

Ravings

Martin Murphy (w/ apologies to E A Poe)

Through a night of mournful drinking, passing out as I got stinking,
Fumid still with brandy vapors, lying flat upon my floor.
Stiff was I, as I lay snoring, arms all numb and brain imploring:
Stop this motion of my flooring; stop this whirling I abhor.
Stop this whirling and admit us now a final drink to pour;
Pour this final drink *du jour*.

Soon I brought my limbs unruly to a point that I might truly
Stand without a risk of toppling back upon my dusty floor.
As I stood up, drunk and groggy, hair a fright and shirt still soggy,
All my brain was faint and foggy, foggy as a distant moor.
Foggy, but withal just noting sounds afoot without my door.
Sounds of rustling past my door.

Flinging down my glass of brandy; grabbing up what club stood handy,
Cautiously I quit my study, slinking quick across my floor.
What odd visitor's now intruding, barging in upon my brooding?
Shadows dark and night occluding all that lurks without my door.
Lo, a parrot, coolly hopping, hopping through my parlor door.
Hopping in at half past four.

With that glass that forms my prison, trapping all in grim submission,
Sinking souls that sought contrition - souls that vainly sought succor:
"Ah", said I, "but won't you drink too? Won't you drink if brandy suits you?
Drink this glass of comfort soothing, quaff this flask of dark liquor.
Drink to crush your thoughts unwilling, drink to drown that painful roar."
Quoth my visitor, "Oui, d'accord".

Joking, musing if it would snow, bird and I sat by my window,
Lost in gloom and gazing idly out upon that wintry moor.
With a parrot I sat toasting, astral fowl so gladly hosting,
Spinning yarns and idly boasting, boasting of my rich amour.
Boasting, though my soul was moody, boasting as I stood to pour.
Boasting as I shut my door.

Starting now to wax romantic as I told him of my frantic
Cravings for our past familiar trysts in Cupid's moonlit sward;
As my sighing moonstruck vision laid upon our painful scission;
Thrust to mind our souls' sad fission, split by Juno's own swift sword;
Soon I found my mind was drifting, drifting towards a faint discord;
Drifting, as I trod my floor.

"So I drink this, fondly hoping that my sordid nights of toping
Will acquit my mawkish moping, moping for my lost amour.
Moping that has cost my sanity, wrung my soul of all its vanity,
Numbing all to my inanity, as I dumbly act a boor.
As I dumbly drink, insulting all who call without my door.
Boorish, of my own accord."

Passing hours and growing morbid, still upright but slightly torpid,
Drowning now in pity for my tragic lost amour;
Slowly did I turn to whining, all my faults to gods assigning,
To this bird I told my pining, pining for my lost amour.
Nor sailor's slang nor vulgar cursing from that aging parrot, nor
Gallic oaths, just "Oui, d'accord".

Turning now and asking sadly, "Was I born to turn out badly?
Did your stars ordain my station, doom my soul, so sick and poor?
Fain would I approach you boldly, though you look down oh, so coldly,
Clutching wainscot dank and moldy, in such gnarly claws as yours.
Clinging tightly at your railing, as my arms might hug my floor."
Quoth that parrot, "Oui, d'accord".

Bristling now at his intrusion, loath to brook his bold inclusion,
Clouds wound round in dark profusion, as I swiftly lost rapport.
As my mood was swinging wildly (gloom to doom, to put it mildly)
Showing all my soul unsightly: misanthropic, dull, and poor;
So I sat in glaring fury staring down my visitor;
Callous barbs in angst to pour:

"Foolish pawn of Satan's minions, smugly mocking my opinions,
Quit your constant, vapid miming or I'll show you all what for!
Damn your noisy, raucous squawking; damn your silly nods and talking;
Damn you for your lurid gawking, gawking from atop my door.
Plug your maw and stop your squawking from your roost atop my door!"
Quoth my captor, "Oui, d'accord".

Angry now and growing livid, burning hot with visions vivid,
Blindly, madly cursing as I sought to kick him out my door.
Quoth that fulvous bird a'flying, gaping at my mournful sighing,
Mocking all my thoughts of dying, as I mourn my lost amour;
As I mourn with soul still burning for my saintly lost amour:
Quoth that parrot, "Oui, d'accord".

Night by night in moonlight gloomy, drunk but still forboding doom I
Brood upon my coming ruin as I roll about my floor.
Still that parrot sits unmoving, all my maudlin thoughts approving.
Nary words nor thoughts disproving, voicing still its dull accord.
Voicing still its warm approval of my tragic, just award
With that noxious, "Oui, d'accord".