

42. THE WRITING TABLETS: TO THE HENDECASYLLABLES



ome, hendecasyllables, all that there are
and from every side, as many as are.

A base adulteress thinks I'm a joke,
and refuses to give me my tablets
once more, if you'd believe it.

We'll follow her: ask for them back.

Which one, you may ask? The one you can see
strutting disgracefully, laughing ridiculously,
maddening, with the jaws of a Gaulish bitch.

Surround her: ask for them back:

'Stinking adulteress, give back my letters,
give back, stinking adulteress, my letters!'

You won't? O to the mire, the brothel,
or if anything can be more ruinous, then that!

But still don't think that's enough.

Call her again in a louder voice:

'Stinking adulteress, give back my letters,
give back, stinking adulteress, my letters!'

But it's no use: nothing disturbs her.

We'd better change methods and tactics,
if we want them to be of more use to us:

let's see if we can't get a blush

from that bitch's brazen face.:

'Honest and chaste one, give back my letters.'