



HOMMAGE TO TOM WESSELMANN

Belching a black billowing plume of smoke
the steamer sent clouds of soot into the air
its captain was startled when he discovered
that the old boilerman, totally confused
by the nudity and perky hillocks
of the exquisite beauty tanning on the beach
laying on the warm white sand under a blazing sun,
pushed the puffing machine to its very limits
the old man had sailed accross the seven seas
he was a seasoned veteran, dyed-in-the-wool
so he thought to himself: there is no other way,
she must be one of Wesselmanns Monicas...