

In the last quarter of the twentieth century  
much of the world sat on the edge of an increasingly expensive  
theater seat  
waiting for something momentous to occur.  
Christian aficionados of the Second Coming scenario were convin-  
ced that,  
after two thousand years, the other shoe was about to drop.  
And five of the era's best-known psychics predicted  
that Atlantis would soon reemerge from the depths.  
To this last, Princess Leigh-Cheri responded,  
"There are three lost continents: we are one: the lovers."  
In whatever esteem on might hold Princess Leigh-  
Cheri's thoughts, one must agree  
that the last quarter of the twentieth century was a severe per-  
iod for lovers.  
It was a time a time when romantic relationships took on the ch-  
aracter of ice in spring,  
stranding many little children on jagged and inhospitable floes  
.  
Nobody quite knew what to make of the moon anymore.  
Consider a certain night in August.  
The moon was so bloated it was about to tip over.  
For more than an hour, Leigh-Cheri stared into the sky.  
"Does the moon have a purpose?" She inquired.  
The same query put to the Remington SL3 elicited this response:  
Albert Camus wrote that the only serious question  
is whether to kill yourself or not.  
Tom Robbins wrote that the only serious question  
is whether time has a beginning and an end.  
Camus clearly got up on the wrong side of bed,  
and Robbins must have forgotten to set the alarm.  
There is only one serious question. And that is:  
Who knows how to make love stay?  
Answer me that and I will tell you whether or not to kill yours-  
elf.  
Answer me that and I will ease your mind about the beginning an-  
d end of time,  
Answer me that and I will reveal to you the purpose of the moon  
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