

# The Tertiary Stage (he probably thinks this poem is about him)

*by* Bill Yarrow

They say his irrational outbursts and insane rants are the results of untreated syphilis. Well, that makes perfect sense to me. I've always thought of him as a tessellated spirochete, a narcissistic chancre, festering pustule of a blistered imposthume. And why wouldn't a claptrap mind also have the clap? But what infected innocent gave it to him? There's the rub. That's the paper-thin tissue not yet punctured howsoever soon it is to be assaulted. Ah, I don't care where he got it. *That* he got it fills me with prosaic justice spiked with pride. But hurry up. Bring this sub-cretinous indiscretion home. The vile Tuskegee experiment lives on in his welcome end.

