

Lady Gaga Via Richard Cory

by Laura Preble

Lady Gaga Via Richard Corey by Laura Preble (apologies to Edwin
Arlington Robinson)

Whenever Lady Gaga took the stage,
We peons on the benches cheered for her:
She dripped of jewels and paint, and blessed sage,
Wore meat as the antithesis to fur.
And she, with breasts and navel on display,
Did beg of us to poke her in the face,
To dance, just dance, and in this dancing say
“It'll be okay” and thus we'd gain her grace.
So we spent all our bucks on concert tix
And humbly sought the queen to seek her pardon.
And Gaga, sick of fame, did hit the bricks,
Went home, and got a job at Olive Garden.

