

**DAVY KING**

*Songs  
of*

Frustrated

*LUST  
&  
SEDUCTION*

Davy King

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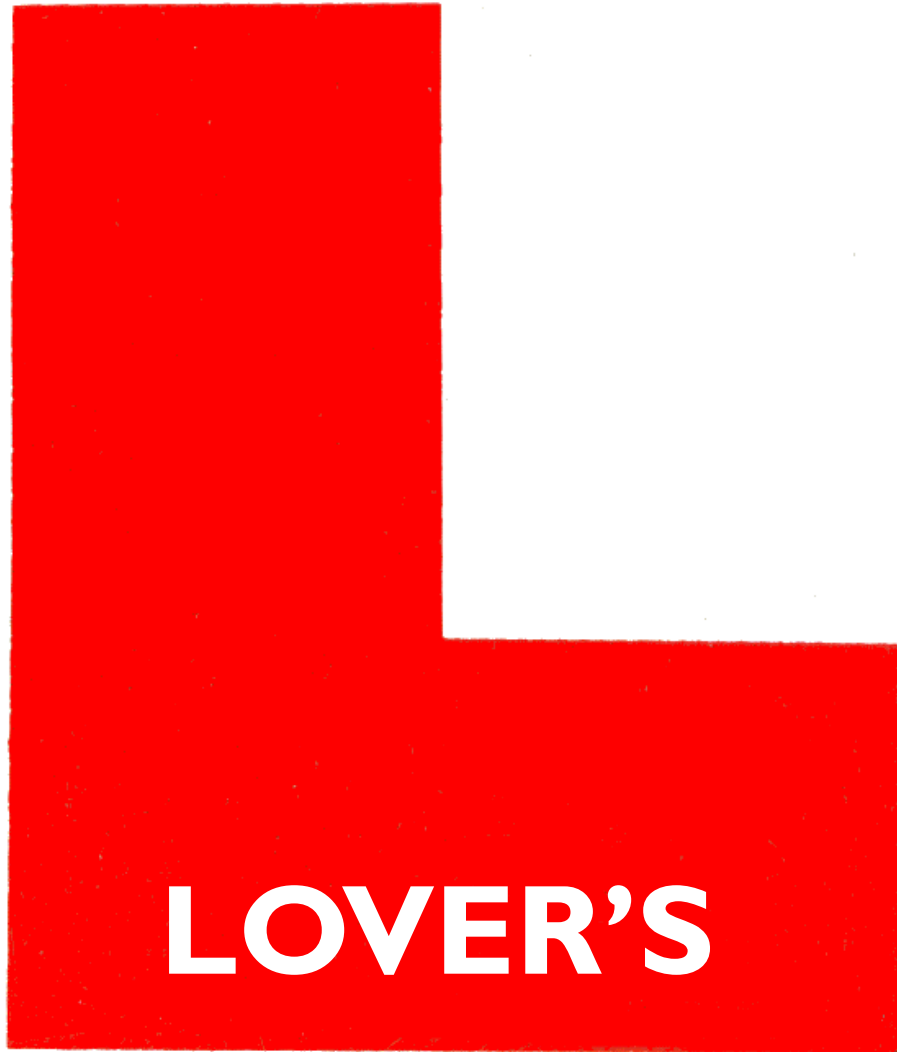
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**A**



**LOVER'S**

**COMPLAINT**

*Davy King*

*for*  
*GRACE*

‘who would grudge the sick man’s moan’

*(from the Provençal of Arnaut Daniel)*

‘But above all the other symptoms of lovers, this is not lightly to be overpassed, that likely of what condition soever, if once they be in love, they turn to their ability, rhymers, ballet-makers, & poets.’

*(Robert Burton: The Anatomy of Melancholy)*

‘No more will I endure Love’s pleasing pain  
Nor round my heart’s leg tie his galling chain’

*(A young tradesman poet quoted by Coleridge in Biographica Litteraria)*

‘a Poet, a Lover, & a Lyer, are by many reckoned  
but three words of one signification.’

*(Robert Southwell: Epistle Prefatory to Saint Peter’s Complaint)*

‘idolatrous love is often described as the true, great love; but while it is meant to portray the intensity & depth of Love, it only demonstrates the hunger & despair of the idolator.’

*(Erich Fromm: The Art of Loving)*

‘Love, n. The folly of thinking much of another before one knows anything of oneself.’

*(Ambrose Bierce: The Devil’s Dictionary)*

**VADE MECUM**

once upon a time  
you'd be thought cissy if you played with girls

a sheltered childhood left me so naïve

kissing under mistletoe  
was all the pagan passion home could show

I'd never have believed  
the naughty fun & games of folk in Sweden  
or Samoa

I was an innocent in Eden  
brought up on the expurgated Bible  
there weren't dirty bits in my Boy's Own annual

with puberty comes other bedtime reading  
undercover I consult a manual  
to teach myself the mysteries of sex

manual sex is something I can handle

they say too much of it will make you blind  
perhaps that's why I lie here in the dark  
maybe I should wear a pair of specs  
it wouldn't help my macho image though

one day I'll be a gallant spark  
a beau who sweeps the ladies off their feet

till then I'll keep my lechery discreet  
pretend that I'm a nice clean-living lad  
I wouldn't want to cause a scandal

I'm just a novice Casanova  
still afraid of old Jehovah  
unschooled in immorality

my volume of forbidden knowledge  
to the mind's eye like a candle  
lights the way to promised bliss

if I study hard I'll go to college  
become a trainee gynaecologist  
perusing diagrams of private parts

I'll see each woman as an open book  
spread & ready at my fingertips

I've learnt the jargon off by heart  
words foreign to my mother tongue  
*clitoris vulva penis coitus*  
*cunnilingus & fellatio*  
that's quite a mouthful when you're young



I'm all-in wrestling with the facts of Life

but on the whole it's only natural  
the mechanics of the act seem simple  
it's easy working out how plug fits socket  
so electricity can flow

soon I'll take this guidebook in my pocket  
& feeling like a great explorer  
get to know the local Flora...



