

Infantry
(from Pusch)

In Paris-Tours, in Paris-Tours-hors
health an April sky -
I saw a regiment of the line so march-
ing to Versailles
When while along the Bois there shone
the chestnut's waxen cells
and the sun was shining on the long
Labels
Flic flac, flic flac, on all the long
Labels.

2
The flowers were not dry the Bois,
the leaves were overhead
and I saw a regiment of the line that
sung in blue and red:
The gentle of things, the joy of things
they made by heart. Beat,
and the speech-ship lifting the tramp
of feet.
Flic flac, flic flac the tramping of
the feet.

3
The spiked nuts have fallen & the
leaf is dull & dry
Since last I saw a regiment for march
ing to Versailles:
that heard the music play?
They trained lines for the French
upon an August day
Flic flac, flic flac, all on an August day.

4
and some of them they shuddered on
the shivering summer grass,
and then they in oft-time long with
their faces to Alsace:
The others - so they'd tell you - as the
chestnut's decked for spring
shall march beneath some
hidden trees
to call upon a king:
Flic flac, flic flac, to call upon a
king