

To another Eagle

On a flat piece of rock in the Sea of Tranquillity
Stands a four-legged but bodiless bird;
Its stance lepidopterous argues mobility,
Yet for a fortnight the thing hasn't stirred.

News has gone out to the Lunar Equators,
Lunar canals open Lunatic locks,
Moon-people, bolder now, come from their craters,
Limpetting noiselessly over the rocks.

Now they address it in language most cordial,
Pushing a two-headed chief to the fore;
Hope that its feet have got over their ordeal
(Tripods themselves, they're enchanted with four).

As the chieftain concludes his melodious bleeping
He waits for the answer he thinks may be due.
Gets none. Concludes that their visitor's sleeping.
Comes a bit closer to better his view.

On one silver leg, among signs of terrific
Stressing and blasting and scorching with flame
Earthmen have stencilled a black hieroglyphic:
E. A. G. L. E. So *that* is its name.

At Barclays, *our* eagle is highly delighted,
Awaiting the moment when Moon-banks are Go;
For one thing is certain, wherever we're sited,
Moonfolk will favour the bank that they know.



Barclays Bank

Mooney is our business