

The Incendiary Poem

by

The Great D Minor Fugue

The Absconding Coal Merchant

Oft in the pheasant-speckled glebe
Have I espied a noble fruit
Which, gnawing at a severed root
With hairy hand and gnashing tooth,
Bewailing its forgotten youth,
It wailed of damsels it had loved
Beneath the coppery August moon
Eclipsèd by the cosmic spoon
Which hung in Saturn's eery glow
O'er sombre brutes who lurk below.
Then, over Oberon's plains did spy
He then an unexpected herb
Planted by an erstwhile Serb
in days of peace between the wars.
He took it, gripped it in his jaws,
"O! happy herb of life and light,
Who know creation's luckless plight,
Who hopeless love do yet inspire,
Now thou and I shall both expire.
Come burn with me in sombre fire."

[The manuscript of the poem is set aflame — the present text is transcribed from tape.]