

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 o vagina! *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 *declas sé* Van Gog h wrinkles rankle.  
 You are Sistine Chape l un f 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, retentiv e  
 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<sup>( A small )</sup>  
 She had believed to be trophy, <sup>( pomme d'or )</sup>  
 She now had cause to be wary. <sup>( never the less )</sup>  
 The bandages came off. She yell- <sup>( une grande soutien )</sup>  
 Ed in her mirror so Goya solemn: <sup>( gorge rem- )</sup>  
 "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.