

Ten Tall Tailors

By David Silver, 2020

Ten tall tailors toiled and twined
With warp and weft and payment in kind
Needles and thimbles, yarn and darn
Holes like flies and buttons like skarn

Ten tall tailors sit on the floor
Cross-legged they please Grannie Grimm's folklore
In a circle taking turns they reckon
Another world would be nice to beckon

Ten tall tailors toil and twine
As their bobbins run bare, they renew and rewind.
Buttons and baubles and bangles and beads
Fragrant cloth and paper with weeds

Ten tall tailors toke and twiddle
Clouds of smoke, hark, Nero's fiddle
Dust of chalk and garbled spiels
Visions of colour in wheels within wheels

Ten tall tailors bold as brass
Imbibe the fumes of new-cut grass
Float up from the floor and view and grasp
Worlds within worlds within marbles of glass.

Stitches in time, wrinkles in fabric
Spaghetttum monstrous, abracadabric
Ouroboros, Mobiod loop
Ectoplasmic cadav'ric soup

Ten tall tailors as the Cosmos laughs
Knit infinite reams of Baker scarves
One end here and one end where?
Third end tied to a tesseract stair

Ten tall tailors bewitched and beguiled
Bothered bewildered and once again child
Smoke still swirls and dervish whirls
Izzy and Wizzy and Dizzy mind twirls

Ten tall tailors turn out a coat
Wash it and spin it inside a holed boat
Turnabout they warn each other
The lady's not for turning mother

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Ten tall tailors with their wooden hams
Wham and bam and thank their mams
Press a line as straight as a beam
Suck the steam from razor sharp seam

Ten tall tailors with needles and pins
Sew clouds of Ether and expunge their sins
Ten tall tailors with pins and needle
Struck down dumb but still they tweedle

Tent all tailors in a fallow field
Shearing sheep and spinning wheeled
Round the table the method's a riddle
Waulk to a song while steeped in piddle

*White the sheep that gave the wool
Blue the skies above the pool,
Green the pastures where they fed.
Where at noon they laid their bed.*

First the heel and then the toe
Ten times round the table go
Ten tall tailors with their girls
Get their way with gifts of pearls

Ten tall tailors with glass bead eyes
Cut their cloth then choose their dyes
Ten tall tailors glad they weed
For if not now, no Harris Tweed

Hues of prime and shades of seven
They climb the bow and go to Heaven.
Ten Tall Tailors nip and snip
Choose your god and speed your trip.