

A Cameo (for no-one)

by Iain James Robb

I bleed my heart into my computer, peruse
The fact they have proclaimed my root unfit for use
But it is I! This manhood, this tower
Extending up toward the heavens like a miraculous flower,
Purple headed warrior of generation,
See it standing upright in celebration
In determination against deracination,
As it spreads the seed which feeds this nation
Without denomination. If you look at my bowl
And behold the fruit you will then see me whole-
I am displayed by chance in that one green banana.
I swing my trunk in every town and green savannah.
I sing this ode to my penis, I sing it to myself,
I sing this song for all manhood without hope of pelf.
If anyone else wants to join in as well,
I proclaim that that would be very swell.

