

Europink

(scribbled pigsong, dipsong, lapsang souchong)

...Like a thermometer stuck
in a hot armpit, it just cracks,
a reckless fever runs amok
in little poison boils and kinks...

...Its arms are a-whirr, a wingmill,
just like a starfish thought Alice,
and off grunts the verse a-waddle,
shedding bristly baby hairs...

Influenza dell' Atishoo
needleshops and feather boas
glitter in the winter gloom,
Iasi or, maybe, Lisboa...

*

...Night, our overcoated piglifter
big brother will kid-kidnap us,
his (by the way) diamonds glitter
on his bumfluff like a flea circus...

...Down his throat our crunchies sink
with titters and much munching,
a-dressed to boot in euro-pink
Europe's a ladylike uncle...

*

...Ring your bells and pump your paws
in a lukewarm winter carnival,

Europe is here, par-oom-pa-pa,
our hand is stretched out to you all...

...You're here, that's neither here nor there—
but where is there if here is you...?
It's chewy putty to repair
your windowpane: and it's that too...

...You've sat on Europe's sill so long
just walk in now *without a step*,
if you look through the round window
you'll see the mildew mushroom up...

★

Europe: a yellowed page, brittle,
a table-cloth, a dwarfish sheet,
sundrunk, sulphur-burned, a little
threadbare, time-worn, indiscreet...

...Europe is a soft zinc rain
falling on your cluttishness
where in the wet courtyard you rake
your share into the rubbishtips...

★

...Europe, our darling rescue boat,
in which we live, to where we float,
we're fed by you, up to the throat,
o let us through the Union moat,
we five or six who wait in hope
and bEUtify our towns and grope
around inside your bath like soap,
we're fishing for the chance to vote
and dunk into your dip like toast...

★

...She's a beauty map of yore,
a portrait of a lady's past,
Europe is just an old war saw
it's not as though he's mine at last...

...I leave her cold since I am he,
our mixed-up twoinoneishness,
it's not as though I'm on my knees
it's not as though he's girlfriendless...

o, Snow White from beneath your veil
pops our apple-choral future
and a loving, passionate *yeeeah*...

...shoots out, nor is it just a whimsy,
for here comes, hot for more *amore*,
the great prince from the *Youessay*...

★

...sweet and chubby, lemony
Europe, you're still just a piglet,
although you're make-up's venomy,
and you're really no spring chicklet...

...you're the pink coat to our bitter pill,
sweet piglet, as we swallow,
and you'll turn belly up as well
still grunting from our bowels...

★

...Europe, as you stretch your limbs
on your far shore, buffoon,
your hide's the golden pricey skin
of an embossed mastodon...

...Upon your heavy, flattened nape
affected Yetis sit agog,
how beautiful, they say and snip
you up for fancy clogs...

(Translated by Stephen Humphries and Kinga Dornacher)