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Pay up or poke me with a stick or salute me like a dandy general. Split me open and serve me sprinkled with Worcestershire sauce a sizzled menebroker on a sesame bun.

-- Ann Menebroker

Wilton, CA

Happily Ever After

Princess, do you snore Midway dreams of Disneyland, Or will a cinder touch your eye As you descend like Mary Poppins. To the edge of reality? Were you conceived in blushes At the Spring Prom, Or did you begin As a once upon a time girl?

Princess, do you sweat, As you count your scents And brush your hair spun gold From drugstore potions? Undies matched as carefully As your placemats, You part your maidenhair And guard your maidenhead.

Princess, do you fuck, Or wait for singular love From a charming prince? To you a cock must crow Dick is a first name And aphrodisia a spray-on. You rewrite recipes; Raise your chest in hope, But your hands are cold -- eyes afraid.

The pill is only sugar, princess; Your trembles will aid the cause. Stiff upper lip, old girl. Practice the magic Of words like yes and come. Go wash your bush, Fluff your pillow And live happily.