

Rigoletto

Stare back at life's Medusa face, Jester
Stare and turn to stone yourself,
Remembering Danton's death or Lulu's fate
Can you sing a tune or curse
Only pitiless death
His ancient arm clasped around your neck
Is headless
That is his beauty
He comes in human form
May even talk to you
(Though tis you)
And whether it strikes short or long
Damn him and jest still
Singing the tune as we go down.