

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.

