

The sea was shimmering as he swam ashore.  
He'd always wondered what ancient Egypt was like.

"What is your pleasure, Pharaoh," he heard a soft voice  
say — his queen, her lithe form outlined by papyrus  
sheer as cellophane.

"What is thy will, O God-Made-Man," a host of brawny  
soldiers boomed.

And, of course, he was the brawniest of all.

But to the west, he saw the sun sinking behind the  
pyramids.

His day was ending. So he decided "I'll make my own  
world, with unlimited time. And so I'm certain to  
experience everything, I'll make everyone a little  
chunk of me."

And he sat down in the midst of the old world (which  
we now call the "constellations") and, on the first  
day, began to write.

#### THE PLANET OF DELIGHTFUL WOMEN AND DISGUSTING MEN

is even better than the Planet of the Amazons,  
where fierce blondes leap on castaways, hungry as ants,  
or the Planet of Lost Women,  
where starlets stand around in g-strings,  
hoping to be found by something with testosterone.  
The women here are beautiful,  
but nicer than Amazons,  
better company than Lost Women,  
who only talk about shopping, tv, and what their man is  
doing wrong.  
Women here don't pout if a guy's not in the mood,  
or doesn't want to spend Sunday with the in-laws.

As for the men,  
they're fat, and smoke cigars  
and think five dollars is outrageous for a date,  
and lie around in dirty underwear,  
chomping nachos and describing farts.  
They have bad jobs if they work at all,  
gripe about dinner, sneer at art,  
and never lift the toilet seat or wipe the yellow stains.

Women go wild for a man with just one chin,  
a guy who works, and likes to kiss,  
who doesn't smoke or drink too much,  
who doesn't bully or bluster  
or think Isaac Newton is a cookie  
or Descartes what shouldn't come before Deshorse,

a guy who treats her like more than just some holes  
and fatty tissue.

A decent earth-man stands out here, like a diamond in  
dandruff:

scarce, and sparkling, and good for something.  
No need even to pity the guys you replace.  
They simply find new knockouts eager to have them.  
They take their Popular Mechanics and Wrestling News,  
their loud voices and walrus buns  
to some new livingroom kept all pretty for them,  
so they can invite over their friends,  
break out the beer, turn on the game,  
and shoo away their latest "ball-and-chain"  
right into your arms.

#### RECLAMATION PROJECT

I reclaim my baseball glove from its grave in my attic,  
the crowd still roaring in its leather ear.  
I reclaim my flyrod — after years, still quivering with  
rainbow-lighting.

I reclaim my daylight hours, auctioned to the lowest  
bidder.  
I reclaim my balls from my employer's billiard room.

I reclaim the word "no" from the Museum of Ancient  
Thoughts and Antiquated Customs.  
I reclaim my scowl of menace, too long confined at home.

I reclaim my good looks, hidden to quell envy.  
I reclaim my singing voice, grown hoarse with praising  
fools.

I reclaim my prejudices, my unpopular beliefs, to light  
my way like attendant fireflies.  
I reclaim my sneeze, half brother to my scream, which I  
also reclaim.

I reclaim my marriage from the gray sweatshop of habit.  
I reclaim my lover, who I dumped to save my marriage.

I reclaim my back, dumping its gunnysack of obligations.  
I reclaim my passion, bonfire at the base of my spine.

I reclaim my eyes, the kleig lights of my brain.  
I reclaim my brain, too long the cloud above my body's  
picnic.