

Tippetycanoe Delendum Est

Tired of desks and counters and attentive stances,
of counters crossed with curses and of-courses
and of the supercilious appraising glances

of the clerks and Clarks and Shirleys and sheriffs
of the cake-like courthouse of our county courthouse,
of metermaid and bailiff,

I say

Let me be blithe in dealing with the world —

But not today

when I go into
the Tippetycanoe County Courtyhouse
to set matters right,
clacketing
with the metal
of military Jehosephat.

There the cops look of the freeway and are numbered
three and thirty,
there the cops are booking and booted, blibbelating
and

I wish to caret my fingers
into their sheriff noses.

I wish to caret my middle finger
in their personal face-territory.

Help me to do this
what is necessary

to these sheriffs and clerks when I
go in to the Tippetycanoe Countatty Quarty-house
this day.

Help me in on the marble, in the holy
oak I think, aid me in it
in the vaultish chambers
of the quiet
rococo thing.

Help me out to call the clerks like Rambo
avoid the sodaddy swulping
of the mooching cop-cops
who WILL come slinging-O. I am Ninja.

Help me in pulling fire alarms I am Ninja.

Help me to respect God and be the handmaiden of ire Ninja.
Help me O Helen Reddy, Ninja of the hair.

Aid me in the rococketycoco whirl
of my fighting technique, my
disco-ball of wrath, Aid me Lord
in the Ninja deed:

Rambo come
to me, Chuck Norris
come.

Mad Max
I say come to me: Samson
in Gaza, eyeless,
come — with long hair — to me

and bring thy jawbone so useful.
Bruce Lee
where art thou, Jackie Chan
I need thy skinny justice.

Will I not fling peanuts?
 (I will fling peanuts.)
Will I not howl to scare them?
 (I will so howl.)
But what shall I say?

I will say
Who had a slapstickety mama? (Yardstick cracking whappety mama.)
Who loves the pie of his guru? (Thrown foam pie of the guru.)
What puce wing on the side of the train
belongs to the insect so pretty? (Fish in clear water
hit by foam pie).

No I am not wroth with the rattlebrained Dippy doRookie
nor his sidekick either, Brenda Floribunda the excessive secretary.

Is it really my opinion
 there is something fat and abominable banging around
 in the fata morgana
 of our souls? Yappy

 of dogs behind me. I put the yappy of dogs behind me.

You think I would not smote him Dippy I would smote him yip.

I would smote him with my heart, huh: big flapping heartbag
 of coins
right in his face, legs smoking
 of Dippety collapsing
 like an cheap exchequer table it's
 true. puh.

Remove his stapes?
Abrade his pockmarks?
Stomp on lungs?
Crack like chicken?

I am not wroth with that intestinal obstruction Dippy the Cop
 causing colic
vomiting and constipation no.

I am not wroth with that breach of decency Brenda the Clerk
causing pulling of the skin no.

But I would smote them for a nickel.

Smack them like a spondee.

Their groans will ha-ha
among the trumpets, fuh,
O Tippety-lumpus!