

COLOSSUS

The Southern Poetry Field Club and Enclosure Society has discovered the giant form of Southern Poetry, as instituted by the Ancients, hidden in the landscape of the South of England. Through a careful process of enclosure, self-mything and 'closed field' exposition (incorporating a mystification of Parish, ley line and language), the High Squires of the South have - in the fabled realm of Wessex-cum-Easy - discovered Albion, the Martyr-Giant, the rumoured Bardic God of the Sect of Wankh. The Secret Temple of Huddersbland have revealed the formalist project of God to be complete in themselves (they are the living code, flashed behind the hedge).

Fragments of the Giant, he who was slain by his Northern Half-Brother, Simon Ahmitmage, in an unfair combat (Simon Magus-arm being assisted by the God, Arts-Adimin, who helped him slay Albion, Osiris of the South, the Pastoral King, the Suburbanite, our Pity) - fragments of the Southern Colossus have been discovered in a cliff top cavern on the Isle of Wight and in a shed in Dorset. The locations of one leg and an elbow are secrets guarded by dowsers. The left leg was recently excavated, by freemasons, from Twyford Down (Hants.).

But where, oh where, are the Genitals of Our Lord? Southern Poetry has no balls. It is infertile, unmanly. The Priestly Caste already dispute with each other over the meaning of Women. Reconstructed in a secret, dreamed of Wessex, Southern Poetry is content without substance, form without volume, ambition without passion. The Brotherhood of South are plagued by Nightmares. Without the Holy Pencil they cannot Write. Now the Dark Council rides forth, both the Weedy and the Fat, into the North, to seek the Lost Penis of the South.

Prophecy states that when the Father sings over the disembodied phallus of the South the Long Barrows will all stand Erect. These Shrines of the Southern Prick Cult, pointing - like they do - into the East, will herald the Coming of the Southern Penis and The New Dawn of Southness. The Giant shall strap on his Chalky Dildo and them up North will quake.

Huddersbland shall be Carried into the South as Jerusalem. The Prophet said: "In years to come we'll be the ones who'll be re-membered, not that lot up there." Such is the Vanity of the Dark Council of Wessex.

If you know the where-a-bouts of the Southern Poetry Penis, please inform the Dark Council. They can be contacted via the SPCS address below. Please mark your envelope 'Penis Envy' so that all appropriate mail reaches them.

Southern Poet's Counselling Service, Hartington Road, Southampton S014 0EW

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