

Boffyflow and Spike

Van Morrison

So let us follow Boffyflow and Spike down through the days of the leaves. Boffy is covered with leaves completely the buckijit and Spike is in hysterics. On they go, on and on up the small incline, gathering sacks of leaves for burning in the clearing and waiting on McDole.

McDole has not been seen nor heard of since Halloween and every one is getting a trifle nervous. Spike took the sheet of paper from his inside coat pocket and tried to decipher the code, but as he glanced over the page, he realised he had not noticed the note in the margin that said It means what it means, followed by, Wee Alfie at the Castle picturehouse on the Castlereagh Road, whistling on the corner next door where he kept Johnny Mack Brown's horse. O Solo Mio by McGimsey and the man who played the saw outside the city hall. Pastie suppers down at Davy's Chipper, gravy rings, barmbracks, wagon wheels, snowballs. A Sense of Wonder.

On and on. Spike and Boffyflow tramping with sacks of leaves over the Gransha road to Ballystockart and back again. Puck up said Boffy, It means what it means and we have a windfall. If we're not daft enough to burn these leaves, we can freeze them 'til next Autumn, study them and then let them decompose. If we can get in touch with your man, I would strongly advise him to do ditto with the documents.

Just at that moment, as if by a strike of faith, McDole came round the bent on a bike. Okay lads, you're on to something, don't blow it. Go out to the Isle and have a few scoops on me. The boys drove out in the charabanc to Daft Eddies and ordered up. And so down to work putting the documents in perspective. McDole got out the accordion and started to wail When heart is open there's loads from Ballygowan to Ballyhacamore. He spun round on one leg, grabbing Spike by the lapels, You're terrible you are. You blurt. He put away six doubles of Jameson from the bar and sank into a deep apathetic slumber, mumbling Blinkin' Cowboys, Blinkin' Cowboys...