

# SECRET OF A BUG-EYED MONSTER

*Bruce Boston*

I customized my wardrobe  
and accessorized my life.  
I amortized my mortgage  
and electrolysized my wife.  
I improvised my history  
and satinized my bed.  
Yet I never really lived  
until I viasized my head.

My senses all are magnified  
from meow to lion's roar.  
I can see halfway to China  
or a microscopic spore.  
I can hear you even now  
as you talk behind my back.  
I can smell the blood of an  
Englishman and follow any track.

I may be less than beautiful,  
and give the girls a fright.  
I may be ill-proportioned  
and tip over day and night.  
But my mind can hold a  
library and languages galore.  
I've got more bytes than IBM,  
an immeasurable IQ score.

You can scandalize your neighborhood,  
or immortalize your friends.  
You can criticize your congressman  
and maximize your dividends.  
You can lobotomize your enemies  
and leave them for brain-dead.  
Yet you've never really lived  
until you've viasized your head.