Burlesque Poem

Mike Messenger*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

Faith healer came to mama (mama’s blind to fallacy) promised her the blind would walk and the crippled lame shall see...
I went over to the Professor. His moan was almost inaudible by now, his hair matted with blood. I stood there and looked down at him. His right leg was twitching slightly. I picked up the Professor's lecture notes and slid them back into his coat pocket.

I slept in his bed that night. It was much more comfortable than my own. That's where they found me.

VII
To whom it may concern . . .

VIII
Like Alice's cat, only the grin is left. The judge grins, and the jury grins, and the lawyer grins, and the defendant is condemned to life. But eventually, he too grins. In a dark closet, in his apartment in hell, he sits on a john and begins to see it all. Former faces float across his mind. He grins, and passes the toilet paper to the judge on the john next to his; and the judge passes it to the jury. In this communal closet in hell, the toilet paper is passed around. It is an endless roll made to record endless grins. And Alice's cat stokes the fires.

Burlesque Poem

by Mike Messenger

Speech, Junior

Faith healer came to mama
(mama's blind to fallacy)
promised her the blind would walk
and the crippled lame shall see.