

## Fore Pulse

Towne of oyster voices—*what do you lacke*,  
 cages for birdes, silver basons,  
 billyard balls, beards of all ages,  
 a carpet wrought of Paraquitos feathers.

Thinges to be wrapd in a title-leaf,  
 a pyke slit open to shew its fat guttes.

Such a thronge and presse as houses  
 scrape the sky and shippes stand  
 big as castles.

They that have got a glas in their heades  
 climb a tower to ring bells for houres,  
 for the sake of exercise. With like drummes  
 and firing of cannon.

Some streetes paved with limestone & flint,  
 others oozie, gouged by carts & horses,  
 a scummy chanel with Paracelsian bubbles.

At the Beargarden a rose is fixed, to be set on fire  
 by a rocket, soe that apples & peares  
 fall on the persons below.  
 Farther in that quarter are little roomes  
 where you maye get your bone smirched.

If these folk scoffe and laugh at a stranger,  
 your skilles will lette you precell them  
 and soare like a bridge over Thames his torrent.