



SNAIL

There in my disguise
Where night slid into morning
The unimagined

Walking the darkness
A snail I would never meet
Slithers into death
A huge foot poised and ready
The eyes slits – cold and steady

About "Snail"

Snail is the first in a collection of pomes from between 1971 and 1973.

It was written at *Ye Olde Cottage*, Newtown Linford assisted in part by an Arts Council (EMMA) grant. A celebration of the end of an era -

"End of the 60's". However, the manuscript was first published as "Rococo Garden" in (Copenhagen) 1982

Roger McGough stayed at the cottage - after a gig at Leicester University [Summer for Monika] - on what was the first night my wife Ann and I moved in.

A celebration of the end of the 60's - end of an era.? I was there - so I don't remember much . . .but there was talk on the radio. It was Roger McGough's 75th birthday and I remembered the occasion. It happened to coincide with finishing a "Collage Pome" of Snail for the internet.
So this is For Roger

Note on the music honoured :

My two dogs John and Phred would drag me down to the village pub, *The Bradgate Arms* at all hours. It was only place they could get a drink.

Fortunately for me the LandLady was quick in putting Lou Reed - Walk on the Wild Side on the jukebox so I had something to listen to while I waited for the dogs.