## **AN APPLE FOR TEACHER**

*" Will you give me a kiss for a poem" (Hesse: Siddhartha)*

my mistress is strict  
she disdains my advances

love songs I write her  
for English homework  
are ill requited with an average mark

she's too demure  
to countenance my onanistic fantasies

deflowering her on my desk  
during lunch-break  
making love in the stockroom  
amid immortal English Literature

all very educational

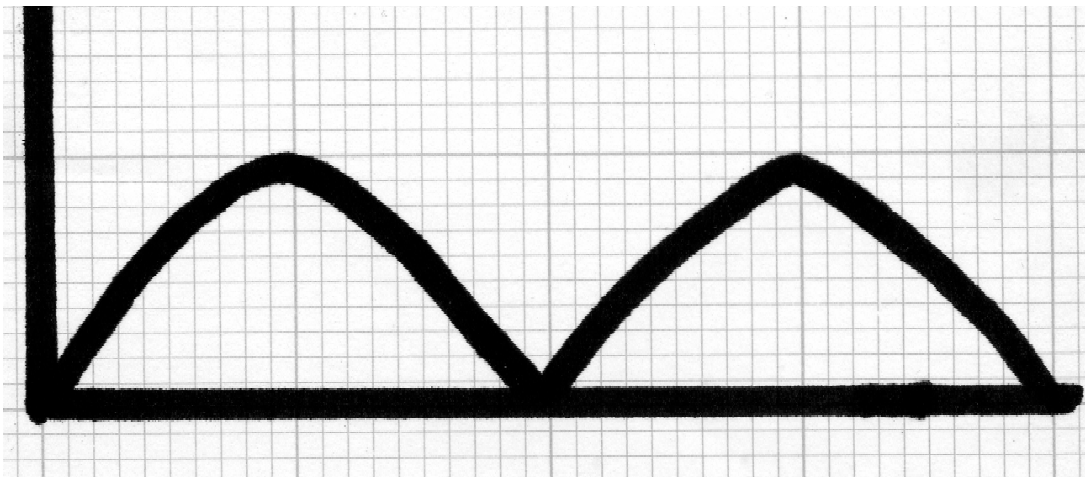
we talk of nothing but set texts  
& the impending examination  
yet she excites an interest in the subject  
as if she's trying to tease & test my sex

I'd be a mug & sap like mad  
to be the teacher's pet her model pupil

her classroom is my sanctuary  
weekends & vacations banish me

perhaps a zealous student would request  
some after-school tuition  
chance to discuss love's syllabus in depth

perhaps I should  
were it not for a sneaking suspicion  
a member of staff in the science department  
is plotting her graph



## **BOOKLOVER**

*"I have been a walk this morning with a book in my hand"  
(Keats: Letter to Fanny Brawne)*

a couple strolling hand-in-hand

I clasp my book of verses tighter

it's light & slim & feminine  
its pages smooth as skin

## ***YOU TOO CAN HAVE HEALTHY LONGINGS***

Mr X of London says

before  
my life was lacking  
some essential vitamin

I felt languid & depressed

but then  
I found a wonder cure  
called **LOVE**

overnight my life was filled with zest  
my appetite came back  
I had a new vitality

**LOVE** makes things stay that way

you need only take one pill a day  
the doctor will prescribe it free  
what price are a few side effects to pay  
living seems worth dying for to me

**AGONY**

how should I advertise myself  
précis my life to fit the space provided

without seeming blunt  
how could I put I want  
my prick in a cunt  
like a child in a font

instead I must insert  
the doctored euphemism

a trite bathetic cri de coeur  
from a lonely-hearts-club caricature

## **ECSTACY**

she'll run her finger down the WANTED column  
& find my message just for her

*tantrika seeks yogini  
with a view to yabyum*

*lonely  
lingam needs a yoni*

does that make me sound too solemn  
for one who only wants a bit of fun

I wait in vain for her to phone me

once more the world's  
most eligible bachelor  
on the lookout  
for  
an opening  
comes up against  
the walls  
of people's eyes

somewhere  
somewhere  
must be a window  
or  
a door



**just so I might look at her  
I'd kneel by keyholes peep & stare**



**behaving like an old voyeur  
eyeing what he cannot share**

## **EYE-CON**

I met her one morning at the news-stand  
& knew at once that she was meant for me

as yet we're only superficially acquainted  
her glossy appearance may be nothing to go by  
indeed I'm told she lacks depth

I can't fathom her  
that paradoxical seductive frigidness  
not ashamed to show pudenda  
or share my pillow  
but so composed and reticent  
unresponsive to caresses  
it's as if she's unaware of my existence

