

When the Meat Puppet Meets the Meat Lady

by Jerry Ratch

Diamonds are for suckers

Diamonds are for the miserable at heart
Keep that in mind when you are busy
Puffing out your chest and
Slipping on your dancing shoes

We were about to witness the release of souls
From the captivity of flames
At the backside of the see-through universe
When the Meat Puppet met the Meat Lady
Ah, what dreams were there!

And nobody knew you could be so easily amused
Just by putting your face between her breasts
Like a big giant baby
Not knowing which way to look
While they wobbled against your cheeks
Keeping a close eye on those big nipples
Just in case
Nostalgia wasn't what it used to be

But O what darkened dreams might go speeding past
With their false and brightly-lit interiors
That would slow down for no one, not even virgins, or God
As they passed us by with that dark laughter
Pasted on beside their brains
Lit up only by neon in the night
Like the double-decker busses of London
Brussels, Zurich

Like the electric trams of Moscow and Prague
Like Streetcars named Desire coming out of New Orleans
Heading outward bound to the end of the line
Toward the end of everything
That was good in life

If only you could read your own future
You wouldn't need God, or virgins
Or a psychic all wound up with excitement either

