

HUMOR

C.F. Lummis

(1859-1928)

A Poe-em of Passion (c.1882)

It was many and many a year ago,  
On an island near the sea,  
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know  
By the name of Cannibalee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child--  
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee--  
But she loved with a love that was more than love,  
My yearning Cannibalee,  
With a love that could take me roasted or fried  
Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,  
In that island near the sea,  
I had to turn the tables and eat  
My ardent Cannibalee--  
Not really because I was fond of her,  
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size  
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,  
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares  
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;  
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,  
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,  
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,  
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.