

Catullus 45

Henry loves his Val, and she loves Henry.
Cuddled on the sofa, watching the TV
(Tea House of the August Moon, with Brando)
kissing and sipping cola during commercials,
Henry decides to call her his Vally Plitty,
says he'd rather have her than a fancy Sony
remote contro.; promises if he ever stops
adoring her, she can call and cancel his cable;
and just then, the automatic fine tuning
corrects the colour, no need to adjust your set.
She says, tickling his ear and tucked in closer,
"Hanky, you think you got it bad, so help me,
I can't see straight when you're not here, honey"
and again, the automatic fine tuner
makes the picture hunky dory; do not adjust it.
Whether such love leads to holy wedlock
who can divine? Sufficient the clinch and fade.

— *Gordon Johnston*