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*Lear Masala at Watermead*

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Lear Masala at Watermead

Human skulls, auroch bones and cooking stones
tell when food was steamed here.

And Lear. Water-man, sea-god, ruling freshwater in England’s myth,
super-fluvium Soram.

Cutting through kingdoms with his daughter’s blade.

Some say Cordelia loved her father just as salt,
and at this Lear cried. And they lie
under the stream’s vault.

So the Britons said Kaerleir, but the Saxons said
Leicester, because everything is named as it changes hands.

***

Lear slept as the slim Soar was canalled
And pinked with cloth dye.

The next digging was sand and gravel, building a city
the colours of turmeric, paprika, okra.

And then came to walk around wide-skirted meads.

***

Meanwhile in the Mahabharata, Yayatis asks his children
“who will face death for me and keep me young?”

And Puru, the youngest, steps towards old age.

After a thousand years, Daddy is ready to accept that his
acquisitions of gold, girls and armies are not worth
a fenugreek,

and so the two are saved.

But Wilfrid Perrit said “If this is Lear in embryo, then the kitten is the embryo of the tiger”.

***

Now Belgrave looks up from the epics of grandparents,

and walks around a lake or two

(daal and dosas in tiffin boxes keeping the mix fresh).

So listen Wilfrid: later in the story the poet Dirgatama has a prayer to the divine doctors and he says:

“may the turning of the days not tire me,

may the fires not burn me,

may I not bite the earth,

may the waters not swallow me.”

And when I searched ASDA online for your history of Lear it said “sorry no results”.

***

So while a little black dog barks at the plastic mammoth, the waves blow and the platform shudders with a King’s grief.

(Celtic sea-god of the old days better than any plastic mammoth).
Cordelia shakes the holy water from her heavenly eyes,
into the lake of darkness.

“May the turning not tire me,

fires not burn me,

waters not swallow me.”

Leicester, from its concrete, will watch other figures rise:

Simon De Montfort, David Icke, Manish Bhasin, Lisa Lashes;

keeping the mix fresh...

Before they too bite the dust of history’s masala.