

PERDITA CONSIDERS DESSERT

The mountain sits in levels like a wedding cake
for a bride that never showed.

Really, the cake was in bad taste anyway,
weighted with countless figures in a drooping frosting:

the sugary nude, bowed forever beneath boulders
like camels, with the buttock-crack beneath that rising hump;

the envious, under brains twisted like walnuts
their eyes sewn closed;

the angry, with open eyes in a stinging smoke.

What would the style of this cake be called?
Baroque? Hudson kitsch?

Much more attractive than a display of sinners
would have been to let everyone go to heaven,
tucking in their feathers
with the fastidiousness of a swan.