

Canto One

Make way, you Roman writers, make way, Greeks!
Something greater than the Iliad is born.
-Propertius

This, the original, part of the poem was written over the course of four days in a state of feverish despondence and posted on April 25, 2019. It would have most likely been longer if I did not have travels planned, starting early the next day. It is structured mostly as a linear narrative which degenerates into a maniacal tirade about halfway through, before returning to the narrative. It consists of quatrains of rhyming couplets, without any consistent metre.

Writing it was in part motivated by the despicable behaviour of both the girl and those around her. There is a clear protagonist, played by Bonbi, and antagonist, played by the Nonce. This casual commentary, for the most part, consists of general comments such as this one, general background to the historical characters and events, remarks on the poem structure, theatrics, and syphilis!

To Bonbi, to you this poem I dedicate,
Despite your current dismal state,
Sit down and listen to my story,
Which is in truth, devoid of glory.

When I had first discovered you
Fontinalia just passed through
Among the daft Ricardo edits
A face shone through, it had its merits,

Your loving smile, luscious lips,
Your pearly skin and rocking hips,
Your glowing eyes and short cropped hair,
How could one person be so fair?

You were Ophelia, you were my Venus.
Mistakenly, I was quite libidinous.
To me you were the perfect being.
Just seeing you, it felt so freeing.

A monomania then gripped my heart,
When I found out you did depart.

These initial stanzas serve mostly to start the narrative and do not contain anything particularly interesting.

Fontinalia:
October 13. Celebration of Fontus, god of springs and wells.

Ophelia:
Of Hamlet fame.

Exit Bonbi.

That you from nosy doxxing fled.
“Forget my image” you had pled.

Hard times by now were in full motion.
Lush edits were our locomotion.
And suddenly your voice was heard,
Although it did not say a pretty word.

Now the date of your return was fixed.
Although some doubts did swirl amidst.
What was there to complain about?
We had our time to wait laid out.

At last, when Saturnalia passed
You your cute face revealed at last,
And you assured us all was well,
I once for all fell to your spell.

The videos you then released biweekly,
Although some men suspected weakly,
That behind the scenes was something dark.
Back then it was but an odd remark.

Then on the day of Valentine of Rome
When you released your sort of love poem.
A thinly veiled ballad to Seth.

Enter Bonkers, with flourish.

Saturnalia:

Roman religious festival honouring Saturn, celebrated during December 17-23. Her return was on Catholic Christmas, the date of which, by some historians, is believed to be chosen to coincide with the birthrate of Sol Invictus, which was set on that day by Emperor Aurelian. The resulting monotheism of The Empire can be traced, with moderately strong supporting arguments, to this deity, who was first introduced to the high classes of the Empire by Elagabalus. He ruled The Empire some 50 years earlier, although his young age and rampant sexual scandals prevented him from cementing this cult among the high Roman Gods. Aurelian, after his tremendous reconquest of the Palmyrian empire, headed by Zenobia herself, and Gallic Empire, which earned him the title Restitutor Orbis, was more successful. There are many more striking similarities between the Roman cult of The Sun and Christianity, the halo of Jesus bears resemblance to a sun cross, and this excerpt "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be" (Mathew 24:27), among others.

Valentine of Rome:

The namesake of the hallmark holiday celebrated on February 14.

A single letter, your little shibboleth.

To my mind came a thing I've read,
As Pliny the Younger had once said,
Character lies more concealed
Than with your eyes may be revealed.

As time went on, your poor decisions mounted.
No longer could this just all be discounted
As a young girl being quite capricious.
It all began to seem suspicious.

A loli fucker! All exclaimed.
How could you not have felt ashamed?
Your Darcy it turns out was not
The sacred man that you once thought.

At once all gave you admonition,
Except one amateur musician.
He helped to drag you back below.
Made all the warnings you forgo.

Before continuing, a brief aside.
A little note which will deride,
The one and only, unforgettable,
Adulterous Nonce, his deeds regrettable.

The boy just barely came of age,
Not even past the teenage stage.
And yet already he was deep in vice
Of little girls, they are so nice!

He praised the perfect anus movements,
Even suggested some improvements.
He claimed to love their innocence,
How could he dare such insolence.

In children's image dolls he sought,
And wondered if they could be bought,
And pondered if perhaps he too,
Could find an Aisha he could woo.

And suddenly, the holy grail.

Pliny the Younger:

Roman lawyer and author. The younger epithet does not refer to his age, merely to there being another Pliny predating him, in this case Pliny the Elder, his uncle. His best known writings are the letters he wrote to friends.

Darcy:

Elizabeth's great love, from Austen's exceedingly proper novel of manners, *Pride and Prejudice*. A principal example of why women should abstain from writing anything beyond children's fairy tales.

Back below:

To Dante's concentric circles.

Aside:

And an interlude of sorts.

Aisha:

The ~9 year old wife of Muhammad, although some sources put her as young as 6 at the time of marriage. Either way, the point is quite clear.

Munchausen :

Who could believe so tall a tale?
Not even Munchausen would dare to tell.
Into his arms she fell, the perfect belle.

Baron Munchausen, the great fictional story teller of Germany, although there did exist a, not as famous in our day, non fictional Baron Münchhausen. A great many of his stories concern hunting and military escapades, such as shooting a deer with cherry pits, piercing half a dozen geese with a ramrod fired from a rifle, or riding a cannonball through the air. All of them fictitious to the point of absurdity.

Into his arms...:

Coming from the above line, this creates an image of a delicate bird shot out of the sky by some absurd method landing into the Baron's arms. Something completely unbelievable with which he would entertain his evening guests. If only it were so.

What would a man in his position do?
Give her the care and love she's due?
Not him, that bestia, that cur.
He would now be her souteneur.

