

## Parable

Pierre Dupont, reformed roué,  
Now leads a life of reason.  
He cultivates his happiness like a tender plant;  
He reaps and takes his sustenance thereof.  
He is a prosperous potter.  
His brother Jacques, irredeemable ne'er-do-well,  
Loves his *angst* as one loves a bitchy mistress.  
Once or twice a year he stares at a game of hopscotch  
Or hears all the tones in a chord,  
And he weeps for joy and mystery.  
Jacques will survive; Pierre will live longer.  
Pierre, when the old black itch attacks,  
Smokes a pipe of hash  
And pays Jacques' teenage girlfriend for a lay.

BURTON MELNICK