

Seafood Risotto

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Seafood Risotto

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â I'm not adverse to verbal and physical clowning for cheap laughs,â

A wise man once said.

â I bear no shame, neither do I swell with pride.

"All in all, I am profoundly aware that I am a figment

"Of my own imagination,

"Just another monkey snatching at the moon's reflection

"Upon the surface of a pond.â

-

O Magnificent Moon,

You're the bee's knees,

The cat's pajamas,

This young sap's ...

Lament.

Order me another bowl of primordial soup,

But know this:

I'm not content to wed the fortune I got from the cookie;

Emotional baggage - that old ball and chain;

Non-erotic, erotic tales;

Dreams lacking a hidden meaning;

My winning lottery -

Numbers.

-

You're my big bang, baby, the equivalent of Achilles' heel:

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My busted sheen.

Your alien pillow talk, as round a Buddha's belly,

Is rounding me out,

Turning me Japanese.

We frisk lightly here,

Now let me lay hands on ya

So I can perform one of my energy-infused healing rituals.

My mojo's free,

Surreal ...,

Subliminal.

-

One day I shall serenade you with my choice cuts, quotes and excerpts,

While I observe a crow-shaped shadow through my ruby-lensened monocular

And sketch bizarre, godlike comic book characters of my own design

Deep beneath the rock garden that houses my antiques: my memory.

This toilet paper philosophy may sound like another ode to a booger,

But my nansensu is noting to sneeze at -

â Crap dry sushi, hold the Buta niku!â

-

I'm your Romeo on a stick, chick,

The unnamed one, a martyr for intellectual evolution,

Hung on the cross to dry.

Just give the word,

And I'll purchase myself the smallest violin a broke-ass poet can buy.

Then with the power of my mojo's wing-man,

I'll bend your mind into improbable yoga positions

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As your body meditates against your will upon the meaning of life.

-

Breathe deeply ...

Take me in.

Feel the occasional itch of my battle scars

That I acquired through ill-gotten gains,

While trying to save your decadent, self-loathing society

From howling rock 'n roll journalists and desperate spoken art performers,

That hunt, unashamed, disguised in your ethereal light,

The pubs and clubs of a semi-Victorian Victoria.

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