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