

FIRST PROLOGUE: 'TO EACH HIS BONE'

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 a precious mem'ry of yesterday.
A common and known as this story may be;
Critics will rail at its duplicity.
Nostalgia! That poor creature of the past;
'Tis vintage wine to savor to the last;
So raise your glass! Before some wit comes along;
And threatens your tune, if not the whole song;
The Playhouse is where you do not belong!
If seeking pictures, you've got it all wrong.
Who are we to tell the muse what to say?
The scribbler writes and the heart must obey.
On the silver stage is a parody;
Chosen only for jocularly.
In vulgarity, find similarity;
In style: it's perpendicularity.
Forgive then, your sense of style and humor;
Lest taste be judged by gossip and rumor.
Allow yourself to take in our strange play;
A restoration in more than one way;
Of tongue-in-cheek our Actors do portray;
With malice toward none, 'tis 'a take on'. Touche!
If this example of parody should last;
A reflection of now as well as the past;
We honor all genius, but dare not toy with fame;
For guilty they be judged. We're free to exclaim:
We spoke to you from an age without shame;
With wit as our crime, make homage the 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 its day, to each his bone.

(Sample Only)