Souteneur:

From French "one who supports", somewhat ironically contrasting its actual meaning.

Carpe diem! He exclaimed.
The girl is mine! he then proclaimed.
This tiny girl belongs to Seth.
He solipsized her in one breath.

Carpe Diem:

Seize the day! As proclaimed by the great Horace in his Odes. There it was in the context of doing all you can today, not waiting to see what tomorrow will bring.

Solipsized:

(Cf. Lolita Part 1 Chapter 13) The word, first coined by Nabokov in his celebrated novel, leads one to connect the tragedy of poor Dolores with that of our Bonbi.

As Koschei stole nice girls of old,
He too our Bonbi did withhold.
He toyed with her and told her tales,
That he's the one who stopped her wails.

Koschei:

Koschei the Deathless, a prominent character in Slavic mythology characterized by near immortality. Most tales containing him as the chief antagonist consist of him kidnapping some beautiful girl or other and bringing her to wherever the storyteller has him living. There he presumably molests her, though these tales being told primarily to children do not include these provocative details. A handsome Prince, who else, then endeavors to rescue her, and, after a series of needlessly complex adventures, kills Koschei; so much for his epithet.

As De Sade with his Justine
He took my little Mocha Bean.
And as the serpent whispered lies,

De Sade:

The renowned French nobleman, libertine, and erotic fan fiction writer, who in our days is remembered as a philosopher. His most

So she would eat the apple, her demise.

notable work is probably 120 days of Sodom in which four men, an equal number of fifty year old prostitutes, eight studs chosen by the size of their penis, eight boys and eight girls aged 12-15, eight decrepit old women chosen for their ugliness to stand in contrast to the children, and finally some cooks and servants. All these actors enter a castle and, without recounting all four months, the four men are the only ones who enjoy themselves. De Sade was imprisoned in the Bastille for a time, being transferred to a different prison shortly before it was stormed, the event which cut the ribbon of the revolution. The revolution, in its infinite progressiveness freed The Marquis from wherever he was kept, but even their liberal values were too restrictive, as a ball gag or leather handcuffs of sorts, for him. He died in a lunatic asylum.

Justine:

Another work by De Sade, the story follows the misadventures of a girl from when she is 12 through to 26. These include, but are not limited to, being the sex slave of a monastery, being the sex slave of a man she tries to help in a field, and being humiliated at a court when she dares complain. All told in true Sadean fashion.

Serpent:

The anthropomorphic smooth taking snake who inhabited the lovely garden.

Robespierre:

Back to the French Revolution. Maximilien Robespierre is one of the best known figures of that revolution. A member of the Jacobin Club, which was not always the radical fun house it is remembered as, who quickly worked his way up to head the infamous Reign of Terror, which saw anyone not in support of it beheaded. A rather stubborn and somewhat narcissistic fellow.

Treponema:

Bacteria which causes Syphilis.

Gargantuan:

The word is derived from the titular character of Rabelais' great satirical novels. Himself being a monk during the time of the French Renaissance, when France was still ruled by the Valois, he managed to leave a tremendous impact on modern writing. I really should take some time to learn French, my 1973 Soviet edition of

This despot in his small domain

All dissidence tried to contain.

This Robespierre continued with his reign of terror,

His anencephalic head was blind to error.

And then that worthless Treponema

Was faced with one gargantuan dilemma,

When his true past was laid out on the table,

His web of lies no longer quite so stable.

Initially and quietly he left, as though in shame,
Like a venereal disease came back, as to explain,
That our harsh judgement was unfair;
His love of kids was just a brief affair.

Promptly told to eat a dick,
From the server he received a kick.
So then that bastardly Hyena,
Took flight, and hid, with my petite Tsarina.

I shall now end my short diversion,
Returning to my main excursion.
But not to worry, the Nonce will yet
Make an appearance on my set.

Announce you did that all was finished.
That your relationship diminished.
No longer would you contact him.
You parted with him on a whim.

And made it seem from a side gaze

his writings does not do them nearly the justice they deserve.
Coincidentally, Europe was going through a 30 year long syphilis epidemic when the books were first published.

Venereal disease:
Syphilis of course!

Revision: 'cowardly changed to 'bastardly' in this version.

Hyena:
The animal is typically prescribed a cowardly behaviour, although this is much in the same way that foxes are presented as cunning in folk tales.

Tsarina:
Empress of Russia. Using the word Tsar to refer to the ruler of Russia, from 1547 until the dissolution of the monarchy, come from Bulgaria, which in turn Borrowed the Title from the imperial Roman title of Caesar. Although once the highest title of the empire, by the time of the Byzantines was degraded to an honorary title, usually bestowed upon close relatives of the Emperor. Although, if one gets into technicalities, Tsar stopped being the official title of the ruler of Russia in 1721, when Peter the Great declared the Russian Tsardom an Empire.

I have nothing to remark about this particular stanza, so I will make a comment about something I had wanted to include in the proceeding section. I had wanted to include a stanza comparing her situation with that of Tolstoy's Natash Rostova and Kuragin. Unfortunately, their latinized names are too unwieldy to work with. Also if I did include them, I would need to designate someone as Sonya, which I am reluctant to do, since none of the sapphic cows in her posse are worthy of being delegated such a noble role.

Act:

That your act deserved appraise.
For that is all it was, an act,
Designed from your true nature to distract.

It was first met with praise and cheer,
As a great victory, with much reverere.
A fuzzy little peach appeared
And your whole story was then smeared.

You two, like Tristan and Iseult,
Had madly loved, but to a fault.
So drunk you were on that one potion,
That once truth leaked, it caused commotion.

It is right now, at this one point
That my love for you became disjoint.
As Constantine, when shown the Chi and Rho,
I knew the old love I must forgo.

Only a handful of scenes in this vast obscure unfinished
masterpiece which we so diligently watch.

