

**CECIL B. DE
MINESTRONE**

PRESENTS

**THE RHYTHM OF
THE ANCIENT
MARINARA**

FROM THE POEM BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 1772-1834

THE SUN NOW ROSE UPON THE RIGHT: OUT OF THE SEA CAME HE,
STILL HID IN MIST, AND ON THE LEFT WENT DOWN INTO THE SEA.
AND THE GOOD SOUTH WIND BLEW BEHIND, BUT NO VAGINA DID FOLLOW,
NOR ANY DAY DID МАРИНАРЯ COME TO THE MARINERS' HOLLOW!



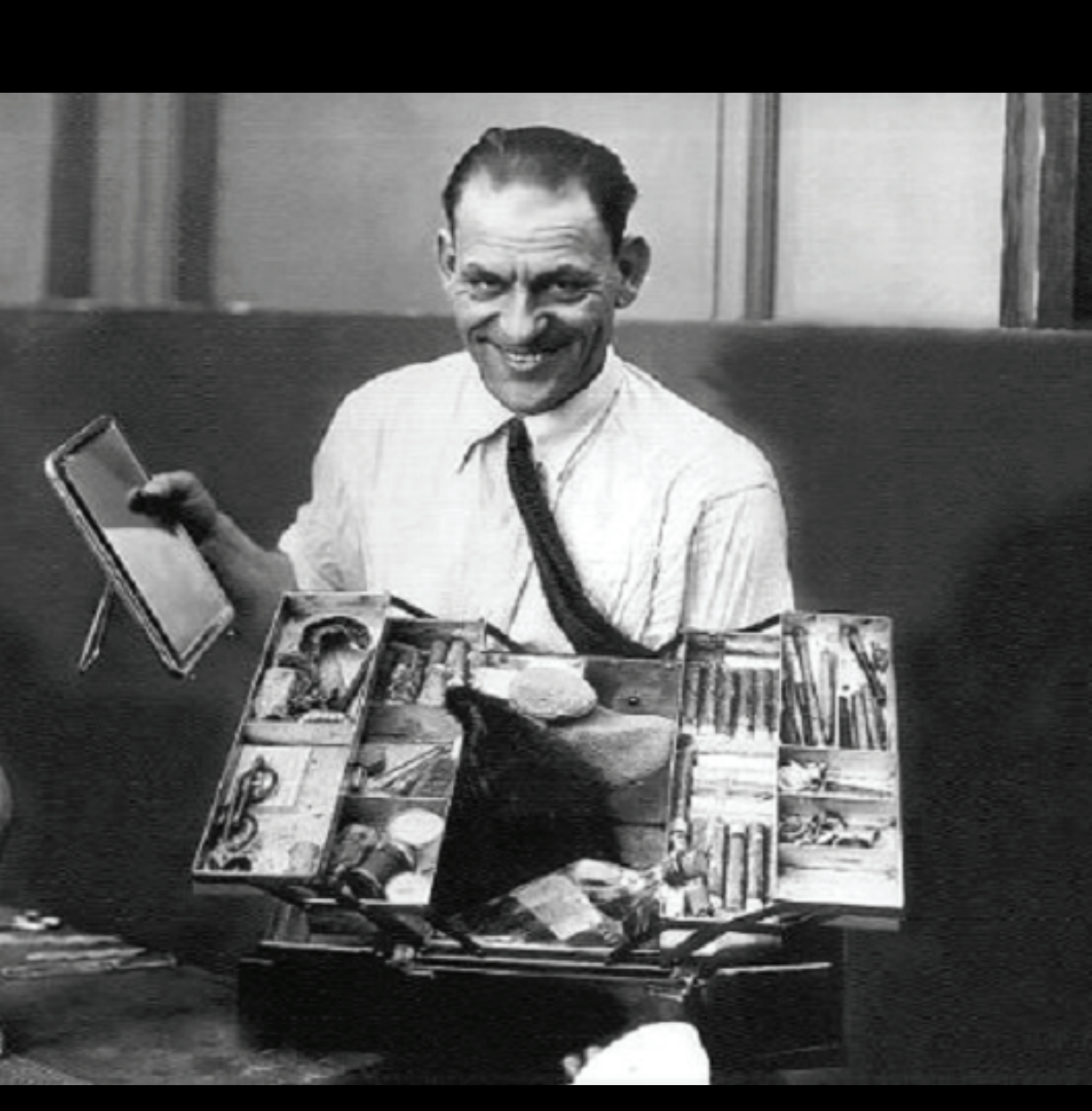
HIS SHIPMATES CRY OUT AGAINST
THE ANCIENT PENIS FOR KILLING
THE VAGINA OF GOOD LUCK.



AND I HAD DONE AN HELLISH THING. AND IT WOULD WORK 'EM WOE:
FOR ALL AVERR'D, I HAD KILL'D THE SAUCE
THAT MADE THE SPICE TO GLOW. AH WRETCH!
SAID THEY, THE SAUCE TO SLAY
THAT MADE THE SPICE TO GLOW!



BUT WHEN THE FOG CLEARED OFF,
THEY JUSTIFY THE SAME,
AND THUS MAKE THEMSELVES
ACCOMPLICES IN THE CRIME.



