

## Grammar

I came down from certain postures uptown  
With a thud at the end of my regrets  
Dear chums, so all I could do was complain  
About a fallen sound of voice,  
Or I came up out of the West End  
So full of spit I couldn't speak straight  
For picking fights with your accent  
With so many tough pronouncements,  
Or, in fact, I was neither of these,  
But someone from a climate warmer  
And rounder around the vowels,  
Clamoring about consonants,  
Your frozen mouths and the endless teeth  
Of your winter. No, I wasn't him either,  
(the liar!), nor his contrary friend  
With a tongue full of Manichaeian song  
About top and bottom; no, not him,  
And not his brother with the damaged banter  
Whose idiot talk was music itself;  
I was not among them or behind them,  
Those pulling discordant sorts,  
But called them together their various hurts,  
Which, when assembled together,  
Huddle high above the throats to form  
Something like a fine and exultant choir.

ROBERT LINDSEY