



Illustration: Banakonda

Sugar Daddy

how sweet a tooth
 does she really have?
 was she not the little girl
 for whom
 old-fashioned dad
 bought cotton candy?
 did not her favourite fairy tale
 tell of Hansel and Gretel's house
 of sweet edibles —
 how visions of sugarplums
 polkaed in her head!
 was Christmas ever complete
 for her
 without its sweetmeat?
 or
 could Valentine's Day
 be dreamed of
 without its dose of
 sugared hearts
 fire hydrant red?
 and how trifling
 Easter would be
 were it not for
 the coated eggs and chocolate-box bunny
 left in the basket
 by her bed;
 after all
 this big chick
 always thought
 she was the cream of the crop —
 her trim bonny gloss
 confectioned in Hollywood's dream shop
 so
 it comes as no surprise
 that from her bionic beauty
 and
 her dutifully copyrighted
 youth
 she derives
 a sweetheart's royalty
 or that
 her deep kiss
 prefers
 the ruby-caned lips
 of her sugar daddy

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