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Another Poem Scoring 4.7 on the Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level Test

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**ANOTHER POEM SCORING 4.7 ON THE FLESCH-KINCAID
GRADE LEVEL TEST**

My wife will sometimes tell me I'm human.
She's one of those people
who cuts to the green of the cantaloupe rind.
When I step on a caterpillar I like to sing,
"the smallest birds make the prettiest songs."
Critics say my favorite music is great
to listen to while staring at your shoes.
I'll never be smart enough
to be a priest. The best Theologians never mention God.
It's my belief that after you tell
a joke three times you may discontinue
revealing the source. In Venice
they say that ambition is an illness.
On warm days there, in the winter,
it's colder in the cathedrals than it is outside.
I wish I could afford to live in a place with a name like "Oberad."
I'd have a cook and never eat simple-carbohydrates.
It's just possible to heal without justice being served.
A wound closes at the rate of a millimeter per day.
The government subsidizes my son's favorite cartoons.
Anger, in one, is a monster
that continues to grow unless you go with it to be alone.
My son likes it when I draw cathedrals on his chalkboard.
"Bong, bong" he says.
I broke a church bell when I was a teen.
I wore a gaudy Italian-horn necklace then (which means good
luck).
Once, in the vestibule of a train en route to Venice,
I stuck a safety pin through my ear.
In Spain they call the summer backpackers, cockroaches.
This summer, three Australian paralysis ticks climbed into my
cat's ear.

Now he sleeps and eats in the garage.
This morning, after saying my prayers silently,
I shaved in the shower with my eyes closed.