

In memoriam

A COLLECTION OF LINES COMMEMORATING THE DEATH
OF THE OXFORDIAN CANDIDATURE FOR THE
AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

23rd APRIL
YEAR OF OUR LORD
2015

XIV

Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo,
cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris 60
adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque 64
Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis:
statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
inguinibus truncis uteroque exstante coercet.

Ovid: Metamorphoseon

XIV - translation

*Scylla comes, wading waist deep into the pool, only to find
the water around her groin erupt with yelping monsters. 60
At first, not thinking them part of her own body, she retreats from
their cruel muzzles, fears them, and pushes them away:
but, what she flees from, she pulls along with her, and,
seeking her thighs, her legs, her feet, in place of them 64
finds jaws like Cerberus's. She stands among raging dogs,
and is encircled by beasts, below the surface,
from which her truncated thighs and belly emerge.*

Ovid: Metamorphoseon

*Oxfordianism, a Valediction Forbidding
Mourning.*

- As broken Oxies softly pass away
 And insist, at least, that defeat was slow
Sad Strats who saw their long decay
 Now say ‘they’re done’, though some say ‘no’. 4
- Gone their ‘facts’, inventions, toys,
 No Spanish Maze The Tempest moves
Just profanation and white noise
 That, nothing to the laity proves. 8
- Redating Lear brings harms and fears
 And sure defeat in argument
Now trepidation shuts their ears,
 So tails between their legs, they went. 12
- Dull PT’ers push and shove
 No sense or reason they admit
Facts and data do they not love
 Nor truth, nor art, nor life, nor wit. 16
- Will’s work inspires a love refining
 Yet Oxies know not such delights
False assumptions wreck their mining,
 Literal meanings douse their lights. 20
- Our Facebook Groups, that once were two
 Now are split, no more to tweet
Struck apart by an ordinal coup
 They’re gone—to online absence beat. 24

If they be naught, they are naught so
 As punctured tyres are but naught
Their vaunted site now brought so low
 No cheap device will pump it taut. 28

An airline in the centre sits
 Yet they have roamed beyond its length
It begs connection and yet it's
 Beyond their powers, beyond their strength. 32

And though they post, now none can see
 Their speculations come apart.
Done, their trials with poetry
 Finished with the master's art. 36

So are they done to all who can,
 On racing tyres, full of air,
Appreciate the Stratford man.
 Exeunt. Without a bear. 40

Anonymous

Splat

Our rivals now are ended. These their prophets
(Per J. Shapiro) were all prattle, and
Are drifted into smoke, into mere smoke,
And like the baseless fabric of their vision,
The princely birth, the shifting paradigm, 5
The seventeenth-ness, the great Ox himself,
Yea, all which they imagine, shall go poof!
And like this insubstantial airship scuttled
Leave not a fart behind. They are such stuff
As Heinz is made on; and their empty jar 10
Is pounded with a splat.

Anonymous

Metaketchup

Things fall apart, the nonsense cannot hold,
Mere history is loosed upon the world;
The tide of facts is loosed, and everywhere
The fantasies of snobbish Loones are drown'd... 4

Anonymous

Crowds

A crowd flowed over Oxford bridge
So many
I had not thought facts
Had undone so many 4

Anonymous

The Prologue

Whan that JD with his showres of farte,
The Oxford fools hath perced to the hearte
And bathed every twit in swich licoure
Of which the truth engendred is the powr. 4

Anonymous

*The demise of Shakespere as an open forum, on this day [23rd April]] of all days,
caused me to search for fragmentary texts that somehow found their way to my
external drive.*

Lascivious defacement

Now is the slumber of my past content
Made restless anger by malicious work;
And all the rhymes that graced my living name
In the deep coffin of confusion buried.
Now is my head bound with inglorious weeds 5
Where laurel wreaths once hung for monuments.
My sonnets sweet, rued in divers meaning;
And solemn verse changed to hapless seeming.
Grim visaged doubt hath frowned his wrinkled brow
At me. And now adorns the barbed spear 10
That shakes the list of honest history.
Lies caper nimbly, written at a stroke.
Lascivious defacement of my work!
But I that am not here embodied wit,
Nor made of flesh to tilt and knock them down. 15
I that am now relic and entombed
Shall come a wraith to haunt these wanton lies!
I, whose countenance was well proportioned: -
Noted of feature by discerning taste;
Defamed now and disfigured, will arise... 20
Exhumed into this living world a fraud [authorial hint]
To cheat dissembling tricksters from their task,
Another wrote as me and I his mask.
Why, I, in this conspiring age of lies,
Am reckoned dumb as Avon's muted swan 25

And cast no shadow in the light of truth,
Transparent bard whose pen ne'er wrote a line.
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a writer
In these outrageous, shallow, feckless days
I am returned, as some would have me now,
An actor to the stage that steals my name.

30

*Signed on my cushion, St Mary's Church of the Holy Trinity, 23rd April 2015
and witnessed by a trinity of monkeys Waugh, Waugaman and Woebegone*

Anonymous

The Tin Ear

My mind to me a kingdom is
And earthly ploys therein I mine;
That tin excels all other bliss
Where words make little cash in kind:
Though much I want that most would crave,
I cant afford a decent grave

4

Anonymous

St Melito's Day

This day is called the feast of Melito:
He that writes much this day, yea writing fight
Will cringe his toes in remembered pain
And scare him at the name of Melito.
He that survives this day, to hope in vain, 5
Will yearly light his black waxed flame,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Melito.'
Then will he strip his T-shirt, show his scars.
These ad homs were my gold bars upon Melito's day.
Wise men recall: but fools oft not 10
So he'll revise until he's got
What feats he did that day: and curse our names.
Familiar in his mouth the sacred words
De Vere, De Vere, and of course De Vere
De Vere and De Vere, seventeen of De Vere 15
Be in his drooling mouth too oft remember'd.
This story shall the stubborn man teach all;
And Merry Melito shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the end of revis-ed time,
That his few shall be inspired to sigh: 20
"We much, we much, we legion of much;"
For all that come to Edward De Vere
Shall be my pal; though PT's weird,
This Name shall gentle his condition:
And Stratfordians peeing in their beds 25
Shall think themselves poor that they're not us,
And hold their manhoods full of pus,
That laughed at us on St. Melito's Day.

Anonymous