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## savoir (or the fear thereof)

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savoir (or the fear thereof)

I wanted this your  
Raspberry cobbler, to be  
Better than the stars,

But oh how you've grown  
Into a new and glorious  
Morning like Provence

And the pitiful  
Splattered dewdrops of the South:  
Wakey wakey, *l'heure*

*Arrive*—but only  
If you'll look at me: have I  
Changed? If you know and I know

*Que les sens, toujours*  
*Ils mentent*, but what we know  
Is like an ostrich

Or a peach; striving,  
My dear, to reach the end of  
Futile metaphors,

And crude allusions  
To plays and dreams we do not  
Know but mention *de*

*Toute façon (c'est comme*  
*Ça)*. This my song continues  
*Ad parnassum*, and

The masters of the  
Seven liberal arts push their  
Buttons into the fertile

Unground, waiting for  
Springs to come but finding just  
Unregenerate

*Sciences.*

by Sam Keyes