Great victory:
Something the Romans would consider worthy of a triumph
perhaps.

Tristian and Iseult:
The story of their adulterous love has influenced many subsequent
ones and is quite familiar to everyone, under various names.

Potion:
In the legend, a love potion is involved.

Constantine:
Constantine the Great, ruled Rome for over 30 years, although by
then it was no longer the unquestioned capital of the empire, it was
the newly aggrandized Constantinople. Ended Diocletian's short
lived tetrarchy and was the first Roman emperor to convert to
Christianity with his baptism taking place shortly before his death,
as was not uncommon at the time. His plans for succession were
not quite as great as himself though; he shattered the empire,
leaving various parts of it to relatives, among them his three sons,
Constantine, Constantius, and Constans; not everyone is a creative
personality. This resulted in more civil war. However his
conversion to Christianity withstood, and apart from Julian the
Apostate, stayed with the Empire to the end. Interestingly enough
the venerated eighteenth century English historian Edward Gibbon
claimed, in his phenomenal work *The History of the Decline and
Fall of the Roman Empire*, that the conversion of the empire to
Christianity is the principal cause of its fall. See also the note to
'Saturnalia'.

Chi and Rho:
Before a decisive battle which Constantine fought, he claimed to
have been shown the Chi Rho by some divine power. They are
part of the Greek word Christos. Taking this as a sign, he
commanded his troops to paint the symbol on their shields and
used it on his vexillum. He won the battle, make of that what you
will.

Despite the threat of going through perdition,
You did not feel the least bit of contrition.
You worshiped the Egyptian Min,
So much so that you forgot your sin.

As Queen Margot with Duke Anjou,
You loved your cousin-brother too.
You seemed, at times, Milady Winter.
Just keep in mind what end did meet her.

Forgo:

As Constantine abandoned the old Roman Gods.

Min:

God of Fertility, often portrayed with an erect penis.

Queen Margot:

Margaret of Valois, daughter of Henry II, sister of Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III (see also the note to "Mignons"), wife of Henry IV. She was married off by her brother Charles IX, to the recently crowned Henry of Navarre, his mother was rumored to have been killed by Catherine Medici, the mother of Margaret. The marriage was controversial at best, a good catholic girl marrying a protestant in the centre of the French wars of religion. Mere days after this wedding occurred St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, an event which saw catholics take to the streets to slaughter the protestants who had come to Paris to attend the wedding, Henry was able to survive with the help of dear Margaret and by a promise to convert to catholicism, which he kept. Henry then spent the next several years as a sort of prisoner in the French court before he managed to escape to Navarre, from where he began to consolidate power. After the death of Charles IX and the Duke of Anjou, and since Henry III remained childless, Henry of Navarre became the heir to the French throne. Since he was still a protestant, this did not sit well with the, then influential, Catholic League, led by yet another Henry, The Duke of Guise. What followed is the aptly named War of the Three Henrys, which ended with the assassinations of Henry III and The Duke of Guise. Henry IV, now being the king of France was unable to properly hold power and so with the phrase "Paris is well worth a mass", converted to catholicism. At the turn of the century, he divorced Margaret and married Maria de Medici, see also the note to her. His descendants would rule France for another two and a half centuries, until the abolition of the monarchy. He was the grandfather of the idolized Sun King, who retains the title of the longest ruling monarch in history to this day. Margaret is often portrayed as an incestuous nymphomaniac, having an all too fond affection for her younger brother, The Duke of Anjou. These rumors are, mostly, slander.

Duke Anjou:

Born Hercule, he changed his name to honour his prematurely lamented brother Francis II. He led a life full of travel and intrigue, being part of The Malcontents, fighting in the Netherlands during the eighty years war, ultimately unsuccessfully his escapades ended with the French Fury, and courting Elizabeth I. If he had not died so soon, there is a strong possibility that he would have ascended the French throne as Francis III.

Milady Winter:

The chief antagonist of Duma's cherished masterpiece, The Three Musketeers, the first of the D'Artagnan Romances. She is seductive, deceitful, shrewd, and amoral. She has had multiple marriages, is branded by a fleur de lys, and has many a murder attributed to her name. Without going into excessive detail as not to reveal too much about the novel, she does not survive to the next one.

You coquettish fille de joie,
Your lover's not above the law.
And unlike Rome, he has one head,
As old Caligula had pled.

Has one head:

The quotation which appears here in modified for is "Would that the Roman people had but one neck!" The context is that the people which Cicero had once so gently referred to as 'the mob' were applauding a team which the great emperor did not support. The implication being, of course, that he would have the neck slit. I was not able to get a satisfactory rhyme with the original quotation and so took the liberty of modifying it, any suggestions are welcome.

Caligula:

One of the most well known emperors, though he ruled for only four short years and did not leave too significant of a lasting impact. Although remembered as an insane maniac, he rose to the throne as the third emperor being sane, mostly, only a few months later he was debilitated by a disease and awoke a new man. His escapades are too numerous to list here, but include declaring war against Neptune and constructing a two mile long bridge of ships across which to ride his horse.

Just older than Lolita, barely,
You thought that treated you were fairly.
Your Humbert forced you into inanition.
For him, you pushed towards attrition.

Lolita:

The glorious novel by the glorious Nabokov. I am sure anyone degenerate enough to be reading this is familiar with it, so I will leave the summary out.

As once did Marie Antoinette,
You perceived your fans as a threat.
You rejected their pleas to be heard.
Your actions by now, quite absurd.

Oh you, oh Babylon the Great,
Again were urged to abrogate
Your talks in private with Anonce.
And you, again, gave an affirmative response.

But Caesar's wife must be above suspicion,
Accomplished that may be through extradition,
Of Nonce, who forced you to partition,
With your true pals, to a mortician.

