

The Gong Poem

to Cathy and Ed, Marlon,  
Marlene and Humphrey

In the harbour tugboats come and go  
talking of the Gang of Four.

Gong, gong, gong, the clock, gong.

We watch the steamy scene, waiting,  
waiting for humphrey, silently wondering,  
wondering, deeply, deeply wondering  
where has he gong.

Dear gong, wise gong, big gong,  
king gong, anti-gong, I ask you,  
after the smashing, after the crashing,  
after the revisions of the revisionists,  
will there be time to be a gong.

A cranky river freighter clunks by,  
a junk, a barge, a dredge.

I ask you, gong, wouldn't you  
be proud, so proud, oh so proud, proud, proud,  
I mean really proud, a red potato?

Gong, oh gong, dark gong, deep gong,  
the situation is excellent.

Neon night soil glowing in the river.

Left gong, right gong, gong is each,  
gong is all, in form, in essence,  
intense gong.

There are gongs all over the world.

Count 'em.