

Spaghettiad

by Iain James Robb

In the mode of Swinburne's 'Dolores':

*For the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster-
A study of the notion of "Intelligent Design"*

Since the universe came into dawning,
If e'er this bright universe did,
Men ought to know better in fawning
For gods who keep faces well hid:
Though I've seen in my vision's wide awning
The face of our godhead amid
The spaces that now I am spawning,
 As ever I've did.

I have looked on the face of the deity,
And looked on its habits of grace;
Can I say that it touched me with beauty,
Or it sprayed all my eyesights with mace?
Could I call it a beautiful Betty,
Or say that it spilled a true face?
My Lord is made out of spaghetti,
 O pasta from space.

You could stay chaste as lady Rossetti,
And never know life's loving well,
Nor find your church laced with confetti:
If sexless, then that's all quite well,
But gluttonous hands still turn sweaty
When hunger bites hard in its knell-
For our God, yes our king of spaghetti,
 And all is still Hell.

Do you come from the lands of the yeti,

As he prowls through his peril-fraught place,
Or roam through the dry Sarengchetti,
With meat and sauce filling your face?
Come down with your cosmic confetti
Of meatballs salt-seasoned with dace:
Our godhead of trembling spaghetti,
 O pasta from space.

Have you come from some sunny piazza
To shine like a bell-faced balloon,
Or countenanced quite like a pizza,
The semblance of sauce-faced baboon?
To Christian, to Jew and to Rasta
You shine to us fair plenilune,
Till all of us here who eat pasta
 Would munch on the moon.

O countenance wet but not stringy,
O stringiness not in your place:
Your taste, I am sure, would prove zingy,
And seraphs on high lack your grace.
What to call you may prove to be "Thingy",
Though in sonorous voice deep and bass:
O quivering span of spaghetti,
 O pasta from space.

Take all of us now and embrace us,
And drown us all deeply because
We know not what bliss all our doom is,
Though to eat us we'd rather you floss:
And sweetly caress us and claim us
As though we were born for the cross,
And enjoying such doom can you blame us-
 O monster of sauce?

Ah, the priest who prevails is a ninny,
Not teaching your form and your face;
To think this our eyes go all rheumy,
For thou bring lasagnes disgrace.
Your flesh would outdo cannelloni,
So taste us as we of you taste,
Our shivering mass of spaghetti,
O pasta from space.

Will you eat us, O monster, in sauces,
Will you drown us in sweat of your slosh:
What'll tempt us yet more than your sauce is
Some wonderful tonic for dross?
For your gravied tomatoes quite posh is,
Though your breath eating us is quite gross,
But to give one you like a good wash is
Much safer than toast.

Dost thou come from the harsh Sarengchetti,
Who've slavered for us beyond Time,
Or out from the yodelling yeti,
Who binds in his beasthood no crime?
I'll find some nice girl named Betty
And I'll leave me now off in my rime-
Weird creature of flying spaghetti,
Who totters through Time.

