

## Mr. Big "Travolta"

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All behold the spectacle  
A fleshy limbless rectangle  
Sitting on a pedestal  
So nasal handicapable

Sniff and remember silver ball  
Contortions that he can't recall  
The torso on a trampoline  
The happiness melts into dream

To talk is an enunciated sneeze  
To taste is some foul air to breathe

One thought it lasts a day and at that rate he'll most  
likely live forever!  
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphrodite  
And he fucks himself as he fucks the world

His twitching brain can dance within  
Gyrating more like gelatin  
A secret means of ecstasy  
Acute and very olfactory

To see is colors crawling in the nose  
To hear is stinking highs and lows

He's got an itch but nothing with which to scratch the  
itch - so wish it away

With his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt  
'cause he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & Travolta

Smell, Sweat, Movement.  
Everyone's dancing.  
Disco.  
Dimple.  
Fading. Darker.  
A subtle fragrance.  
Faint.  
Everyone's dancing without him.  
Where did it go?

Dark.  
Odorless.  
Nothing.

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