

Slapp Happy, Michelangelo

Lying back to paint upon the ceiling
No, he never uses black - just the colours of his feelings
He delineates saints on a sepia ground,
His tamper like his paints is albumen bound
Work and toil, well he ain't no dilettante
he conceives in oil and vatican chianti
The rumour's out, his hobby is dissection,
and there ain't no doubt he knows the body to perfection
Fourteen lines, that's what makes a sonnet
it even rhymes - Buonarroti's working on it
Through the streets, stricken by the urchins,
Wrapped in sheets, round the town he's lurching
Lurching to the church, heavy with a vision,
Continuing his search though they come with their derision.
All his works, you just gotta see 'em -
Ask the clerks at your neighborhood museum
Pope's on the phone, calling Buonarroti
But he's not home, he's gone a little potty
He's off again, waving paints and brushes -
Round the bend, to wind up in the rushes