

## **Pepperpot Turrets**

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### 3 Pepperpot Turrets

In full view of Bayeux's mammoth breezy barn it has no name, no, nor shame neither: Tower #28, with more than a hint of the Viollet-le-Ducs, its disnified sentinels complete with pointy hattes and uselesse arrowe slittes Enfilading fire on history, it's what you notice not what you see Result, imitation as the sincerest form of battery, although the kids fresh from The Shoppe That Must Not Be Named will approve Silly is also from *gesoelig* as blessed, happy? Make your mind up time is always never St John's on the left hand now, in red-black brick palatial, across treed Lord Mayor's unWalk, the grumbling ring-road No promenading there, nor sign of the celebrated daffs yet in the longest dryest bit of the town ditch, though there may be the odd snowdrop peeping The dip in the ramparts around here is the other take on makeover, another make of takeover, testimony to the blocked up gate, *porta decumana* as was, when Monk Bar was cut to replace it Arteries of empire silt; trace this one via the via's cicatrice in Little Groves Lane just visible at this leafless time headed NE for Derventio or was it Delgovicia, a few sad *pedes* only before petering out; or back along Chapter House Street to the Treasurer's House In the cellar of which, in 1953, young Harry Martindale, apprentice boiler-repairer, saw the most famous York ghost-host, XX of Severus's finest severed below the knees by ground level, marching in full gear in at one wall and out the other, and fell off his ladder His ignorance, like incompleteness, guaranteed credibility

Private steps descend to the lawns  
of Grays Court Hotel wet tables  
a black waiter swabs eyeing you  
ENTER AT OWNERS' DISCRETION in Oglethorpe

An art nouveau plaque celebrates the completion of the broke perimeter, drily fingers Edwin Gray's trade-off of his wall portion for the mayoralty Consider what of the past is private, what public, and poems will go between Rowntrees nestlés beyond if you stretch to see it, quite the sweetener back in the day, with rail, but hardly at all now as the taxi-driver said, Buggers shrunk the Kit-Kats and it's been sold off anyhow