

THE HEROIC YET DEEPLY PENAL NEO ART-DECO TRANSFORMATION OF A TOP NOTCH PLASTIC
 SURGEON'S PLASTIC ARTS CHALLENGED TROPHY WIFE INTO A
 NEO-POUSSIN LANDSCAPE
 GATE

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 Gog h wrinkles rankle.
 You are Sistine Chape l unf inished; 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,
 Hatred loathing, malice, spite, conte mpt, retentive
 Doctor: "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^(A small)
 She had believed to be trophy, ^(pomme d'or)
 She now had cause to be wary. ^(never the less)
 The bandages came off. She yell- ^(une grande soutien)
 Ed in her mirror so Goya solemn: ^(gorge rem-)
 "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
 Phrygian 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.