

PARODY



C. F. Lummis

(1859-1928)

A Poe-em of Passion (c.1882)

It was many and many a year ago,
On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child--
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee--
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
My yearning Cannibalee,
With a love that could take me roasted or fried
Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
My ardent Cannibalee--
Not really because I was fond of her,
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,

Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.