April fools had long ago moved on,
Still from the public you were gone.
Then suddenly you said goodbye.

Humbert:

Comparing a degenerate nonce with a man of Humbert Humbert's eminence is quite a disservice to the latter, but it was too low a fruit to leave hanging.

Marie Antoinette:

The wife of Louis XVI, often cited as being one of the causes of the French Revolution. Tracing the origins of the revolution is a topic for a doctoral dissertation, so I will focus on the Queen here. Married to the grandson of Louis XV, aged just 14 I believe, she became queen four years later. For the first few years of her husbands reign she held a rather favourable position among the people, however due to problems in France, such as poor harvests, massive debt, caused in great part by the French support of the American Revolution during the reign of Louis XV, and the infamous affair of the diamond necklace. When at her request Necker, the minister of finance was dismissed, the revolution can be said to have truly began. While Louis showed limited support for it initially, she despised it, and the people reflected that sentiment to her. The details of it are far too numerous to list here. She was interred at the Temple when Louis was beheaded, and was herself executed a few months later.

Babylon the Great:
Whore of Babylon.

Caesar's...suspicion:

The proverb is one of Caesar's most well known. When a certain Clodius managed to sneak into the Bona Dea festival dressed as a woman, as only women were allowed to attend it, rumors were spread that he had seduced Pompeya, Caesar's wife at the time. At Clodius's trial, Caesar presented no evidence against him, and even helped him later in his career. Despite this Caesar divorced his wife since his wife should not even be so much as suspected. Ironically, Caesar was well known for having many mistresses. See also the not to "Caesar".

You must have thought yourself so sly.

You claimed the source of this was drama.
You toxic little Belladonna.
Who here is blind, as not to see,
That this was your attempt to flee.

Soon after, as through a punctured hose,
The leaks began to flow in prose.
I was at this point quite alarmed.
It seemed like you were truly harmed.

Revealed was then your private letter.
You said your words were just the work of an abettor.
What now were we supposed to think?
Our earlier elation down the sink.

You claimed the leaks were all debased.
That your relationship with him was chaste,
Like Anne of Austria with Buckingham.
This poor excuse isn't worth a damn.

Drama:

The curtain never falls on our performance.

Toxic little Belladonna:

Two interpretations can be taken here. The first is the direct one, the belladonna is a highly toxic plant. Another is found by interpreting the word toxic as generally bad or unpleasant, and the belladonna to stand for a flower in general, that is. referring to some beautiful object.

Anne of Austria:

Wife of Louis XIII, mother and regent to The Sun King. She led a mostly uneventful life before the death of her husband, scorning the advances made by his first minister, The Red Sphinx, and suffering at his hands as a result. During this time she was exchanging romantic letters with the Duke of Buckingham, though it is claimed that their relationship was chaste. After the early death of her husband and his first minister, she acted as regent for her son, Louis XIV. The first minister at the time was the Italian protege of Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin. He remained unpopular with the people of France until his death, but his popularity with the Queen, she was a lonely woman after her husband's death, firmly entrenched him in the position. During the regency a sort of precursor to the revolution occurred, The Fronde. During it, the Nobility and People of France rose against the monarchy in an attempt to regain the power lost to Richelieu. The monarchy was able to survive and it is believed these events motivated Louis XIV to fully castrate the power of the nobility upon his majority.

Buckingham:

The first Duke of Buckingham of its second creation. His

At once the chans had gathered forces,
Like war and conquest on their horses.
With the one goal, that Anonce must be found,
And have his life stomped to the ground.

And found he was, in his poor mother's basement.
He was a sorry pile of abasement.
There is no Mercader among us,
So still the Nonce continues living thus.

At that point all were worried to distress,
Came the retraction, that pleonasmic mess.
For seven pages it went on and on.
And all to flaunt the author's paltry lexicon.

In short, it claimed that nothing happened.
That all the leaks had just been fattened.
Whoever wrote it must think us a child,
That we so easily could be beguiled.

So Nonce is just oligophrenic?
That phrase is quite the knismogenic.
Conveniently dismiss his paedophilia.
It's just a harmless paraphilia?

I am disgusted, I am done.
You keep this mess that you have spun.
I only hope one day I'll see
The monstrous Nonce, a detainee.

Canto Two

assaination by John Felton is attributed to Milady Winter in *The Three Musketeers*, see also the note to "Milady Winter".

War and Conquest:
Half of the infamous biblical quartet.

Horses:
The red and white horse, respectively.

Mercader:
The assassin of Trotsky. The exiled Menshevik turned Bolshevik was struck by an ice axe in Mexico City. Where does one even find an ice axe in Mexico?

Revision: 'announcement' changed to 'retraction'.

A detainee:
Still waiting...

This canto, equal in length to the first, should really be an entirely separate poem, it is structured differently and I have attempted to write it in consistent metre.

It was posted August 3, 2019 and took significantly longer to write than the first canto, it seems the Hippocrene suffers from a drought this summer.

I made an attempt to write it in heroic couplets, although someone with a better understanding of English poetry should tell me how successful I was at that.

The canto can be roughly divided into the introduction and

conclusion and three parts concerning three of her demons, the imps she calls friends, the canaglia who killed our ingénue, and her own rapacity. As I believe is made quite clear near the end, this will be my final month here, I have a life to live and, regrettable, the girl is not part of it.

You were the shadow of the waxwing slain
By the false azure in the windowpane;
Lured into it by being somewhat dense,
With The Great Imitator's weak pretense.

