

DICTATION

Like a bumblebee on a wild rampage,
stumbling against the sense that otherwise
ran as smooth as honey across my page,
one word I couldn't spell or recognise,

starting with k, or c, then double m
in the middle and holding in reserve
e r for the end, kept coming at random –
kommer? no, commer – till I lost my nerve.

Poor Deborah! Yoked to her father's muse.
And my poor daughter, darling. Who will be,
now she can't even see night stars, her hand,

her amanuensis? So let her use,
while she still can, her one good eye to see
wild bees, like commas, coming in to land.