

Cooking with Hair

Guy Touquet

**Stephen Fournier
Publisher
Hartford, CT
Copyright 2015**

**Hartford late-night radio voice and poet Guy
Touquet is actually Stephen Fournier, author and
publisher of this book.**

**Dedicated to his grandchildren, whom he depends
on to plead, on Grave Defilement Day in the not-
so-distant future, “Don’t pee on Grandpa. He
tried.”**

Copyright 2015 Stephen Fournier

The Bag-Daddy Rag

Hey, Dad, I'm off to Iraq,
Don't know when I'm coming back.
I'm flying over on a big aeroplane.

Got some shells for my gun.
Gonna have me some fun,
Just a-huntin' down old Saddam Hussein.

And all the Arabs will cheer,
When we bring back the Emir.
They'll all be kissing the American flag.

They're gonna treat us so royal,
When they get back their oil,
They'll be singing the bag-daddy rag.

I'll get a rug from Tehran
And fly it off to Amman
And maybe learn a few Arabian words.

Wanna have me a whirl
With a Yemeni girl
Or maybe curl up with a couple of Kurds.

Hey, Mister Kuwaiti Sheik,
Your wives all look mighty sleek.
So lend me two to line my old sleeping bag.

Allah knows you can spare 'em.
You got a whole harem,
And they're doing the bag-daddy rag.

I won a ten-dollar bet.
I climbed a huge minaret
To chant a funny old American song.

Now I'm in the stockade,
And I ain't getting paid,
Just for singing "Caissons Rolling Along."

The priest was madder than heck.
He dragged me down by the neck.
I tried to tell him it was only a gag.

That's the last time I pull
Another joke on a mullah.
They don't go for that bag-daddy rag.

Dad, I ain't feeling so well.
The days are hotter than Hell.
The nights are cold and dark and lonely and bleak.

Oh, Mom, and as for the chow,
Well, I'll tell you right now:
It's just the same thing every day of the week.

And these Arabian guys,
They've got this look in their eyes,
Like they was just about to start in to brag

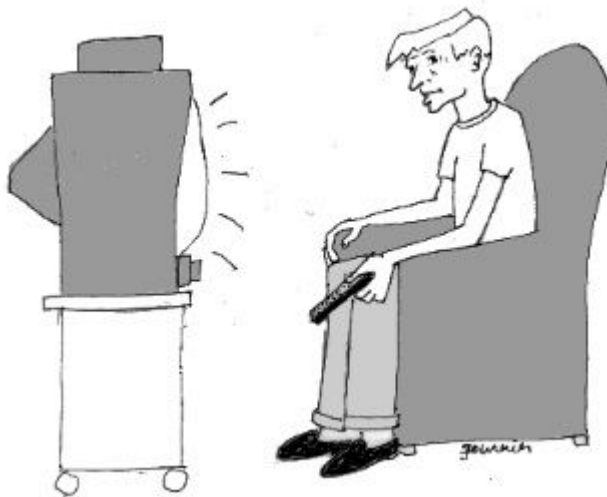
About romancing the ladies
In the Tigris-Euphrates.
While they whistle that bag-daddy rag.

Well, Dad, I guess we're all done.
They wouldn't fight so we won.
We shot 'em down while they was running away.

It wasn't much of a war.
We could have killed a lot more
For all you folks back in the U. S. of A.

We're really sick of Iraq.
You know we want to get back.
This desert's nothing but a God-awful drag.

So I'm stackin' my swag,
And I'm packin' my bag, Dad,
And I'm quittin' that bag-daddy rag.



***“This knife is so sharp, you can cut
your own head off with it.”***

Annemarie

Mute companion, Annemarie.
Like a vine she'd cling to me.
Long and cool and straight and slender,
Slightest touch would promptly send her
Anywhere I pleased to roam.
Then, carefully, I'd guide her home.

Two bags from her shoulders hung,
With bright, clear lines all gaily strung.
At her waist, a neat dispenser,
Fitted out with dial and sensor.
When her bags would drain of stuff,
She'd scream, "Oh, Nurse, there's not enough!"

She got me through some trying times,
And so I pen these maudlin rhymes.
And when the nurse our two selves parted,
I was blithe, not broken-hearted.
Annemarie, Oh, how she'd roll!
My strong, tall, steadfast I.V. pole.

