

Stir-Crazy Nightmare

(From too many hours in ISS)

My dogma kept chasing my karma;
My yin and my yang would not sync;
My reincarnated carnation
Was white when it should have been pink.

My Buddha wouldn't get off his bottom;
My prayer wheels did nothing but spin;
And seventy virgins could never
Compare with the marriage I'm in.

My ancestor's skull was so empty,
There wasn't a brain in his head;
My animal guide was a possum
Who thought that I ought to play dead.

Peyote turned everything paisley;
Confucius's sayings confused;
Psychologists thought that life hinges
On what kind of potties kids used.

My cows were so sacred their pathways
Were strewn with organic manure;
And pork was a partisan byword
The public could scarcely endure.

I thought about trying some veggies,
Like hot dogs, or lunch meat, or cheese;
Although with their altered genetics,
I'd probably die by degrees.

But one thing was said to be certain,
Which parents are bound to recall:
*If kids are allowed to eat gluten,
They'll never be healthy at all.*

And if men were granted that planet
Where they could decide right and wrong,
They'd just re-invent all the nonsense
That nurtured this nightmare along.

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