

## *The Last Page*

### **Ballade of Schadenfreude**

He made a mint in properties  
before their worth began to slide,  
but now he's charged with felonies  
and tax fraud. Have you seen his bride?  
I'm sure those breasts aren't bona fide.  
No morals and no underwear.  
I never! I still have my pride.  
I pity that poor millionaire.

Lie down with dogs, get up with fleas.  
Take it from me: her hair is dyed.  
I'll wager she has STDs  
and used to be the local ride.  
Too bad she has him roped and tied:  
she'll start a casual affair  
before the wedding ink has dried.  
I pity that poor millionaire.

I hear she goes on spending sprees  
with girlfriends that he can't abide.  
She'll lace his food with antifreeze  
or drive the man to suicide.  
Her contacts keep her well supplied  
with cocaine when she's on a tear.  
She'll take him down like cyanide.  
I pity that poor millionaire.

Princes of profit, who have vied  
for trophy spouses, have a care:  
nobody wants to hear the snide  
'I pity that poor millionaire.'

Susan McLean