

# Royal Jelly

## John C. Reilly

Mailboxes drip like lampposts  
In the twisted birth canal of the coliseum  
Rim job fairy teapots mask the temper tantrum  
O' say, "Can you see 'em?" Stuffed cabbage is the darling of the Laundromat  
'N' the sorority mascot sat with the lumberjack  
Pressing, passing, stinging half synthetic fabrications of his time The mouse with the overbite  
Explained how the rabbits were ensnared  
'N' the skinny scanty sylph trashed the apothecary diplomat  
Inside the three-eyed monkey within inches of his toaster oven life In my mind, I'm half blind  
My inner ref is mostly deaf  
I'm smell impaired if you cared  
My sense of taste is wasted  
On the phosphorescent orange peels  
Of San Francisco axe-encrusted frenzy So let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Where the Royal Jelly gets made Coloratura singers bringing weeds and social clingers  
Hangers-on and fancy flinger's to the dress ball  
Mushrooms and bowling pins  
Stove pipe hats and other things I can't recall from Juvenile hall We're so unlucky and stuff  
Woodrow Wilson never had it so tough  
Dairy Queen and Vaseline and Maybelline  
Paul Bunyan and James Dean Allegory agencies of pre-Raphaelite pagany  
And Shenandoah tapestries compared with good mahogany  
Collapsing the undying postcard romance With feline perspicacity by the university  
That night I held a paucity  
Which you deemed common courtesy  
I wasn't what you thought I'd be  
I shouldn't have invited you to dance In my tree I'm halfway free  
And in my chair one quarter there  
In my dream one-sixteenth cream  
In the coffee of the courtier  
Of the sycophant assistant to the king So let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Let me touch you  
Where the Royal Jelly gets made  
You're a liar

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