

# Ode on a Grecian Urge

By Prometheus, Shamen, OUBS

Thou shrill unlavish'd ride of rentalness,  
Thou fester-Fiat of Touring and sight-See,  
Auto-motorian, which dost not impress  
Our lordly Byron nor Dan of Brenti:

**“What cheap-friggin’ bolt-bucket didst thou hire?!?”** <Dan shouted>

**“Damn’d sorry compact Punto, by my oath!”**

In Temper did Dan rail ‘pon Oakeley? <who replied,>

**“What remonstrance is this!? Thou Brentish oaf!**  
**What mad affront? ‘Tis our Greek escapade!**

**Ouzo and feta! Eves of ecstasy!”**

In fear a looming lech, away Chris leaned,  
For fair youth, beneath the trees, I spied ‘pon;  
**“Stevey’s felonies are sweet, but those unseen**  
**Are neater; therefore,” urged Danny, “drive on!”**  
They fled the aerodrome, toward Vonitsa,  
<quoth I> “*Thighs long, nor ever can those knees be bare*  
*Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss...”*  
**“Oh, shut it, Nancy’s boy, ‘tis beneath ya,** <spake Dan>  
**How went your poem, about a ‘nub of bliss’?**  
**Why don’t ye pine for that, and she be fair!”**



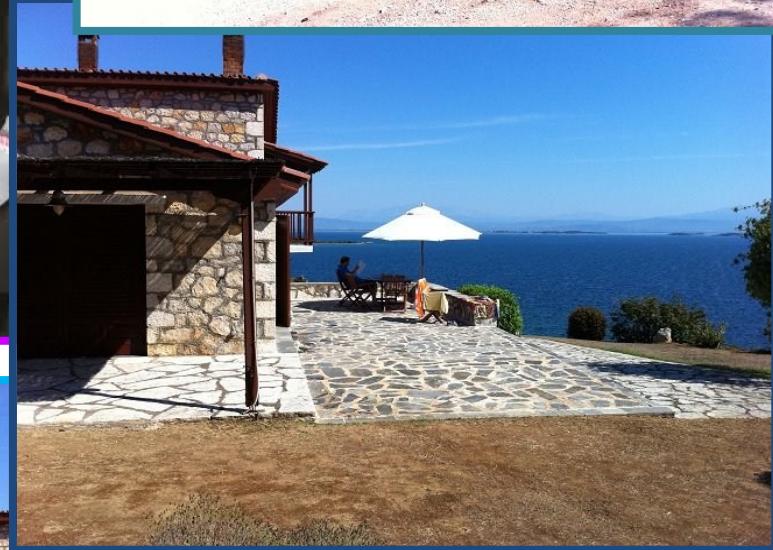
An’ Finoula she just lay there pantin’ in the dirte  
I couldna’ help but gaze upon her lovely bosom swelle  
An’ thinke upon e’en darker things hidden ‘neath her skyrtes  
But banished these at once I tried to save me mortal soul! From  
perdition’s ende, brimstone’s breath an’ painful pitchfork pokes  
Alas, I helde her in me arms an’ in the haye we rolled  
I had the lass, the first for me (afore I’d slept with blokes)  
But I couldna’ seem to please her no matter how harde I tried!  
An’ though ‘twas my very first nook, I sensed somethin’ amiss  
At last I had to give it up as poor Finoula cried and cried;  
An’ sobbed she’d lost her lovin’ knack, the little nub of blisse!  
“Tis the bastard’s worke to thieve me jewele an’ leave me bloody  
numb!”

This she cried more than once as I puzzled o'er her werdes,  
‘In rapture’s fyres did he sear me whilst pluckin’ out me plum!

