

Saint Martha

Saint Martha was heavy in every way
Cook a souffle
Some calls and some puts would round out her day

Saint Martha was bitter as vinaigrette
Powerful, yet
Without a love she still felt bereft

Then one day the desert it bloomed to sunday
He would shoot her a glance at her

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Rich Martha was smoother than Bob Goulet
Why did she stray?
Turning pastry tricks for an equity play

Dead set on her head on a platter flambe'
The inquisitors blamed her for

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Brave Martha would suffer to be alone
Took up her throne
Her chows by her side

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