

## Embalmer

### "Boinked"

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White dress and a sticky mess all over your conscience  
Happy is your day today, but forever is your penance.  
Sweetness seeps from lipstick smiles, then "pursed-  
lipped-ish" flutter  
We are curving straight-backed aisles; we are the  
pattern of "other"  
Yes it seems we're out of place, my lover and I  
Especially when the people turned to me and asked  
(with furrowed brow)  
"Exactly how is it that you know the bride?"  
I just sipped my drink, thought of you and lied...  
Five short years ago seems I threatened your existence  
You questioned all you'd come to know; secrecy sealed  
your resistance.  
Now I've come to your wedding in open-ended clothing  
(My unshaven pits and) I forgive your fear and your  
self-loathing.  
I just sipped my drink, thought of you and lied  
I considered the consequences on your special and the  
circumstances  
What was I supposed to say?  
Because y'see, I boinked the bride...  
I look at you and you seemed so happy in your  
different life  
And I smiled at your smile as he introduced you as his  
wife  
I came here with the purest of intentions and support  
And you should know you've inspired my own  
commitment, of sorts:  
I envision a world where truth is never inappropriate  
So, I solemnly swear, 'til death do I part that... the next  
time:  
I will lift my head, clear my throat and say with pride  
I boinked the bride...  
And I'll consider the consequences on this day or any  
day  
Of keeping the truth in, it will eat you away because all I  
wanted to say was: I boinked the bride...  
Now it's done; it's all confirmed: you're all that you can  
handle.  
I hope he gives good love and sperm and life without

any real scandal.

Why didn't you ask me to sing at your wedding? I

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