

Dreadful Domesticity

The Tiger Lillies

No sooner were they bound in marriage
They discovered their mistake
And as they drew off in the carriage
Each pondered what steps to take.
The honeymoon was merely dreary
And by the time that it was through
Their brains were overwrought and weary,
Plotting hateful things to do.
They reached their villa numb with loathing
As it was fading into light,
They flung aside their outer clothing,
Parted mutely for the night.
At two with scissors she came creeping
Inside his room and deftly sheared,
While he lay strenuously sleeping,
Uneven notches in his beard.
Then on the day they had been wedded
A dozen years they paused aghast,
The possibility they'd been dreading
Through all of them had come at last.
They had exhausted all the other
Revenues for inflicted wrongs,
So they fell on one another,
Him with hammer, her with tongs.
A week went by, a tradesman calling
Peered in and gave a sickened gulp,
For on the carpet they were sprawling,
A single horrid heap of pulp.