

Sewer-inspired poetry, written by Dave Brooks at Credit Suisse.
Inspired by a tour of Geo's fibre in the sewers, May 2011.



Don't drink the water...

*The brick built pipes of Bazalgette
Was no mere bagatelle,
We entered through a manhole
And descended into hell,
We came to view the shining strings
That powers the data flow,
But as these ran through effluent,
We made our way below.*



*They dressed us up in boiler suits
With waders to our waist,
With helmets, gloves and harnesses,
We viewed the world we faced,
Then came a safety lecture
On oxygen and muck,
Reminded of the dangers,
We thought we'd ride our luck.*

*The smell was that which hit you first,
As darkness filled your eyes,
The water splashing round about,
Reach to your shins, not thighs,
But still I think we wondered,
Just what we walked upon,
All London floated gently by,
All London been and gone.*



*We saw the fibres on the walls,
The ducts were fixed up tight,
Rob our guide told stories,
Lit up by helmet light,
We finally emerged alive,
And smelt the sweetest air,
The day was an adventure,
But it's not a life I'd share.*