

## A Lapdog

Momus

Powerless, with my talk of Guy Debord and Gide  
To rival a chihuahua or some other breed of lapdog  
I sent you to Antarctica, I'm very sorry now  
I sensed that I could only mean a thing to you  
If I could somehow be a lapdog too  
But to send you to Antarctica to face your certain  
death  
Was a very, very heartless thing to do

You're wearing your pink flip-flops  
You tell me in your letter  
You like the friendly crunch they make  
On the snow, even though there's horrible weather  
You've brought your lapdog with you  
It pokes its head out of your coat  
The animal looks undeniably cute  
With a little bark rising up in its throat

But penguins won't stop following you  
They march in a long black line  
It's menacing and sinister  
And soon it will be night-time

And the Situationists loom very small indeed  
Alongside a chihuahua or some other breed of lapdog  
Perhaps if they loomed smaller they'd be cute enough to  
love  
And maybe someday I could mean something to you  
If I could somehow be a lapdog too  
So do people flirt and laugh, are they photographing  
you?  
If there were anybody there I'm sure they would do  
But the last time you looked down to pat your lapdog's  
tiny head  
Its little eyes were frozen, it was dead

And penguins won't stop following you  
They march in a long black line  
It's menacing and sinister  
And soon it will be night-time

The Situationists and me loom very small indeed  
Alongside a chihuahua or some other breed of lapdog  
Perhaps if we were dumb and small enough  
We'd become worthy of your love