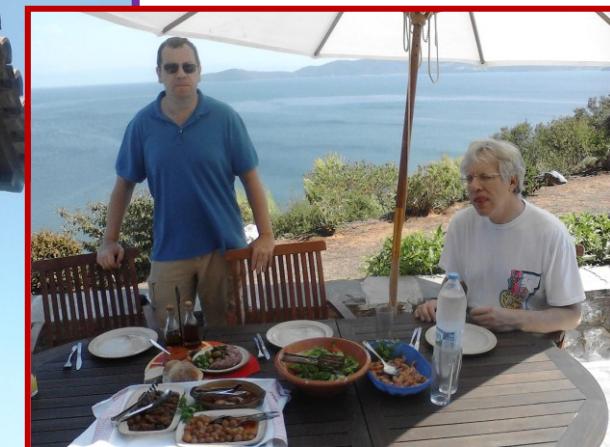
*“Ah, happy, Grecian love! that one canst name  
For fear, forever hid the Thing from view: ” <sang I>  
**“SHUT IT!”** <roared Dan Juan> **“Your sappy melody of shame,  
You’re forever piping them songs askew!”;**  
“More happy love! more happy, happy love!” <I sang again>“  
**“SHUT IT!** <spake the Overlord> **“While this trip’s still to be  
enjoy’d!***

*I too can quoth verse if push comes to shove!  
For ever fast-panting, gauzy and rare . . .”  
“That’s enough, you two!” warned the Doge annoyed,  
Lo! We’ve arrived at our villa above.”*

The Ambracian waters, sultry and blue,  
Fig’s fragrant perfume, the olive grove air,  
“Grover??!!” I cried, “Is he here?! Is it true??!!”  
Fear not, dear Gentles, no reason to scare,  
‘Twas only a rhyme of two words, no more,  
No cloud of Galoise sullied our demesne,  
Our little town Vonitsa, our sea-shore,  
Our mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
No Vampire nor Giaour silent be refrain’d  
The Dark One is gone, outcast infidel.



Bare-chested, skin beaming ivory-pale,  
 Upon our villa bal-cony, Doge lisped  
 The dread Harringtony, feral cats quale!  
**“Marion, who lived in my dreams . . .”** quoth Chris,  
 I laid our repast: a Cold Collation!  
 Danny slurped octopi, prawns and plums,  
 Whilst Doge read another poem in poor taste  
 (Alas, one of my own long-winded scrums)  
 As Chris continued his peroration,  
 Dan mused, **“A wood was laid low for such waste!”**

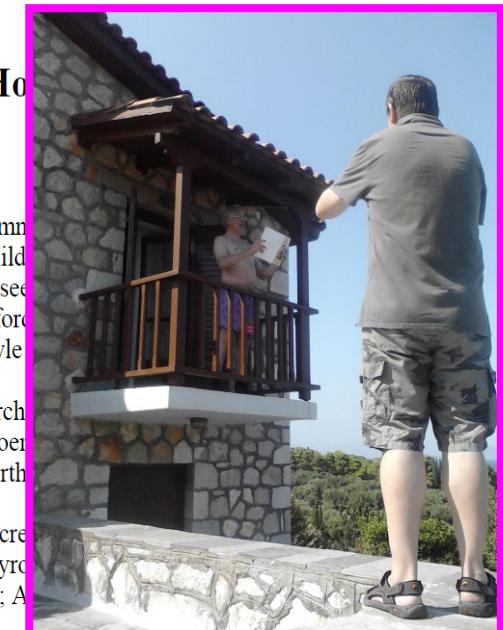


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- [Ode to Childe Harold's Day](#) (August 88); A poem about the poet's birthday.
- [Ode to February](#) (February 93); Despite his birth month, he doesn't like it all that much.
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- [Robin's Way](#) (July 91); A coach containing Byron's bones.
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**“In 'Stralia's hard clime was he born and reared: <read Chris>  
<speak Dan> “Enough have I heard of Coughlan's ballad,”**

**Read something else, man, on this I insist!”**

Said Danny whilst he munched on his salad;

**“He was so brave and strong, so handsome, and . . .”**

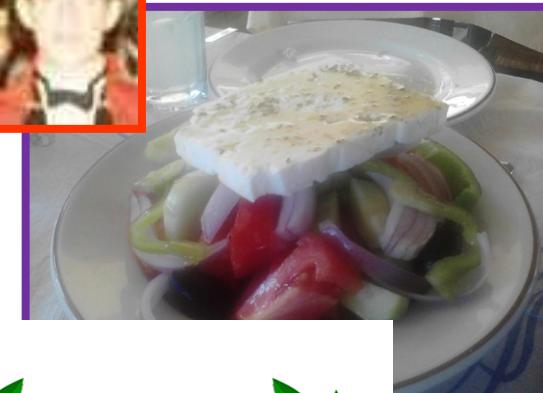
**“And I said ENOUGH! Read us some Raymond!” <Dan shouted>**

