Sad Snail Song
Translated from the French by Timothy Dann-Barrich

Two snails head out one day
Their goal is not to play
Off to a dead leaf’s funeral they go
Dressed in black from eye to toe
They depart at night
A clear crisp autumn night
But by the time they appear
Spring is more than near
The leaves that once were dead
Have now been resurrected
Our two snails are quite let down
But Mr. Sun won’t let them frown
“Take your time messieurs
Your time cannot be measured
Enjoy your glass of wine
And maybe even mine
Take a trip to Paris
If that is where your heart is
But between you and I
I don’t think you should cry
Believe you me
Too many tears will make
Your face forever hold that shape
Funerals never make glad affairs
So go ahead and do your hairs
Let your mourning turn to night
With the others you’ll delight
Put on your happy face
And sing a lovely tenor or bass”
The whole forest drinks
And everybody cheers
As our slimy duo
Of now happy escargot
Say bonsoir to their new friends
This is not where the story ends
But they stagger back home
Where they will not be all alone

Because the moon in the sky
watches over them.