Salvador Dali’s Home

There he ate! Slept! Defecated! Scowled! Created!
Witness his frozen, form, lurid, preserved, uninhabitable
A rosy grotto where beckoned guests grooved to entertain him
His wife frittered devotion, a fifty year unconfined explosion
Teased his taut moustache, twirled faith topsy-turvy.
They converted sturdy villagers to born-again surrealists
Who explain their neurotic camera-friendly twisted Salvador

Cap de Creus, Catalonia, Spain and Balboa Peninsula, California
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