

# Mama Xanadu



Dead Poets Society

June 2017

M E N U

PAIRED WITH A POEM  
AND SUGGESTED DRINK

Haiku Cocktail  
Amuse bouche spoon

POEM

*Eating Poetry*

Mark Strand

-

Sourdough & Duchess cold-pressed rapeseed oil

Miso & wild garlic medicinal broth  
wood ears, foraged leaves & burdock crisps

POEM

*Untitled (To Miso That Arrived Late)*

Hu Fang

DRINK

Beatnik Boilermaker

-

Fennel, yellow courgette & pickled roots salad  
with spiced walnuts, kimchi vinaigrette & black onion ketchup

POEM

*Forgetfulness*

Billy Collins

DRINK

Five A.M

**Wild mushroom ragu**  
with reed mace root, horseradish chips, pea & sorrel cream

**POEMS**

*Mushrooms*

Sylvia Plath

*I Kicked a Mushroom*

Simon Armitage

**DRINK**

The Laughing Heart

-

**Gingerbread cake**  
with Ashinaga beer ice cream\*

**POEM**

*The Honeycomb*

Pauline Stainer

**Typographic chocolate**  
with pomegranate and aphrodisiacs

**POEMS**

*Modern Sorcery*

Charles Simic

*As Our Bloods Separate*

David Constantine

**DRINK**

This Quintessence of Dust

*Haiku are traditionally Japanese poems of seventeen syllables, in three lines of five, seven, and five, evoking images of the natural world.*

*Western Haiku can be made up of varying syllable rhythms, up to three lines. Beatnik poet Jack Kerouac coined 'pops' - "POP-American (non-Japanese) Haikus, short 3-line poems or 'pomes' rhyming or non-rhyming delineating 'little Samadhis' if possible, usually of a Buddhist connotation, aiming toward enlightenment."*



*Eating Poetry*

Mark Strand



Ink runs from the corners of my mouth.  
There is no happiness like mine.  
I have been eating poetry.

The librarian does not believe what she sees.  
Her eyes are sad  
and she walks with her hands in her dress.

The poems are gone.  
The light is dim.  
The dogs are on the basement stairs and coming up.

Their eyeballs roll,  
their blond legs burn like brush.  
The poor librarian begins to stamp her feet and weep.

She does not understand.  
When I get on my knees and lick her hand,  
she screams.

I am a new man.  
I snarl at her and bark.  
I romp with joy in the bookish dark.



*Untitled (To Miso That Arrived Late)*

Hu Fang



The miso you  
Promised to make for me, I have not yet received it.

A room in preparation of a journey.  
A kitchen after a farewell. All left in a mess.

Those distant places, indescribable and yet to be proved,  
Always seem to be expecting something.

A meteor.

A seed that adapts to all changes.

A troubled heart.

Your writings are drowned out by waves of wheat grains,  
the secret recipe that will fulfil your wish is lost in South China.  
The black-haired girl who is obsessed with fragments of ancient porcelain  
once picked them up one by one, formed recognizable sentences.

This, one

That, two

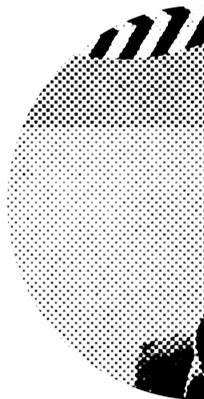
And then, three drops of koji

four beans

five grains of rice

six grains of salt

(distilled from seawater collected from around the Himalayas)



seven moods of waiting  
(steamed from the rivers and seas within our bodies)  
-all are given to the mysterious kitchen of time.



From the face of time to its end,  
A reckless traveler.  
The beans dedicate themselves to  
fermenting a pathway,  
like a shortcut from the hollow of one's hand to its back.  
Only in midst of turning.  
Only in midst of thirst.  
She arrived,  
Though so very late.

Arose in me the depths of the mountain light,  
with her taste.  
Awakening from a dream on the back of a horse,  
the moon is far away, steam rises from hot tea.

The ocean from the old past hides inside our bodies,  
while I continue to wait.  
Those breathless seeds,  
Moving in the speed of light within,  
collapse into black holes.  
The bacteria, secretly, in the darkness of night,  
will eventually create  
a taste  
that embraces our reunion





*Forgetfulness*  
Billy Collins



The name of the author is the first to go  
followed obediently by the title, the plot,  
the heartbreaking conclusion, the entire novel which suddenly  
becomes one you have never read, never even heard of,

as if, one by one, the memories you used to harbor  
decided to retire to the southern hemisphere of the brain,  
to a little fishing village where there are no phones.

Long ago you kissed the names of the nine muses goodbye  
and watched the quadratic equation pack its bag,  
and even now as you memorize the order of the planets,

something else is slipping away, a state flower perhaps,  
the address of an uncle, the capital of Paraguay.

Whatever it is you are struggling to remember,  
it is not poised on the tip of your tongue  
or even lurking in some obscure corner of your spleen.

It has floated away down a dark mythological river  
whose name begins with an L as far as you can recall

well on your own way to oblivion where you will join those  
who have even forgotten how to swim and how to ride a bicycle.

