

Mary, Mary...

After taking her tea, just after three, she stood on the steps of The Gallery.
And with her sleeve, she cleaned her glasses: Mary - this most innocent of lasses.
She said: "It's time for me to embrace the arts, to understand the affairs of heart!"
And after a momentary pause,
For breath, she passed through its doors...
...and there she stands, in silent awe, amid the treasures that fill the floor
and walls, and ceilings, and every nook, wherever her bespectacled eyes might look.

"Oh! How the artist paints the hand!
Perspective – Light - they understand!
And, oh! The subtle tilt of nose!
The arch of foot, the tip of toes!"
In rapture, she floats from room to room, a Brave New World to this girl for whom
Each picture brings some fresh delight – like the morning sun to end the night.
Bet then...

"Oh my! Oh dear! My giddy aunt!"
She dabs her brow and starts to pant
Fighting to control her breathing
Pulses racing, her breast a-heaving
For now she's entered The Marble Room
Where all around her statues loom
Each one without a stitch of clothing
Her timorous state turned now to loathing:
"What foul prurience in a public place!
That I, sweet Mary, should come face to face
With a young man's bits and nearly bump
Into his creamy marble rump!
And look! That girl! Bold as brass!
Showing off her comely...bottom
And that's not all!" she starts to swoon
And rushes quickly from the room
Down the corridors, down the stair
Revived at last by the outside air.

Now, tears in her eyes, her jaw outthrust
She whispers darkly, "I will, I must
Put to the sword this filth, this lust
And to this end, In God I Trust!"

Cool and calm, determined, scary
Her rallying cry will never vary
Writers and artists, be forever wary
Of Campaigner, Whitehouse, Mrs... Mary.