Why We Still Rhyme

People keep asking, "Guy, why aren't you famous?"
And Guy in reply says, "It's not all that squamous:
Rhyming is actually way out of style.
I can't resist it, but folks find it vile."

Steve would dissent from the poet's opinion:
He made up Guy as his personal minion,
All the bon mots and cruel barbs of Touquet
Could never be rhymes if Steve did not them say.

They continue to rhyme, and wherever they ramble
They jog right along in iambic pentameter.
Discussing in verse the events of the day,
They fake nonchalance to unpanic their way.

And if they should hit on a suitable theme,
They hack it to ribbons and call it a meme.

Editor's Lament

A stray typo, by infernal luck,
In a newsletter item got stuck.
Some poor wretch must have goofed:
It had never been proofed,
So instead of "Oh, my!," it said, "Yuck!"



“I’m what you might call a hyperatheist. Not only don’t I believe, I don’t believe you do,”

Letter to the Editor

A rare request, so seldom heard,
I hesitate to ask it:
Please print my letter word-for-word,
Or toss it in the basket.

Haiku Haiku

I hate irony.
That's why I don't write Haiku,
Why I never will.

If you write Haiku
You will soon discover this:
Poetry it ain't.

What's In a Poem?

I listened last night to our national poet.
His words were amusing and terse, I suppose,
But lacking the trappings of verse as we know it:
So how were they poems, and not simply prose?

Fifty-one

If you should hit age fifty-one
Don't vent your precious spleen.
You're now in line for games and fun
For three times seventeen.

Photo Caption

Some Gurkhas
In burkhas
Of wool
In Kabul.

Style Book Entry

Three little words that can't be uttered,
Shouted out or even muttered:
You may gripe and you may bitch,
But better not say, "Tax the Rich."

Couplet

That day we confessed that we loved one another
I couldn't have guessed you'd turn into your mother.

E. D.
A Rap

Well, I was barely getting over this infection that I had.
And though my nose was running constantly, I didn't feel too bad.
And so I stayed up late at night to watch a skin flick on TV,
And I discovered very shortly I had got acute E. D.

So I went right on the horn and got a hold of my physician.
He says, "How's a week from Thursday? We'll look into your condition."
I says, "Come on, Doc, we both know this ain't scurvy or pellagra.
"All I really need from you is just a bottle of Viagra."

He says, "Guy, I'm gonna go ahead and break my office rules.
"You come in this afternoon, and bring a urine and some stools."
So I showed up in the office with my bottle and my tray.
And then he took them in the back, and when he came out he was gray.

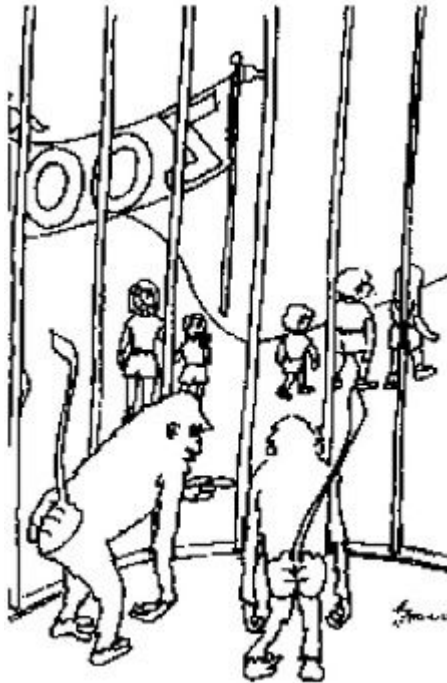
He says, "I've sniffed a lot of feces, and I've smelled a lot of piss.
"But in my life I swear I never came on anything like this.
"I want to do some tests. They're painless. You'll be wide awake."
And he hauls out this apparatus, like a coiled-up rattlesnake.

"I'll just insert this in your anus, then I'll thread it through your bowel
"(Now, when it hits the sigmoid colon, you might hear a little growl),
"And then it's over. And the whole procedure won't take very long.
"So we can find out then for sure if there is really something wrong."

I said, "Hey, Doc, I'm not so sure I want to go in this direction,
"It's an awful lot of grief for an occasional erection."
He says, "Man, don't be a fool," as if my problem might infect him.
I said, "Doc, I just don't want this ugly thing shoved up my rectum."

We consulted and we argued, then we passed around a joint.
And I began to get uneasy, as I tried to make my point.
But he was firm and he was rigid (unlike something I could mention).
I was bound to go along, despite my strongly held contention.

