

Boobie Unconscious Projection

(from: "Fernando Po, U.S.A." – a Malignant Opus in progress)

The Boobie Grand Ventriloquist
Put on a sight to see
He showed just how projection works
And did it all for free
(Except for a "donation" that
He called "gratuity")

A giant statue sat on stage
As huge as any tree
A little man then sat upon
A giant wooden knee
And threw a voice out of himself
Like it had come from "HE"

In normal tones of voice this man
Impressed no one at all
But when he shouted "GAWD IZ GRATE!"
A hush consumed the hall
And into Boobie minds there seeped
A sick miasmic pall

The statue never moved an inch
As wooden things don't do
But on its knee the little man
Had started turning blue
(It seemed that he had held his breath
And counted up to two)

"Don't let him die!" the crowd beseeched
In rapt insanity
Then color came back to his face;
He breathed more easily
(It seemed that he had exhaled once
He'd counted up to three)

"HE heard your prayers!" the man rejoiced
"As you can you can clearly see!
And what is more, you'd best believe
That HE looks out for me.
I'm just HIS trusted messenger
Who brings HIS plans for thee."

"I cannot move but by HIS will.
I serve at HIS command.
This BIG GUY that you see right here
Would rather not demand;
But if HE has to, then HE will;
So here's what HE's got planned . . ."

Boobie Unconscious Projection

(from: "Fernando Po, U.S.A." – a Malignant Opus in progress)

The little man brought down the house
And as the curtain fell
The Boobies clapped and danced and sang
Enchanted by the spell
They'd all heard GAWD HIMSELF dispense
Commands that went down well

In Boobie red-state USA
The trick works quite the same
Where Boobie George has jury-rigged
A "GAWD" that "hears" its name
Invoked each time that Boobie George
Desires to light a flame

But out in "heartland" USA
Where trees and acres live
A different symbol scheme requires
The Boobies to forgive
The Boobie George's brain that leaks
Much like a mental sieve

You see, with all the things gone wrong
At home and overseas
The sacrilegious thought might grow
That GAWD had heard no pleas
From wounded, dying soldiers or
Those looted Iraqis

So bumbling Boobie George ginned up
A Rube Goldberg machine
That cranked out TV symbols of
A patriotic scene
Implying GAWD had exercised
HIS choice to intervene

One symbol looked just like a flag
The old Red-White-and-Blue
But blown up to gigantic size
So none would miss the cue
That GAWD and FLAG had just conspired
To make one thing from two

The GAWD-FLAG that George had designed
Contained no flaws or blights
Its crude associations let no
No mind elude its slights
As Boobies found their simple thoughts
Compressed to rude sound-bites

Boobie Unconscious Projection

(from: "Fernando Po, U.S.A." – a Malignant Opus in progress)

The image of the little man
In GAWD-FLAG's awesome lights
Consumed the Boobie targets who
Could not escape its sights
It hit them, like the sailors say,
Between the running lights

And Boobie sailors in the crowd
Went psycho -- lewd and hushed:
They spent like drunken Reagans and
At Cheney's language blushed
They didn't know to go hog-wild
Or just feel simply crushed

And Boobie soldiers looking on
In groups of two's and three's
Morphed suddenly in Photoshop
To number as the bees
That swarm about a honey comb
Adoring queens who tease

And Boobie airmen out on leave
From their academy
Felt suddenly compelled to stop
Harassing property
Preferring to assault fellow
Cadets, both he and she

And Guardsmen working at the jails
Saw all of this and more
They took it in and then commenced
To beat their charges sore
Why not, when all their leadership
Had gone to sleep to snore

Associating little man
With GAWD-FLAG has its price
Convincing fearful Boobies that
They needn't act so nice
Combining fright and power to
Turn humans into lice