

They're still in our heads the good old fellows  
let's talk hormones  
a monologue of the deaf —  
we allow a ration of free sex  
down at the ford —  
would have to be dumb not to sing  
now  
that the story's all over the world.

Béroul and Thomas,  
of course we've read them,  
bring up fornication  
in every line —  
a chance to embroider:  
a tale of love won't always  
lead  
to sexual reproduction —  
terror isn't the last word from heaven  
we need the natives  
for the lowdown.

Gains prestige  
being on top of the queen —  
she snaps, hurls insults  
can't take it no more —  
he, aggressive, comes —  
two dogs stuck together  
their talk  
a slew of droppings —  
I'll add a fool a dwarf a messenger —  
as best I can.

Is nonetheless a cuckold,  
par for a horse \*—  
jeers at the one he adored,  
his face drenched with rain —  
a spectacle with plenty of spies,  
enemies of abstract art  
forced to pipe down.

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\* Breton *marc'h* = horse

International debacle — this job of  
the enraged husband —  
beware the mangy cur, disgustingly  
happy — good for nothing  
howling at the merciful sky —  
I get lost here, all these memories  
and the piles of critical editions.