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Le Pere Boujo

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LE PÈRE BOJU

Who's more real than Le Père Bouju?
A presence, you (or who?) might say
And I might not, guessing he was
Absent for Maurice de Vlaminck.
He did not smoke his clay pipe, wear
His orange hat. I think he could
Not be insulted if he'd been
There in 1900 when slashed
And greened and red-scarfed and conky
And buttered on canvas roughly
Life size. But if he had no life
But on this oblong drum there's not
Another as original
But Ubu, who, speaking through his
Merde-brown bite he might resemble.
He does not puff out smoke but sucks
Tossing green surrounding salads.
No, no one painted like that then.
It was drunkenness smeared it on.
But Maurice de Vlaminck left it:
Much too much paint to overpaint.
And anyhow Bouju objects
And always will. That nose is one
Of a size to be respected.
He could turn ugly as he looked.
"All right when you get to know him"
Only raises our suspicion.