

Who is Buried in Tut's Tomb

Tut arrives in New York formally dead,
But weary from the loss of time
Saved from drowning but still in shock
From the disarray of his oblivion.

He taxis to his fashionable 5th avenue address
Finds it ready but occupied
By two hundred well-turned mummies in heat
And their curator formally alive.

We are impressed, they say,
With the majesty of the tomb.
It looks better in here
Than the desert don't you think?

I can see, Tut replies,
But is it necessary that you
To make my tomb your own?
I will stay at the Chelsea.