

## The Divine Comedy

### "Count Grassi's Passage Over Piedmont"

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Below the Po rolls slow from Alps to Adriatic Sea

Blow old bellows, blow

Take us where you will

Padua, Genoa, Corsica, Catalonia, O Segovia

O unfathomable firmament.

That we should set a course between the two

Clinging only to our orb of blue and red

Like Romanovs to a Faberge egg

Push Sisyphus, push

Heave our sphere into the heavens.

If I'm to die then let it be in summertime

In a manner of my own choosing

To fall from a great height

On a warm July afternoon

Liverwurst, Battenburg, Emmenthall, Syllabub,  
Muscadet

Throw it all away

We need more height

O Newton, release this apple from its earthly shackles

And live to fight another day.

Go back from whence you came the swallows cry

You've corrupted and befouled the ground you walk  
upon

And now you come to poison the skies

Please friends, forgive this brief intrusion.

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