



Fortuna Blues *

O Fortune,
Born under a bad sign.
fickle like the moon,
I been down since I began to crawl.
ever waxing,
If it wasn't for bad luck,
ever waning.
I wouldn't have no luck at all.

Hard luck and trouble's my
Fate *—only monstrous friend.*
Been down and vacuous— ever since
malevolent whirling wheel.
I was ten.

Wellness is vain
Born under a bad sign.
and always melts away.
I been down since I began to crawl.
Shadowed
If it wasn't for bad luck,
and veiled, Fate,
I wouldn't have no luck at all.
you're a plague upon me.

You know wine and women's
Now, to your game
all I crave.
I bet my naked back
A big bad woman's
for you to rape. *gonna*
carry me to my grave.

Fate, both in health
If it wasn't for bad luck
and in virtue,
I wouldn't have no kinda luck.
you're always against me,
If it wasn't for real bad luck,
driven on
and weighted down...
I wouldn't have no luck at all.
always in chains.

So, *Born under a bad sign.*
now, without delay,
I been down since I
pluck the vibrating strings;
began to crawl.
since Fate strikes down the player.
If it wasn't for bad luck,
I wouldn't Weep
along with me
one and all! *have no luck at all.*

* Pastiche by © /cual, January 27th 2014

* Quotes in Times New Roman font are from «Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi», Goliard poem (XIth century AD?) from the Carmina Burana collection. All sections in italics from *Born Under A Bad Sign*, by Albert King (1967). Image with some changes is a section of mural from the Villa of Mysteries, Pompeii (circa 50 BCE).