

As Here I Lie

A brick I was, all made of clay,
 In Crete in Roman times of old;
And with my fellow bricks I lay
And dozed as empires passed away.
 Some twenty hundred years had rolled
On by and then I was awoken,
Cut out and from the ruin taken.

*Sing flippery and flumpery,
 Fake news is nothing new!
For trickery and trumpery
 Persist the whole world through.*

A joker then a chisel took
 T' obscure the cut and so to make
Me have an even older look;
And my appearance he did cook
 To render me an ancient fake:
For old Ionic script I bore
And symbols three from times of yore.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Somehow it happened I was brought
 Into a personal collection.
Iráklion's Museum bought
It some years later. I was fraught
 With dread, but suffered no rejection.
Four years before, indeed, I found
The Director published me as sound.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

He'd used a photo and misread
 Th' initial word engraved on me;
He'd read 'epithi' there instead
Of 'epioi' and so misled
 Some scholars who professed to see
Semitic words of dedication
To meet a sacred obligation!

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Another scholar read aright
 My opening word, and then he claimed
It was through learning and insight
He'd read the message as Hittite!
 No message in my words are framed;
They nothing signify but tosh;
They're fake and phoney – naught but bosh.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

One Raymond Brown examined me,
 Confirmed I gan with 'epioi'
And noted where the word-breaks be.
Five words there were, and of them three
 The Grecian language could employ.
What were the Linear signs about?
He grew suspicious, filled with doubt.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

And Raymond thought, "I'm sure you could
 "Translate this text, if you're so moved,
"In any language that you would.
"With patient care, oh yes, you should."
 Meanwhile a Cretan scholar proved
I was a Roman brick and so
Now all my fakery may know.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

To Celtic Raymond turned, with ease
 A spoof translation made of me;
And Karen Fisher found Chinese,
And Michael Hahn found it a breeze
 Proto-Egyptian words to see.
Yet Pável Serafimov's take
Is I am Slav but *not* a fake.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

And so, dear friends, I spend my days
 Archived within this great museum:
To some a game for finding ways
For spoof translations to amaze
 And fascinate all those who see 'em;
While others fiercely claim that I
Am *not* a fake as here I lie.

*Sing flippery and flumpery,
 Fake news is nothing new!
For trickery and trumpery
 Persist the whole world through.*

Copyright © Ray Brown, October 2018