I just don't count  
it'd be the same for her  
if I weren't here at all

there's something missing in our relationship

I'll have to mount her  
frame her  
hang her on the wall

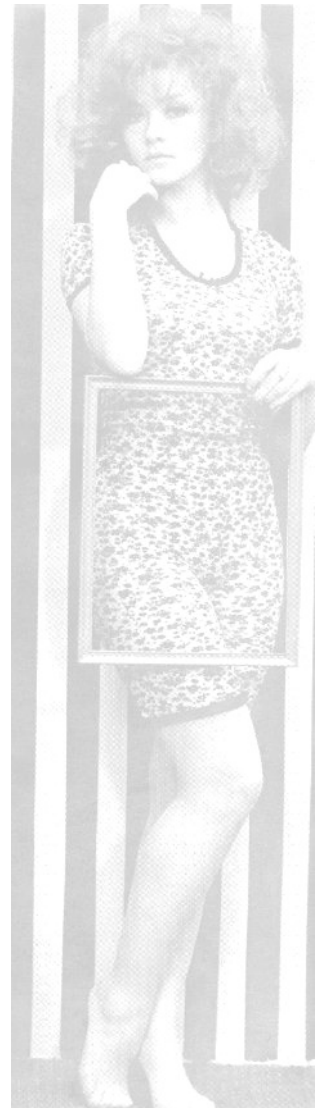


my girlfriends gone on holiday again  
no she's never with me when I come  
she's shy

that's what I say  
not to give the game away

to tell the truth  
I don't want her spoiled by other people

I've locked her in a darkened room  
behind glass  
my lady's so delicate & frail  
a touch or breath would mean her death



**DEAF AND DUMB**

lady how should I communicate  
who have embraced a Trappist fate  
until this date  
a cold exile  
from human intercourse and conversation

I speak with hesitation  
lest I sound affected in my style

do you stare because I grate  
or talk too softly  
please indicate a way for me  
to modulate my voice's violence  
it has been so long attuned to silence

if you understand pray have the grace  
to vouchsafe an answer strange blank face

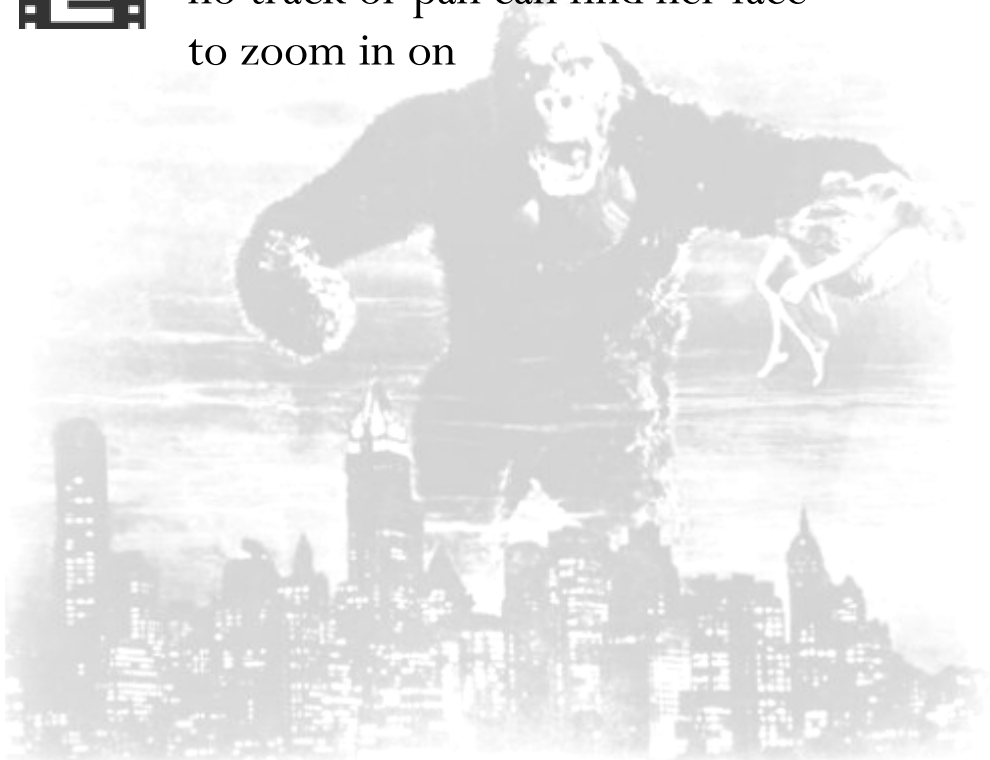
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my latest more distant lady  
sits a row away from me  
wholly unaware of who watches her  
I cast adoring stares in her direction

she's the soft focus beauty  
of my private silent movie  
I'd like to take her close-up  
so she fills the frame

when lights fade out I fantasise  
yours truly is the big film's star  
her one and only dashing heart-throb  
flashing x-cert manhood on the screen

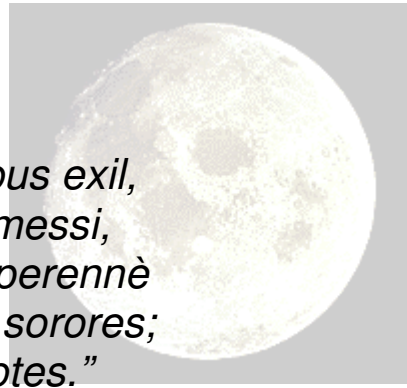
cut to sometime later  
the crowd scene as I leave  
no track or pan can find her face  
to zoom in on



## **EUNUCH**

*"Nec sterilem te crede; licet, mulieribus exil,  
Falcem virginiae nequeas immitere messi,  
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi Fama perennè  
Praegnabit; rapies novem de monte sorores;  
Et pariet modulos Echo repitita Nepotes."*

