

Chi Chi's Glorious Swansong
by Anna Chen Dec 2013

It's become de rigeur to slander the panda
While the tiger burns bright as a fire at night.
In the forest the panda's love life meanders
'Tween sloth and amoeba, a tragical sight.

Millionaire males get the horn off the rhino,
Tiger bone halts priapic decline,
The elephant dies, even more mumbo jumbo,
At dolphins they chuckle, on shark's fin they dine.

But the panda, she fails to ignite our emotions:
"Get her off," they yell, "she's far too passé."
Chi Chi has never appeared in love potions,
That heavy eye-make-up, too declassé.

She can't be accused of a flaming libido,
Which woman would be caught dead in her fur?
Yes, your bum does look big, like a blinkin' gazebo,
What dya expect if you dress up like her?

As goers do come, and come-ons they go,
"Hey, honey, I'm a right panda in bed,"
Does not fill one with confidence, No,
Doesn't spark love with your fantasies fed,

Or inflame the libidinous drive of the mighty,
No penile dementia of lovers of horn,
Animal welfare's considered quite flighty
For Chi Chi unless she can get something born.

Chi Chi, a fading film star,
Black and white in vivid technicolour,
the Glorious Swansong of animal welfare.
"I was big. The blobfish was nowhere.
It's the forests that got small,
My species was headed for a fall,
And I chose to kick it over a cliff,
You'll be sorry when I'm a stiff.

That high and mighty elephant with the two-ton gnashers,
That flashy tiger with the fancy slashers,
They ain't what I am or gone where I've been,
They didn't get to be an enamel pin.
Or name a police car, I was a star,
W. W. F. before W.W.W and W.T.F.
Oh em gee, I was blue blood, animal aristocracy,
My sex life was a mystery and now I'm history."

"They loved me, once," says Chi Chi,
and that was the catch in the end.
Once is never enough if your species depends
On hormonal cycles, on making close friends.
Blue moon trysts with An An, wahey!
She loved An An but not in that way.

No wonder he's forlorn, he
Spent ages getting horny
She bamboozled all his plans,
Frustrated An An and his science fans,
Put them in a quandary
Chewed her bamboo,
And that's not a double entendre.

If you gave gorilla glands to pandas,
Would it make them randier?
Their legs bandier,
Their sex life fine and dandier?
An An was dead keen on Chi Chi
and now he's just dead.

Let's Chia Chia, ker Ching Ching,
Hear the bells toll, the tills ring
The new panda kids on the block,
Zoological Society stock.
"I was the star and wherever you are
I chew on my bamboo for all eternity
In my glass case at the Museum of Natural History.
A moth in amber, encased in aspic,
A moment in time, an existence monastic,
My love life may have been messy and tangled,
I'm here for my close-up, my very best angle.

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by Anna Chen 24 Jan 2014

So what if I no longer hug centre stage,
They'll say I am well preserved for my age."