

## Divine Comedy "Bath"

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Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten,  
As a dream dies  
At the opening day...  
Rub-a-dub-dub,  
It's time for a scrub!  
So through clouds of steam  
To a cracked and faded cream  
Bath-tub wanders frail  
Aphrodite, so pale, pink and white -  
She is naked as sin,  
Wearing nothing but a grin  
And a pin in her hair.  
Will she be drowned?  
Found with her hair tied behind,

Shoulders back,  
And head inclined to the sound of music  
Playing above,  
Bathing her in love.  
But darkness and fear  
Disappear like the soap  
When she opens her eyes.  
She throws back her dormer windows;  
Morning light shows  
Ophelia raised  
On her watery grave  
In a brave new world.

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