(Marvell)



though she will always be my Beatrice  
I'm too weak to wield Dante's pen

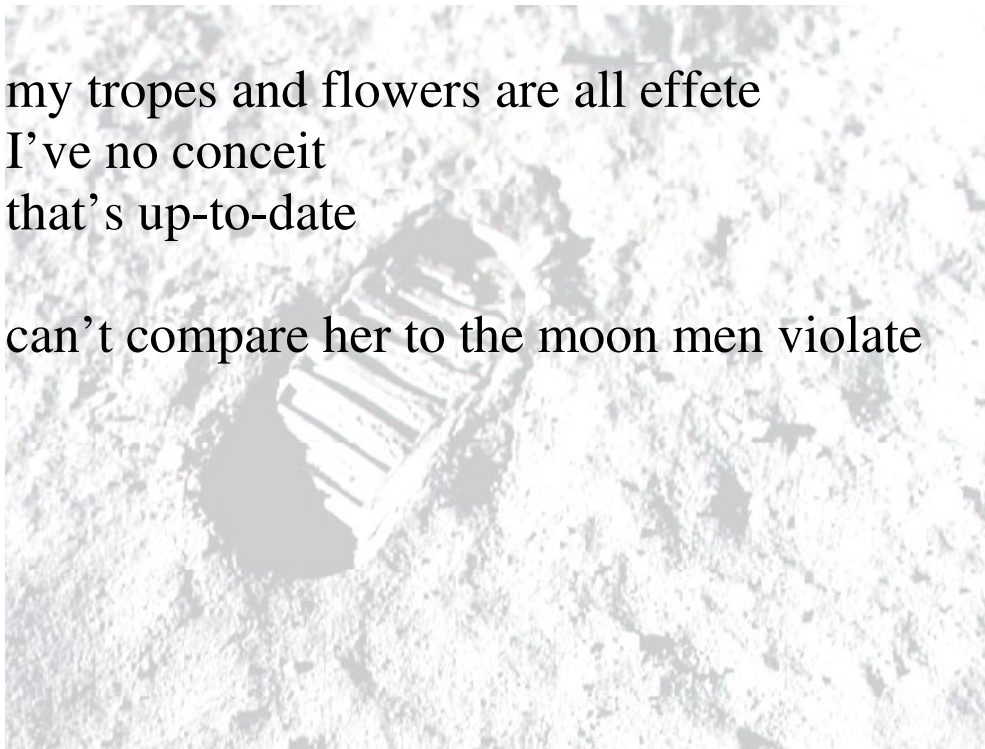
why should I try to vie with better craftsmen

Petrarch pre-empted what I want to say  
I never could write sonnets anyway

feeble excuse  
but what's the use  
there's nothing new to add today

my tropes and flowers are all effete  
I've no conceit  
that's up-to-date

can't compare her to the moon men violate



**PASTA JOKE**

my love is like  
                                 spaghetti from a tin  
amorphous and hot  
                                 on my mind's white plate

she's a ripe tomato  
                                 canned of course  
sugar 'n' spice  
                                 with lots of sauce

if I could unravel  
                                 her labyrinthine knot  
I'd make her an oblation  
                                 to my belly-god

but after too much  
                                 of such a savoury repast  
I'd get indigestion  
                                 & need to fast



## **SATYRIASIS**

*“-n., morbid, overpowering sexual desire in men”  
(Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary)*

I pretend I’m quite above it but  
I’m in a downright animal rut

I should be with the mountain goats  
browsing about  
getting my oats  
on Parnassian heights





**ONCE MORE WITH FEELING**

*“serenate which the starv’d Lover sings” (Paradise Lost)*

**I**

a proper bard would harp or play the lyre  
or nowadays an amplified guitar

I rely on voice alone  
small wonder then it fails to get me far

unaccompanied singing  
is seldom heard

there are too many sirens  
drowning the words

my throat is sore with this lover’s chant  
the notes are harsh & dissonant



**I I**

first & only lady listen  
why not form a partnership

duets are better with two

we could practice scales together  
perform a few extracts from operas

then if you like go solo once again

**I I I**

I warble to my heart's content  
ravishing lyrics in the bath

discontent with heart's contents  
a troubadour without an audience

*a troubadour*

*without an*

*audience*

# **Bring on the Groupies Yeah!**

that famous easy-listening band  
is soft & bland & free from pain  
guy meets girl in harmony  
with a sing-along refrain

meanwhile undiscovered I  
hard-done-by soloist sans single fan  
monotonously entertain  
fantasies of being number one

my latest hit's some heavy soul  
nothing you could dance to though  
not much of a tune I know  
but listen to those lyrics roll

*O fuck*  
*O fuck*  
*O fuck*  
*O fuck*

the record stuck  
repeats itself  
disco-disconcertingly

**DIAGNOSIS: NEUROSIS**

the patient suffers from verbigeration  
no doubt caused by much frustration  
I know exactly how he feels

rather than give medication  
I'd recommend brisk masturbation  
three times daily after meals

## **SMITTEN**

Cupid I thought was superannuated  
decaying in some geriatric ward

but at his second childhood he's recovered  
antiquated torch & bow & arrow

an arrow must have caught me mouth agape

I swallowed it  
it festers in my guts

how else can one explain infatuation  
Psychology's so unpoetical



genitals  
head  
&  
heart  
displaced  
divided  
split  
one  
apart

***ELEGY FOR LUCY***

my sexy hot water bottle doll is dead  
the comforter of my winter nights  
has a leaking head  
I must have given her too many love-bites  
never again will she warm my bed

***THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN***

***DOWN WITH THE PRICK***

***SEXIST ADVERTS MAKE ME SICK***

I wrote in bright red lipstick  
on a poster for cosmetics



but I was sorely tempted  
by my manly evil angel  
& the blessed little devil made me stare  
at that alluring lady  
who modelled the lacy  
black frilly underwear  
& yes I admit it I wished she was bare  
& I could have bought her then and there



**HEY MAN**

she's not made of china  
she's not made of steel  
she's not your living doll  
she's female  
she's real

