

Head on Body

What's he doing down there?
I don't know why
He has to rumble
Has to sign,
Has to breath, and for god's sake why?
Doesn't he get that we're late
For Janet's birthday surprise?

He won't understand time
Coz he doesn't mind!
Gets up ruffled, late and lazy
I mean it's really driving me crazy
I've got to get her flowers and wine
But he wants "pee pee" so he's lagging behind.

When does it end?
When does it finish?
This overweight blob of a body beneath me
I've had it with his inconsiderate airs,
His repugnant laziness
His hairy features, his urges,
Oh god the affairs!

I am a stand up citizen,
Stressed but right,
Socialist, tight
But he is a monster that is beyond Mr. Hide
He's up to no good
And just not on my side.

Sure, there's some charm in his innocent ways,
The way he sniffs out what's "healthy",
He loves what he craves
That "organic" rubbish,
But without manners or class
I've got no time for him,
He just needs a kick up the

Why is it that he can't keep that stomach in control?
Or the nastiest odors that burst from that sewage hole
He's just so awkward, so low to the ground,
Up here in the highs ... I can only look down.

Of course I'm a sexual being but I'm not obscene
I feel it should be hygienic, uncommonly clean
I like what I like but there's always a plan,
Sex from "sensations".... isn't it bland!!,
I want some money interest, or some powerful reason

I'm not into whips and chains and all that,.. this season,
But for me stilettos and stockings aren't half-bad
I make him wear them on Sundays,
But he just looks so sad!

He's a hippy at heart, "just wants to be free"
Well what about the taxes, the insurance policy?
Yes I do it all! All day and all night!!
Keep him in linens and
Keep him fed alright

And the reward at the end of the day...?
Not even a word,... not a "thank you", nothing to say!
He uses no words and never has, never will,
He just eats, drinks and sleepsetc.
And I take the pills.

Why do I live my life this way?
He's just a vehicle to me
Just a taxi I'd say.
A hired hand, stupid fool of a lout
He won't mind the insults
He wont know who its about!

I'd walk by myself but without him I'm flat.
Damn all the gods for making it that,
If only I could find a way to divorce him that's sane
I'd swap positions with someone but it'd be just the same...
Bob said to me just yesterday too,
That his ones got fever,
And Ann's ones got gastric flu....
They are all subordinates; none do what there told
Most are not healthy or just lethargic or old!

And the worst thing of all is they live in the past
My one thinks he's back in old Christmas past
When the oven exploded and killed uncle Jim
He's not forgotten it, he shakes when he hears the "Bing"!

All that old trauma, he's got it inside,
I've told him "stiff upper lip man!"
"You wimp! You won't die!"
But no he's got to tremor,
To let it hang out!
And I just wont have it
Just what's it about!

I think the thing that's scariest of all
Is not that I hate him and I think he's a bore,
But he's bigger than me, so much bigger and strong

That if he were ever to start thinking he'd like me gone,
Then id have to fly,
Id have to run,
And there's no where to go
Oh what can be done!!

I wish I could stop this gnawing fear,
This thought he'll get old and decrepit, leave me stranded here,
But I've been looking into the Hindus, who weren't all bad
They have great plan of re-incarnation to bag
I'm looking through models at the moment you see,
I'm getting the "executive" next time, with upholstery!

Oh how I hate his shape, his flatulent ways
I despise that he lives on how his genitals behave,
How crude and how rough
What an animal, pig!
He had to be trained, so that's what I did
I will be listened to, I will be heard,
I will make him suffer and eventually cured
I'll keep him my slave, so he can't even surmise
All that power he's got, without knowing why.

I love I can read "Of Mice and Men" while below is old
Larry with not a clue his end,
I can get him to tight rope or jump up and down,
Or work long hours and make special frowns
I can do all of this and do it I must
Why you might ask....
Well ...why not...for "in God we trust"

For wasn't it God that made me king of this rock
Dominion over animals and all that trot
And Mr. Below's no exception, he's mine too,
This whole planet's my own, it's my veritable zoo.

He's so uninterested in art galleries,
He doesn't like fine wine and is sick when at sea
He doesn't like flying and he doesn't even like trains
Its like dragging a full grown child around
God damn! What a pain!

I've told him to toughen up every time
When me and the boys after work start downing the wine,
But he can't hold a 4th glass and no way a 5th
Without puking his guts out, boy what a stiff,
He just likes all his hippy stuff like "birds on the tree",
The sun in the sky and bloody herbal teas,

Entertainment for him is mostly being alone....

What a terrible loner, what a fool on the hill
I'm popular and pleasant and he just wants to be still.
I try harder than anyone about,
I'm where am today by not letting him give out!!!
It's been a hard thing to do but I teach my kids just the same...
"Tough love isn't easy,.. till there's someone to blame".

So back to my poor life, to this insistent story board
Where I have to look out for this huge lump of lard
He won't listen to diets and craves all the time
I just keep feeding him to stop his terrible grind,
I hear his heart thudding away like an animal in chains,
"Pacify him with chocolate" is my plan for his "pains"
As if he's got somewhere better to go
Some hippy plan "without strings" don't you know!
Me, I'm a master of this civilization
Him; a maggot at the end of all reason.

How desperate the sound as he starts to snore himself out
I wake him up again but he falls back down
Wake him again!!!, I don't want to go too!
He's falling asleep Oh god No... What to DO!
I might die if he does that fully again,
Even if its just till morning, I'm not sure I'll be ok then,
I need to keep him as awake as long as I can
What about a coffee? Or make a new plan?

I know I need not worry, I'm in his dreams too,
I'll find a way in through his ridiculous ruse
Of being an Indian in old Idaho,
I'll be the cowboy who keeps him in toe
And that good old flying dream is back just the same
I'll make him fall back "down to earth" once again.

I've been told I'm not terribly kind, not kind to this body,
Paying him no mind,
But I just told "Health shop" Jackie and the other Eco-fools that I'm not in the
business of teaching him rules
If he doesn't understand "no-pain-means-no-gain"
Then he won't understand me and we need not be friends
I can go my way and he can go his and we can work side by side but not meet at both
ends!

Jackie says I "cut my nose to spite my face"
But that's just because she's a Buddhist and
In any case
She goes down to the offy each Friday night
And drinks herself silly with vodka and lime.

We're all in it together body and me,
And it seems we are in a huge company
We humans are all bound to be without peace,
Having to suffer this body-disease

One day we'll be free, free of the land, we'll journey to space and beyond... that's the plan.

Yes I heard Brain Cox say just last night that "science had made it!" and it was "alright!"

And I guess those scientists just like me, will want to be rid of these bodies, these enemies,

Who don't talk and don't laugh and don't want and don't cry but robotically eat, shit and f...or who knows why.

Yes we'll all be free, not today, but so soon,
And we don't even need to fly to the moon,
We just need to find a way to remove,
These bodies from us,....now then we'll improve!!

David Nassim
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