

Shall the Scot asked Theodulfus
make league with the Goth?
As well might the south wind be Irish

In all things learned on nothing fixed
swift to argue striking the living
dead with a gibe. It isn't

his soul-searching poetry
its Carolingian Latin peppered
with Neoplatonic Greek tags

the Spanish gravity can't abide
but his incessant levity
in eye hand mind and foot.