

Things You Should Know, By Heart, If You Must

by Jerry Ratch

The light is always on in reality
The Gelatinous Mass is not something made up
By the Catholic Church
And even though a small deer may have come to the side of the
road once
To lick the salt from your wounds
There will definitely be cheap fish in the next life, maybe, for
everyone
And by the way, everybody loves to hate poetry

I ran into some hippies who named their daughter Echinacea
And you could instantly read her future
But it wasn't so good
And yes, it's true that everybody loves to hate poetry
So, if you were at the Clairvoyant Center when it closed down
And no one saw it coming?
Well, make sure *that* gets written down
In the next Bible
Oh, and big news
Groveling pays off!
And, yes, it's true that Carbon Dating *is* a dating service for
seniors

So, beware of shouting *Dress Barn, Dress Barn!*
When having an orgasm
Everyone should know this by nature, if not by heart
And, and, dinosaur flatulence may have warmed the Earth
Yes, dinosaur flatulence may have warmed the Earth

That's pretty big news right there
Also, no matter how often flies land on butter
They will never become butterflies

And when you are done here, there ought to be
Enough of the night sky to make a difference
With an abundance of flying saucers
Rotating their florescence
But the white moon is dangling by a thread tonight
You can close your eyes and listen to it undress
They say your love will let you walk on water to the edge of time
So I can dream like anyone, even you

But tell me, what exactly happens if
The Meat Puppet meets the Meat Lady in the sky?
Nobody knew you could be so easily amused
Just by putting your face between her breasts
Like a big giant baby
Not knowing which way to look
While they wobbled against your cheeks
And nobody knew the extent to which you'd go
To stay there in paradise
Keeping a close eye on those big nipples
Just in case
Nostalgia wasn't what it used to be

We're about to witness the release of souls
From the captivity of flames
At the backside of the see-through universe
Diamonds are for suckers
Diamonds are for the miserable at heart
Keep that in mind when you are busy
Puffing out your chest and
Slipping on your dancing shoes
If you could read your own future

You wouldn't need God, or virgins
Or a psychic all wound up with excitement

And O what darkened dreams might go speeding past
With their false and brightly-lit interiors
That slow down for no one
As they pass us by with that dark laughter
Pasted on beside their brains
Lit up only by neon in the night
Like the double-decker busses of London
Brussels, Zurich

Like the electric trams of Moscow and Prague
Like Streetcars that are named Desire coming out of New Orleans
Heading outward bound to the end of the line
Toward the end of everything
That was good in life. The end

