

GREAT UNCLE ALAN

Did I ever tell you about your great uncle Alan
(who saved the world from the Nazis)
who made sure you could vote, or demonstrate, or even be alive
and then committed suicide by bitter apple
after they chemically cut off his balls?
Sure, they'll try to tell you otherwise
but it's a true story

Or how about your great aunt Josephine
(who rode through Potsdamer Platz
on a chariot pulled by an ostrich)
who danced in beads and bananas
so that she could provide you with just one example
of how to entertain your bullies
while pulling coins from their pockets?

What about your great big sister Marsha
(who danced at the other end of the ballroom)
who,
right before you were born
climbed up a lamppost
to drop a paving stone
through the windshield of a police automobile
so that you could go out tonight
and be fabulous?

Sissies, pansies, bulldykes, women in comfortable shoes, faggots, shemales, batters for the other side...

Have I ever told you about
your great, great, great, great, great,
great great, great, great great, great,
the world is great
the soul is great,
the skin is great,
the nose is great,
the tongue and cock and hand and asshole great, great, great great,
great, great granddaddy:
Socrates

(whose last words concerned unpaid debts, and cock)
who drank poison because it was the logical thing to do
and because he'd spent his life training for death
and who wanted you to know right from wrong
though to this day all that anyone can agree on
is that he was ugly,
and smart.