

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.

