  
and my cold tongue whispers - go on  
test my edge - how far do you dare?

one false step &  
you're flat on your face or  
flying

## **It's hard being a witch**

It's hard being a witch  
all the blasted heaths have become housing estates  
and nobody sells cauldrons any more

Look, I'm reduced  
to sitting on broken bricks by a burntout car  
stirring a dented saucepan on a scrappy fire  
of mucky dogdamp wood

It's no good  
all the ponds are gone with their frogs and newts  
I can't find batswool anywhere; and as for tongue of dog  
well, would you go near those huge alsatians?

I can only rely on the rats, for the rest  
I make do with what's around me:  
greasy chip-papers, plastic bottles,  
the grey insides of sodden mattresses,  
four- week old curry, slime from concrete walls,  
mouldy carpets, smokers coughs, bits of squashed cat..

O, nasty enough, but they don't work the same:  
I tried turning children into mice  
but they all became space invaders,  
I made a towerblock vanish  
but nobody cared or noticed;  
I turned a teacher into a gibbering idiot  
but he became a TV personality

I don't see a hapless king or a benighted prince  
from one year to the next  
It's not right  
even the broomsticks have  
sticky plastic handles, nylon bristles;  
still, I must fly. It's my  
signing-on day at the dole



## **This is the key to the castle**

This is the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the cellar, cold and bare,  
dark as the grave, with nobody there  
except the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the stair that crumbles and creaks  
where every small step moans and squeaks  
that leads to the cellar, cold and bare,  
dark as the grave, with nobody there  
except the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the rat with yellow teeth,  
sharp as sorrow, long as grief,  
who ran up the stair that crumbles and creaks  
where every small step moans and squeaks,  
up from the cellar, cold and bare,  
dark as the grave, with nobody there  
except the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle



This is the damp and dirty hall  
with peeling paper on its mouldy wall  
where the black rat runs with yellow teeth,  
sharp as sorrow, long as grief,  
who ran up the stair that crumbles and creaks  
where every small step moans and squeaks,  
up from the cellar, cold and bare,  
dark as the grave, with nobody there  
except the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the ghost with rattling bones,  
carrying his head, whose horrible groans  
fill the damp and dirty hall  
with peeling paper on its mouldy wall  
where the big black rat with yellow teeth  
sharp as sorrow, long as grief,  
who ran up the stair that crumbles and creaks  
where every small step moans and squeaks,  
up from the cellar, cold and bare,  
dark as the grave, with nobody there  
except the spider, huge and fat,  
who wove its web and sat, and sat  
on top of the box  
with rusty locks  
that holds the key to the castle

This is the child who came into play  
on a rainy, windy, nasty day

and said BOO! to the ghost who groaned in the hall  
and SCAT! to the rat by the mouldy wall  
and went down the creaking crumbling stair  
into the cellar, cold and bare,  
and laughed at the spider, huge and fat,  
and brushed off the web where it sat and sat  
and opened the box  
with rusty locks  
and took the key to the castle

What have you got there? A spell  
Is it as strong as a wishing well?  
Will it make you very wealthy,  
does it stop you becoming unhealthy  
or turn you at midnight into a cat?  
No, this spell is not like that

Does it save you from drowning at sea,  
will it take you wherever you want to be,  
stop you from getting a runny nose  
or black warts from growing on your toes  
or make you invisible, except for your clothes?  
No, this spell isn't one of those.

Will it keep you from growing old  
or make everything you touch turn gold?  
Will it make somebody loving,  
will it stop the bullies shoving  
or save you from a vampire's bite?  
No, this spell would not be right.

I fear this spell won't stop you snoring  
or make teachers vanish when they're boring.  
This spell changes children who're calm and quiet  
into wild-eyed monsters who want to riot  
and scream and yell and fight and shout

I'd be silly to read it out



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