

## **Sit Upon A Cushion**

### VARIATIONS ON THE THEME.

'Shall Loveliness Not Always Be Loved?'

Pretty face, pretty face  
You seem so out of place.  
I do not have time  
To compose a pretty rhyme;  
So instead  
I'll forge ahead.

Pretty face, pretty face  
There you appear all in place.  
About the tenderest place  
Trailed a bit of lace.  
'Tis so much a part of the lore  
None would ever think you a whore.

Say it anew, say it afresh: "Shall loveliness not always be loved?"

Pretty face, pretty face; time passes. Come into my arms; let me peer long towards your magic charms, moment after moment, day after day. Perhaps I shall go blind; the light will grow dim; all that is worldly will fade before thy pretty face turns to leather.

They placed the pretty face before us; we lived by the seashore in the bright sunshine; we lived on the prairie, upon the desert, in the jungle; we lived in the mountains where the big trees did grow; we lived in the metropolis beneath tons of concrete. We stirred in our waiting, waiting for time to pass. Time had crept upon us; we stared at his sinister appearance; he began to dance around us; we were frightened, some of us; others giving forth a blank perplexedness. As the dance continued we tired of his antics.

All about us in the air, from the seashore, to the plains, the desert, the jungle, the mountains, and the metropolis, she was there - pulsing, pulsing from another planet. She lived in a box; she was possessed of such beauty, with her long full reddish-blond filaments flowing sinusoidally about her exquisite visage, and tumbling from her shoulder - Alas!; unspeakable loveliness! She was placed upon this Earth to abscond with Time. By a mere touch, by the seashore, on the plains, the desert, the jungle, mountain or in an urban hovel, she would appear.

She would not sit smiling like the Mona Lisa; she would be animated, talking; smiling, Yes!, and mostly. But mainly her beauteous visage would move from side to side, up and down, exposing every angle, cooing musical sounds; always expressive, like a fresh ripened peach, appetizing. We reach for the fruit, turning it about in our hands; it seems a shame to eat such perfection.

## ***Sit Upon A Cushion***

Alas! - she is in a box; unlike a peach, she is flat; so many lines per inch, so many dots per line.

She is indiscriminate - she is everywhere, everywhere for sale; she is sent into your space to annihilate Time; she cares not that another larger unredeemable digit accrues to your account; she does not enchant you with tangibility. She speaks not of poetry. Hers are not aspiring chantings.

Ah Yes, "shall loveliness not always be loved?" A means to an end. If there was no end, there would be no call for a means. If they had not loveliness to profane, to inveigle us, to persuade us; if we did not so readily attune to the line of her countenance, their shabby affair with us would cease - for whatever else they have to offer can be found in the rummage pile.

None of the foregoing detracts from the loveliness, or our desire, or fascination. We may even capture her and play her over and over again, hour after hour, by the seashore, upon the plains, the desert, in the jungle, in the mountains, or in the urban hovel. Our whole life away, hour after hour she appears, the same unchanging, forever alluring, while we turn to leather, to a hideous piece of hide.

I have more to say. Her countenance serves as one of the milder forms of deceit; its when they fail to entrance you with her face, they begin to exhibit other parts; 'about the tenderest place trailed a bit of lace'. She becomes a catalogue of parts; the threshold becomes lower and lower; soon its not subliminal any more; one's hand begins to roam - for his wallet.

Time dances about us all the same; this interminable waiting for Heaven; this transformation to leather. In between glimpses of her, the shoddy rubbish of our lives; the shoddy rummage, the shabby bilking; Alas!, the utter perversion of our lives unfolds before us. We are captured by the filthy pimps of Wall Street and Madison Avenue, through the issuance of the harlot. In between her lovely, charming grimaces we are wholly raped and starved.

I thought I had more to say.

Yes, I am critical; if only I could be really vicious, and effective, like some critics are; literary critics especially; you know, the ones whose originality was abandoned in the placenta.

Father always broached the Theme, the one about itches. Our gift from nature.

Gud knows we do have itches; perhaps these little titillations will always remain ignoble and plain, like the soil or dirt from which we obtain our vegetables, no matter how well tilled, cultivated and fertilized.

Surely we may need to couch our itches, upholster them; that is part of our morality, anyway. But there are those who slash at the coverings to get at your stuffings, in order to filch your wealth; they parade pretty faces and bodily parts; they grope inside your underwear, hoping to turn a trick at the cash register.

## ***Sit Upon A Cushion***

Can we not destroy them, those behind the box; can we not rise above them? Is that preaching Revolution? Would they dare bring out the Army if we chose to drive the Philistines away?

Suppose we just ignored it all; suppose we found our pretty faces somewhere else; perhaps in our dreams. Suppose we just did not participate; just suppose. What would our children do; we know, do we not, what they would do; helplessly they would succumb; so it is our duty to destroy the Philistines - to save the children.

Alluring, alluring, my dear  
Tura lura lura alluring  
The skirt burst thereopen  
To reveal a thigh outspoken.

Keep your heart gay and pure  
Tura lura lura purer  
When hearts are young and gay  
That's all I have to say.

'Curly locks, Curly locks, wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor feed the swine;  
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.'