You were the shadow...windowpane:

The image in these opening lines evidently refers to a bird knocking itself out, in full flight, against the outer surface of a glass pane in which a mirrored sky, with its slightly darker tint and slightly slower cloud, presents the illusion of continued space. We can visualize Bonbi in her early girlhood, a physically inactive, but otherwise beautifully developed lass, experiencing her first ever eschatological shock, as with incredulous fingers she picks up from the turf that compact ovoid body and gazes at the wax-red streaks ornamenting those gray-brown wings and at the graceful tail feathers tipped with yellow as bright as fresh paint. When in this last year of her life I had the fortune of being her observer in the idyllic hills of her doldrums, I often saw those particular birds most convivially feeding on the chalk-blue berries of junipers growing at the corner of the house.

More seriously, these are the first two lines of Nabokov's revereenced 999 line poem Pale Fire, part of the homonymous novel. A taunting one finger salute to whoever scavenges literature in search of allegorical meaning. It consists of the poem, followed by its analysis by a noble refugee of a distant northern land. Throughout the analysis, the biography of the Zemblan monarch, which is definitely hidden in the poem, is revealed. If I didn't know any better, I would say this whole project is derived from it.

The Great Imitator:

Syphilis, again. On the sceptre of whose passions did he ride in?

To that puerile Candaules you were queen
You silly, playful, hyperbolic Bean.
As a barbarian king paraded
At Caesar's triumph, from fawning jaded.

Candaules:

The Lidian king from the seventh century BCE. He believed his wife was the height of mortal beauty and wanted to flaunt her to others. In particular, he let a bodyguard see her disclodhed, without being excessively deciding about it. When the wife saw him and with his help killed Candaules.

Barbarian King:

Vercingetorix, united the Gauls against Caesar in his Gallic Wars. Met with initial success, he was eventually defeated by the great general and years later paraded at his triumphs.

Caesar:

The deified Roman general, adoptive father of Rome's first emperor, Augustus. An ambitious young man, his youth was spent trying to not be killed on the orders of Sulla. Eventually, when that threat faded, he began living life like any other respectable patrician, spending more money than he had and working his way up the *cursus honorum*. He had a splendid career, mostly without scandal, until his first consulship. He allied with the revered general Pompey and the Rich Crassus (more on them later) forming the first triumvirate. After that he began his ten year long Gallic Wars, which concluded with him attaching Gaul to the Republic. Then comes the familiar story of him casting the dice, civil war, affair with Cleopatra, and assassination. Perhaps one of his most notable accomplishments was designating Octavian as his heir, which resulted in the second triumvirate, more civil war, and the beginning of the empire

Yet you then felt that this was to be life,
To be some petty Satrap's loving wife,
To lie prostrate and give him full service,
And yet, you could not help feeling nervous.

That Inferno, what did you get from there?
Sharing pictures, saying "Here is a rare."
Playing games among ignoble wretches
Who gifted you with affected sketches.

Then you left, or should I say were forced out?
How else can be labeled you tasteless flout?
As Maria Medici when told scam
Fled her failed power grab to Amsterdam.

Satrap:

Sort of viceroys to Persian kings, the word is associated with tyrannical behaviour.

Inferno:

Tartarus, Tophet, Hell, Gehenna.

Wretches:

Frankenstein, the bland novel having as a message "don't judge a book by its cover" is about the level of writing one would expect from a teenage girl. The talented Dr. Frankenstein's only fault was not slaying the wretch he created the moment it opened its yellow eyes.

Maria Medici:

The second wife of France's first Bourbon king, Henry IV, see also the note to "Queen Margot". After his assassination by a mad Catholic subject, she acted as regent to her son, Louis XIII. Her incessant scheming led to her conflict with the Great Cardinal, Richelieu, once he became first minister. But, no one outplays Richelieu at his own game, after another failed plot she was forced

into self exile.

But, enough recounting what's told before,
Still continues this internecine war.
And I continue my eclectic tale,
While you continue flapping in a gale.

When I last held my pen you were still crushed
By your graceless actions, clumsily rushed.
Keeping the few friends for who you felt trust,
A shame that for you they only felt lust.

Instead of focusing on your real life mess,
You tried to outplay us with limp finesse.
Closing the blinds of you Stygian room,
Where with those Mignons you fiddle in gloom.

Mignons:

The effeminate favourites of Henry III, last Valois king of France, brother to Queen Margot and Duke Anjou. Him spending much time in their company contributed to his weakening reputation. Henry was the brother of two other kings, see the note to "Queen Margot", and the first of Catherine Medici's children to assume the throne as an adult. Shortly before the death of Charles IX, Henry was elected by the Polacks to be their king, he reluctantly agreed and assumed the Polish throne as Henry I. Upon his brother's death, he escaped from Poland (who wouldn't want to leave that odious, ungrateful, shithole?) and fled to France to take a throne more agreeable to him as Henry III. His marriage was childless, he chose to spend time with his favourites and performing acts of piety rather than with his wife. A notable character in his court was Chicot the Jester who was allowed to speak to the king without formalities. He was eventually assassinated by a catholic fanatic.

Limp, Fiddle, Mignons:
Interesting word choice.

They'd love to take you as some little whore
And spin you right round on the dancing floor.
And pass you around, and turn you obverse,
Until Venus's love becomes her curse.

Venus's curse:
The incessant syphilis.

That place is to you an opium den,
You thrash inside as a hen in a pen.
You warmly embrace perfidious sods,
Thinking they are some benevolent gods.

Behind the curtains, where you can't discern,
Puppeteers plot how to each have a turn.
How further to snare this gullible pet.
To them you're just a submissive soubrette.

"Stop!" you say, "That is jealousy speaking."
"They are my pals, and not at all sneaking."
The same was said of the pox ridden youth
Who was the first one to turn you uncouth.

They claim to you to be honest friends,
But you are just the means to their lewd ends.
Brutus once too was called friend by Caesar
He was just the Optimates' appeaser.

