

# Frankenstein Party of Three: Your Table Is Ready

## Kelly Joe Phelps

I'll trim the sea with envy  
Bounce the martyr from the ship  
Tread on the bridge plank Merseyside  
With a slow and graceful clip  
Sorrows of Young Werther  
Lying between the bread  
And I'll sup and dine with Frankenstein  
Until I loose my head

It was a lovely simple thing  
Twisted up her countenance  
Pledge her honor to the ground  
While choosing for the dance  
The unsuspecting blue-faced lads  
Soon to chase their minds  
With red-tipped canes and bridled dogs  
Lap the muddy brine

The bridge is green  
Across a river brown  
Separates the sides  
Runs down to the ocean  
Fighting with the mighty tides  
Like Lucy and the carnivore  
Tug on a piece of meat  
Knuckle scrape across her shirt  
And down into the street

Knock heed and warning, brother man  
Roll your shoes up tight  
Grab the switch with both cold hands  
And stare into the light  
Close your eyes and feign to weep  
To seal the stronger reign  
Rest assured your trinkled thought  
Will spring straight back again

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