

*Yarn*

An Irishman, an Englishman, a Scotsman,  
a priest, a nun, the Pope, a penguin and a duck,  
a Pole, an Italian, a Frenchman, a German,  
a race horse, a Martian and a talking frog,  
and a man with three dicks walk into a bar  
that none will be in again or has been before

where the barman himself pauses smack bang  
in the middle of some yarn he's telling the bar  
over jukebox music, through cigarette smoke,  
about something he claims happened to him  
in the middle of a shift as he was telling a yarn,  
and goes, "Is this some sort of a fucking joke?"

*Senator Jesse Helms  
Contemplating the Bullwhip  
of Mr Robert Mapplethorpe*

You can mess with my *ars* all right,  
but don't fuck with my kitsch.

*The Needy Rich  
Are Always with Us*

Much put upon, master went,  
"Must *I* do *everything*?  
For godsakes, here's the whip  
—now beat yourself!"