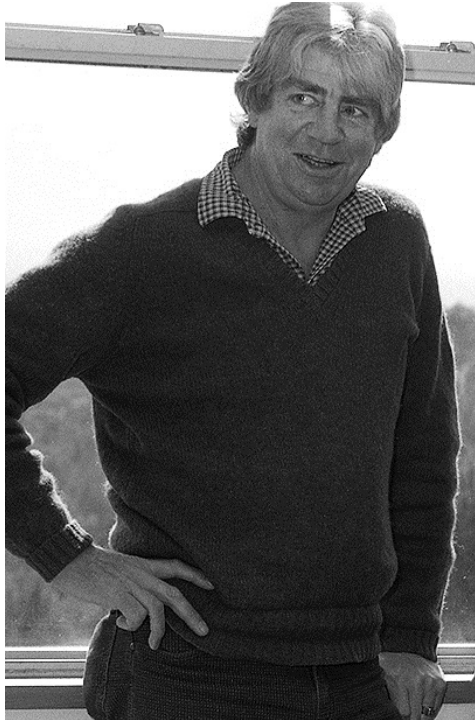


For Syd



My pen's an ergot act
To rye-grass Ezra Pound,
An Ode to Shelley's
Purple beaded musk.

Words above your lectern float,
On Wordsworth's clouds we flew,
Communing with the daffodil host
In the Olden Age I knew.

From Peter Hudson's freaky goals
To William Yeats's mythic gyres –
Failed fortune and men's eyes,
I'd turn it all around for thee.

Retrouve, recherché du temps perdu
Those golden uni days with you.

Peter Endersbee

Syd Harrex tribute: For Syd. Peter Endersbee.
Transnational Literature Vol. 8 no. 1, November 2015.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>