les saltimbanques

"here we come here we come trooping our hosiery rouge everywhere not to mention paint or that nice german Mann and... wasn't there one called Maria we are the jolly symbols of 1888 and when they came we were already out of date"

give us a redemptive rose and sleep again beneath those stars

but if instead your brain is quite minute you were at least like comets on the streets of fortinbras, trickling down to us the stricken stream uncleaved we pick at those dead floating feathers inaudibly hearing you "troop on troop on my gay devotees are still some buying flags! then send them flowers all dearie".