



*Titania and Bottom
Midsummer Night's Dream
Act III. Sc. 1.*

Frank De Canio

Titania on the Couch

Could magic cause midsummer ecstasy?
It's true, perhaps that asses traumatized
me in the past. But fantasy reprised
the scene in order to claim mastery
of it. Indeed. Besides recovery
it's been agreeably eroticized;
a saving facelift to what I despised.
Thus, compromising my propriety
has not just rendered Bottom sweet, but stirs
the very embers of my heart's delight!
A floral juice applied by Oberon
could not have rendered me obsessed with fur's
embellishment. The castigating slight
to my conceit caused this phenomenon
of pining after paws and "fair large ears!"

But it's the very coinage of the mind
which rendered me emotionally blind.
Embarrassed by primeval scenes and fears,
how fast an ardent inclination rears
up like a turncoat realigned
to troops to whom he'd been resigned
as captive. "Either brook the jeers
of Oberon or savor Bottom's voice,"
I mused. How economic is this ploy.
Constrained by shame at Oberon's behest,
I bide this forced alliance as a choice.
And a repulsive beast that should annoy
me looms as ardent object of my quest.

Frank de Canio was born in New Jersey; his cultural home is New York City. He says, "I love music of all kinds, from Bach to Zap Mamma, from Amy Winehouse to Savina Yannatou. Shakespeare, Sylvia Plath, Dylan Thomas and Alan Ginsberg are some of the writers I enjoy reading. Schopenhauer and Kierkegaard are my philosophers of choice." He also moderates a philosophy discussion group in lower Manhattan."