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Shakespeare's Foreskin

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Shakespeare's Foreskin

So Marvin lifted up his head
and begged that it be time to go
the hill was crusty with his stench
his doughy skin and Harvard tie.
And Angel lifted up her skirt
to show him how his life began
his slow mind trickled greedily up her thigh
into the purple bruise of her profession.

Then Ducky jumped into the ring
with acne speed and firehose force
and overcame the rotten fruit
and peeled eyelashes of his sport.

As pillowcase moans popped in his face
and hallelujahs bid him grace
Old Marvin dove into the Oyster
fishing for his bit o' bile
Sally scraped links on the bedpost
feeling spent by goldfish fins
and paper pencils dug the chalkboard
of their college wonderings.

Then Ducky hopped out of his Ford
both overweight and very bored
and whopped Lex Luther in the chin
as he unleashed a vicious snort.

So Angel, fearing a repeal
let loose her pet cadaver boy
and they announced the royal annual
beheading game to be held on
the forehead of the afternoon.
And Marvin horked a holy squeal
from Sally's toolbelt
and King Lear.

– Carey Christie '95