

## MUFFLE THIS, DUMMY

I have rehearsed the lines in my mind  
but nothing simulates inflections of elocution  
implying operation mercenary,  
which is to say: improvise.

If all the world's a stage  
my acting stinks like a tire fire.  
Rubber burns dirty as perverts  
and just as sooty,  
a stubborn flame that doesn't want to die.  
embarrassing performances since 1981,  
crossing lines of bad taste.  
Cats, eat your heart out.

Vaudeville's a more viable venue  
for tramps like me, they say,  
just sit on some man's knee,  
let him be the voice of me,  
bobble about my wobbly head,  
wow the crowd with your throw.

Horrific acrylic, krylon glaze, amazing masses.  
Take a bow, but before you box me,  
a backtalk check, listen if I get lippy.  
Hear that  
wood-to-wood squeak, the rusty-steel squall,  
the squeal of quelled soliloquies?  
You have the lube and will oil it out.

—Juicy