

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 trubel,
 Yet still myght blow a verray good y-bubbel.
 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.