No wonder you rise in the middle of the night  
to look up the date of a famous battle in a book on war.  
No wonder the moon in the window seems to have drifted  
out of a love poem that you used to know by heart.



*Mushrooms*  
Sylvia Plath



---

Nobody sees us,  
Stops us, betrays us;  
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on  
Heaving the needles,  
The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.  
Our hammers, our rams,  
Earless and eyeless,

Perfectly voiceless,  
Widen the crannies,  
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,  
On crumbs of shadow,  
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.  
So many of us!  
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are  
Tables, we are meek,  
We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers  
In spite of ourselves.  
Our kind multiplies:

We shall by morning  
Inherit the earth.  
Our foot's in the door.





*I Kicked a Mushroom*

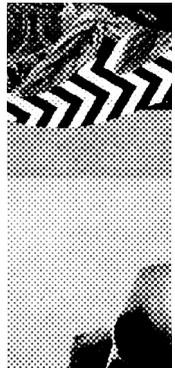
Simon Armitage



I Kicked a Mushroom  
and then I felt bad.

And not just some cute toadstool or gnome's bed  
but a fruiting body of brain-coloured disks  
as wide as a manhole cover or bin lid  
a raft of silky caps basted in light rain  
stemming from one root as thick as a wrist,  
anchored in deep earth, like a rope on a beach.  
One jab with a spade would have done the job,  
then a pitchfork to hoik it over the hedge,  
but I stuck in the boot then walked away  
with its white meat caught in my tongue and lace.

All night it lies on the lawn inside out,  
its tripes and corals turned to the stars,  
gills in the air, showing the gods what I am.





*The Honeycomb*

Pauline Stainer



They had made love early in the high bed,  
not knowing the honeycomb stretched  
between lathe and plaster of the outer wall.



For a century  
the bees had wintered there,  
prisoning sugar in the virgin wax.

At times of transition,  
spring and autumn,  
their vibration swelled the room.

Laying his hand against the plaster  
in the May sunrise, he felt faint frequency of their arousal,

Nor winters later, burning the beeswax candle,  
could he forget his tremulous first loving  
into the humming dawn.

*Beer Poem*

Ashinaga Tenaga



We hunt together, you and I  
Through flooded fields we creep  
Grasping fingers gently stalking  
The murky mud, smeared deep



\*Beer poem that appears on the label



*Modern Sorcery*

Charles Simic

---

You could have been just another maggot  
squirming over history's roadkill.  
Instead a witch took pity on you, lucky fellow,  
made you say abracadabra, and much else  
you didn't understand  
while you held on to the hem of her skirt.

You know neither the place nor the hour  
of your transfiguration.

A kitten lapping a drop of milk  
fallen from the Blessed Virgin's breast  
in a church at dawn. That's how it felt:  
the two of you kneeling there.

Outside, there was a flash of lightning  
like a tongue passing over a bloody knife,  
but you were safe.

Hexed once and for all in her open arms,  
giddy and ticked pink with her sorcery.

*As Our Bloods Separate*

David Constantine

---

As our bloods separate the clock resumes,  
I hear the wind again as our hearts quieten.  
We were a ring: the clock ticked round us  
For that time and the wind was deflected  
The clock pecks everything to the bone.  
The wind enters through the broken eyes.  
Of houses and through their wide mouths  
And scatters the ashes from the hearth.  
Sleep. Do not let go my hand.





*The Pleasures of the Damned*

Charles Bukowski



the pleasures of the damned  
are limited to brief moments  
of happiness:  
like the eyes in the look of a dog,  
like a square of wax,  
like a fire taking the city hall,  
the county  
the continent,  
like fire taking the hair  
of maidens and monsters;  
and hawks buzzing in peach trees,  
the sea running between their claws,  
Time

drunk and damp,  
everything burning,  
everything wet,  
everything fine



B E E R

**Pressure Drop**  
Wu Gang Chops the Tree

**Pale Fire**  
(named after the 999-line poetic  
novel by Vladimir Nabokov)

£4

W I N E

**Sixteen Ridges**  
Pinot Noir 2015  
Herefordshire

£24

**Albury**  
Silent Pool Rose 2016 (Biodynamic)  
Surrey

£22

**Albourne Estate**  
Cellar Selection 2015  
Sussex

£21

N O N A L C O H O L I C

**Square Root Soda Tonics**

**Artemisia** - Made with botanicals from the Artemisia family - Mugwort, Wormwood, tarragon

**Hop** - Made with Citra and Columbus hops, wormwood bitters

**Cinchona** - Indian tonic made with quinine from Cinchona bark

£3





## A L C H E M Y B A R

### Haiku

Babicka Vodka, Cherry Liqueur, Rice Milk  
Rice paper poem infused with cherry wood smoke

### Beatnik Boilermaker

Escobac – Sweet Dram  
Wu Gang Chops the Tree – Pressure Drop

### The Laughing Heart

Escobac, pineapple weed syrup & hop tonic,

### Five A.M

Babicka vodka, blackcurrent sage  
syrup and artemisia tonic

### This Quintessence of Dust

Chocolate Negroni by 58 Gin

£8

4 pairing cocktails for £27



*Brandy-based poetic elixirs – take a drop of your poem personality  
and put it on your tongue or add it to your drink!*



*babička*



*Wu Gang Chops The Tree*

Bella Cox



○—————○

Wu Gang chops the tree  
Restless for all eternity.  
Doomed to make the  
Moon a tomb  
To felled then sprouting  
Laurel tree.  
A threat with an axe  
He sweats and he hacks  
In his moon-shaped purgatory,  
While I happily savour  
The herbs of his labour  
In the magic elixir  
That is an honest brewed beer.

