

Dance, monkey, dance!

I bring out
the absolute worst in people

and I do it
because I
think it's
good sport

because people are so dry
and so predictable
that I like to evoke
their ugly side

it is usually
much more entertaining
then their subdued
self-aware
personas
that they wear
like mink coats
to let everyone know
they are affable
and friendly

that there never was
and never will be
any skeletons in
their closets

and I like
positioning the egg
right under their noses
so the yolk runs yellow
and thick all over
their blasted
miserable faces

the louder they shout
the harder their fists get
the more I am in
a social state of bliss

they seem like
characters that I've created
doing a little song and dance
just for me

most of the time
I just ask questions of them
that they don't want to answer

like a pressure point
can cripple a man
so can a perfectly
asked question

I find the cracks in their words
and widen them
into a gigantic mouth
an ever widening crevasse
until they are ready to
strangle me

and in the end
they deflate like
a balloon covered
in a child's spit

because they are
all talk and no balls

even if they did
throw a fist at me
it's a rigged game

they can not win

just by reacting
I've won

and I do it
not only for selfish
childish reasons

but also because
I hold out the hope
that one day
they will take notice
to their apathy
and wake up-
I watch the rest of the human race
as if I am passing them by car
or like I am at
a carnival's freak show

a freak never knows it's a freak
until someone tells them

and if I am forced
to be around these *people*
I might as well
have some fun with them.