

The Controlling Metaphor

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At first, I thought it might lend my life a little meaning,
so I brought it into my house
and gave it a room and a weekly allowance.

It started by turning my heart to gold
and my home into a palace.
It made me a prince and gave me wings.

When my friends saw what it had done for me,
they asked where they could get one too,
but it turned them to cattle and sent them to pasture.

My mother said, please, can it make me a queen?
but it made her a leech
and sold her to a local pet supply.

It asked a lot of time of me
and always demanded attention.
It told me when to eat and sleep and pee.

When it had finally crossed the line, I said,
look here, this has to end:
My lover has become a harpy,

My enemies are doves. My life's a circus,
and you've got me walking a tightrope every time
I talk to you, wondering what you're going to do.

But it turned my tongue into a violin
and had me singing arias.
With no more objections, it walked all over me.

So I searched thru my nouns and verbs and rhyming verses
and finally found an awful way to kill the metaphor:
I went and shot it, with a big fat pun.