

“Restoration Dogs or To Each His Bone”

By M.L. Finnell

First Prologue

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Prologues such as these tend to be a bore;
If not for the warnings patrons ignore.
You who have come to our blasphemous play;
Risk your precious mem'ry of yesterday.
As common and known as this story may be;
Critics will rail at its duplicity.
Nostalgia that poor creature of the past;
Like vintage wine to savor to the last;
Raise your glass! Before some wit comes along;
And threatens your old tune, if not the song;
This playhouse is where you do not belong!
If seeking “pictures”, you've got it all wrong.
Who am I to tell the muse what to say?
The scribbler writes, and its heart must obey.
On this silver stage is a parody;
Chosen only for jocularity.
In vulgarity, find similarity;
In style: its perpendicularity.
Forgive us then our sense of humor;
Lest taste be judged by gossip and rumor.
Allow yourself to take in our strange play;
A “restoration” in some little way;
Of tongue-in-cheek our Actors do portray;
With malice t' word none, this “take off”: touche.
If this example of parody should last;
A reflection of now, as well as the past;
We honor the genius, but dare not by his name;
For guilty he be judged. Yet free to exclaim:
“We spoke to you from an age without shame;
With wit as our crime, take homage to blame.”
So parody like a dog on the throne;
Is a matter of taste: to each his own;
So sniff the value, at you it is thrown;
Every dog has his day, to each his bone.