

Five Rondeaux after Albert Giraud

Pierrot's Sunrise Seduction

The moon, reflected in the window panes,
a closing eye at the horizon's edge,
draws drowsy women from their beds
to wander through strange, lurid lanes.

With nightgowns knotted 'round their thighs,
and hair blown past their ruddy cheeks,
they wander out of doors to spy
the moon reflected in the window panes.

Pierrot leers with his wrinkled cheeks,
and padded paunch hid by red tie,
at the wayward, drowsy maids,
and follows them with lewd intent,
the moon reflected in the window panes.

Pierrot Ascendant

Pierrot the clown raises a fist,
decked in his favorite blue and red;
moves, like a swollen serpent,
toward a tawdry, purchased tryst.

Lies, deceit, and comic dread,
his vile, addictive stock in trade,
Pierrot the clown raises a fist,
decked in his favorite blue and red.

To dark Cassandras, filled with bile
in thrall, he gives begrudged respect;
invites them to his squalid lair.
To fellow clowns who chant his name,
Pierrot the clown raises a fist.

Haunted Pierrot

A pale and wan mid-winter moon
that steals upon him unawares
is like a stealthy, silk-clad thief
who lurks in shadows, spells his doom,

and stalks his steps in deadly gloom,
this cold and beardless winter night;
a heartless wind complains beneath
the pale and wan mid-winter moon;

a weird, unholy, ghastly rune,
to see, above, that winter witch,
cloaked in the darkness and the gloom,
who steals upon him unawares,
that pale and wan mid-winter moon.

Mournful Pierrot

Survival's net is laced with stars
in the mournful desert of the mind;
moons of malice magnified by pride
and self-love of a sordid kind.

Pierrot despises lesser minds
while with an angry fist he rails
against imagined slights that rise
in the mournful desert of his mind.

Consumed by flames of animus,
puffed up in get-up blue and red,
Pierrot complains of deadly harm;
and cries for solace to the skies,
survival's net still laced with stars.

Pierrot Exposed

The moon, pale scimitar of night
a pendant curve above the clouds --
black pillows to the threatening skies --
emits a strange, unearthly light.

Pierrot, in his imagined might
before adoring crowds, beholds
the moon, pale scimitar of night,
a pendant curve above the clouds.

He shakes and shudders, blusters, quails
before a pending lethal threat
and fears a dark disclosure that
brings death or dread damnation beneath
the moon, pale scimitar of night.