

## Alan Dixon

### *Since Melody Died*

Since Melody stopped kissing all she knew  
And some she didn't, who kissed bus drivers too,  
And since the crowded funeral at which  
So many sang (though singing's not the same  
As conversation, and the truth can stretch)  
That they believed in angels, and her name  
Proved not to be Melissa or Melinda,  
And Neil jiggled in the aisle as a reminder  
Of their long dancing days (and it small wonder  
That even then he didn't wear a jacket)  
The broken troughing still slopes on one bracket,  
The takeaway tin has managed to spin and fly  
Over the house to the back (Neil wouldn't take it)  
And steps still lean on the wall, full-stretched and high.

### *Encounters with the Great*

An awestruck ordinand on W. H. Ordinance.  
Dazzled drumming on Basil Buntin.  
A rampant know-all meets Robert Lowdown.  
An Argus-eyed stockfish on Archie MacSplash.  
Coruscations of Hotrod Aching.  
The umpteen options of William Empathy.  
A gravid eulogy for Gavin Bluewit.  
The loopy manoeuvres of Louis MacNose.  
An eager conning of e. e. coming.  
The polished stovepipe of Wallace Steambath.  
A pillock lurking round Philip Larking.  
A hair-raising scramble up High MacDreadful.