

MOLLY and the UNICORN

with apologies to J. Joyce, S. Silverstein, and a lot of other people

the green alligators yes the humpty back camels yes most especially and why should they be humpty and not anybody else in this sorry little island i remember back twelve or no thirteen years ago when we were in the zoo i was licking toffee off blazes boylans but never mind that now and i saw chimpanzees for the first time and i got all itchy and begod what they were doing in public big happy smiles too and why wouldnt they and id smile too only maybe take the skin off the banana that wasnt the way it was when i was a girl the occasional virgin the spanish boys used to call me muchachita con cosita but i knew what they were singing about long necked geese and rats and cats funny how those words rhyme some amadhán is probably going to put them in a song some day to glorify irish immaturity yes the elephant too whats grey and comes in quarts hehehe poldy never understood that joke spends too much time with his potato or whatever the hell he keeps in his pocket but the unicorn ah now theres a beast id like to know more about great protrusion willingly displayed and always surrounded by smiling maidens jayzus id smile too if that lad was in the neighborhood and too bad about them missing the ark and all that rot if noah was so smart tell me why didnt he leave the cockroaches and crabs and lawyers behind and squeeze a few unicorns on board of course youve no answer i called boylan my little unicorn one afternoon when poldy was down making an eejit of himself with those two slut bargirls at the ormond but blazes dear didnt get the reference thought i was talking about a uniform must be losing his hearing first sign of aging i never want to get old i must contact that nice young poet friend of poldys whats his name again stephen something funny not irish more like a greek about immortality and met him pike hoses yes i get all sweaty when i hear those big words yes molly bloom and the unicorn mythical beasts all living forever nibbling flowers on howth head yes and a poke with the proboscis now and then maybe a song for the old times yes immortality yes

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