

Léo Boulanger

Ode to a map of the world

Here's to failure, here's to fear,
To the monster, old fiend, that I can hear,
Whispering across the sea,
A name a little bit like me .
To the East, to the West,
I wish a witch would show her face.
But, Christ! From the West to the East,
All I can see is the Beast.
Here's to failure, here's to fear,
Here's to being anywhere but near.
Here they want to leave,
There, the sound of boots make me dry heave.
South of here, the sun will shine,
And through the fear, all will be fine?
North of here, climate's unsure.
All enduring is our failure,
Let us keep it near.