

As Here I Lie

A brick I was, all made of clay,
 Long years ago in Roman times;
And with my fellow bricks I lay
Within a building day on day
 As years rolled by in sunny climes
Neath Crete's bright sun as cent'ries passed
And we in ruin fell at last.

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

Long years I lay there as I slept
 And dreamt beneath the Cretan sun
Of empires, kings and those who wept
When wars across the island swept.
 When twenty hundred years had run
Since Christ was born, I was awoken,
Cut out and from the ruin taken.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

The joker then a chisel took
 T' obscure the cut and so to make
Me have an old and ruined look;
And more deceit his mind did cook
 To render me an ancient fake:
Thus old Ionic script I bore
And symbols three from times of yore.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Somehow the joker did contrive
 That Doctor Giamalákis came
T' acquire me; thus did I arrive
With genuine things in his archive.
 And so began my path to fame,
When during nineteen sixty two
The collection gained an owner new.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Íráklion's Museum bought
 The whole collection – every bit.
But I was worried, for I thought:
'I am a fake; I shall be caught.'
 But no one found me counterfeit.
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 had found the key,
They said, to read what I proclaimed,
(Though 'twas but tosh upon me framed).

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

“Semitic is the language there,”
 Did Cyrus Gordon firmly state;
And Robert Stieglitz too did share
The same opinion; and the pair
 Did both an epitaph translate.
For 'epithi' and symbols three
Meant it a monument must be.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Oh how I chuckled and I laughed
 To find the pair there reading sense;
Despite their learning and their craft,
They'd found a reading that was daft.
 My script and signs are but pretense,
They nothing signify but tosh;
They're fake and phoney – naught but bosh.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Though Simon Davis read aright
 My opening word as 'epioi',
He thought with scholarly insight
He'd read the message as Hittite;
 The processes he did employ
Were somewhat lax, yet he professed
A votive message I expressed.

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 brief inscription here
"In any language that you would;
"With patient care you surely should
 "Enable meaning to appear."
To Celtic Raymond turned for aid
And soon a spoof translation made.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Another who examined me
 Was Bjarte Kaldhol who opined
The script was not as it should be,
For modern traces he could see.
 Charálampos Kritzás did find
I was a Roman brick and so
Now all my fakery may know.

Sing flippery and flumpery, ...

Like Raymond others too with ease
 Have spoof translations made of me:
Thus 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
 Deceive the whole world through.*