

To His Toy Mistress (1997)

Were the world but Toys-R'-Us,
I would not make a big fuss
over thy hard attitude
'bout being and loving in the nude.
I would travel every day,
the weather be what it may,
thy beauty in the shop-window
to admire, and sigh high and low.
For hours and hours I would stay
by thee and just gaze at thee.
Many months would go by, ere
I would dare to get truly near.
And then, after years of awe,
for those golden locks I saw
at first in my tender youth,
I would finally tell the truth:
Thou art the finest Barby doll
that ever lived on earth at all.
And forever would I just praise you
with words and songs to amaze you.

But alas, I can see ahead
the time when you and I are dead,
when your golden locks just hang
gray and thin, and no big bang
can restore their golden shine,
because you lie in a narrow shrine,
in a place where all the lights have gone
when all the deeds of life are done.
And this heat of thy young skin,
for which I'd commit any sin
will be pale and limp and shrunk;
thine eyes into your head-bone sunk.
It will be a horrible sight,
and really you have no right,
to allow those earth-born bugs to
creep
over and into you deep,
while I did not even get a chance
to have one quick glance
at your naked beauty alive.
Oh dolly, why won't you be my wife!

Let us do it while we may,
in the pool or in the hay.
Let us be fierce with desire:
lions and tigers on fire.
Let us fly high much longer,
and with emotions even stronger
than described by Catull
or advertised by Red Bull.

Now is the time for nuclear fusion.
Here is the place, no illusion.
Let us rock and roll it all:
dance and live, my plastic doll.