

ISADORE — AND HIS CUSPIDOR

There was a man named Isadore,
who dearly loved his Cuspidor.
He slept with it beside his bed,
on a nightstand near his head.
So if at night he should drool,
the slop would plop in the Cuspidor's pool.
Yes, the slop would plop in the Cuspidor's pool.

Now Isadore would sniff and snort,
for spitting was to him a sport.
His friends down at Café Mulroon,
held contests daily, night and noon,
spitting a strike at a distant Spittoon.
Yes, spitting a strike at a distant Spittoon.

Isadore was the best spitter of all,
when aiming for a far-away wall.
He'd wretch and gag a gob of gunk,
letting the hocker sail — ker-plunk.
Yes, letting the hocker sail, ker-plunk.

Though Isadore was great with spit,
women found him a terrible fit.
Lonely with only his Cuspidor's snot,
his skills with dating lacked a lot.

He longed for a girl, a special lass,
when into Café Mulroon so crass,
came Annador wiggling her — Cuspidor.
Yes, into Café Mulroon so crass,
came Annador wiggling her — Cuspidor.

Isadore, bragging, acting tough,
looped a whopper to show his stuff.
Annador quickly wet her lips,
drew up a hocker and wriggled her hips.
Her hot slimy bolus bounced off the wall,
into the Cuspidor like a cue ball.
Yes, her hot slimy bolus bounced off the wall,
into the Cuspidor like a cue ball.

Isadore and Annador were smitten by snot,
a match made by mucus right on the spot.
They vowed to spit together forever more,
ceasing only when spit hit the floor.
The remedy? They snorted and hocked all the more.
Isadore and Annador were alive,
with the sounds of phlegm.
Yes, Isadore and Annador were alive
with the sounds of phlegm.

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ROSIE THE RAISIN

I am Rosie. I am a raisin, a very unhappy raisin in desperate need of help. Anybody know a good psychiatrist specializing in raisin woes?

I'm as depressed as raisins can get. Because, you see, I've got no identity.

Fruitologists refer to me as an "accent-fruit." What a horrible appellation. It means that I'm added to "accent" a primary edible, like raisin bread, raisin bran, apple strudel, noodle kugel, raisin cookies. Get the picture? My identity is masked, diluted, compromised. It's humiliating is what it is.

My unhappiness arises from my role as an "accent-fruit," rather than a "stand-alone-fruit." This prevents me from being my own person, a-hem, I mean it keeps me from being my own fruit. I want to be me and I can't. And this is a downer with a capital D.

Starting life as a desiccated grape is hard enough, because grapes are "stand-alone-fruits." People eat my noble ancestors in handsome, handheld bunches. Me, I got reincarnated as a dried-out, shriveled-up embarrassment.

Apples, oranges, grapefruits, plums, pears, peaches, papaya, pomegranates, kiwis, watermelons are all "stand-alones." Most fruits are; not me. I'm the shlemiel of the fruit hierarchy. Ever hear anyone ask, "May I have a raisin, please."

Did you ever stop to think that fruit lovers never eat one raisin? A handful is what they eat. It takes 50 of me to do what one apple or orange achieves. So what am I being told? Obviously I'm totally inadequate. It's true, I know. But it brings me to tears.

On those rare occasions when I'm chosen as a primary fruit, it's to solve a intestinal problem. What am I to tell my kids — honey, chin-up, we're the most prized fruit world-wide among the chronically constipated?

Such an ignominious life, it's no wonder I'm practically suicidal. I want to stand on my own stem, I want to be a fruit proud of my place in the food pyramid.

So, put out the word. Please! I need the name of a shrink. Preferably one that takes Medicare.

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