

## Stephen Robertson

### Revisé

Pessaries burn you;  
jellies drip;  
sheaths off-turn you;  
and caps can slip.

Pill's depressing;  
coil makes you bleed;  
rhythm is guessing—  
you might as well breed.

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With kind of apologies to Dorothy Parker. Her poem **Résumé** goes as follows:

Razors pain you; / Rivers are damp; / Acids stain you; / And drugs cause cramp. // Guns aren't lawful; / Nooses  
give; / Gas smells awful; / You might as well live.