I, sad Pierrot, on you, my Columbine,
My forlorn gaze rest, my kitschy verse rhyme.
Yet you spin on, in this Harlequinade,
Giving in to those who you should evade.

Some wanton girl not long ago was slain,
As Julia the Elder, she hadn't restrain.
A flashing steel blade, a red soaked white rose,
A sunken down head, the curtains now close.

Behind the curtains:
In the shadowy backstage of our theatre.

Pox ridden:
The ever present hero, syphilis.

Brutus:
Son of Caesar's mistress, though not a child of his. A most treacherous man, During the civil war he fought against, was defeated by, and pardoned by Caesar. Despite all this, he still helped assassinate him.

Optimates:
A conservative political party of the late Roman Republic, formed in Reaction to the Popularist Gracchi brothers and their reforms.

Pierrot:
A recognizable character from Italian pantomime. The naive sympathetic fool in a frustrated pursuit of Columbine.

Columbine:
The beautiful target of the passions of Pierrot, mistress of the Harlequin.

Harlequinade:
More theatrics.

Some wanton girl:
Recently, the name Bianca was being thrown about. I did not care enough to look further into it, I'm sure she won't be missed.

Julia the Elder:
Daughter of Augustus, known for her promiscuity. While Augustus was passing legislation to promote family values, she was sleeping around with whoever she pleased. Most of her lovers were killed, but since he was reluctant to execute her, Augustus had her exiled.

Curtains now close:

And there she lies, quite still, that funhouse you;
She existed in much the same milieu.
Your sycophants will raise you to her throne,
You'll be by purple death seized, and out thrown.

You've Brett's bobbed hair, and her attitude too,
Attention you fancy, no mind from who.
If it is a man, no matter his age,
You give in to him, as though in a cage.

But not on our performance, it goes ever on.

Purple death seized...:

The quote used here is "By purple death I'm seized and fate supreme." uttered by Julian the Apostate upon his elevation to Caesar. In those days, the position of emperor could significantly shorten the life expectancy of its holder. Julian was the last emperor to not follow some form of christianity, instead trying to reconvert the empire back to the old Hellenistic Gods. He is also well remembered as a philosopher. Unfortunately, his reign was cut short by a failed invasion of Persia.

Brett:

The lascivious woman from Hemingway's inaugural novel *The Sun Also Rises*. The novel documents the trip of a group of friends to the corrida de toros in Pamplona. Throughout the trip, Brett, who is recently divorced and accompanied by her future husband, sleeps with one of the friends and a bullfighter over ten years younger than her. Her behaviour leads to a fight amongst the friends and a degree of public humiliation for the protagonist. As a side note, a certain Lo also had bobbed hair.

The situation brings about mixed memories for me. The setting is a small resort in the Caribbean. The actors are a recently, but rather late in life, engaged couple, a single dad with two daughters, A sextet of Russian men, and me. Most of my days were spent tepidly courting the younger daughter, who was roughly my age, which unfortunately led to nothing. The evenings were spent playing durak and drinking rum with the sextuplet, which left one rather inebriated as the morning came on. During the stay, the woman of the couple had taken a not too discreet fancy to one of the entertainers, her companion was apparently not capable of strong opposition. From what I gathered, these interactions eventually moved beyond wordplay at some point. The single father, as a result of the resort being rather small, found an interlocutor in the abandoned half of the couple. A note on this dad, he was built such, that if I was too direct with his daughter I would be regretting it to this day. One night, near the end of the stay, I was returning earlier than usual to my room, although still in an impressive stupor, along with the daughter. Walking past the lodgings of the couple, I heard an impressively aggressive tirade being performed by the father to the woman, where her companion

was, I know not. I won't recount what I heard; in my state nearly lost balance. As a result of her father's screaming as we walked by, the daughter became slightly upset and retired to her room, leaving me drunk and alone in the night.

Groom:

Three of the definitions of the word are
A husband to be.
To clean fur or skin.
To prepare someone for a particular activity.

Gauls:

The Caltic inhabitants of the northern Alps and France.

White whale:

The infamous Moby Dick, the target of the revenge of a deranged captain told in a most poetic style.

Jester:

Yet another character of our performance.

Sola Regina:

This of course refers to Solus Rex, a chapter from Nabokov's unfinished novel.

Caramba, Corrida ...

И чтоб отомстить, от зари до зари
Учил я три слова, всего только три,
Упрямо себя заставлял — повтори:
"Карамба!", "Коррида!!" и "Чёрт побори!!!"

Bastille:

The great medieval Parisian fortress, later used as a prison. The storming of it in 1789 can be said to be the start of the French Revolution, during which it was tragically demolished.

You take a look behind, you look ahead.
A stark mise en abyme you see with dread.
A brand new groom replaces the disgraced,
To brush through your hair and mark you unchaste.

What happens to those who give you advice?
They are outcast, as the Gauls were from Nice.
You tell them to suck your veiny and thick,
Metaphorical, at least I hope, dick.

When with contradictions you're begird
Then, the chorus of your life is heard
Continue you the hunt for your white whale,
A real life friendship, but to no avail.

Indeed, for if to find, one first must search,
If not, there's just one type who'll find your pearch.
The type who as vultures now with you sit,
Ravaging your innocence, bit by bit.

Once the last sordid jester becomes sick
Of your shit, the truth of your life will click.
A depraved Sola Regina, sit lone,
In your room; your cruel reign overthrown.

Caramba, Corrida, damn it I cry!
Sunrise to sunset I try to say bye,
But your eyes drag me back, with tireless zeal.
I live confined in this limboid Bastille.

I sink as a ship in incessant grief;
My heart's been pierced, as by a coral reef.
I scream with a cry, which is only a breath:
'The horror! The horror!' One worse than death.

Since retreating to your clandestine hold,
You still keep contact with the foe of old.
That banished and unconquerable Cain,
From little girls his thoughts still won't abstain.

