

THE LOCKDOWN OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

Ashley Chantler

Let's not go then, you and I.
Let's not go and make a visit.

There is time to wonder,
'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
Time to turn back and ascend the stair
With a bald spot in the middle of my uncut hair.

People do not come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The evenings, the mornings, the afternoons;
My days accumulate tea-stained spoons.

Do I dare eat a peach?
Should I walk upon the beach?
I grow old ... I grow old ...
Fear the weather turning cold.

People do not come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

Tired ... Tired ...
I have wept.
In short, I was afraid.
And in short, I am afraid.

I once heard mermaids singing, each to each.
I once heard mermaids singing, each to each.