

# The Pardoner's Tale

By Judith Wax

Whan that August with his summer searings  
 Men alle watch Judiciayre Hearyngs  
 Til one Lord pilgrimage 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 endyith 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 insomnya  
 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 mayd 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 dyspondent  
 Now name the Nixyn lord y-co-respydynt!

Judith Wax is a Chauceryan and Chicagoan.