

Critique Oblique

Jethro Tull

Critic of the black and white
It's your first night.
The Passion Play gets in the way,
Spoils your insight.

Tell me how the baby's made,
How the lady's laid,
Why the old dogs howl with sadness.

The blue thing in the ball leaves naught but a bloody footprint
on
the memory of last summer's trip to Europe

Did you buy a passport from the queen?

And your little sister's immaculate virginity wings away on the
bony
shoulder of a young horse named George who stole surreptitiousl
y
into her geography revision.
The examining body examined her body.