

PARODY



Roy Fuller

(1912-1991)

The Love Song of J. Omar Khayyam (1973)

Awake! For morning in the Pan of Night  
Has dropped the Egg that puts bad Dreams to Flight;  
And Newspapers and empty Bottles gleam  
Encircled by a Hangman's Noose of Light.

I sometimes think there's none so red a Nose  
As when some *fin de siecle* Poet goes;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Through a blank Pair of female Sockets blows,

Come fill the Tea-cups and the Ices bring  
So little time to hear the Mermaids sing,  
The Footman waits already with my Hat;  
I shall be Seventy in the Fire of Spring.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Some other Finger comes to cancel it,  
And out of a single word and half a line  
Makes Verses of profundity and Wit.