

Poetry Page

Krewe of C.R.U.D.E.'s Moonlight Sonata

All over town you've seen numerous signs
On bumper stickers in bold graphic designs,
That proudly proclaim, "You can't beat Wagner's meat"
With pretensions of telling us all what to eat.

Though beating one's meat is a most private matter
That should never show up on bumper stick patter,
In the moonlight at NOMA by old Beauregard
We saw Wagner's indulgence yield him quite hard.

So now we don't snicker
At the proud bumper sticker.
We know that there lies a singular treat
When Wagner himself takes on his own meat.

Odysseus On The Lake Pontchartrain Causeway

Not Sirens' songs nor Circe's wiles
Could parallel the Causeway's trials,
And modern highways strike more fear
Than did the sharpest Trojan spear.

Odysseus travelled ten long years,
They thought he'd never come home;
That's now how long it takes to get
From Bonnabel to the Dome.

He also went to Hell and back,
And thought it quite a journey;
Now legally he'd have to have
A visa and attorney.

And Troy means New York these days,
And Grecian dies your hair,
Achilles is a doctor's term;
Were heroes ever there?

Highway traffic's so congested
You can't see where the road is,
It's worse than piloting between
Old Scylla and Charbodis.

Crude rude Cyclops turned to eating
His house guests with elation,
Today you'd find him on your tail
As road rage grips the nation.

And Ithaca's New York these days,
And Ajax scrubs your floor,
Olympus is a Gretna bar,
None drink there any more.

Not Poseidon in his anger
Rivalled modern driving's dangers;
Odysseus thought he had it rough:
"We need men now of sterner stuff."

Mondu Discovers Lost City of Troy

Y3K - Mondulian marine arch-
eologists searching the murky
depths at the lower end of the
Mississippi River for the remains
of the fabled city of New Orleans
-- now rumored to be under the
waters of the Sea of Mexico --
found themselves floating over
piles of ancient debris. Most of
the rubble appeared to consist of
beer cans, plastic beads, go-cups
and g-strings. Puzzled over the
meaning of these remains of an
ancient civilization, they plunged
in deeper.

Lost in the depths, they came
upon a rusted statue of a girl on a
horse. After getting the charges
dropped for the aforementioned
lewd act, they realized they had
found Joan of Arc. Initially con-
fused by the French relic, they
forged, or rather, floated on, until
they reached a huge warehouse
teeming with huge statues of gods
and goddesses, nymphs and na-
iads, sphinxes and pyramids. Fur-
ther investigation revealed that
they had discovered the ruins of a
strange settlement known as
"Mardi Gras World" in the ancient
land of Algiers.

As they drifted awestruck, they
observed an odd collection of ob-
jects: hurricane glasses, syringes,
"suck da heads and squeeze da
tails" t-shirts, rusting handguns,
fallen bullets, size 15 lime-green
pumps. "You-reeka," they ex-
claimed, "the Lost City of Troy."

Public Notice

The Psychic Channel will be
off the air today due to unanti-
cipated transmission problems.