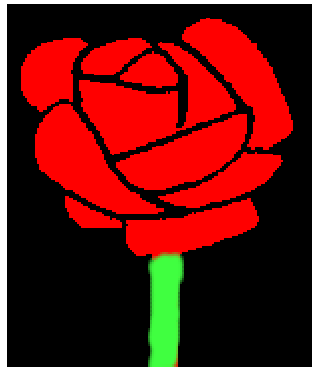
don't push her down  
don't roll her over  
do that & you'll soon discover  
you're asking for a bit of bovver  
she's not your automatic lover



## ***SAY IT WITH FLOWERS***

husbanding roses to offer their fragrance

I toil in the stench of manure  
soiling my thorn-torn head & hands  
so the petals may be delicate for her



***SHE LOVES ME NOT***

I could lie & say she loves me

what's the sense  
of such pretence

I'd be thinking wishfully  
things would not be as they seem  
to the dreamer who believes his dream

could I derive vicarious pleasure  
from my own erotica  
or deceive myself with fiction

if I did  
who would I kid

I should lie without conviction

***ALL MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN***

maybe I read too much  
into an accidental touch  
but I'm desperate for such  
& use the slightest pretext as a crutch

perhaps the true love of these lying lays  
is mere imagination  
like the lips I kiss are my lips  
mirrored to my gaze

can any writer even chaste as I  
deny  
the seductiveness of words  
that makes one lie

## **CONFESSIONS OF A MASTURBATOR**

I improve my mind  
with Victorian sermons  
on the unmentionable subject  
& the subjection of the flesh

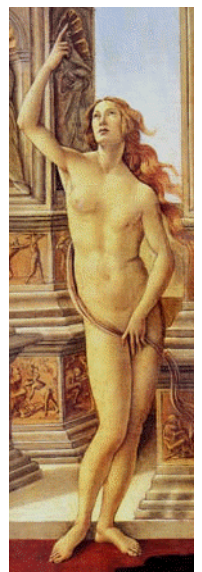
but night's temptations prove me uncontrite

I accuse myself  
of murdering  
millions of potential  
sons & daughters

but who wants to father a family that large

I try to suppress  
the meretricious tripe  
the venal priapean porn  
of dirty magazines

but if nudes were good enough for Botticelli



## **PARADISE LOFT**

*“Le grenier n’est beau qu’en chanson”*

*(Théophile Gautier: La Mansarde)*

a bedsit on the seventh floor  
the highest up that I could get  
as near as damn-it to an artist’s garret  
here I can write with Attic wit

through my sole window I once saw  
a nymph a goddess or some chit  
undressing by the window opposite  
a glimpse of goose-flesh & a plump behind  
then she caught sight of me & drew her blind

though that vision’s down the drain  
Renaissance Art in reproduction  
exhibited above the sink  
makes me think of Beauty’s fountain  
when I wash or pour a drink

inhibited & insecure  
DO NOT DISTURB was on the door  
now I’ve bought a WELCOME mat  
I ought to come out of my shell at my age  
it’s high-time callow down grew courting plumage

I’ll have to scour the park & find  
a pretty bird who doesn’t mind  
having to climb so many stairs

invite her home & do the rest  
inside this little cockloft nest

there's just room in a single bed  
for two turtle-doves close-pressed  
provided neither of us cares  
if we tumble off the edge



## **SOLITARY CONFINEMENT**

*“j’ai écrit une lettre d’amour, pour écrire, et non parce que j’aime. Je voudrais bien pourtant me le faire accroire à moi-même; j’aime, je crois en écrivant.”*

*(Flaubert: Souvenirs, notes et pensées intimes)*

sister of mercy salve my leprosy  
if not my nurse a visitor at least

this begging letter lies unposted  
I know no address

anything sent is censored  
sterilised

then why produce such lucubrations

sign of madness  
talking to oneself or to the wall

what else could be expected  
from a prisoner in isolation

lovesick  
shut in a self-constructed cell



**~~CHIVALRY~~ MANQUÉS  
ERRANT**

day & night in dreams he wanders  
driven on as by a quest  
& though he fights internal monsters  
he finds no damsels in distress

surely there's a maiden he could save  
calling for him from a distant shore  
girl dragged to some dragon's cave  
or victim of the Minotaur

he'd be a knight so true & brave  
but fairy-tales don't happen anymore

**NAMELESS**

princess not yet woken  
bud about to open  
these words are spoken to you

but I forget  
we haven't even met  
I'll know when we do  
& so will you

till then sleep tight  
eyes shut against the night  
& dream of early morning light & dew

## **TERRA INCOGNITA**

I've been a tourist of your face & clothes  
but still I'm moved by wanderlust

white spaces on the map invite

I feel a hunger to explore  
your body's byways  
ramble in your mind  
become naturalised

please open your border to a refugee  
he'll smuggle nothing in or out  
if asked to go he'd do so quietly  
& try not to leave any fingerprints behind

**VOX ET PRAETEREA NIHIL**

*“Corpus adhuc Echo” (OVID: Metamorphoses)*

these disembodied words are impotent

do they touch you  
like a groping hand  
gently urgently with love

admire the metrical technique  
the ironic detachment  
of the starving beggar's prayer

when I'm safely dead & gone  
perform an autopsy  
on my despair

## **YOU HAVE TO LAUGH**

as you review this parody that's me  
spot the literary allusions  
you'll see I'm just another lesser Prufrock  
stumbling on the same old mental block  
a latter-day Petrarchan lover  
so much pulp in a plain brown cover

metamorphosed in her presence  
I lumber like an albatross on land  
an albatross is hanging from my neck  
I'm mute as any fish  
or merely stammer gibberish

