

Greed

When I tell the truth about what I want
it's two penises or one penis
and a vagina or four penises
and six vaginas because in America
we believe in bounty and the self-
made man. I want your money
to come and stay with me
for as long as it takes
to set it free. With part of your money
I'll pay a doctor who minored
in Breaking and Entering
to surgically implant joy
in my father while he sleeps
by inserting a map of the Rhumba
made of feet and arrows
in his cerebellum which is also
where the Twist and Funky Chicken
would live. With the rest
I'd buy all the ventriloquists.
Great thinkers sound like the voice
of God speaking from the clouds
or at least the chandelier
when they say *Spirit*
is the embodiment of will
or *The soul is a trap door*
through which the giggling body
falls and I want to be
a great thinker but when I throw
my voice my head goes with it.
This is how I've moved
across the plane or down the highway
or up the river of my life,
pitching my head forward
a few feet at a time, my body

bouncing behind like a ball.
It was Clausewitz who said *he*
who controls the ventriloquists
controls the clowns and he
who controls the clowns
runs the circus and he
who runs the circus must collect
the elephant dung so thank you
I'll stick with my one penis
which takes already too much
care and feeding and though it points
like a divining rod at the ground,
I have dug and dug without once
striking oil.