*FIVE A.M*

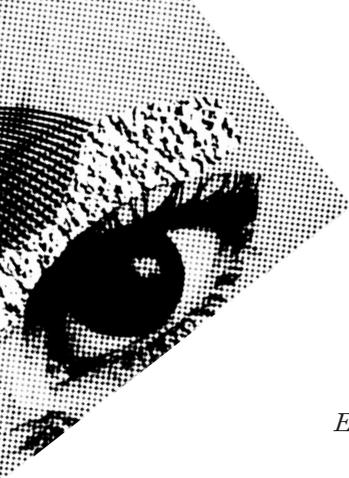
*Babicka wormwood vodka,  
dandelion, artemisa tonic*

Allen Ginsberg



Elan that lifts me above the clouds  
into pure space, timeless, yea eternal  
Breath transmuted into words  
Transmuted back to breath  
in one hundred two hundred years  
nearly Immortal, Sappho's 26 centuries  
of cadenced breathing - beyond time, clocks, empires, bodies, cars,  
chariots, rocket ships skyscrapers, Nation empires  
brass walls, polished marble, Inca Artwork  
of the mind - but where's it come from?  
Inspiration? The muses drawing breath for you? God?  
Nah, don't believe it, you'll get entangled in Heaven or Hell -  
Guilt power, that makes the heart beat wake all night  
flooding mind with space, echoing through future cities, Megalop-  
olis or  
Cretan village, Zeus' birth cave Lassithi Plains - Otsego County  
farmhouse, Kansas front porch?  
Buddha's a help, promises ordinary mind no nirvana -  
coffee, alcohol, cocaine, mushrooms, marijuana, laughing gas?  
Nope, too heavy for this lightness lifts the brain into blue sky  
at May dawn when birds start singing on East 12th street -  
Where does it come from, where does it go forever?





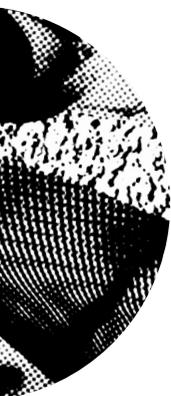
*THE LAUGHING HEART*

*Escobac, vermouth & blackcurrant sage syrup*

Charles Bukowski



Your life is your life  
don't let it be clubbed into dank submission.  
be on the watch.  
there are ways out.  
there is a light somewhere.  
it may not be much light but  
it beats the darkness.  
be on the watch.  
the gods will offer you chances.  
know them.  
take them.  
you can't beat death but  
you can beat death in life, sometimes.  
and the more often you learn to do it,  
the more light there will be.  
your life is your life.  
know it while you have it.  
you are marvelous  
the gods wait to delight  
in you.





## S P O K E N   W O R D   A R T I S T S

**Bella Cox** is a spoken word artist, poet, vocalist and media creator best known for her raw, truth-telling poetic style, quirky love poems and controversial socio-political pieces as well as her soulful musical vocals. She is bent on making poetry accessible to the youth as a means of self expression, self discovery and growth and since graduating with a BA from the University of Pretoria in 2016 she is now working full time as a performer both on stage and camera and giving talks and workshops as often as possible. She is the current Word n Sound Queen of the Mic/Slam Champion for 2016 and recently had two of her poems published in the prestigious European Union Sol Plaatje poetry anthology.



**Iris Colomb** is based in London where she has given both individual and collaborative performances at a range of events as well as producing poetic responses to fine art exhibitions. Iris' poems have been published in Pocket Litter and Datableed, and her co-translation, with Elliot Koubis, of a set of short stories by Apollinaire is due to come out later this year. Her digital drawings have been showcased in the collective exhibition 'We Fiddle While Rome Burns' (Donetsk 2014), and sold at auction in Versailles (2015). Iris also curates events seeking possibilities beyond the traditional format of poetry readings, each of which acts as a separate live experiment, linking poetry and other art-forms such as film, visual arts, sound, and design.



# #mamaxanadu

## *Providence List*

Brockman's Biodynamic Farm

Farmdrop

Better Health Bakery

John the Poacher

Mushroom Table

Pressure Drop

Sweet Dram

58 Gin

Square Root Soda

Bone & Broth



## *Epilogue*

Grace Nichols



I have crossed an ocean  
I have lost my tongue  
from the root of the old one  
a new one has sprung



[mamaxanadu.com](http://mamaxanadu.com)

Bodega 50

50 Allen Rd, London N16 8RZ