

Graffiti VI

What's a nice girl like you
doing at the End of Days?
Following the flagellants?
or E-mailing poems to proper
English literary websites?

(*...I couldn't understand
the link you made, dear,
between your sweaty tryst
and some Victorian Greek
lover's melancholy pink
sperm-scented letters...*)

They say in days of yore
consumptive Aryan fingers
let fall opium pipes and/or
absynthe vials, awestruck
by Orientalized wallpaper
who dreamed of nude
Minoan Adonises
humping dolphins and
bulls. [N.B. Delete this
last stanza.] Rather

paint 'em a Pre-Raphaelite
idyl: Cavorting sylphs
or a drowning Ophelia
or virgins and unicorns
as a mock tapestry mural for
an after-hours singles bar.

Here I sit broken-hearted,
wrong place at the wrong
millennium.