Whenever with any trouble you are faced,
You run to him as though he'll stall disgrace.
The boy will sooner dispatch you as Abel
Than to help you untangle your fable.

Whether you stay with him from fear or thirst,
Know that to him you will never be first.
One thing can come from pleasing your master,
It is another Lollian disaster.

Way back then, when you still were seraphic
You exchanged wordplay with him, quite graphic.
What moral authority can you use
To those, who say likewise of you, traduce.

Presumptuous girl! The reason would you find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
For, if it were to with a nonce regress,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less!

In few short years you'll be too old for him,

As a side note, this description fits rather aptly with another time in my life when I had the pleasure of spending the summer of 2000 in a Crimean lazarette.

Scream with a cry...:

Lines from Conrad's well known novel Heart of Darkness. The story of a man's trip deep into Africa to meet an ivory trader, Kurtz. Upon arrival, he is presented with a sorry sight, Kurtz is a deity figure for the native niggers, but is deathly ill. He dies on the trip back to the coast, his last words being quoted on the left. Interestingly, Kurtz is guarded by a jovial Russian lad, who is endearingly referred to as the harlequin. The novel itself almost seems written to be interpreted in whatever way one chooses, as a result of which it has been analysed incessantly for the last hundred years.

Cain:

The son of Adam and Eve, brother of Abel and Seth. portrayed as the first murderer in Christianity.

Abel:

The murdered brother of Cain.

Lollian disaster:

A battle in which the Roman army suffered a defeat against the Germanic tribes. I confess that it is included here only because of the similarity of the name to the word loli.

The word order in the last line seems somewhat bizarre, even to me, but I could not find a better way to phrase it.

Presumptuous girl...:

Lines from Pope's preeminent Essay on Man, though the third one has been replaced by one of my own composition. He is considered among the greatest English poets and is said to have perfected the heroic couplet.

Nymph:

He'll say that he likes his nymphets more slim.
That your chest's no longer flat as a boy.
That your anus movements he doesn't enjoy.

Where's gone she who, without the idea,
Conquered our hearts, as Pompey Judea?
That blue haired Malvina, where is she now?
It seems someone has replaced her somehow.

One morning you'll awake from troubled dreams,
And find that you've been transformed through some schemes,
In the room where you would sing, dance, and doll,
Into some kind of grande horizontale.

Your once graceful arms now venally seized,
Your once covered skin now playfully teased,
Your once peaking hair now matted and torn,
Your once shining eyes now bloodshot and worn.

Promotional posters adorn your wall.
As some commercial salesman in his stall,
Collections of samples litter you floor.
"What on earth has happened to me?" you roar.

Divine spirit of nature.

Pompey:

The second member of the triumvirate. An esteemed general considered among the greatest of Rome. After the death of Crassus, waged a civil war against Caesar which eventually led to his murder in Egypt.

Malvina:

A beautiful blue haired puppet from Tolstoy's well known book, Buratino.

One morning...:

(Cf. Metamorphosis Chapter 1) The next three stanzas are adapted from the first paragraph of Kafka's famous novel. The story of a salesman awaking to find he has been transfixed into a giant insect and struggling with the implications of that could easily be adapted to focus on our heroine, depending on how her life goes. I have included it here, for comparison, from my copy of the book, translated by William Aaltonen.

When Gregor Samsa woke one morning from troubled dreams, he found that he had been transformed - in his bed - into a kind of giant bug. He lay on his back, which had become as hard as armour. Raising his head a little, he saw the arch of a brown abdomen, divided into stiff, domed segments. The quilt was perched precariously on top, and looked as if it might slide off at any moment. A regiment of puny legs, horribly thin compared to the rest of him, quivered wretchedly before his eyes. "What on earth has happened to me?" he wondered.

Buy this, buy that, you say and give a link,
Faintly heard is the thirty coins' chink.
A shame it would be, from lust uncontrolled,
To have as Crassus, your throat filled with gold.

Sit in your room, as Marat in his bath,
Thinking up new ways to enrich your path.
But it is not you who decides what to do,
Your Praetorians are what creates this stew.

"I wish to do this for my joy alone,
Not for others." you said, in a glum tone.
Then spin about and with uncontrived cheer
Peddle trinkets, without even any veneer.

You once swore off profiteering from this,
Now do so with each post, without remiss.
An email, clearly labeled business, brands
Your page, as would a Scarlet Letter's bands.

These days you choose to seldom show your face
Is that because its blemished by disgrace?

Thirty coins:
The thirty pieces of silver awarded to Judas for his betrayal of Jesus.

Crassus:
At last the final member of the triumvirate. During his life was one of the richest men in Rome. A great deal of his fortune was obtained by setting fire to buildings, bringing a fire brigade to it, and buying the burning building for absurdly low costs before putting it out. He also was able to achieve a small amount of military fame by leading an army in the third servile war. After joining the triumvirate, he began to feel inadequate, its other two members were Rome's greatest generals, so he decided that an invasion of Parthia was in order. But wealth counts for little in a desert, he was defeated and had the described act performed on him.

Marat:
Another prominent member of the French Revolution. Was afflicted by some debilitating skin condition as a result of which much of his time was spent sitting in his bathtub with some minerals to palliate the pain. While there he wrote, among other things, vicious slander against his dear, august monarch, Louis XVI. He was eventually murdered, in his bath of course.

Praetorians:
The Praetorian Guard, the elite bodyguard of the Roman Emperor. Eventually they figured out that they could themselves decide who the emperor is, one time even selling the position off to the highest bidder.

Scarlet Letter:
The story of an adulterous wench who is condemned to wear the letter A for life for her crimes.

Yellow ticket:
Prostitute's id.

Why is that so, since, few people know
Of the yellow ticket you keep in stow.

