



For "Fiddle-De-De"

*"What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?" "Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied gravely.
"Whoever said it was," said the Red queen. . .*

What's the French for "fiddle-de-dee"?
But "fiddle-de-dee's not English" (we
Learn from Alice, and must agree).
The "Fiddle" we know, but what's from "Dee"?
Le chat assis in an English tree?

—Well, what's the French for "fiddle-de-dench"?
(That is to say, for "monkey wrench")
—*Once in the works, it produced a stench*

What's the Greek for "fiddle-de-dex"?
(That is to say, for "Brekekekex")
—*The frog-prince turned out to be great at sex.*

What's the Erse for "fiddle-de-derse"?
(That is to say, for "violent curse"?)
—*Bad cess to you for your English verse!*

What's the Malay for "fiddle-de-day"?
(That is to say, for "That is to say . . .")
— . . . *[There are no true synonyms, anyway...]*

What's the Pali for "fiddle-de-dally"?
(That is to say, for "Silicon Valley")
—*Maya deceives you: the Nasdaq won't rally.*

What's the Norwegian for "fiddle-de-degian"?
(That is to say, for "His name is Legion")
—*This aqvavit's known in every region.*

What's the Punjabi for "fiddle-de-dabi"?
(That is to say, for "crucifer lobby")
—*They asked for dall but were sent kohl-rabi.*

What's the Dutch for "fiddle-de-Dutch"?
(That is to say, for "overmuch")
—*Pea-soup and burghers and tulips and such.*

What's the Farsi for "fiddle-de-darsi"?
(That is to say for "devote yourself"—"darsi"
In Italian—the Irish would spell it "D'Arcy")

Well, what's the Italian for "fiddle-de-dallion"?
(That is to say, for "spotted stallion")
—It makes him more randy to munch on a scallion.

Having made so free with "fiddle-de-dee",
What's to become now of "fiddle-de-dum"?
—*I think I know. But the word's still mum.*

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Antique Fragments

(No attempt has been made to supply conjectures for the lost text)

I

A dark wind rushes through the dark pines
[.] I wait [.]
You are far away. . .
Far back, I remember
I saw you for the first time.
The air was still [. . .] I shook
Like the shuddering bough of [. .]

II

When I see you [. . .]
Walking across the sea-side meadow
[. . .] the whispering in the grass
Of my own sandals as I move toward you
And your [. . .]
Behind us both, the wide sky [. . .]
And bright with tomorrow's light as well as its own.

III

Midnight [. . .] Midsummer [. . .]
Above us the soundless stars,
Around us [. . .]
[. . .] a darkness deeper than any shadow.

IV

The bright wind sang through the shining columns,
The sun dipped its cup of fire in the ocean
And, high above [. . . .] we stood [. . . .]
[. . . .] our faces and hands [. . .]
Roses in the sunset [. . . .]
Before our eyes the far, untroubled sea.

V

Alone now, I [. . .]
 Silent [. . .] the dark water of the bay:
 Whatever signs are left in the sky
 Point out no way [. . .]
 The distant lighthouse [. . .]
 Nothing to say.

VI

When you lay below me [. . .]
 [. . .] smiling [. . .] afternoon shadows,
 My tears tasted like the sea
 [. . .] the last time I cried
 (When was it?) [. . .]
 Each drop tasted like bitter wood.
 [. . .] I am forgetting [. . .]
 Soon [. . .] the taste of dust.

VII

This boat that holds us near the edge of the lake
 Has quickly run over the evening water
 Now [. . .] at rest [. . .] rocking [. . .]
 I in your arms [. . .]
 Our lives lie in the arms of the waves.

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