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A Passionate Eunuch To His Love or Labor's Loves Lost

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A Passionate Eunuch Automotive Worker To His Love
or
Labor's Loves Lost

Now, honey, I know they said there was an accident—
but I'm not quite sure you know what exactly they meant,
so before you jump on me with hugging and kissing
I think I should tell you there's a couple things missing.
It all started down on the welding line this morn,
I was tellin' Bob about wanting my foreskin shorn
and he said, "Shoot, that's not hard. Come over and lean
back, drop your drawers, I'll light up this here acetylene
torch. In twelve seconds flat I'll have you circumcised
and it won't need stitches 'cause it'll be cauterized.
Now don't be yeller - Twelve seconds or less, bet you a dollar."
I want you to know, he called me yeller, and my blue collar
pride won't stand for that. So I lay down by the chassis,
stripped at the waist. Bob flipped down his mask in the brassy
glow of that torch's fire. Damn, that summabitch sure can't weld,
and you should have heard the kinds of curses I yelled
before I blacked out. It's a good thing I'm a workin' man
and the union, God bless, got us a great health plan.
So before I start seeing tears well up behind your lids,
remember we both never wanted to have kids.
It don't matter too much that I'll sing like a girl,
because deep down inside, I'm the same ol' Earl.
Plus, I'll be rich - you can get some big compensation
for having suffered a job-related castration.

| *Matthew Harper*