

Than which there is no indignity worse,  
A cow did that once to a fellow  
Who rose from the milking stool with a curse  
And cried, "I'll larn you to bellow".

He couldn't lay hands on a pitchfork to hit her  
Or give her a stab of the tine,  
So he leapt on her hairy back and bit her  
Clear into her marrow spine.

No doubt she would have preferred the fork  
She let out a howl of rage  
That was heard as far away as New York  
And made the papers' front page.

He answered her back, "Well, who begun it?"  
That's what at the end of a war  
We always say - not who won it,  
Or what it was faughten for.  
1962 "In the Clearing"



### **Гибель после расцвета**

Скажи, Сивилла, дивная огресса,  
какие мне пути прогресса  
полезней выбрать для опоры,  
ведя о том переговоры?  
Та мне в ответ: "Вернись-ка в Рим.  
Скажи напарникам своим,