

THE HEROIC YET DEEPLY PENAL NEO ART-DECO SURGEON'S PLASTIC ARTS CHAL
NEO-POUSSIN LANDSCAPE GATE

TRANSFORMATION OF A TOP NOTCH PLASTIC
LENGED TROPHY WIFE INTO A

The Toilet she
Sat on was burnished
White ceramic. In cold glass,
Maxine Classine, in Arts throes,
Took a look at her Modigliani nose,
Thought: "It's a pinch too madder rose,"
Seeing a new tag in a Turner sunset wrinkle
Just contiguous to her Bellini *Père* eye twinkle,
In Gustav Klimt tangle brown high energy frown,
Screamed, "Franz Kline flat fat on my rib cage flows!
My feet are Marin flounders. My buns are Gris downers.
My Giocametti thighs creak, cinquecento ankles squeak.
My Picass ovagina! *Quelle* Ceza nne garage!
My breasts *neo-fauve!* *Quel* Souti ne *domage!*
They're Ar shille Gor ky looped Angel Falls
High Germ an Express ionist pyra mid walls!"
She held trophy husb and, Kafk a Surgeon,
A respecte d Universal City Plas tic Surgeon.
She deman ded end to de Koonin g burgeon.
"OK Kafka! Do it! Cut the *outré* skin crap!"
Said Maxin e in precise Franz Hal s' cuff slap.
"Anything you say, Dear," Kafka Surgeon smiled,
Intense as wired Blake addict meeked in hot tub mild.
"Take in the Klee elbows! Kafka! Slice the Chagall chin!
Push up the Joan Miro M cups, De-hotdog my Canaletto grin!
Do it! Tchelitchev m y thighs and sleek off that Li pschitz ankle!"
Kafka sighed, "Yes Dear, I k now *declassé* Van Gogh wrinkles rankle.
You are Sistine Chape l un finished; must b e Mondrian hard edge right to left!
You mu st lose that r ollin g Rubenesque Bra que and melt the flowing Dali clock.
You've y ears of Grü ne wald beauty left!" B ut Maxine y elled, "Cut the hock!
Or that l ousy salami dipped in chicken fat, that grimy Munch dipstick
Will en d up a tiny Matisse paper cut El Greco cardinal cri mson triptych."
"O. K., Dear." Kafka Surgeon said; he gav e his wife some gas.
Sure he jerked the knife *un peut* Seurat *pointille* on her ass.
O su re he slipped the razor a little Rou alt-y at her bone.
But he tried hard not to use his hostili ty over gro wn.
He was the model of a non-violent is sues sensiti ve,
H atred loathing, malice, spite, conte mpt, retentiv e
D octor: "I refuse to incise just for lot s of money!
R eturn business is the meat engrave r's honey."
Awake now see a mummy, head to tummy.
Somehow a hunch or some unspo ken wary
Had told her it had been wrong to marry.
It was a facet peculiarly crass in Dr. Kafka.
Somehow, a somesuch so subtl e, so scary
As a Henry James mazed denial fairy locked in *fête de kinque* tra
That it made her feel *un petit ka fka*. It may've hinted before but
For the first time in her marriage, so to speak, if we may of this on<sup>(A small)
(pomme d'or)
(never the less)
(une grande soutien)
(gorge rem-)
(bourré)</sup>vajis
She had believed to be trophy,
She now had cause to be wary.
The bandages came off. She yell-
Ed in her mirror so Goya solemn:
"I thought so! You're goddamn Rem
Brandt-Delacroix dead meat, Kafka!
Look at me! What is this? A Hoffa?
What's this? There's a goddamn *petit*
Temple Grecque Corot-ed on my neck!
Deer run lump upon my flowing skin *geste!*
My bum were never this Tamayo green.
Who are these wired little guys with
Goat-ed feet dancing on my breast?
These *Orphée* gleam rocks *sous?ma?chanteur de charme?*
My veins lucid as a glassine
Italianate cocaine packet
Are as waffled as a *Louis*
Quinze-ed tennis racquet.
Is that a breast or a birch
Copse! Goddamn dope!
You've done it this time,
Kafka, you skin mope.
You've made my bod
Into an 18th Century
Phyrgian Bacchanal!
Your lousy *Nature*
Mort hung jock is
Chardin cut rope!
This is an illegal,
Medical, artistic,
Aesthetic, physi-
cal, historical,
Metaphysical,
Overbearingly
Into patameta
physical rape,
In one directi-
on or another
You've turned
Me into a god-
damn second
rate Poussin
Land scape.
Stars Shine
Bright On Shatter light

in one direction or another. You just can't get *turpentine*s from a surgeon. You can get *de trop* blurp *des carmines* from a surgeon.
Thee.The.The.That's you can't beat a sensitive, feeling, *Nouveau Ubu Age* surgeon *plastique*. VITA *simulé*. ARS *fantastique*, folks.