Or is it because now you spend this time
Being a Thaïs, without charging a dime,
To the Diadochi, who'll decimate
Your honour, as the empire's great state.

If true be the myths of the Greeks I hear,
Then Narcissus lives in all of us here.
In you we all see the girl of our dream,
Not an unvirtuous being, supreme.

There is only one thing men want in life,
"Embrace a youthful, daughter-like, loving wife."
As Melville wrote once of the old blacksmith, who,
He saw through his allegorical view.

Thaïs:

The mistress of Alexander the Great, among others. Instigated the burning of Persepolis.

Diadochi: The generals and family members of the aforementioned Alexander, who fought for control of the empire after his death. As a result, the empire was divided into several smaller ones, ushering in the Hellenistic period.

Narcissus:

A beautiful youth who loved everything beautiful. When he saw his reflection in a pond, he realized that the beauty he saw there was unattainable and took a swim. I'm sure that to many here the girl also represents an unattainable beauty.

In you we all...:

Adapted from Stendhal's renowned novel *Le Rouge et le Noir*, the novel as a whole has little to do with this, here is the exact line used.

She looks at herself instead of looking at you, and so doesn't know you. During the two or three little outbursts of passion she has allowed herself in your favor, she has, by a great effort of imagination, seen in you the hero of her dreams, and not yourself as you really are.

Embrace a youthful...:

An actual quote from the 112th chapter of his masterpiece. Here is the more complete excerpt

He was an old man, who at the age of nearly sixty, has postponedly encountered that thing in sorrow's technicals called ruin. He had been an artisan of famed excellence, and with plenty to do; owned a house and garden; embraced a youthful, daughter-like, loving wife, and three blithe, ruddy children; every Sunday went to a cheerful-looking church, planted in a grove.

Perhaps there is still hope for us as well.

You, as Salome, once captured us all.
We were all dazed as you twirled in ball.
I grow nauseous from all of this spinning,
My, once great, affection is now thinning.

Again, a new video you release,
Your Potemkin smile shines bright, lips cerise.
A sad simulacrum of the past lass,
I don't see how you can end this morass.

Tragic is this kafkaesque quagmire.
Though your paramours helped make it more dire,
You, as Cleopatra, also played part.
Though you don't come close to being as smart.

It is now clear to me, my obsession,
Has decayed in harmonic progression.
No longer can I justify time spent
Staring listlessly at your new content.

The performance and its main performer,
I can't split the latter from the former.
No matter how succulent your lips are.

Salome:
Queen of the areas near Armenia in the first century CE. She is typically depicted as a dangerous succubus.

Twirled in a ball:
Our theatre has dance numbers too.

Potemkin:
Grigory Potemkin, a Russian nobleman and favourite of Empress Catherine the Great. His name became well known with the concept of Potemkin villages, facades placed in front of decrepit buildings to impress a favourable impression.
An additional note, the name Potemkin is derived from the Russian word for dark, leading to a rather paradoxical smile, being both bright and dark.

Cleopatra:
Cleopatra VII, one of the most well known rulers of Egypt. Had children with both Caesar and Marcus Antonius. She supported the latter in the civil war against Octavian. When it was clear the war was lost and Octavian was heading to Egypt, she convinced Marcus Antonius to commit suicide, with the intention of seducing Octavian and keeping her life. Octavian allowed her to be successful at this, his true intention was, however, to enchain her at parade her in Rome. Once she discerned this, she was quite perceptive, she kissed a snake. Her son to Caesar, Caesarion, was the last pharaoh of Egypt, his murder marked the end of Egypt's independence for the next two thousand years, until 1953.

Harmonic progression:
At last, something somewhat related to my formal education.
More commonly called a harmonic sequence. The best known example is probably the harmonic series, one of the most common examples of a series, whose terms approach zero but which itself is infinite.

There is nothing that exists so great or marvellous that over time mankind does not admire it less and less.
-Lucretius

The performance:
With or without me, it will go on.

They do not hide your true, full, repertoire.

At last, when I have said all that I want,
Why does your image my senses still haunt?
Perhaps it is just my idyllic hope
That someday your orbiters wear the rope.

Or maybe it's the fond recollection
When you were the Musa to abjection.
A jovial girl who'd dance with aplomb
You have been dragged through some kind of pogrom.

I now end this Eneyida of mine
To leave you, Dido, it is the right time.
The hour of my deliverance draws near,
I devoted to you almost a year.

It would have been best, from what I discern,
If when you first left, you did not return.
It'd be a desert, without your release,
But it would be peace.

"I looked and looked at her, and I knew, as clearly as I know that I will die, that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth. She was only the dead-leaf echo of the nymphet from long ago - but I loved her, this Lolita, pale and polluted and big with another man's child. She could fade and wither - I didn't care. I would still go mad with tenderness at the mere sight of her face."

Render unto Bonbi the things that are Bonbi's notwithstanding.

Musa:

The physician of Augustus, cured him from some disease using cold compresses. Which is also the exhaustive list of his accomplishments.

Pogrom:

Attacks on Jews in the Russian Empire.

Eneyida:

The heroic poem by Kotliarevsky in which the story of Aenaes and the Trojans is retold with them being played by Zaporozhian Cossacks. A cartoon adaption of it was released in 1991, which I believe is done rather well.

Dido:

An actor from the original Aenaid. When on his journey, Aenaes stops in Carthage, by the conspirations of Juno and Venus, Dido and Aenaes fall in love. However Aenaes's fate was not to rot in Carthage for the rest of his life, he is told to move on and does just that. Dido, distraught, falls on a sword, cursing Rome to be in eternal conflict with Carthage.

It'd be a desert...:

The actual quote by Tacitus is "They make a desert, then call it peace." It is a description of the Roman style of waging war.