

Perfect- Perverse

a translation of Shakespeare's Sonnet 74 in "e"
by Tom La Farge

Yet be sweet-tempered when the deft, fell gent
wrecks me then speeds me deep-- ex-restless me.
Well, then, remember, exegete, the text
left thee-- steep verse, yet well respected theme.

Present recedes. The excrement reverts,
the fever-peel fleet festers: elements.
Then keep the echt best me, the clever, deep,
demented, slender reed's reflected sense.

The wretched sex, the eyes, legs, knees, spleen sleep
between the beets-- dregs. Never be depressed,
when the embezzler's edge ends me, ne'er weep.
Keep essence present when mere feces rest.

Excellence yet emerges, bent: the verse
perfect-perverse, the beveled sense; deep; terse.

(Shakespeare's Sonnet 74

But be contented when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.

When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.

So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be rememberèd.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.)