

The Resourceful Princess

once upon a when in a far kingdom
a delicious princess kept under close guard
by a jazzed-up dragon spent her days
in a little garden surrounded by high walls
she got her kicks by walking in her garden
trying to name the different flowers
considering them people-friends her father
anxious to obtain a suitable son-in-law
and just as anxious to protect
his daughter's virginity until it could be
suddenly ripped according to custom
let word of her beauty and her talents
be broadcast through the surrounding kingdoms
and also let be broadcast how well she
was guarded only one of royal blood
brave enough to kill the dragon
and rescue the princess could claim her hand
many princes intrigued by the tales
of her looks and accomplishments
tried their luck but they all came out
on the short end until one dog-August-day
a brave handsome prince from way off
riding a sharp white charger leaped the wall
snipped off the dragon's fangs and carried off
the virgin without checking with the old man
of course the two kingdoms went to war
the princess being rather a vain chick
enjoyed being a cause celebre
the excitement and action was such a contrast
to her sterile little garden
her husband killed her father
and the war sort of deteriorated into skirmishes
and insults finally peace overpowered both kingdoms
since neither side could remember what the fighting
was all about well this royal wife grew restless
dissatisfied with being just another princess
at last she figured out a course of action
calling in a bunch of workmen
she had a huge wall built around
her current garden which up to now
had been open to the public as a park
it was that sort of a kingdom
sort of post-Greek pre-American democracy
well she had the wall built and imported
the biggest most expensive fire-breather to be found
and let it be broadcast far and wide

that though she'd been unceremoniously torn
from her father's protection by a wicked ugly prince
whose black horse had broken the wall her father
being attacked without mercy and she had fallen
victim to lust and rape and was now being held
prisoner by the black prince while mourning
the murder of her father she was still beautiful
and more desirable than ever having become aware
of the techniques of connubial connections
and she promised wealth and her most exquisite favors
to the man who would be brave enough
to deliver her from her plight.

Life Revisited

two ghosts haunt the water's edge
remembering promises they made
to revisit this exact spot
love would wait for them
water and grass would still be here
and they flesh and laughter again

they lie down at the water's edge
in the middle of the afternoon
and wonder why they didn't make love
fifty-odd years before

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Massachusetts

In
the land
of the cod

To a Cat Called Mouse

I
- missed my cat
so i wrote a verse
to a cat called Mouse
in a far-a-way house.
Good cod ! How odd to
find i've bean to Bos-
ton when

another house
avec bal:-con's in the
corner of my mind (and
almost a p o l o g i e s
are due to M I S T E R
CUMMINGS, e's are 2)
w h e r e g r a s s
is green and C A T I S M O u s e .