Brassieres

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(Earl H. Emmons)

I once was calm, reserved and shy,
A rather quiet sort of guy,
A simple scribe of artless odes and sonnets,
But that's before I chanced to stray
Into that brassiere display
Where lovely ladies modeled bosom bonnets.

And now my simple lyric soul
Is prone to rear and rip and roll;
I'm frisky as a dozen playful kittens;
And I'm afraid I'm not the same
Since those divine upholstered dames
Exhibited their mamillary mittens.

Now I admit that here and there
Among the sex described as fair
I've looked at bosoms foreign and domestic,
From puny papillary warts
And sagging saddle-baggy sorts,
To massive mounds impressive and majestic.

Ah yes, I've been around, and yet
Of all the udders I have met,
and all that I have seen and felt and tasted,
Compared to those I saw the day
I crashed that brassiere display
Suggests my life has been completely wasted.

For there were busts that stood supreme,
The tit-ulary creme de creme;
They filled me with tit-anic tit-illations;
I snort and prance, my reason rants,
My morals rip, I rend my pants
Just thinking of those lactic decorations.

For papillary pulchritude
Imbues in me a wanton mood,
My system seethes with fierce, salacious surges;
When I recall those gorgeous gals
And their delightful bosom pals
My spirit howls with indecorous urges.

And through my old rheumatic frame
Primeval passions flash and flame;
Those domes divine are driving me demented,
And if but once in dishabille
I saw them I would die I feel,
But I would perish happy and contented.

JY

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