

SECRET OF A BUG-EYED MONSTER

Bruce Boston

I customized my wardrobe
and accessorized my life.
I amortized my mortgage
and electrolyzed 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.