

The Divine Comedy, Bath

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream dies at the op'ning day.

Rub-a-dub-dub
It's time for a scrub
So through clouds of steam
To a cracked and faded cream
Bath-tub wanders frail
Aphrodite, so pale
Pink and white
She is naked as sin
Wearing nothing but a grin
And a pin in her hair
Will she be drowned?
Found
With her hair tied behind
Shoulders back
And head inclined
To the sound of music
Playing above
Bathing her in love
But darkness and fear
Will disappear like the soap
When she opens her eyes.

She throws back her dormer windows
Morning light shows Ophelia raised
From her watery grave in a brave new world.