

Clair de Lune

old fools capering
parmi les marbres
mid-day mid-night
I see Mike, I see Tony,
isn't that Ken there,
leaping, yodeling,
his fractured mind
restored;
that old Zen man of
earnest gravitas, his crap
VW jump-started back to life
to life!
old goats capering,
masques, et bergamasques,
have they lost their marbles?
[Keep pen pressed to paper, Paul,
don't let up:
you alone hold the key
to these savage goings-on!]
Ancient fools, old goats, donkeys,
pinned-on tails a-flapping
in cold night light ---
(they hardly believe in it themselves,
this suspect air of happiness, unreal---
elders frolicking among
the shattered statues...)
et leurs chansons se mêlent au clair de lune
Ah, *oui*, their songs like smoke commingle,
smudge of smoldering Gauloises,
expiring in the empty air,
in the midnight light ah!...

[Please don't lift your pens,
cher Paul, saint Gabriel,
you alone know the key
the distant harmony
of this fragile facade]

Notes

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/8538095-Clair-De-Lune-by-Paul-Verlaine>

Resonance of Baudelaire: “Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir” and Debussy -

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0ka61YBmOD0>

Rimbaud: final line of prose poem “Parade”: J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage. A great moment in Britten's setting of Rimbaud, “*Les Illuminations*” (see the first vocal entrance in the very first piece “*Fanfare*”)

<http://www.mag4.net/Rimbaud/poesies/Parade.html>

---”Clair de lune”, poem by Paul Verlaine, music by Gabriel Faure:

sung by Gerard Souzay : <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SobUAYdrX-U>

“Masques et bergamasques” meaning "masks and bergamasks" (a bergamask being a rustic dance),