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## The Song of the Nefarious Impure Knighte (or the wages of debauchary)

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### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Spring 1969.

The mist hung on the autumn trees with rusty leaves and yellow.  
The night receded endlessly beyond the rolling vapor;  
The streetlamp's light had filtered through the mist  
and softly settled on the road.  
I heard my footsteps echo off the houses locked and curtained  
and I watched the woman walking  
enveloped now in darkness but emerging into sight  
as her silent shadow raced her past the lights.

I imagined that she smiled, that she hesitantly stopped me  
to ask for help in finding the hotel where she was staying.  
I said I know the way, I'm staying there myself  
I'll walk with you if you don't mind.  
Nights like this are maddening when alone.  
We talked of all the people and the things that were last summer  
A deserted beach in Suffolk and a cabin in the Catskills.  
We learned and loved and learned from that  
and spent the night together in her room.

But my mind had only wandered and I saw her there before me:  
As I reached out in the darkness to touch her sweated shoulder  
she recoiled from my hand and faded into the midnite  
and I whispered to her asking  
why she walked the night  
Alone

Victor Russell

The Song of the Nefarious Impure  
Knichte (or the wages of debauchery)

A castle rose once by the Sienne  
With towers big and longe  
And there with all his merrie menne  
Lived Galahad the Strong  
Reknowne throughout the countrie he  
For gallantrie not smalle  
And thought without a doubt to be  
The purest Knichte of alle

But being pure became a bore  
a little fun he craved  
and in a seven month or more  
The prince was quite depraved  
Wild feasts and orgies all he gave  
In short— he had a balle  
You'd never think that once he was  
The Purest Knichte of alle

But a knock one day came at the doop  
'Twas his girlfien  
'Twas his girlfriend Fanny  
She sayed (as tears felle to the floor)  
"I'm going to have a babie"  
"Marry me you must" sayed she  
"The babie's due in Fall"  
Poor Galahad then wished he'd stayed  
The Purest Knight of alle

The Knichte, my friends, took all the blame  
but punish mente was to be falle  
They wed; and Fanny soon became  
Alas! Quite frigide after alle  
And every nighte thereafter seemed  
The Purest Night of alle