

Birth Day Pun

My body wants to make a joke,
is gathering itself up
in spasms as for
a sneeze.

But a sneeze,
a long hard cackle,
of the whole body.

They say when you need
to sneeze, look at the light

and I do, and I feel
a brilliance inside, cutting me
with its million rays. What's this?
A flaming ring that expands
and tightens in my gut,
hungry and burning its way
down to the butt of my self—

A smoldering butt!
That's how it is:

suddenly here,
the down-bearing pressure,
the familiar prehistoric wailing
wish to shit it out...

and someone in the room
is screaming,

comically, like a parody of a woman,
Why? Why does it
hurt SO much?

as the ring of fire
in a gaseous flowering
rips through and leaves me seared.

At once I understand
that was me screaming and hear
the doctor, from beyond the thrumming bounds
of self and sense: "You have a sun."

What?
A sun?
Then I get it!
I made a pun.

I want to crow and cup
the steaming, tender parts

that make him son.