

Translations from the English

By George Starbuck

for Arthur Freeman

Pigfoot (with Aces Under) Passes

The heat's on the hooker.
Drop's on the lam.
Cops got Booker.
Who give a damn?

The Kid's been had
But not me yet.
Dad's in his pad.
No sweat.

Margaret Are You Drug

Cool it Mag.
Sure it's a drag
With all that green flaked out.
Next thing you know they'll be changing the color of bread.

But look, Chick,
Why panic?
Sevennyeighty years, we'll *a//* be dead.

Roll with it, Kid.
I did.
Give it the old benefit of the doubt.

I mean leaves
Schmeaves.
You sure you aint just feeling sorry for yourself?

Lamb

Lamb, what makes you tick?
You got a wind-up, a Battery-Powered,
A flywheel, a plug-in, or what?
You made out of real Reelfur?
You fall out the window you bust?
You shrink? Turn into a No-No?
Zip open and have pups?

I bet you better than that.
I bet you put out by some other outfit.
I bet you don't do nothin.
I bet you somethin to eat.

Daddy Gander's New Found Runes

Rain, rain, grow the hay.
Grow the weeds another day.
If I die before I wake,
Skip it.

Little Boy Blue come blow.
Can't Man; learning a new instrument.
What's with the old one? Where'd you get the new one?
Found it in a haystack Man.

Old Mother Hubbard,
Decently covered,
Went to her final reward.

She had to laugh.
Manger was half
Empty and half kennel.

Ol' Shep. At it
Again. Livin' on
Principal.

I fired a missile up.
It came down maybe.
Maybe it stayed up.
Things aint much like they used to be.

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