I Am a Man of Many Professions, My Wife Is a Lady of Many Confessions

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CHARLOTTE SIMMONDS

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My Wife Is a Lady of Many Confessions

I am a carpenter,
I carpent this wood.
I bore nails and nests in the chests of my trees.

My wife is a woman,
she womans this hood.
She bore children and nests in the chests of her soul.

I am a husbandman,
I husband my resources.
I keep children and money and the nests of bees.

My wife has a husband,
she husbands him well.
Our nest is well-stocked with bread, butter and coal.

I am a hunter,
in the Bavarian woods.
I pluck stags and hares from their nests in the grasses.

My wife is a gutter,
she guts a good duck,
and into the nest of her ears I pour all of my muck.

I am a fisher,
on the Sicilian shores,
I net cold cod and gannets, a roe nest if it passes.

My wife is a shagger,
she has a pet shag.
If it dives for the whiting, then in bed I’m in luck.