
The Pardoner's Tale

By Judith Wax

Whan that August with his summer searings
Men alle watch Judiciayre Hearyngs
Til one Lord pilgrymage to San Clemente
And folk do get a newe Presydenste.

A GERYLD was ther with strong footbal legges,
Wel koud he cook his bacyn and his egges.
Some seyde he chew his gum and walk with trubl,
Yet still myght blow a verray good y-bubbl.
He trow to endyth tayps and tapt phone calle
And lyk it not the olde art, stonewalle.

(The KNYGHT OF ROCKYFELYR get his nodde
He maken a ful rich vyce-enchylade.)

The press, they mak the GERYLD swich good talke
For all he was a parfait gentil hawke
Since late he tel the Old Vet Compaignye
Should thynken on some modyst amnestye
For hym that years in Canyda hath spende—

GOD WOT, NOW GIV IT FUL TO BEBE'S FRIENDE!

Folks weary be from natynl insomnyx
Koud wel y-Ford some Amor vincit omnia.
Thys litel honymoon men seyde myght serv us
(Though Democratyc Lords some getten nervys)
But he that pardyn mayde on Richyrd's hed
Hath blis y-blown in thys Grand Rapyds bed.
The fyrst to lyk it not, the Earl tyrHorst,
Was also fyrst to getten hym divorsyt.
Forsooth, the good wyf U.S., ful dyspudent
Now name the Nixyn lord y-co-respondynt!

Judith Wax is a Chauceryan and Chicagoan.