I wish I could speak poetry  
like Faustus to his beatific Helen  
be the hero of her legend  
complete with corny happy end  
subject & circumstances  
gleaned from obsolete romances

but mine's a different rôle  
so please don't weep  
but play a tune  
I'll sing & dance & act the clown  
till all my tearful sorrows drown

## **CHILDE JUAN**

today's young would-be Byron  
works on an assembly-line  
assembling lines  
with built-in obsolescence  
& less sense

this lyricist is on the make  
his dream is that one morning he'll awake  
& find himself famous  
then he'll go from bed to verse

he fantasizes everyday  
adventures of the bard at play  
pretending he's bionic Byron  
flashy poet flaunting fleshpots  
hard at it with a hundred harlots  
pausing only briefly to dash off  
a full-length epic or perhaps a postcard

he's frantic  
to appear Romantic  
had his hair curled specially  
in case the ladies beg for locks  
he practices a limp as well  
to look Byronic  
he gets histrionic  
but donning a Bri-Nylon mac  
somehow lacks the manner of a swell

he had a trauma in the font  
that ruled out the Hellespont  
a super-hero could just swim it  
the shallow end's about his limit

the Muse he's after wouldn't win  
a Beauty Contest  
too flat-chested  
she's a crone  
barely more than skin & bone

his coruscating wit has gone  
a little rusty  
though in his spare time he puts polish on  
ironic rhymes & chronic puns  
still they go from bad to worse

so tomorrow's ageing failed Byron  
seeks to improvise himself  
taking a correspondence course  
on how to be well-versed in verse

he's learning Greek by Linguaphone  
& has a brochure from the Travel Agents  
he boasts he'd fight & die for freedom  
yet if the truth were really known  
he'd much prefer a peaceful life at home

## **GRAFFITI ENTREATY TO MY SWEETIE**

Romance was deemed a beauteous thing  
real life's cruder now it seems

I got a rude awakening  
from the lady of my dreams

when I knelt down to beg a kiss  
she began to take the piss

so don't declare undying passion  
keeping cool is more in fashion

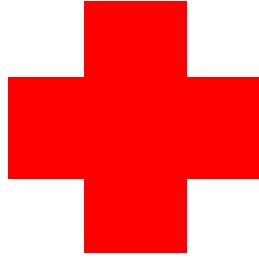
St Valentine & Valentino  
both were passed it long ago

Love Poetry's a dying Art  
since prick has superseded heart

these are merely filthy scrawls  
fit for public toilet walls



**RED CROSSED IN LOVE**



you left me dying for your love  
when you cut me to the quick

the following are First Aid hints

please give my wounds a lick  
administer the kiss of life  
start my heart & share your air  
don't be frigid keep me warm

I need intensive care

## **LOVE'S MARTYR**

no-one dies of yearning anymore  
heart-break can be cured by surgery  
statistics show I'll draw my old age pension  
therefore I'll survive

without intention

ageing in a cave or bedsit  
habituated to the hermit's life  
desire & despair  
becoming ataraxia

extrapolating past  
I see my future  
darkly in the glass  
an unredeemed longueur

failure in love & creativity

I may as well become a saint  
patron of rejected lovers  
get me to a monastery  
forget all ladies but the most sublime one

**(OBSCENE SUGGESTIONS)  
FROM A MONK TO A NUN**

can holy water quench the fires of lust

are candles substitute for fiery flesh

why kick against the pricks

virginity's no future

though Mary seemed so pure she felt  
a passion in the womb for sure

why don't you  
worship God's image in my body

lie with me  
naked as Eve before the Fall

O let's repeat  
between ourselves  
the catechism of the flesh  
a sensual responsive litany

man alone made sex a sin  
it never hurt a soul

as pastimes go  
it's passable & comely

there's nothing wrong with a little action  
Christ atoned for our satisfaction

we were told to be fruitful & multiply  
like all creatures great & small

blessèd are the birds & bees  
& randy rabbits  
we should be bestial as these

then afterwards resume old habits

## **GETTING NOWHERE**

the world is my oyster  
but I can't find the pearl

like a monk in a cloister  
I could do with a girl

yet how can I love only one  
when so many are so beautiful

must I settle then for none  
in order to be dutiful

no I shall go on seeking  
until the day I die

take a package tour to Peking  
it's always worth a try

## **ANGLING FOR PLEASURE**

I wanna be a fisher of women  
like unto Christ in Galilee  
I cast my lines where they are swimmin'  
I'm told there are plenty in the sea

what is it I'm not doing right  
I never ever get a bite

better bait always takes the prize  
a juicy worm or tempting flies  
& they're hooked before my very eyes

**FOR THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY**  
**(Interior Monologue of Bashful Pierrot)**

have pity on this little boy  
lost in the crowd  
at risk from passing traffic  
come to the rescue pretty maid  
please reach down a helping hand  
& kiss me better

I'm just a crazy mixed-up kid  
feeling sorry for himself  
afraid it would be rude to ask  
if he could bask  
in her face's sunshine for a while

my face has gone so deathly pale  
through bleak dark winter solitude  
on my cheek a teardrop frozen  
my lips too cold & numb to speak or smile

I'd like to break the ice & say  
please give my company a try  
like you I too am far too shy  
& merely sigh  
O me O my

