

Prothalamium: Venus and Mars

It's the wedding day of our procedure
 but his bride is the true conversation piece.
 Faint blue and pink clouds glide down to nest
 in the shell craters of her virgin cheeks and eyelids.
 A beautiful woman to the waist, her nether parts
 are a delicious, heart-rending serpent of ice cream
 and the crowd cries as this confection
 appears naked at the window. Between her breasts
 is a strip mine known as Cupid's Landing Field.
 The sad sympathy of her eyes waits
 to be fired down the long barrel of her nose.
 She turns: a flock of ashtrays rises clamorously
 from the marsh of her wake
 with a wild flurry of buttocks.
 Look up! Divine love!
 Every citizen from the mushroom to the meanest catfish
 longs to be married today, and thus morals are strengthened
 and thus the procedure is encouraged to proceed.

What a mob of uninvited guests has gathered in the plaza below!
 It's touching to see the emotion of all that exiled royalty
 for this commoner (this whore, some would say)
 whom fate has lifted on their shoulders.
 They wish the bridegroom's blessedness were their own.
 Suddenly a rotten tomato smashes
 against the bullet-proof window of her balcony:
 it's the tardy groom, arrived at last. But hurled forward
 with all the crowd's desire, he has still missed the point.
 Alas, though cultivated to be seedless
 and plucked and dried for uncounted years,
 he has proven too soft to penetrate her sanctuary.
 Poor shattered prince!
 And now who will marry her, who will be our king?
 Nothing daunted, the frenzied people
 stoop to nominate bricks and bottles.

Success attend you, O citizens.
 May you find a new procedure,
 though your next heroes in a similar fashion
 become dust and pulp against that seductive smile.
 Someday you will find the power worthy of this queen.
 Someday you will reach her and your single state
 vanish in the fiery cloud of the consummation.