

Poetry Corner:

The Ballad of Depraved Heart

There is a tale oft told at night
in Scotland's stony keeps,
Of the brave lads of Cian MacCRUDE
and Dolly, the cloned sheep.

It was the year of Longcrank's reign
o'er the English throne,
That Highland lads and lassies
were most oft to get the bone.

The English lords didst tup their maids
and if they raised a peep,
Wouldst turn around and from behind
would give it to their sheep.

At last there raised a hue and cry
that rang across the moor,
And Clan MacCRUDE bestirred itself
and headed off to war.

Among the Clan there stood one man
Depravedheart was his name,
Who was most grieved his Dolly dear
was subject to this shame.

Dolly was a comely sheep,
her fleece was white as snow,
And every where Depravedheart went,
the sheep would surely go.

"This has gone quite far enough,"
they sang in voices true,
"'tis bad enough ye take our lass,
but ye must unhand our ewe."

The Clan assayed from craggy fasts
like a tide upon the roll,
And planned attack down Royal Street
before the Superbowl.

The greed of some ignoble lords
did cause their plans to splinter,
Instead they had to launch their raid
deep in the dead of winter.

With a heart brim'd full of anger
and nothing 'neath his kilt,
Depravedheart strode alone to where
the English fort was built.

An English wizard to fool the bairn
some magic potion mixes,
And caused poor Dolly's sheepish genes
to multiply by sixes.

Depravedheart killed with ax and sword
and punished their follies,
When he found to his surprise
an entire flock of Dollies.

Lightning struck, he stood stock still,
then to his knees did fall:
"How can I tell these sheep apart,
unless I screw them all?"

Hitching up his tartan plaid,
his manhood did its duty,
It toiled long into the night
to separate his booty.

Next morn the lasses of MacCRUDE
found the warrior sleeping
They gently lifted up his kilt
and beneath it they were peeping.

A mighty stalk of Scotland's pride
was beneath there planted,
And gazing on with heaving breasts
the lasses were enchanted.

"Here swells erect a monument
to Freedom, a fitting totem.
Take these ribbons from our hair
and decorate his scrotum."

A ribbon blue wound round his crank
was the view that met his eyes.
"I know no where ye been," he said,
"but at least ye took first prize."

A Few Words from the Captain

A 30-second interview

Given the accelerated pace of the Mardi Gras parade season, the new captain of the venerable Krewe du Vieux, Cap'n Kate, could only allow thirty seconds to talk.

Krewe du Vieux—what does it say to you?

To me, Krewe du Vieux says creativity, originality, and FUN. Where else will you find 800+ raving lunatics, willing to perform manual labor to put on a show strictly for "the good of the people?" The originality and satire of Krewe du Vieux is often imitated by other, lesser krewes that take more traditional routes, but it is never equaled. Krewe Du Vieux sets the standard others can only hope to achieve. As for the fun part, my motto is "Will Work to Party."

How were you chosen as Captain?

Krewe du View captains are always chosen by popular acclaim. I must admit I had to do some heavy, steady, and intense interning with previous Captains in order to prepare for the job. Speaking figuratively, I know I'm up for the job.

The NFL has thrown Mardi Gras into disarray this year. One-on-one with Pete Tagliaboo, no gloves, one round. Who wins?

Duh! Good will always triumph over evil. Krewe du Vieux is about the people enjoying themselves, feeling good and having fun. I don't think the same can be said for the NFL. Besides, the NFL is all men and men can be...persuaded...to do things they wouldn't normally do. I would be triumphant.