

Ron Athey's original transcription from the book *Our Lady of The Flowers* by Jean Genet, for the final monologue the artist plays in his performance *Incorruptible Flesh: Messianic Remains*.

DIVINE'S FUNERAL

Since Divine is dead
the poet may sing her
may tell her legend
the saga
The Story of Divine

The Divine Saga should be danced/mimed/ with subtle directions
since it is impossible to make a ballet of it,
I am forced to use words that are weighed down with specific ideas
but i shall try to lighten them with express that are trivial, empty, hollow, INVISIBLE.

If angels have wings, do they have teeth?

"Madame, it's a blessing to die young."
she replied: "yes your Lordship", and made a curtsy.

The Eternal passed by in the form of a pimp.
The prattle ceased.
Bareheaded and elegant,
simple and smiling,
simple and supple,
Darling Daintyfoot arrived.
The torso on his hips was a King on a Throne.
A Greek, he entered the House of Death walking on air.

Darling made a clumsy sign of the cross over the coffin.
His constraint gave the impression that he was deep in thought,
and his constraint was all his grace.

Divine died yesterday in a pool of her vomited blood
which was so red
that as she expired
She had the supreme illusion that THIS blood was the visible equivalent to the Black Hole
where Jesus' gilded chancre gleams his flaming Sacred Heart.

A vast physical peace relaxed Divine.
An almost liquid shit spread out beneath her like a warm little lake
into which she gently, very gently, expired.
So much for the divine aspect of her death.

Out in the street,
beneath the black haloes,
The Queens are waiting:
Mimosa I, Mimosa II, Mimosa the half fourth, First Communion, Angela, Milord, Castenette, Regine
--
in short a long litany of creatures who are but glittering names.

First Communion was chilly
She thrust her chin forward as great ladies do.

Any minute now the hearse
drawn by a black horse
will come to take away Divine's remains to the church.

From the church to the cemetery, the road was long,
the text of the breviary too familiar.
The priest was winding his way among mausoleums,
as the queens were stumbling over stones,
getting their feet wet in the grass.

The only one to sigh in her mourning veils was Divine's mother, Ernestine.
She is Old.
But now at last,
the wonderful long-awaited opportunity does not escape her.
Divine's death enables her to free herself by an external despair,
by a visible mourning
consisting of tears, flowers and crape.
Free her from the hundred great roles which possess her.

Girl queens were carrying wreaths of glass.
All of them:
The girl queens and the boy queens, the Aunties, the Fats and the Nellies:
are assembled at the foot of the stairwell.
Chattering and chirping.
It is raining.
In the patter of the rain is mingled:
Poor Divine. Poor Divine. Poor poor Divine!!!