

**Boobie Comparative Misanthropology**  
(from "Fernando Po, U.S.A." -- a Malignant Opus in progress)

Fernando Po has known its time  
Its history denied  
As subsequent "discovery"  
Has robbed it of its pride  
The Boobies didn't stand a chance  
They'd no place they could hide

A larger world's discovered them  
And knows they run to type  
A Boobie anthropology  
Susceptible to hype  
As common as ingredients  
That go to making tripe

As Frazer studied all their kind  
And catalogued their traits  
He showed two mental breakdowns  
That the Boobie mind conflates:  
A Sympathetic Magic and  
Religion's dire straits

As Sympathetic Magic goes,  
Two things that look alike  
Must manifest relationship  
Like two wheels on a bike  
Whatever you can't do to one  
The other must dislike

And two things that once touched still share  
Connections though apart;  
Some hair and fingernails can serve  
As targets for a dart;  
And thus the powerless can spear  
Another through the heart

So Sympathetic Magic tells  
Us why the Boobies think  
That effigies and voodoo dolls  
And witches in the drink  
Provide some weaponry against  
The darkness black as ink

But magic doesn't always work  
In fact, it never does  
So when it fails, it calls for an  
Excuse: "The reason was ..."  
[Insert here anything you like –  
Beginning with "because ..."]

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But once the Boobie brain accepts  
That sometimes magic flunks  
It then infers in error that  
A party needs some drunks  
And so a bacchanal ensues  
Till Boobies stink like skunks

But when they sober up they find  
The world just like before  
Except for all the headaches and  
And the vomit on the floor  
And so the Boobie mind thinks up  
Some superstitious lore

If magic didn't do the trick,  
They figure in their way,  
Then spirits must have interfered  
And made things go astray  
"Perhaps if we beg hard enough  
The spooks will go away."

And so religion comes to pass;  
Another huge mistake  
Which somehow always seems to lead  
To someone at the stake  
A frightened, screaming Boobie who  
Has just begun to bake

For when the magic fails and then  
The priests fail in their turn,  
Another reason must be found –  
Which means someone must burn  
The use of scapegoats illustrates  
That Boobies never learn

But lest some Boobies might inquire  
Why they have scorched and fried  
To cover up for sorcerers and  
Priests who've schemed and lied  
The priests strike first so as to keep  
The Boobies terrified

And priest-kings such as Boobie Bush  
Have learned these lessons well  
Upon his many failures he'd  
Prefer no Boobie dwell  
And so Iraq has served just fine:  
A scapegoat's living hell

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Just so with magic sympathy  
And spook religion, too,  
The Boobies cling to savagery  
Like baboons in a zoo  
With undeveloped brains like theirs  
They've little else to do