

Childproof Your Chewing Gum, Will You?

by Jerry Ratch

Have you ever heard a bird sneeze?

Okay, okay, I was sitting on this branch,
and you know how everybody loves to hate poetry, right?
So, I ran into some hippies, who had named their daughter
Echinacea,
and you could instantly read her future, and it wasn't good.

I was at a loss for something to say to them,
that didn't sound ridiculous, so I said:
How will the younger doctors recognize melodrama
if it crops up around here?
Which, it turned out, did sound sort of ridiculous.

We were in Virgin Territory, and I was in this band called Cold
Feet.

I used to be with the Long Island Raccoons,
and before that the Flashing Monkeys.
I kept roving from band to band, depending on the name.
They all sounded so good I couldn't settle on just one.

For a time I was a one man band called One Horse Outfit.
I was the front man, the bass man, lead guitarist, and the
drummer,
and played everything at once,
but people got dizzy from watching me.

I invented a thing called Childproof Chewing Gum
but lost the patent when a bunch of kids
broke into the factory and chewed through the entire stock.

Here is a picture of me from that time,
at the Mothers Behaving Badly Rest Home,
shown here in pajamas.

