

**How can you say you've loved when you've never had
ferrets¹ in your pants?**

The Beastmaster kept ferrets in his pants.

This was true love.

Other concepts of love, more ethereal
do not come close
to carrying ferrets in your pants

Undying devotion, roses and candy
carried in a lover's heart and hands
are all benignly uncourageous when compared
To carrying ferrets in your pants.

Consider, I beg you, the inherent dangers of
Carrying ferrets in your pants:
little razor-raw teeth and pin-point pricks for claws
both in such close proximity
to what made him the master (and not mistress).

No worry for chafe,
not to mention rash or lice
the Beastmaster, every day,
lovingly tucks his ferrets into his pants
and goes about his business of killing and maiming
and saving other animals,
so that they may too, one day, take up space in his pants.

So when the devotion has faded away
along with the flowers and candy,
it might help to think of the long-suffering Beastmaster
Carrying ferrets in his pants.

And for those of you who think I jest,
I ask you do one thing, perform one small test:
Rent the movie, and the proof is plain
for the love is apparent, when every time,
after putting ferrets in his pants,
The Beastmaster smiles.

1 The ferret image comes from the classic B-movie *The Beastmaster*.
In this movie, the Beastmaster carries two pet ferrets in velvet bags
around his waist. I have taken the liberty of twisting the image, instead
inserting these loving ferrets into the Beastmaster's pants.

Joel R. Elliott