

Trophy Bitch Rhymes Last Lines (a compilation)

The following poem, *Contrapuntal Atrophy*, is excerpted from the late Ms. June July's (the former Mrs. August September) chapbook, *Thieves of Class*.

*Standing alone
in my picked corn row,
a contrapuntal atrophy
flees
the withered stalks;
catching the breeze
of passing fame,
filling my needs
with self-induced
empathy.*

*Dawn's gray mist
elicits raging
torrents of tears,
flushing
harvested acres
of passion,
while inundating
newly seeded fields
of lust.*

Staff members of *The Rhyming Review**, still questioning a coroner's ruling that Ms. June July lent a hand in the May Day taking of her own life, have reappraised her work in an effort to find whether evidence leading to her last desperate undertaking was minimalized or overlooked.

—August September, Editor

May 1, 2012—Ms. June July performed the following, while clothed in less than adequate attire, making cheap a public spectacle of her latest glittering appliques of spangle and lace:

*I was once:
a married,
harried,
feelings buried,
TROPHY
—then beaten and judged.*

*I've been called:
a playmate,
centerfold,
sexy gatefold
BITCH
—then stapled and smudged.*

*These are fast
RHYMES
—my could-give-a-shit
LAST LINES.*

The Rhyming Review now considers the above, a requiem for suicide. In our view, it is not surprising that Ms. June chose to leap from a bridge on a date that coincides with a celebrated pagan holiday. The following appears as a footnote to the writings of Ms. June July.

Ms. June's work,
revealing and clashed,
turns love into darkness
reeling and dashed.

Chrome stud and piercing
give words a harsh glow,
hiding wart and wrinkle
who reaps what she sowed?

Her form, once graceful,
rendered structure benign.
If life mirrored grade school,
we'd say she wrote fine.

Disenfranchised soul mates, emotionally challenged publicists, and dyslectic lyricists staff the publication known as **The Rhyming Review.*