

THEORY AND PRACTICE

the psychologist toni grant
is usually on talk-radio at the time
i'm driving to work.

i like her: she favors neither men nor women
and she makes people own up to their own bullshit.
she's sometimes a bit conservative, though,
as in her pronouncements on nudity.
she feels the private parts should remain private.

well, in theory, that's all fine and good.
but i'm living in a one-bedroom apartment
with my third wife and my sixth and seventh kids,
and every other weekend my fourth and fifth kids
stay with us and, sometimes in the summer,
my first and second and third kids fly out,
and frankly we are much more concerned
with getting a semblance of sleep
and not tripping over each other
than we are with whether or not
we see each other's whonkers and pussies
and tits and balls.

i just came from my daily shower.
my two-year-old daughter chased me in,
trying to stick her harmonica up my ass.
she may have figured that was the way
i'd play it best.

she also likes to recite,
"mommy has a crotch, daddy has a crotch,
my brother has a crotch, i have a crotch,
et cetera," and she's right,
everybody has a crotch --
even dr. toni grant has a crotch --
it's just that dr. toni grant's crotch
lives in a larger apartment
than my crotch and my wife's crotch,
and the crotches of my various progeny.

i hope the memory of their father's crotch
will not live on in my children's nightmares
as a sort of cross between
an anteater and a tarantula.
if so, there's supposed to exist
in the playgrounds of our archetypes
a mommy crotch that envelopes and vanquishes
the hairy submarine.