

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

When I wrote Politically Correct Bedtime Stories, I thought that by purging our children's stories of the harmful influences of our cultural past, I'd be doing my part--however small--to improve the world. But now, years later, I look around and realize: **The world still has badness in it!** It's apparently more entrenched than even I thought.

Some cynics think it's impossible for us to banish bias, prejudice, discrimination and evil just by retooling our phraseology. They claim that changing the terms we use for different persons and conditions won't really change our attitudes, but will just give us newer, more elaborate slanders.

But come on...you'd have to be **mentally challenged** to think that!

COUNTING SONG

One, two, three O'Leary,
Four, five, six O'Leary,
Seven, eight, nine O'Leary
Ten O'Learys --
straining the Earth with their irresponsible attitude toward birth control!

GEORGIE PORGIE

(Dedicated to Johnathan Prevette, suspended from the first grade in Lexington, N.C., in September 1996 for kissing a classmate on the cheek)

Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.

No, not the girls, who're none the wiser--
But principals, teachers, supervisor.

"Harassment! Harassment! Bounce him quick!
Such lewd behavior makes us sick!"

Reporters fed the lurid scenario:
"Class Now Safe From First-Grade Lothario."

But some smart girls made notes for the future,
'Cuz this guy must be some fine smoocher.

Now Georgie's got six dates for prom,
But can't cross the street without his mom.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey.

A spider came down
And said with a frown,
"Were I a puppy, you'd not run away."

Little Miss Muffet
Intended to hoof it,
But asked rather, "What do you mean?"

"Look," said the bug,
"Would you give a hug
To an arachnid who came on the scene?"

Ho *no*, I think *not!*
You think we've not got
The least bit of cuteness or warmth.

The only direction
You heap your affection
Is toward bunnies and cats and so forth.

Species dualism, Sister!
And before I get hyster-
ical, you better shape up and quickly!"

"I'm sorry," she blushed,
"Want some of my mush?"
He said, "No, human food is too icky!"

But I've got an idea:
If you could but be a
Human animal companion to me,

I'll forgive your transgression
and show no aggression.
The pluses are easy to see.

I'll be your best buddy,
Better than some bloody
Damn kitten or pony named Pearl.

Better yet, I'll inform you
On how to be warm to
My friends in the invertebrate world."

Muffet's house is now thick
With bedbugs and ticks
And other, much-maligned "pests."

She feels so much smarter,
But eating is harder
Without swallowing some of her guests.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was pigment-impaired.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The two were ceaselessly paired.

The lamb followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rules,
So Mary took the Board to court
For open enrollment at school.

"Who's to say," bold Mary cried,
"That lambs must be excluded?
"Your speciesism is so vile,
"Defenseless and deluded!

"Your anthro-bias is laid bare,
"Excluding the animal kingdom.

"Plus, we need a total ban
"On calling diplomas 'sheepskin'."

Mary and her lamb now sit
Side by side in class.
Her friends all brought their critters, too,
And their headmaster's now an ass.

MY BLACK HEN

Hickety Pickety, my black hen,
Her eggs are stolen by women and men.
High cholesterol counts, her sole revenge.
Hickety Pickety, my black hen.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
No amount of blackbirds belong in a pie!

Maybe next time we should
Bake some kings in there,
And see how they like being served on Fiestaware!

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Schooled in the self-serving lies of dead white European males on
Tuesday,
Rejected it Wednesday,
Meditated Thursday,
Opened an ashram Friday,
Gained enlightenment Saturday,
Transcended the material world Sunday.
Now there is no end to Solomon Grundy.

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN

There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a Residence for the Differently Angled.

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Testosterone and not much else.
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
If you have to ask, you wouldn't understand anyway.
That's what little girls are made of.

