

# Suddenly

by Arthur McMaster

## **Suddenly**

*a Shakespearean sonnet,  
with a little help from Eli Lily & Co.*

It can happen at any moment, and often does,  
so middle-aged couples keep their outdoor tubs handy —  
out past the brook, near silent pines because  
one or both may, while painting a room, become a bit randy.  
And what will they do with the oft-nosy neighbor?  
Just say “sorry;” state “the moment was right!”  
No comely couple need postpone love's labor,  
though the cost may be failed hearing, loss of sight.  
When the moment is now, good sir, do not postpone.  
You're thirty years-old now by artificial means.  
Fix that awkward throbbing in the nether-zone,  
that *je ne sais quoi* in the lady's jeans.  
Don't let “dysfunction” make you mellow.  
Eat one blue pill; be bold; raise up your bashful fellow!