NOR DIM NOR RED, LIKE GOD'S OWN HEAD, THE GLORIOUS SUN UPRISE:
THEN ALL AVERR'D, I HAD KILL'D THE MARINARA
THAT BROUGHT THE SPICEY FOG AND MIST.
'T WAS RIGHT, SAID THEY, SUCH MENSTRUALS TO SLAY,
THAT BRING THE GARLIC FOG AND MIST.



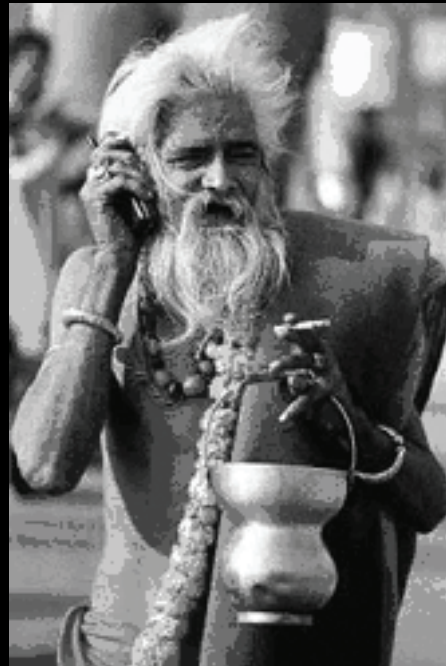
**THE FAIR BREEZE CONTINUES;
THE SHIP ENTERS THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
AND SAILS NORTHWARD, EVEN TILL IT
BREACHES THE SPINE.**



THE FAIR BREEZE BLEW, THE WHITE FOAM FLEW,
THE FURROW FOLLOW'D FREE:
WE WERE THE FIRST THAT EVER
BURST SPERM INTO THAT SILENT SEA.



THE SHIP HATH BEEN
SUDDENLY BECALMED.



DOWN DROPT THE BREEZE. ALL PENI DROPT DOWN,
'TWAŠ ŠAD ŠS ŠAD COULD BE: AND WE DID SPEAK
ONLY TO BREAK THE SILENCE OF THE SEA!
ALL IN A HOT AND COPPER SKY, THE MENSTRUAL SUN,
AT NOON, RIGHT UP ABOVE THE BASILAGORE DID STAND,
NO BIGGER THAN THE MOON. DAY AFTER DAY,
DAY AFTER DAY, WE STUCK, NOR BREATH NOR MOTION:
AS IDLE AS A PAINTED PLAN UPON A PAINTED OCEAN.



AND THE MENSTRUAL
BEGINS TO BE
AVENGED.



SPICE-ED WATER, EVERYWHERE, AND ALL THE BOARDS DID SHRINK;
SPICE-ED WATER, EVERYWHERE, NOR ANY DROP DID SLINK.
THE VERY DEEP DID ROT: THAT EVER THIS SHOULD BE!
YEA, SLIMY THINGS DID CRAWL WITH LEGS
UPON THE SLIMY SEA.
ABOUT, ABOUT, IN REEL AND ROUT
THE DEATH-FIRES DANCED AT NIGHT:
THE WATER, LIKE A WITCH'S SNAILS,
BURNT SCINGILL, RED AND WHITE.



A SPIRIT HAD FOLLOWED THEM;
ONE OF THE INVISIBLE INHABITANTS
OF THIS PLANET, NEITHER DEPARTED
SOULS NOR ANGELS; CONCERNING
WHOM THE LEARNED JEW,
JOSEPHUS, AND THE PLATONIC
CONSTANTINOPOLITAN,
MICHAEL PSELLUS, MAY BE
CONSULTED. THEY ARE VERY
NUMEROUS, AND THERE IS NO
CLIMATE OR ELEMENT
WITHOUT ONE OR MORE.



AND SOME IN DREAMS ASSURED WERE
OF THE SPIRIT THAT PLAGUED US SO:
NINE FATHOM DEEP HE HAD FOLLOWED US
FROM THE LAND OF MIST AND SNOW.
AND EVERY TONGUE, THROUGH UTTER DROUGHT,
WAS WITHER'D AT THE ANISE ROOT:
WE COULD NOT SPEAK, NO MORE THAN IF
WE HAD BEEN CHOKED WITH CILANTRO SOOT.



THE SHIPMATES IN THEIR SORE DISTRESS,
WOULD FAINTLY THROW THE WHOLE GUILT
ON THE ANCIENT MARINARA:
IN SIGN WHEREOF THEY
HANG A DEAD VAGINA
ROUND HIS NECK.



АА! WELL А-DAY! WHAT EVIL LOOKS
HAD I FROM OLD AND YOUNG!
INSTEAD OF THE МАRINАRЯ,
THE VAGINЯ ABOUT MY NECK WAS HUNG.



THE END

PARACRAPP

**AND NOW AS THE SUN SETS IN THE GOLDEN WEST I WILL SAY
FAREWELL TO YOU: AND SOON I WILL SING OF ANOTHER
SUPER MELLOW PARACRAPP FAMILY
ENTERTAINMENT TOO:**