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## Coot and the Sperm Bank

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## COOT AND THE SPERM BANK

I'll tell you, tell you damn straight  
—this whole notion of banks is sorry  
as a sinner Sunday morning. I'd never  
trust a man who scrubs his nails  
with anything I grub for. And this business  
of "donors" makes the whole affair ring  
righteous as Christmas with a preacher.  
Money's bad enough but now they're  
setting up a whole new generation  
to be strangers. It's sad all right.  
Sadder than them phoney fires  
they burn up iron logs with  
in bars where youngsters sit  
all night working up a sweat  
to record music. Hot enough,  
that fire, to brand a steer with,  
but it leaves your cockles cold  
and it don't fill up the air  
with the right scent. You  
read a good fire like a book,  
eyes and ears, nose and skin  
all working at the same time.  
There's a deal of history in one,  
and hints about the future. Lord,  
I'd dread to look into the eyes  
of any son of mine  
my Missus had withdrawn  
from some Nobel genius stranger  
who wouldn't even leave his name.  
You got to tend a fire once you set it  
or it can run amok seeking you out.