The face of Will Tipp, painter, refugee, translator of Belmer, head of Fine Art Department, Leeds Poly, on discerning that I'd got more letters than the head. *rude!*
Historically

Commerce bathed the script's daft hug
Blood sugar transformed the traffic
A tramp imposed sorrowful by the brick way
The commentator described the track
Of an errant paper bag
We are no doubt aware of the situation
Time devours its essentials

Got on the right bus with the wrong pass
Slipped into dream
At the next stop wild alcohol claimed a tourist
While birds shat on the dome
The concerned public looked on
I suppose we can all drink to that

But then nobody consulted them
A terrible oxbow lake
Exuded from the main stream of consumerism
The walls transmitted sound
Into ever diminishing living space
It wasn't normal or even wholesale
As when an exciting product
Comes in through your own front door
Having ploughed up the high street replacing
Steel sheds & courtesy carparks
Sooner than you think

The bus moved on the street
Realigned into a recognition pattern
In the nick of flux
The appearances had been saved

from "3,600 Weekends"             Ken Edwards
A GROUP OF JAPANESE QUIETLY ENJOY MAKING MONEY FROM FINANCING THE AMERICAN NATIONAL DEBT (1987)