

WITH A BOW TO DOROTHY PARKER

by Nonnie Augustine

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When his fingers sped along the keys,
I'd need to sit. I'd such weak knees.
I thought him charming, tall, and able,
then he overturned the table.
Chili, crackers, cheddar cheese
crashed on me--he'd been displeased.
I screamed and sighed, cried and cried.
To keep me home, he rhapsodized.
He sweetly played a Chopin etude
and cursed himself for being rude.
I forgave him, (oh, yes) and took a bath,
soaped off the food that sparked his wrath.

We again enjoyed unwedded bliss
as long as nothing went amiss.
Light toast and eggs, once over easy,
no cats or dogs--they made him sneezy.
But it seemed to me that stray he might-
sex had slowed to once a night.
One day I woke up twenty-two,
in broody mood tinted navy blue.
I'd found a note that he'd been smote
by the pulchritude of another.
Now I'm on my way to Santa Fe
to find without much bother
a man with flair in the western air.

Why not? A cowboy lover!

