

The Last Page

Ballade of Schadenfreude

He made a mint in properties
before their worth began to slide,
but now he's charged with felonies
and tax fraud. Have you seen his bride?
I'm sure those breasts aren't bona fide.
No morals and no underwear.
I never! I still have my pride.
I pity that poor millionaire.

Lie down with dogs, get up with fleas.
Take it from me: her hair is dyed.
I'll wager she has STDs
and used to be the local ride.
Too bad she has him roped and tied:
she'll start a casual affair
before the wedding ink has dried.
I pity that poor millionaire.

I hear she goes on spending sprees
with girlfriends that he can't abide.
She'll lace his food with antifreeze
or drive the man to suicide.
Her contacts keep her well supplied
with cocaine when she's on a tear.
She'll take him down like cyanide.
I pity that poor millionaire.

Princes of profit, who have vied
for trophy spouses, have a care:
nobody wants to hear the snide
'I pity that poor millionaire.'

Susan McLean