

Pardon my dragon

by

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Dead Roses: Ladies and gentlemen, you have your wits.
You know these shelves are shelves, and these books, books
Of poems, stories, proverbs, lies, advice —
Of grammar, history, biology,
Statistics, politics, economy —
Fantastic tales, each and every one,
And none less strange than that this place
Is turning as we speak into the garden
At the height of summer, not quite parched for rain,
Not quite devoured by beetles, still in bloom,
The garden where we wither on a slab,
Where three — no special three — three creatures meet
Not long before the garden's gates are locked
And some will die who should have lived. Or might
Have lived, except each day must end in night.

First Man: I see m-dashes — icy mmmornings to come;
clear skies and zodiacal dust glowing green.
They'll come to see the sinking queen? Hardly.

Thanks but no thanks. Frilly panties please.
Raid the file cabinets. Fund the arts, assholes.
Let the painters play this landscape out

while they still can. Toblerone? I got it free.

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: Pricks and stings, what he does best
to the audience Buzzing and lapping, what the gentleman wants —
honey. Flannel striped panties, comfy and soft.
He denies it, but he loves his sweet bossy bee,
Ikeb, his queen bee, me.

Ikeb to first man Fund your woman, asshole.
Share your candy.
Humble is humdrum and tighty whiteys
wretched.

Willie: Ain't marriage sweet? Get a room or go home.
a little drunk, & sipping Or take off your underwear here while I watch
from a bottle in a bag And you kiss and make up and I play with my crotch
Till the guards kick us out and I lose my home.
Listen, I live here. Now shut up and leave.
Pretend that I'm Gabriel; you're Adam and Eve.

First Man: I see cases like this every day with worse results.
Blood clots come to mind. Your chemicals wink.
There is an orange cup and some dead roses
on that slab over there. I spilled some soap on it too.

When did we say this? This is the birds' home?
It is not the same as, say, this kiss. It is not really
where this bird comes from. In Winnipeg, words
such as train and home feel like your tunnel.

This move's like a tongue slipped into a TV kiss.
Your home underwater, my sunken lens.
If I'd never fallen out of that canoe. We'll end
this safari once and for all. I'll tell you how:

You move the gazelle and I will move my lion.
Move this dead donkey, my hand on the hot plate,
or, kiss this stone and I'll hand over the train tickets.
That new police drama you like is on soon.

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: Here eyes bleed sheep tonight.
to the audience The woman, being woman, will be bothered.
The woman, being polite, will turn the other way.
The nights are hydrants, gushings
The nights prick our thighs, dimpling.

O pretty pretty baaahhh!

Ikeb to First Man The birds loom over the salt of your sincerity.
The birds forgive your head lodged in James Spader's crotch,
your swallowing that bereft projectile.

It's punk ass squirrels versus
punk ass mother nature.

to Willie Red rover, red rover, this lovefest is over!

Willie: [*snorts*] Queen Bee, my darlin', please say it ain't so!
No — better yet, say it's *his* fest that's over,
Say it and mean it — then Mouth-Boy can go.
Come over, I'll show you my little red rover.
Fucking and whiskey are sovereign for blues.
I'm offering both. How can you lose?

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: Here someone's tart gullet sheds blood tonight.
to the audience The woman, feeling neglected, hopes for a knife fight.
The woman, no longer conflicted, buzzes to herself.

to herself Buzz, buzz, I never, I never
Well, buzz, the nerve
Oh buzz

to First Man I changed my mind, I like all your James Spader movies,
especially that one where he's mean to his secretary.

Buzz?

Dead Roses: Remember how we'd lure the bees and use them,
Pretending we were helpless to refuse them —

First Man: Is this where I am meant to see the griffin?
I can't see anything through the mist.
There is a monkey here at my feet.
I kick him when I want a certain pitch.
To this extent, I'm not just a one man
band. To go further, I'll need more supplies.
Return me to the principle of the frilly panties.

First Man cont. After, I'll need copies made. Commentary.
My notes about the hoax. Also memorabilia.
My commemorative hoax pajamas.
Has someone given them away again?

Willie: Griffins and knives and limp monkeys and blood?
Whiskey, my darling! Here, have a drink!
I'll drink the first, I'll drink to that bud,
That dried up brown rose bud that spoke — least I think
That it spoke — of how bees and the birds — were they yours?
Were they yours? Were they mine? Who used what for their lures?

You won't have a drink? I do have a knife.
I do have a lute. I have a knife.

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: Someone knitted his name on my underwear.
to the audience, as Willie takes out his mandolin My underwear, a weeping monkey writing chain letters.
My nectar sings like a hot knife.

Willie: My lute awake! I'll sing to thee
sings Of honey from the honeybee,
Lacquer from the beetle's back,
Wasps that fuck inside the fig,
The lice that know we're not alone,
The blowfly's kiss that cleans the bone.

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: The woman, being married, wears flannel.
to audience

to First Man Frilly panties have no principles!

to audience, singing offkey Nobody loves me.
Everybody hates me.
I'm going to go eat worms.
Big fat juicy ones.
Little tiny squirmy ones.
I'm going to go eat worms.

First Man: The only beauty of this language -- you can give them bad directions to the movie theater. Get them out of your face. But this is the firing squad. Your mother likes figs. You told me. And that menacing face in the distance -- it's made of the holiest of light.

Ikeb, the Queen Bee: Blood and guts all over the street
to audience And not a spoonful for me to eat.

Dead Roses: Not a spoonful for her to eat,
And yet she breathes while these two rot,
And so do we, who once smelled sweet.
Not a spoonful for her to eat
Because she needs to be discreet,
No longer married, not yet caught.
Not a spoonful for her to eat,
And yet she breathes while these two rot.