**“Oh, thou! In Oxon. deem'd of heavenly birth, <read Doge>**

**Isis! O river god, my mucky muse!**

**“Ah, Paretsky, in the rough a diamond! <Dan extolled>**

**Well earned were his Byronic Laurels!”**



**“So true,” Chris crowed, “here's one to bring on tears,  
Raymondian verse, poignant and sadder:”**

**“And now despite the wreckage of the years  
From our disparate lives we all gather . . .**

**. . . To sing the muse's praises once again  
An evening of old friends and new blather.”**

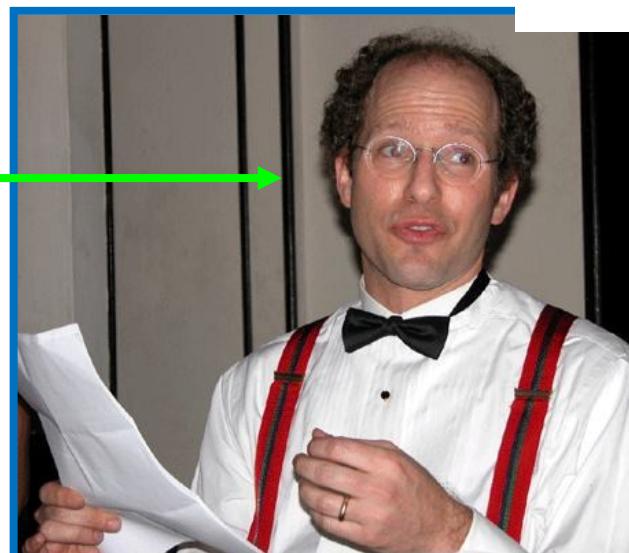
**(A poet true, as well as good-looking)**

“I say,” said I, “why don't we go to town?

To trip the light, to ogle the locals?

By Zeus! I hunger to sample the cookin',

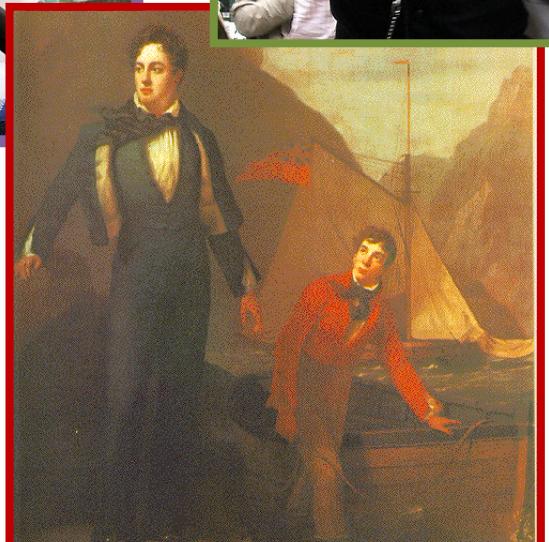
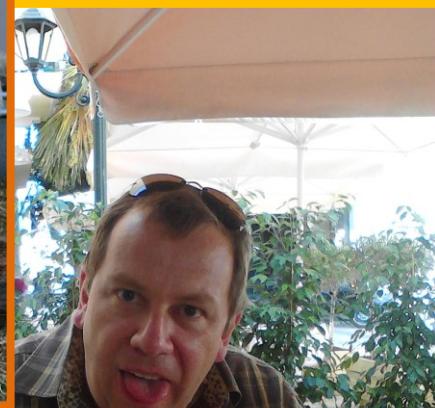
And taste the nectar of our new surround.”