So I took it up the sphincter, had my date with Mr. Hose.
And now I have a new prescription (no, it's not for runny nose).
Folks, I'm ready now and able my equipment to unfurl,
All I need is just to find myself a ready, willing girl.



“They have to wear those ‘cause their butts are so ugly.”

Hotdogstan

From the sheep-dotted slopes of Caucasia
To the mystical lands of Kazakh
From Kabul and the wilds of West Asia
To the blood-spattered sands of Iraq

It's an empire directed from far, far away
By some wonderful folks in the US of A
They will fix up your lives so you won't have to toil
If you'll just let their people take charge of your oil

So now instead of Pakistan,
Afghanistan,
Turkmenistan,
There's only Hotdogstan

Instead of Kazakhstan
And old Uzbekistan
There's only Hotdogstan
Cause you all know we can
Do what we please

Now it's anything-goes time in Hartford
Life-in-your hands in DC
In the Apple the fun has just started
But Hotdogstan beckons to me:

The money is flowing as rockets go boom
And contractors wager on Hotdogstan's doom
From war profiteers of each possible stripe
Unlike the real soldiers, there's hardly a gripe.

Thank God for Hotdogstan
A place to be a man.
No more Uzbekhistan
No more Iraq or Iran.

There's only Hotdogstan
Instad of Kazakhstan
Afghanistan
Turkmenistan
Cause you all know we can
Do what we please.



Cooking with Hair

You can cut it real short, put it up in a net,
But whatever you do, you must not ever let
Even one single strand to fall into the soup,
Neither natural bristle nor fluff from your toupe.

Poem for 9/11

This is a poem. It's unlike any other poem you've ever seen or heard about, because the times demand a different kind of poem.

There will be no rhyme. There will be no meter. There will be no florid language or clever figures of speech. There will be no imagery. Sometimes,

You won't be able to tell where one line ends and another one starts.

This poem will change our idea of poetry. There will be words, as there must always be in poetry, but there may not always be meaning. In this new kind of poem, truth, which informs our adversaries more than it informs us, must be obscured, and readers must not seek it here.

It's a poem about us, to prove we're worthy. And it's a poem about them, to prove we're worthy.

I give you this poem with a warning that your full commitment and dedication will be needed to give it meaning. You must know, as I do, that my warning is false, but it will comfort you in the delusion of commitment and dedication.

And so this poem is waged. It won't make you better or stronger, but it will make you believe yourself better and stronger.

Oats Afloat

When I was a toddler, I did not take food,
All manner of fare with a shrug I eschewed.
Only one meal I'd eat (you young mothers, take note)
A bowlful of Cheerios, nicely afloat.

They tried me with oatmeal and bland cream of wheat
Oh, but neither of these was I willing to eat.
"This stuff don't float!" was my sad, plaintive cry
"Cheerios, Ma, and please don't leave them dry."

Whether bacon and eggs or a sausage and waffle
I'd leave on the plate like a serving of offal.
It was oats that I craved in the form of a naught
Nicely toasted and floating as cereal ought.

Holly

Prickly leaf and bitter berry
Holly is a pretty bush
Snip a sprig to make you merry
Sit on one to pierce your tush



"I see your skin cleared up."

NSA is Listening In

(To the tune of “Santa Claus is Coming to Town“)

Better not gripe
You better not blab
We're intercepting all of your gab
NSA is listening in
Maybe you're gay
or maybe you're not
It's down in the book your government's got
NSA is listening in

They know when you're on Google
They know your girlfriend's name
They got you by the testicles
Cause they've fixed the freakin' game, so

You better hang up
You better log off
Don't let them hear so much as a cough
NSA is listening in.

You want to know
Why Congress is weak?
They got the goods on every last geek
NSA is listening in.
Why is there war
When wars always fail?
Simple enough with a little blackmail.
NSA is listening in.

They're list'ning to your phone calls
They're reading all your mail
What you said about your boss last week
Would make a pretty tale.

You better hang up
You better log off
Don't let them hear so much as a cough
NSA is listening in.
Better not gripe
You better not blab
We're intercepting all of your gab
NSA is listening in.

Pledge This!

We stand beneath the symbol of our union.
We pledge to do whatever must be done
To strengthen those so fragile bonds of conscience
That should unite the multitudes as one.

