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The Trials and Tribulations of a Forty-Six-Inch Shaft

By Matthew Denker

Well everyone, I haven't written in *GDT* in a while, and I'm sorry, but I've been working really hard to come to grips with the harsh reality that is my life. Because I feel very close to you, my readers, I feel I can share with you the living hell I have endured for the last few months.

I want to be upfront about this, so there's something you all need to know: having a forty-six inch shaft is not all it is cracked up to be. I'm sure many of our male readers are excited by the idea, but I assure you, your female counterparts are at this moment gasping in fear that the next guy they take home also has a forty-six-inch shaft waiting for them.

You see, when your shaft is forty-six inches long, it limits the kind of fun you can go around having. I mean, sure, you can whack people with it, but that's rude. Don't whack people, even if your shaft *is* forty-six inches. On top of that, it gets heavy after a while. I actually carry mine around in a bag, but, you know, that's pretty annoying too. Eventually people start to bother you about this big bag you're carrying around.

And don't even get me started on the worst part. The big Bertha head that comes with having a forty-six inch shaft is just the worst. Anything you bump into with it goes flying,

and it makes the front end awfully top heavy. My life would be far better without that forty-six inch shaft following me around. I wouldn't get strange stares all the time. People wouldn't cover their children's eyes in fear. Hell, even when I go to the ghetto the black girls go "nu-uh playa'."

I think the worst thing about people staring at it is that it just makes me uncomfortable. I mean, come on, do you want people staring at you and your forty-six inch shaft all the time? No, I think not. It's really pretty rude of them.

I'll tell you what *is* so great about a forty-six inch shaft. I can go to the golf course and feel like a man. I can turn to my caddy and tell him to pass me my forty-six inch shaft, and he just smiles and complies. At the golf course, guys with forty-six inch shafts are kings. My forty-six inch shaft even matches my pants at the golf course. It would be hard to be more delighted there.

I do wish such perks transferred over to life outside in the real world, but they do not. So I beg of all of you, put aside your childish fantasies of owning a forty-six inch shaft, and just buy your girlfriends a nice steak dinner. I promise you it will mean more to them than any Big Bertha you swing at them in the bedroom.



Whispers in the Wind

If I was gone, would you miss me?
And if you did, for how long?
Until the sadness went away?
Or would that even be there at all?
Would you care that I once existed?
Touched your life in some way?
Or am I a shadow in the background
Unnoticed and ignored?
How often would you think of me?
And would you cry or smile?
Would the memories feel like yesterday?
Or would it have been a while?
What things would you think of?
The good times or the end?
Or would I be
Just a still picture in your mind?
But the question here asked
Is would you miss me at all?
Or would you just move on with your life
And let your memories of me fade like whispers in the wind?

Blackbird

Beneath the skies the blackbird flies;
He's free to fly to higher skies.
Why is he out and I am in?
Will staying in be my demise?

The sweet singing of a violin
Serves to remind me that I sin.
But I do not deserve this stuff.
Help me to free my thoughts hidden.

I feel that I have had enough.
I think that it is all too tough.
I want a way to make it right.
Tell me how to get over this rough.

I watch the blackbird in his flight.
His determination, his might
Keep him alive. The future's in sight;
I will survive life's adverse fight.

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