

ODIOUS ODE TO A COMMODIOUS COMMUNE

O commune! My porcelain friend,
So nobly steadfast 'till the end,
How I cherish all our past,
Some were slow and some were fast.

O commune! Your comely bowl
Has always played a crucial role;
Matters not where came my tune,
My sunny face or darkened moon.

O commune! You have no foes;
You've seen us all without our clothes.
No egos, airs, to make you tired,
Nor posturing (save that required).

O commune! Your swirling flow
Can flush away life's hardest blows.
And years from now, when all are gone,
We'll still have trysts at every dawn.

- *Jeremy Whitlock (November 19, 1993)*