

This Don Juan of the derriere maintains
kissing ass is good for the soul,
it cleanses the mind:
"you know exactly where your head is."

To kiss or not to kiss is not the question.
Thou shalt kiss ass if you want to get any.
Show me a man who won't kiss ass
and I'll show you a man on the brink
or headed for a shrink.
Roger speaks with tongue akimbo
puckering up for the job at hand.

His girl says "we enjoy doing things together."
Roger translates that:
"I kiss her ass. It's that simple."
He wanted to see "Deep Throat."
They settled for "The Great Gatsby."
"I'll kiss Gatsby's ass if that's what it takes,
although I'd prefer Mia Farrow's.
Line 'em up, I'll kiss 'em.
The lower you go the higher you fly.
I can kiss ass with the best.
I even do impressions. I kiss her ass
like Steve McQueen, Omar Sharif, or Charles Boyer.
My Burt Lancaster really knocks her out.
I really get my teeth into that one.
I've never met an ass I didn't like.
There's no such thing as a bad ass.
Sighted ass, kissed same.
I kiss 'em because they're there."

WORLD'S FARE

from dollars to T-shirts
we're living in a world
where all things shrink.

it's vital that you buy
every item two sizes too big:
reputation, sausage, honor,
beef rib eye, incredulity.

unfortunately we're all stuck
with what's between our legs.

THE PROFESSIONAL

The unwary dealers in Vegas
have no idea he is headed their way.
Cigaret between his lips, snap brim
hat back on his head, he smirks
all the way from Riverside to Barstow.

Gassing up at Baker,
he purses his lips from there on in.
Time for the final psyche-up on his system.

Posing as a salesman for Chef Boyardee,
he checks into the Flamingo.
The desk clerk doesn't suspect a thing.
Shower, shave, he rejects the pin stripe
as too much Al Pacino. Opts
for the orange turtle neck instead
with sunglasses on top of the head.
Downs his double scotch neat,
is ready for the action.

Blackjack: stay on 14, dealer showing three;
double down on 11, splits a pair of eights,
all goes off like Timex.
28 skins. next morning 14 more.
Tip for the dealer, an inside smile
for the pit boss.

Back in his Falcon, he leans back
and lites a Winston. He'll be back again
next year. Ha! Little do they know.

WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE YOUR TEETH FIXED IN LIBYA?

Now it's being told by the likes of
Ishmael Reed and Helen Gurley Brown
the truth
about the white American male.
He never could turn on or tune in,
get it up or get it on,
suffer, dance, or hear the beat,
steal second or the show,
tell a lager from a Luger.

All he ever did was
invent war, the church & guilt,
Holiday Inns and the male Chauvinist pig,
plagiarize poems and talk like Jimmy Stewart.

In other words,
Mantle, Ruth, & Lenny Bruce;
Lincoln, Truman, JFK;
Gone With The Wind, On The Waterfront, & Shane;
Hawthorne, Hemingway, & Harry Heilman;
Brando, Bogey, & Jonas Salk;
Jefferson, Edison, & Groucho Marx;
Astaire, Sinatra, & Moby Dick:
Walter Mitty & Bob Cousy;
Brubeck, Goodman, & Glenn Miller;