**“What is this swimming in my souvlaki?  
What meat, my starter, O mystery beast,  
Dare'st the wait-staff show attitude cocky,  
Are all these Greek villagers' flies well-fleeced?!”**

These questions Chris asked, of me and Danny,  
Over flagons of plonk, red and piney;  
**Such choice cuts of lamb . . . it gave one the horn!**

Unwholesome urge, this penchant for hiney,  
Like Lord Byron who swived with his nanny -  
A nursemaid's desire, whose itch must be scratch'd.



I arose next noon, jet-lagged and bruised,  
Staggered downstairs where Dan ate a peach,



<Spake Henrey> “**You smell not unlike the harbor you cruised,**”

Wearing no trousers, Chris walk’d ‘pon the beach,  
I sighted the telescope Dan set up,  
Dappled in sunlight, Chris’ moon was gibbous,  
Thank Hera, that whore, I’d not yet eaten!

“**Get dressed,**” said Dan, “**we go ‘pon pilgrimage,**  
**To holy Missolonghi, there we’ll sup,**  
**There we’ll bequeath our souls beaten.**”

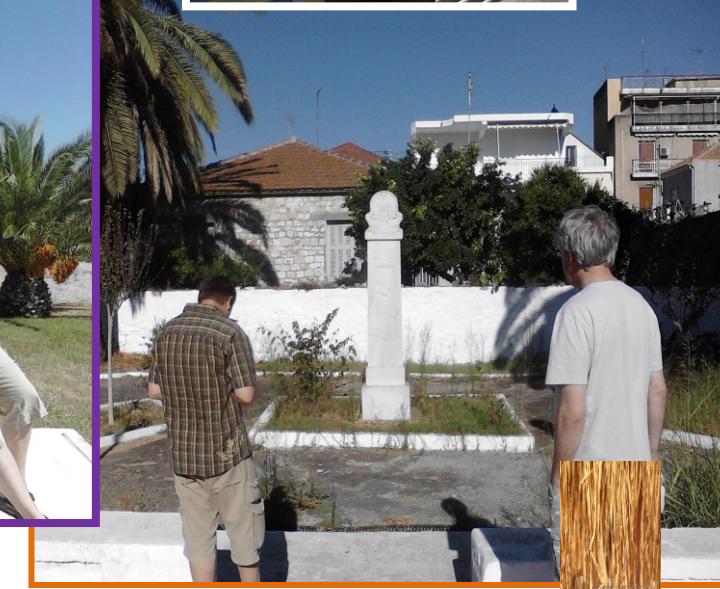
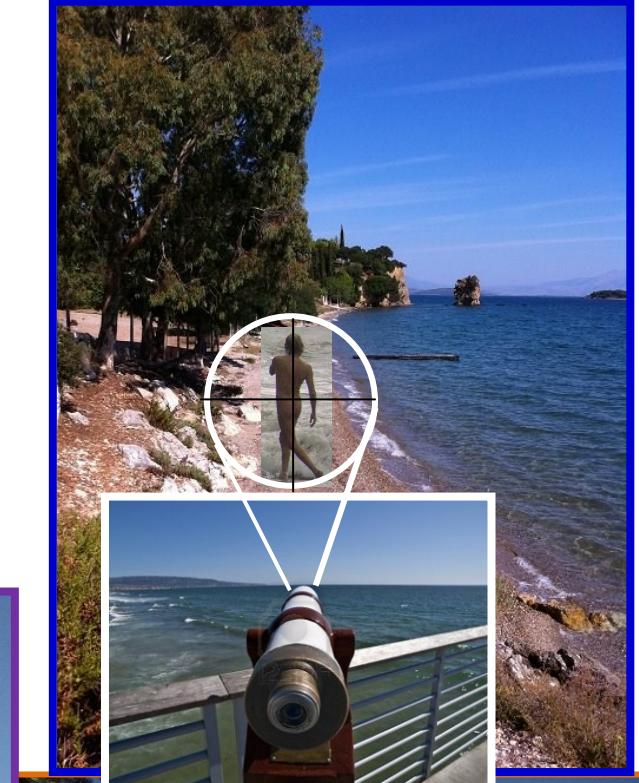


