

# 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