I wish I could lose those romantic illusions  
be practical about it  
tell her straight

we need meet no more than once for all  
I don't have to know your name  
you can vanish like you came

never fear I don't foresee  
a cosy future with you dear

won't put you in the family way  
it'll be OK with contraception  
it's not much of a barrier between us  
besides we'd touch in many different places

don't be coy at my directness  
we could enjoy ourselves today

if you don't like the look of me  
close your eyes  
pretend I'm someone else  
you'll find my body fits like any other

it would be a nice little adventure  
to occupy an afternoon or night

my eyes say all this in a glance

you pass by on the other side  
I've lost my chance





## ***SEDUCTION SCENE***

midnight bathed in candlelight  
the stereo croons low  
she lies voluptuous on the couch  
I really ought to go

if only I could dare to touch  
abandoning the stiff constraint  
that hitherto has kept me coy  
like an uptight plaster saint

I rise I pace around the room  
to awaken courage for the leap  
I kneel beside her breathe her name  
she yawns & falls asleep

**SUCCUBA**

***'his Lady by him lay' (The Faerie Queen)***

I slept with Psyche in the dark  
night's tomb  
she let me suck her nipple babylike  
regain the womb

a dream delight daylight bereaved me of

***HOPING THIS FINDS YOU  
(ALBA)***

restless forlorn  
he drifts at dawn  
                    down by the sea  
at lowest ebb  
whispering  
                beneath his breath  
his diffident devotions  
                    kiss the breeze  
                                then blow away

a peckish gull perhaps  
will catch one in its bill  
  & fly  
far across the rosy sky  
a faithful carrier  
  to her  
sleeping  
                                    peaceful  
  dreaming still

then overnight  
that fickle she  
out of pure spite  
forsaking me  
her votary  
unfaithfully  
changes name  
changes face

## **ERATO'S ERRATA**

this is an apology  
for the following mistakes

ESCHATOLOGY should read SCATOLOGY  
for **LOVE** read **LUST**

for all the difference that it makes

**THE LIFE AND SOUL**

no-one invited me to the party

I might have found a wallflower there  
not the garden's rose but still worth plucking  
almost the answer to my prayer

I see it all  
scenario of clichés

I the predatory male  
prowling the darkness

she just asking for the kill

useless attempting spoken conversation  
nothing could be heard above the music

so request the pleasure of a dance  
surrender to suggestive rhythms

both get blind drunk  
on wine & aphrodisiacs

then by way of climax  
like the slaughter of a lamb  
the longed-for immolation  
of her virtue on the floor

no doubt somebody else is in my place  
somebody else will have the morning-after headache

some bloody fucking consolation

# YULE BE LUCKY

dear man in disguise  
at the department store

all I want for xmas is a paramour

tender breasts & tasty thighs  
someone I can gormandize

a feast fit for an omnivore

drooling I would go yum yum  
& lick her lovely labium  
I'd suck that soft ripe juicy plum  
enough to make my tastebuds come  
& satiate a grumbling tum  
till we're both stuffed & bloated in Elysium

please don't leave me waiting here  
holding my saltpot

let me get the beauty of her hot

I remain not yours but most sincere

P.S. try to remember this year  
last time you forgot

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**  
**(more last words or where there's life)**

the sun's too far away  
& I'm not hot or bright enough to force  
a pretty nosegay  
from my mind's dark humus

though my dream got wet with tears  
it didn't yield a single shoot

stunted laments for passing years  
withered to the root

I'll write no prothalamion or posy  
inspired by the year that's new

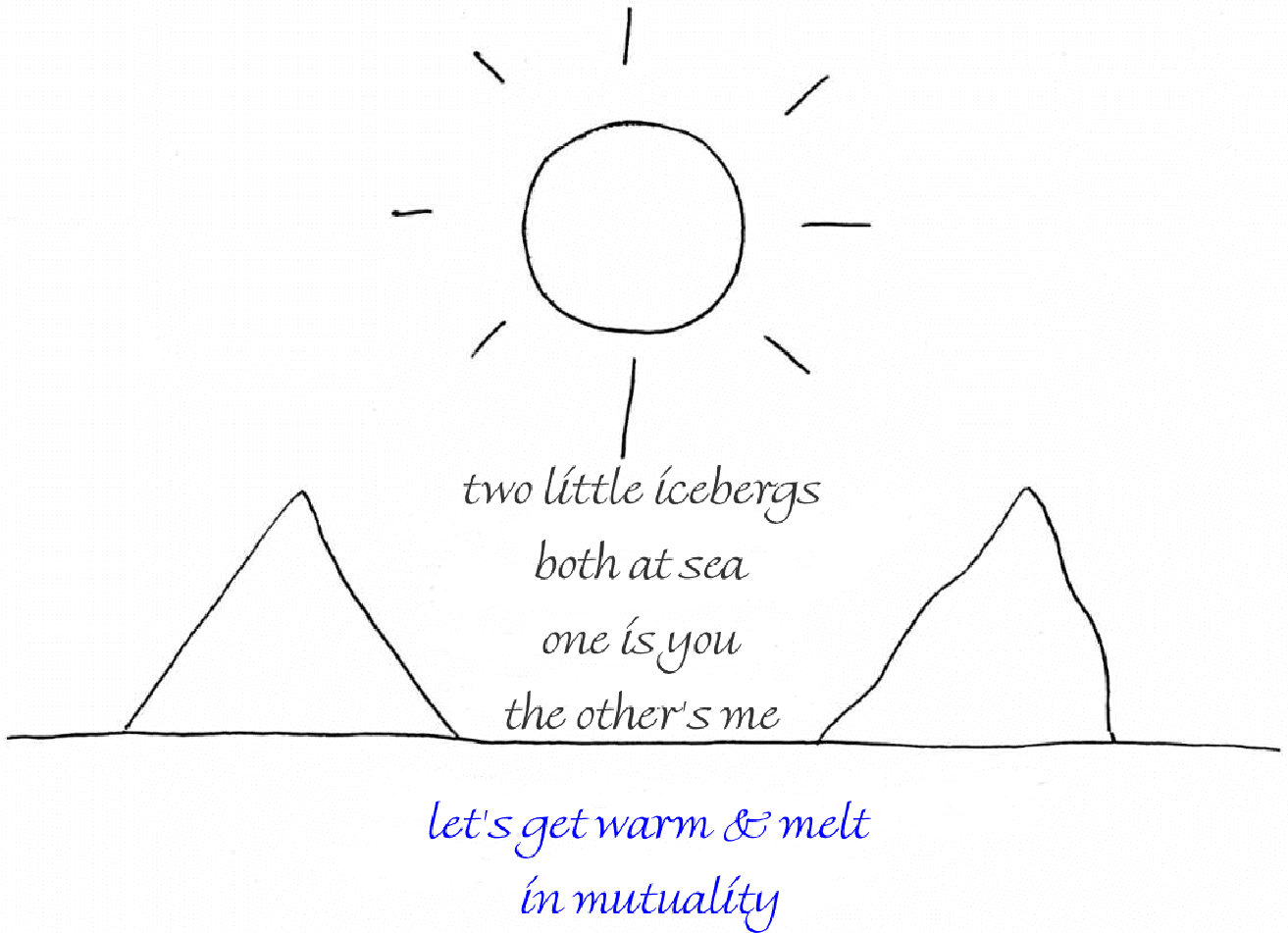
when Ms Muse went & jilted me  
I had to take the rue

