

Amanda Miguel

"You May Kiss The Bride"

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Hitler and Napoleon
Fought thirty years
To have her hand

Put her hands
Thy will be done;
Disney magic,
Kingdom Come

After all we've won, is this the state we are reduced to?
It might make you sick at first, it takes some getting
used to
Her nails are polished but her hands are tied:

"you may kiss the bride"

Cold: his hand
The secret show, the little dame*
And when we bomb the foreign towns
Will she smile upside down?

Walk with her through aisles strewn with cigarettes &
needles
In the face of this devotion we are merely equals.
Take her in your arm like cyanide
A long black car is parked outside
To take away the bride

A tisket, a tasket
A green and yellow basket
A tisket, a tasket
A green and yellow basket

Attract it, attack it
Strike first and ask it after
Attract it, attack it
Strike first and ask it after

In the ruins of this Brave New World we have
uncovered
Remains the vestige of the bride who stood aghast and

wondered

"who'd have thought we'd lose this easy fight?"
It seems she's sleeping, but her eyes are wide

Won't someone wake the bride?

*this could be "the liver dun", referring to the sickly-coloured,
Alcohol-damaged liver of an abusive husband, although
it's awkward.

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