

Slam Poems

(written for my baby brother Benjamin who died at birth due to my mother's neglect)

#1 Pighead

Heart full of confetti

Retorts at the ready

Tongue poised

Like a sharpened dart

Frog. Bleat. Vomit. Croak.

You are no mother

Just a pighead on a stick

Infected pighead with twisted lips

I will ride you like a pogo toy

Your mouth chewing a baby boy

I will ride you hard into the dirt

Infected pighead wearing a skirt

I will ride you hard until you spit him out

Until my baby brother emerges with a shout

I will drop your pighead then

Roll it around in the dirt

Make it a toy

A gift for the boy

You strangled in the womb

Tiny soul unjustly entombed

We'll laugh. The two of us,

A sister and her brother found.

Kicking your dirty pighead around

Monkey Man

Dinner at five o'clock? /Hold on now, stop/Are you for real?

I got words to coral/So listen up, Pal /I ain't your maid, your cook, your bitch

ERA done got through with that shit

Come on now, buck up on me /So I can leave you toppled to the floor as flat as can be

Monkey man, Monkey man

Go eat a fucking banana or swing from a tree

Tens of thousands of ladies already done the work for me

So go back to your jungle, maybe there you can bungle /The roles of the opposite sex

You see I'm from Mars, and your from Venus /I got a brain, while you just got a penis

So monkey man get back in your box/ Nobody wants to hear your slop

Monkey in a box can't catch no fox/ I want a genius in a lamberghini sitting next to me

No fool asking for dinner at fucking five o'clock

My new baby asks me, "So what makes you Tic? Can I be your Toc?"

So monkey man, go make your own fucking Rice-a-Roni

While I plan my rise to greatness/ Word by word, like fruit picked from a tree

You'd think you'd have learned a little something from Adam and Eve

Get back in your box, monkey man/ Keep talking your rot, monkey man

While I laze in a tub of champagne trying to remember your name....

Monkey who?