

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN ARROW IN THE HEAD INTO A HOLE IN THE HEAD GATE

\$  
\$ Call \$  
\$ me Trans- \$  
\$ parent. O my \$  
\$ old act began with \$  
\$ an invisible clear glass \$  
\$ arrow through my head. \$  
\$ O I'd do all kinds of things to \$  
\$ get people to laugh at me. O I'd \$  
\$ put on a pink rubber shower cap and \$  
\$ tie basketballs on my ankles and jump \$  
\$ up and down! O I'd paint my body brown \$  
\$ and sort of drop into a white play pool and \$  
\$ just sit there floating subtly! O I'd run out of a \$  
\$ toilet stall and scream I saw a vagina! O I'd put \$  
\$ ketchup all over me and wrap cheesecloth around \$  
\$ me and scream circumcision or menstruation! Take \$  
\$ your choice! O sure I'd slime lube and mustard all over me\$  
◀ got some antibiotics! O I'd say I don't care how much you pay me. I won't say fuck in my b (fig church scene. I'll burp after /and/scream/any/body/  
takingthe\sacra\ment!)

\$ O I'd shake a mile a minute and scream I'm coming, I'm coming\$  
\$ and my head is hanging low! I hear those off color voices call- \$  
\$ ing Old Pink Joe! O I'd knock on the manger door and scream \$  
How far's the Old Log Inn? Then all the well respected comedians  
told me I was a profound actor and I should have dignity. So now  
I make boring movies about dumb down people doing dull things  
in depressed ways for no reason and living in families offering  
no support for anxiety and no comfort for pain and no solace for  
humiliation and no encouragement after failure and no rewards  
for intelligence and total acceptance of dread and no comfort  
for fear and only what you don't want for presents and  
total approval for obeying orders. Then they achieve  
subtle fake slimy smile happiness simile except  
the evil ones who read books to take advantage  
of plain good people and my act  
is a long monologue about  
how important feelings are.  
(Suckers don't like to use their Reason.)  
**O I never put an arrow through  
my head anymore but funny thing, folks:**  
***I still feel there's a hole there. Stars shine bright on shatter light  
All screaming who was that lady I saw you with last night? That was  
No lady that was in many respects my innate sense of good taste. Right! Thee.  
The. That's and a sense of dignity is not exactly always comedy's enemy, folks.***