

This Is What Democracy Looks Like, Princess de Lamballe

Your existence
contrasts
envious sheep
in wolves'
skins.

They demand
your head, blonde
beast dressed
in criminal
sequins.

Raped pre- or
post-mortem,
or both, with
or without
your tits.

They rip open
your noble
body, pull the
saucy organic
pasta from it.

Some say a
cannibal
stole your
heart for
a treat.

What righteous
ecstasy froths as
your life gushes
from that Phrygian
-red faucet!

Even de Sade
paled at your
end, your life
the flipside of
his *Juliette* smut.