KEVIN DUCEY

Cathar Kinks

The shepherds pursued their animals back and forth over the Pyrenees for generations—almost a country in itself. The Inquisition took its time, waiting years for men to return to Carcassone from the south to be arrested by the soldiers, questioned by the priests.

The

heretics had their own holy men and women and in the end these were reduced to refugees in hiding from the Catholics.

Pierre

had hidden the holyman, for years, listened to his preaching. This world was made by the Devil, thus, we should not take pleasure in evil, do not make children, or love; this only brings pleasure

to the Enemy. And Pierre returned home once from the mountain to find the music cranked up full volume: The Kinks singing Waterloo and the holyman in Pierre's bed lying between his wife's legs

there

the holyman jumped up saying, "it's not what it seems, my friend. My work here is only to *observe* these evils that the demon has set for you. I tell you, Pierre, your soul is in mortal danger and the precipice near at hand."

And Pierre

went away wishing they had not been playing his favorite song so loud that he would never listen to that shimmer again without thinking on the evils of this world and his poor wife's fate in a world of such things,

but as he told the holyman later as they ate their evening meal

(that technically the priest should not have enjoyed so well), the singer of that rhyme may indeed have been a parfait as well: he only watches the pleasure of others, Terry meets Julie Waterloo Station every Friday night . . . crossing the river to Chelsea—Some do not cross, do they brother? but they make

their homes

where they may.

"Just so, just so," replied the holyman.
"One observes the fruit of the tree,

while another gobbles it up.

Are you
using that last piece of bread?"

And the
Inquisition took the holyman up that year
and burned him for his work.