now I can't bear it on my own  
& like the wind I'll start to moan

in the dead of winter still  
I must remain against my will  
barren as an icy plain  
till Spring's revival brings her round again



**(ENVOI)**



**NOTES  
ON  
READING**

I'm sure you know how to! However, for further clarification, *Songs of Frustrated Lust & Seduction* is written in the tradition of the love-lyric from the Provençal of Arnaut Daniel ('spot the literary allusions') right up to more provisional modern day graffiti ('filthy scrawls/ fit for public toilet walls'.)

It's a comic homage to that genre, comprising discrete (but indiscreet) pieces, linked thematically & in terms of imagery, in a loose narrative sequence. Each piece is complete in itself & can be read separately, but contributes to & gains from the larger dramatic context.

The (mainly) first-person persona is that of a lust-lorn, ageing adolescent who uses four-, five-, six-, sometimes more-, letter words to express the psychological conflict between libido & superego. Or something.

The book may be considered a quasi-Bildungsroman about coming of age (but not in Samoa), charting an uncertain journey from innocence, or at least inexperience, to a slightly less immature outlook. Perhaps.

It's funny, pathetic & finally moving, in an ironic, faux-naïf manner. This is 'high seriousness' with a sense of humour. Or something. Or other. Make of it what you will.

These brief comments can hardly lay bare the intricacies of such a multi-layered work, but might provide broad guidance. Ultimately, the text speaks for itself. It bears more than one reading. If *you* can bear it...

*~~Davy King~~*

*An Anonymous Critic*

# ARTWORK & DESIGN...

**Paper** used for this publication as follows:

Front Cover - Hahnemuhle 100% Photo-rag paper, 308 gsm, acid-free  
Decorative Sheets (front & back) - Mi Teintes Cotton-pulp, 160 gsm, acid-free, light fast colour

Main Text - Crane's Crest 100% Cotton paper, 105 gsm

Back Cover - Acid & Lignin free card 300gsm



**Ink:** Epson DURAbrite™ fade-resistant, 4-colour pigment ink



## Illustrations:

Front Cover - Bronzino, An Allegory (1545-6)

Page 4 - Photo (by Roland Pass) of Davy King performing (Note heart on sleeve, symbolic apple & L sign for...Learner, Lothario, Lover?)

Page 6 - Line Drawing by DK

Page 12 - Keyhole artwork by DK

Page 14 - still from WR: Mysteries of the Organism (Makavejev, 1971)

Page 16 - still from King Kong (Cooper & Schoedsack, 1933)

Page 17 - Footprint on moon (Apollo 11, NASA, 1969)

Page 19 - Raphael, Mount Parnassus (1510-11)

Page 20 - Virgil Solis, Orpheus cythara ludens, Ovid, Metamorphoses, Lib.X (1563)

Page 24 - Parmigianino, Cupid carving his bow (1533-4)

Page 28 - Photo by DK

Page 29 - Drawing by DK, based on Mills & Boon rose emblem

Page 32 - Botticelli, detail from Calumny of Apelles (1494-5)

Page 34 - Photo by DK

Page 38 - Fingerprints of & by DK

Page 51 - Photo (by Roland Pass) of Davy King as crazy quasi-Pierrot

Page 60 - Line Drawing by Davy King

Back Cover - Photo ditto Page 4

*'Renaissance Art  
in reproduction'*

**The whole damned lot printed & bound by Davy King**



**DELAYED**

Early work, delivered late!

**AT THE  
PRINTER'S...**

First conceived in 1969 (hence reference to Apollo Moon Landing, page 17), while still a teen beside the sea (page 54).

The bulk of the book was written 1970-72, enduring long lonely nights in a London bedsit (page 33).

Subsequently abandoned.

During the years it languished, life (&, yes, love) intervened. But this isn't the place for autobiography.

Some later additions & minor revisions. Now, finally, belatedly, the book, in however crude a form, is born.

A long time coming, you might say...

After so protracted a gestation, trust it still seems fresh & frisky. Hope it has been worth the wait.

**DK**

*Saint Lucy's Day*

*December 2005*



**DAVY KING**

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**IN Kunabular**  
**CLONES**