

The Fat Geisha Sings The Ballad of the Bamboo Shoot

by Jeff Goldberg

Come gather round and listen to me
You senior VPs from AIG
As full of yourselves
As you are of wealth
So engorged are you with raging greed
The warnings you neither see nor heed.

Come gather round and listen to me
Sing of the Minister of the Third Degree.
Contemplate
His unfortunate fate
During the reign of the Emperor Reizei.

Loving not hating, giving not taking
Should be the rules in both finance and mating.
Be ever mindful
To be heartfelt and kindful
For the best part of you
Is like tender bamboo.

This Minister of the Third Degree
Had Mistresses three,
Who shall be called Lady X, Lady Y, and Lady Z
In the interests of delicacy.

A large portfolio he possessed
But lacking in love and tenderness

His Mistresses Three
Ladies X, Y, and Z
Were soon consumed by jealousy.

Loving not hating, giving not taking
Should be the rules in both finance and mating.
Be ever mindful
To be heartfelt and kindful
For the best part of you
Is like tender bamboo.

One stormy night, the Minister of the Third Degree
Summoned his Mistresses, one, two, three.
Their jealousy, he'd come to decide
Arose from a secret desire to spy.

So as they saw him exchange rates with each in turn,
They would all soon learn
He had enough currency
To sate all three.

Lady X was the first he chose, the youngest of all,
None fairer was there in the Capital.
Her over his sword stand he bent
As into her securities his debt instrument went,
While behind fans blushed Ladies Y and Z,
But desired their turn secretly.

Loving not hating, giving not taking
Should be the rules in both finance and mating.
Be ever mindful
To be heartfelt and kindful
For the best part of you
Is like tender bamboo.

After taking his profit from Lady X,
Lady Y upon his lap he next
His double-digit growth inserted from behind
As she giggled and groaned, drunk on rice wine.

But then, as it began to rain,
Lady Z resisted when her turn came.
Even as the Minister of the Third Degree
Plied her dollar roll unmercifully
With dirty floats and pledged collateral,
She staunchly remained Bearish to his Bull.
Yet, alas, even her at last
To his unfriendly offers acquiesced
And grabbed for pleasure and gratification
As they howled in beggar-thy-neighbor devaluation.

Loving not hating, giving not taking
Should be the rules in both finance and mating.
Be ever mindful
To be heartfelt and kindful
For the best part of you
Is like tender bamboo.

“Well,” said the Minister of the Third Degree
Have I cured my Ladies of jealousy?”
His Mistresses three agreed quietly,
and brought his clothes,
Lady X his sable mantle, Lady Y his shoes,

And Lady Z his sword in a silver sheath
As, having spent his equity,
The Minister placed his soft currency upon a table of sweet
meats,
Laden with warmed spiced cheese, lotus-seed tarts and other
treats,

And moaned, "Whatever shall I do?
There's only one of him and three of you."

In an instant all was made clear,
As Lady Z raised his sword in the air
And brought it down deftly in three neat strokes
Severing his assets in twain like a bamboo shoot.
Then, as he screamed most piteously,
Calmly answered Lady Z,
"A fairer dispersement could never be."

So, come and listen to me,
You Senior VPs from AIG
However skillful with mammon you may be
Remember the Minister of the Third Degree
And from deluded self-pride and greed desist
Lest you receive a stock split you won't cherish.

Loving not hating, giving not taking
Should be the rules in both finance and mating.
Be ever mindful
To be heartfelt and kindful
For the best part of you
Is like tender bamboo.

