

PARODY

Barbara Angell

(1935-1990)

Ulabel Lume

It was many millenniums long ago
In a houseboat on the mall
That there lived a maiden whom you might know,
Then again, you might not at all.
Ulabel Lume, her high-born name
And she just eight feet tall.

I was a child and she was a child
And childishly childlike we'd romp
But we loved with a lovelier love than love
In this old barge on the swamp.
With a love that made winged seraphs in heaven
Foam at the mouth and stomp.

And this was the reason that long ago
The wind came tossin' and pitchin' ...
My Ulabel Lume was blown off to her doom
From the poop-deck over the kitchen.

So that her high-born kinsmen came
And fished her up out of the blue
And rowed in a dream seven miles upstream.
(Could have made better time by canoe.)

The angels not nearly so happy in heaven
Went envying me and my bride.
Yes! That was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom here by the tide)
That the heavenly wretches sent down the storm
That whistled her over the side.

But our love (like I said) was more than the love
Of those who were bigger than we,
Even some who were bigger than *she*,
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the swamp eels down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of my soul where that poor soul may be.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of my beautiful Ulabel Lume.
And the dew never damps without bringing me cramps
In the back, in the fog, in the gloom.
And although it's erroneous
All night pneumonious
I lie down by the side of my sweet and euphonious,
In the gloom of the doom of the tomb
Of whom? My long lost Ulabel Lume.