

Life's Unfair--Period

by Con Chapman

Darling, forgive me if I seem a dunth
But why must your period come oneth a month?
It strikes me that we'd avoid many a tear
If it was like Christmas and came once a year.

A quadrennial schedule's a much better fix--
Have it every four years like your own Olympics.
Or like a Senator, and his or her peers,
Make 'em stand for election once every six years.



Immanuel Kant: He never suffered from it.

To quote-if I may--from Immanuel Kant
It isn't the thing-in-itself I don't want.
The part that induces such maddening stress
Is the run-up, the prelude--you know--PMS.

Census-taker: "There was a male living in the house until recently when you killed him during a period of great stress? I'll put down 1.5 occupants."

I'm thinking of you dear,
Let's reach a consensus.
How 'bout one year in ten,
Like a personal census?



Garden of Eden: "I told you between-meal snacks were bad for you!"

I don't mean to rag you, I know it's not fair
That all womankind should be trapped by this snare.
But it wasn't me--a cruel god decreed
That each month your sex should be brought to its knees,
Then turned to the men, who heard him (or her) say-
"The rest of you guys--hey, have a nice day!"

*Available in Kindle format on amazon.com as part of the collection
"The Girl With the Cullender on Her Head (and other wayward
women)," forthcoming in print from Perma Press.*

