

# El Desdichado by Nerval

*by* Bill Yarrow

I am twilight's pissoir, the orphan's  
inclination. My star is dead; my constellation  
crushed. The Prince of Aquitaine has fallen  
and cannot rise. I am the shadow of waxwing slain.

In the tomb, in the outré tombe, I see  
the Sea of Capri, the Hearse of Merci,  
La Lune de Pantoum, La Place du Caprice.  
Désolé! Désolé! Où le vinaigre et le vin sont un.

I am naked and red, cheri. Give me back  
my color and my clothes. Give me back my  
singularity, my tristesse, my photo ID.

She sits in a gondola and burnishes her arms.  
She puts the piquant radish in her mouth.  
She takes a loofa and wipes the rainbow from her neck.

