

The Man With the Hairy Back

by Jerry Ratch

It's strange, what will become of me
What my life will be like
Since the animal in me
Is beginning to show on my back

Oh no, no, no
Women will never put up with this
I was afraid this would happen
They'll think I'm only half a man

I'm sure I could use some depilatory
To wipe away the evidence
But what if it returns when I'm not looking?
I guess I could always shave every day in the shower
Like people do with their legs

Or else, and why not, get on a jet
And fly down to an Electrolysis Center
In Mexico, or Moscow
Or maybe just have them plucked out
One by one? Oh, ouch! Ouch! No, no, no
I may be only half a man after all!
This is so brutal

But things could be worse, I guess
They could find me hanging out at sports bars
Or wearing Army pants and shooting ducks
Or presidential advisors in the face

I think maybe I should stop looking in the mirror
Or even over my shoulder

To hell with my natural paranoia
I must ignore the rocks being thrown at me
I will ignore the leash around my neck too
And the chain anchoring my leg to a tree
I guess I can always chew my own leg off
Anyway. What's a little pain, after all
When freedom is clearly in sight?

But please, please help me with my memory
Apparently the human side of me is failing fast
And I still can't feel the ecstasy
Of being a full-fledged animal yet
I'm begging you, put me out of the misery
Of being a half-baked human

