

*Lit-A-Rupture: A Post Literary Construction*

**HOMAGE TO JAMES JOYCE:  
A Bash for a Bloomsday Lad**

E'M GON'NA WIDDLE & SING TA  
YA' & WOODLE WOO WID YOU,  
& LET IT SWAY TILL NOT ONE  
CROCK-EYED, PUDDING-  
MOUTHED BELFAST MUTATION  
WHO CLAIMS TO BE A POET – &  
CERTAINLY NO FOOLISH LIZARD  
SKINNED GRAMMARIAN WHO  
DIALS MY ERO-INJECTION WITH  
THE WRONG NUMBER, THEN  
PRESSES THE ENTRY BUXOM  
BOTTOM BUTTON TO MAXIMUM  
THROTTLE, OVERLOADING  
SEMANTIC PISSING SYSTEMS &  
MEMORY CHIPS WITH  
HACKNEYED PHRASES &  
ELECTRO CURRENTS WITH  
PLÉARÁCA. HÉ! THE STREETS  
OF DUBLIND ARGH ALIVE! &  
ROBUST CANTICLERS STILL  
THRIVE! SO KEEP YAER SIX-  
PENCE IN YAER PANTS & RE-  
JOYCE!



*Shu:* Well, this is in the spirit of Joyce –  
though not the letter.

*Juanita:* I'm not sure about that. (sniffing in  
disdain) Seems like teen-age  
doggerel to me.

**- T Newfields**

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