We might have been a fit and worthy nation
With liberty and justice under law.
Instead, we pledged allegiance to illusion,
To burning, bombing, killing, shock and awe.

Never was a banner so dishonored,
Stars and stripes dragged rudely through the mud.
Boys and girls must wake at each dawn's twilight,
Reckoning its toll in flesh and blood.

This we pledge, then, as we gaze upon you,
Dreaded symbol all the world around:
Someday by our acts we will redeem you;
To this pledge shall we be ever bound.

At School

Teacher, wracked with disbelief
At so much bosomic cleavage
In the classrooms and the halls.
Imagination naught of leavage,
Men and boys devoid of grievage,
So the jiggling flesh enthralls.

Anagram

Put a leg on the "P" in "Patriot"
Rearrange the letters
Sooner or later
You'll spell "Traitor"
Ripe for tar and feathers.

Nursery Rhyme

Chad in your shoes, chad on the floor,
Were they for Bush, were they for Gore?
This ballot's folded, that one is bent,
Count them all up for a new president.

Gore is a loser, Bush is a sport.
Bring on the lawyers, fire up the court.
Back at the White House, Willy's all grins:
Thinks he might linger if no one else wins.

Office Pol

(to the tune of "Girl from Ipanema")

Nice young judge from Pinpoint, Georgia,
His fly's wide open, he's glidin' toward ya.
The girls he passes, they steam his glasses,
Then, Ahhh!
He'll take in a porno movie,
With dogs and goats, it's really groovy.
He's so obscene, he describes his weenie,
Then, Ahhh!

He's so much wiser and older.
He'll put his hand on your shoulder.
Then, when he gets a bit bolder,
You might feel him come up from behind.
How come nobody else seems to mind?

So don't be shy, indulge your passion
Seduce your boss, it's all the fashion.
You'll feel real fine
And help your career.

Sweetest boss you ever had, he
Comes on like sugar, your office daddy.
A little jiggle will make him giggle,
Then, Ahhh!

Don't you get all in a muddle.
This teddy bear just wants to cuddle.
He'll touch your thigh and then heave a sigh,
And then, Ahhh!

Ply him with prurient glances.
Sigh over office romances.
Flash him a glimpse of your pants, sis.
Have a care for his cherished beliefs.
A judge must see everyone's briefs.

So don't be shy, indulge your passion
Seduce your boss, it's all the fashion.
You'll feel real fine
And help your career.



“The court is inclined to grant counsel’s motion to squash.”

Stranded

Stranded and abandoned in New Orleans,
While the waters flooded everything in sight.
We all were stranded,
And abandoned
To the terrors of the hurricane's might.

There were babies crying,
Old folks dying,
No food to eat,
Excruciating heat,
And they promised they would come,
But they stayed away.
It was death for some.
For the rest another day
Of being stranded
And abandoned
To the sufferings of holy hell to pay.

Stranded and abandoned in New Orleans,
When the people turned their backs and heaved a sigh.
We all were stranded
And abandoned,
Left to watch the crackers wave us all good-bye.

You didn't want to see.
And what you saw just couldn't be.
Now, you're doubting what was there.
C'mon, you really don't much care.
Your guys got out safe and sound,
And all those bodies on the ground,
They were nobody before.
They were dark, and they were poor,
So they were stranded

And abandoned.
Lucky them, these dead can't suffer anymore.

Stranded and abandoned in New Orleans,
Left like jetsam on the howling hurricane.
We all were stranded
And abandoned
All the people flushed right down the filthy drain.

Now we know how weak we are.
How we looked on from afar,
Then just clicked ourselves away
To the quiz show of the day,
And we failed to realize
What was right before our eyes,
That we stand neck-deep in slime,
Running quickly out of time.
We're all stranded,
And abandoned
To the consequences of our ugly crime.

Stranded and abandoned in New Orleans,
Poked and herded like the sheep that we've become.
We're all stranded,
And abandoned.
Up above the waters, all that's left is scum.

Poet Laureate

To be a poet laureate
You can't just tell a story. It
Must all be said in rhyme
And play out in four-four time.

Do not try to do blank verse
Or (what's really even worse),
Naughty limerick. So sorry, it
Won't suit a poet laureate.

Now, you would-be laureate poet,
You must truly, deeply know it:
That your readers will not like you
If you end up writing haiku.

So please keep your meter pure
And don't rhyme unless you're sure
'Cause it's all that pain and worry that
Create a poet laureate.