Ben Redwood

[Oh work]

"Oh work,

ye fill the night; Oh time;

ye slip, slip, slip away,

Slipping slipping, slip! Slipping, slipping, nipple slip;

uncatheable fish;

in a river that eludes you, your essay

will destroy you.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk