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"Ode to Self-indulgence: A Proem for Emily"

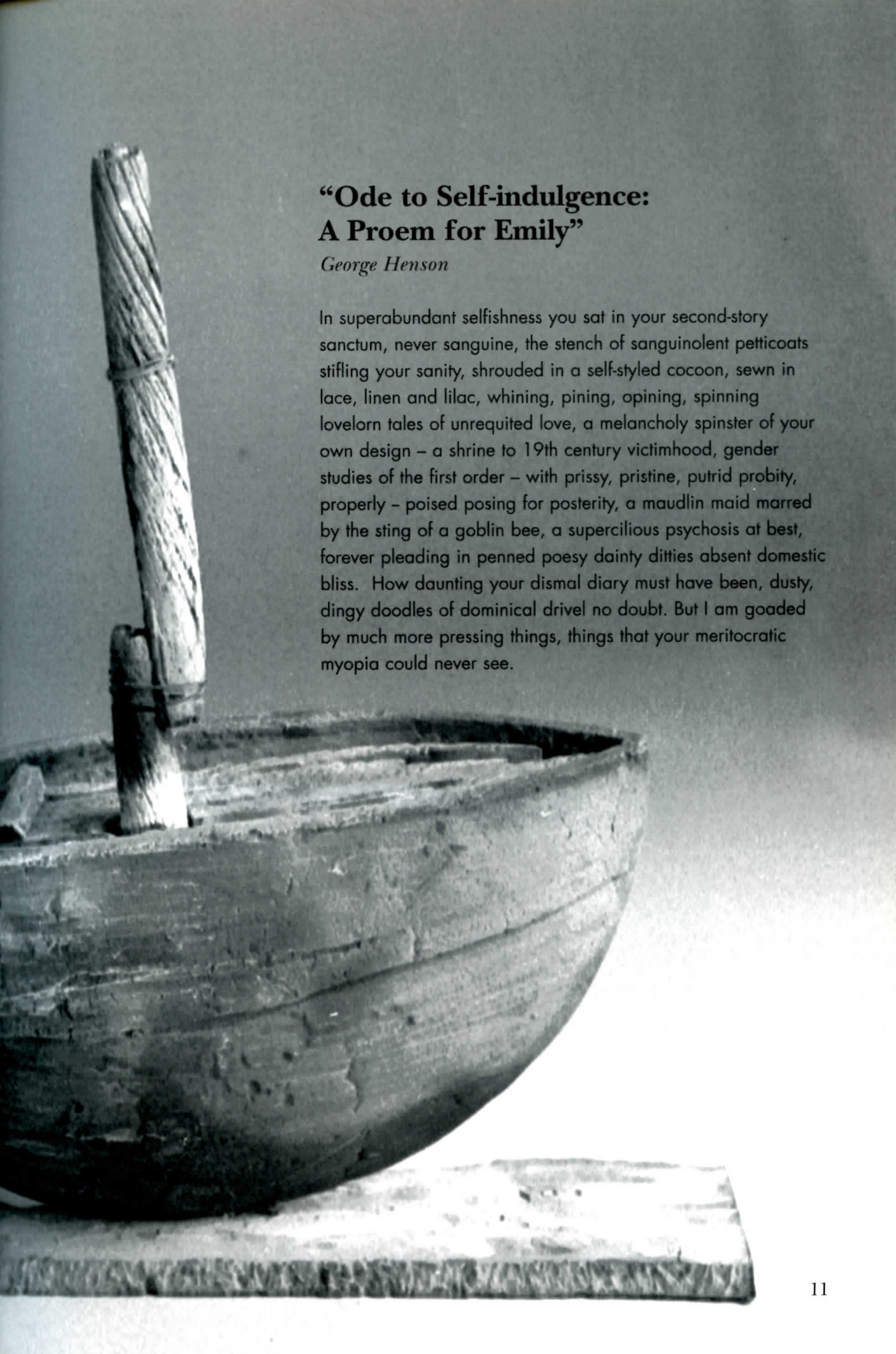
George Henson

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George Henson

In superabundant selfishness you sat in your second-story sanctum, never sanguine, the stench of sanguinolent petticoats stifling your sanity, shrouded in a self-styled cocoon, sewn in lace, linen and lilac, whining, pining, opining, spinning lovelorn tales of unrequited love, a melancholy spinster of your own design – a shrine to 19th century victimhood, gender studies of the first order – with prissy, pristine, putrid probity, properly – poised posing for posterity, a maudlin maid marred by the sting of a goblin bee, a supercilious psychosis at best, forever pleading in penned poesy dainty ditties absent domestic bliss. How daunting your dismal diary must have been, dusty, dingy doodles of dominical drivel no doubt. But I am goaded by much more pressing things, things that your meritocratic myopia could never see.