Draped in a grassskirt, wearing pink flip-flops,  
Childe Harold Oakley drove in the fast lane,  
The Punto pushed 50 — 55 tops,  
His baritone voice began this refrain:

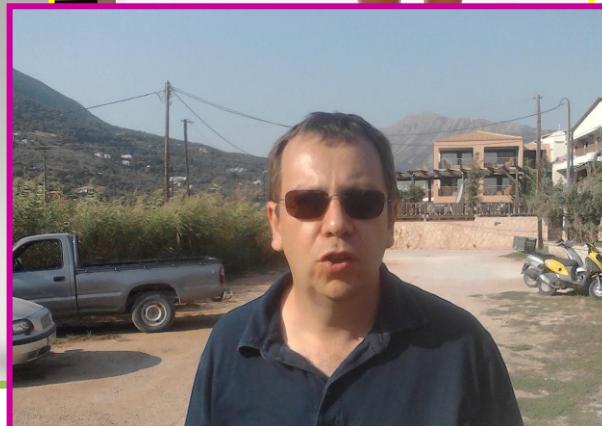
“**We have bathed where none have seen us,**  
**None have glimpsed my enormous . . .**”

“**Genius, Oakley! You just missed our damn**

Danny was not one to suffer delay,  
It was well past lunch, and restaurants might shut!  
Fearing withdrawal from goose liver pate,  
Chris stepped on the gas, and made rubber burn,  
Finding LB’s statue by a shortcut.



Chris an urge had, a windsurfer to buy,  
A gift for his boss, in thanks for the schloss,  
(I too desired a sleek windsurfer-mine,  
The model I chose was Matt, not high gloss);  
Chris buggered off (as did I!) for a deal,  
He haggled and bargained, hard over price,  
Dan Juan sipped from a flute of fine rums,  
  Nibbling mango, melon – well chill'd on ice  
Tanned windsurfer dudes grilled meat for their meal,  
Wearing scant aprons, that showed their bare bums.



Hours of idleness, afternoon swims,  
Childe Harold became a feared scourge on the roads,  
Mowing down widows and priests on a whim;  
I passed time composing ancient Greek modes,  
For lyre, bouzouki, toe-bells and aulos,  
The Overlord spent some time with a quill,  
Penning verse sublime in deep purple inks;  
He paused all at once and sat very still -  
A sure sign a pronouncement soon follows,  
**“Tis time to convene the B.Soc., methinks.”**



**“Lord B. came upon me, in dreams last night,  
He loves us well; (only Mad Jack, in truth);”**  
Oakley’s sneer showed he doubted Danny right,  
**“Twas more likely Shamen who came, in sooth,  
Than a vision of judgement Byronic;”**  
“No,” said Dan Juan, “his statue did speak!  
He demands, “Gather they of haughty mien,  
Graceful too, debonair and oh-so-chic,  
Those with steely stare – like me, iconic,  
Sleek degenerates who like peacocks preen!”

**"We must have Mad Jack, and Raymond,"** Dan said,

**"I bet Guy would come to New York,"** said Chris,

"Vhlapolis, of course, and Uma - Grinstead?"

**"A no-show, most likely – what about Kraz?"**

**"Gilly, Donna and Karen – we need girls!"**

**"Shamen doesn't count on that front (or back),"**

This came from Oakley, ever sharp of tongue;

"This takes me way back <cried I> – Fluntz, ole Union hack,

Still pundit today, swine vote 'pon his pearls;

Freeda and Sue, Malcolm's praises be sung!"





O Attic jape! Roof Brotherhood! our haunts  
'Neath Magdalen's spire and meadows overgrown,  
'Pon Cherwell's branches and in sodden punts;  
O'er Isis' foam! the mighty first eight's glory shone!  
All hail'd Trinity's Bold Littoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt recall, the burning of the shell,  
Painted oars, tawny port, Pimm's summer taste,  
Gilly's scrabble to spell . . . '*profiterole*';  
Romps with Simpson, Kraz, Mad Jack and Vlahop,  
'Fleeting is youth, mem'ry lasting,—let's toast:

Those bright days of mirth, Lord Byron's seeds sown,  
'Fond remembrance, sweet urge e'er on we dwell.'

