Sir Tulip Bunbury

Come one, come all,
visitors to these slimy London docks
lit by the rose-red underground
of this world;
you told your wives
and fathers
and families
that you were here on business—
or you didn’t bother telling them a damn thing.
But you and I both know that you’re here
to Bunbury, bury the bun,
whichever you prefer,
for a small fee either way,
no-one would ever notice it.
Gentle will, rough will—
Doesn’t matter any way.
And after enough of a drag on the pipe,
you won’t notice what’s greeting you either.
A pinch or sip of opium is all it takes,
casual connoisseur,
then a flip and a trick by yours truly,
a flick of the gas lights’ dial, and—
—Don’t bother with the shillings now,
I’ve built up a tolerance
and I’ll be getting my pay.

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