



**MY
TOP TEN
PUBLIC
HUMILIATIONS**

(that I haven't repressed)
(so far)

by
DRG

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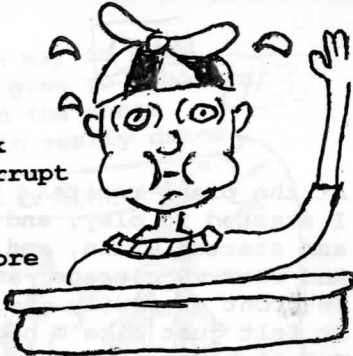
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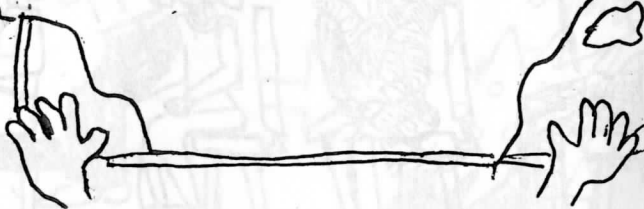
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#1

Feeling sick in class
I should have spoken up
But I was young and meek
and didn't want to interrupt
So I held my hand high
and waited politely
until I could wait no more



And spilled my guts across the desk
until they hit the floor
Lesson learned: if you can't say it
Then you may just have to spray it



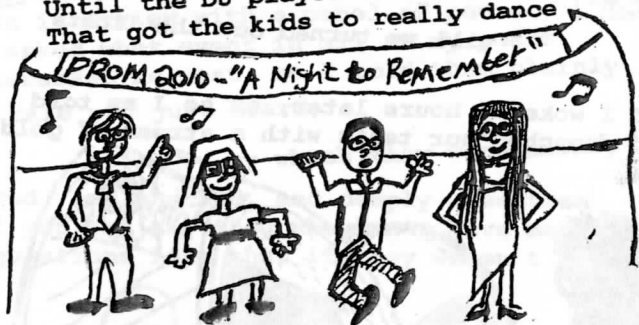
#2

At the piano recital
I started to play, and lost my place
and started again, and lost it again
And lost my courage, and blanked
In front of family and friends
It felt just like a nightmare
But nightmares have an end
While middle-school disgraces
Will haunt you till you're dead



I'd made it all the way to prom
And everything had gone to plan
Until the DJ played the songs
That got the kids to really dance

#3



Well I didn't want to be a square
So I stepped out and took a chance
And shook a leg perhaps too hard
and ripped apart my rented pants

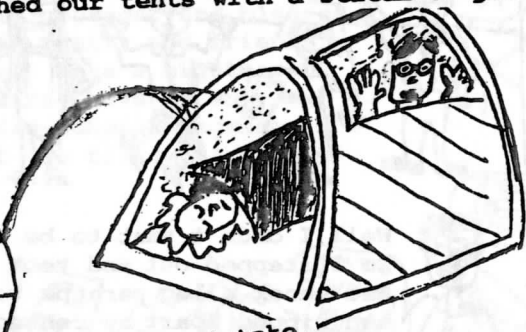
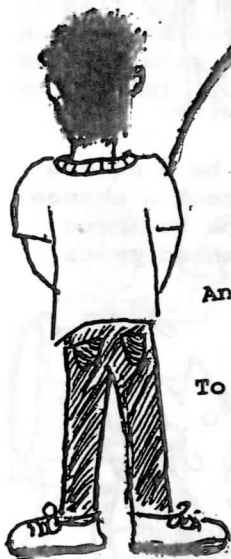


Drinking with friends on a moonless night
Was all good and well

#4

till we turned out the lights

And I woke up hours later, or so I am told
and drenched our tents with a stream of gold



An honest mistake,

if I'm allowed to respond

To those who found themselves

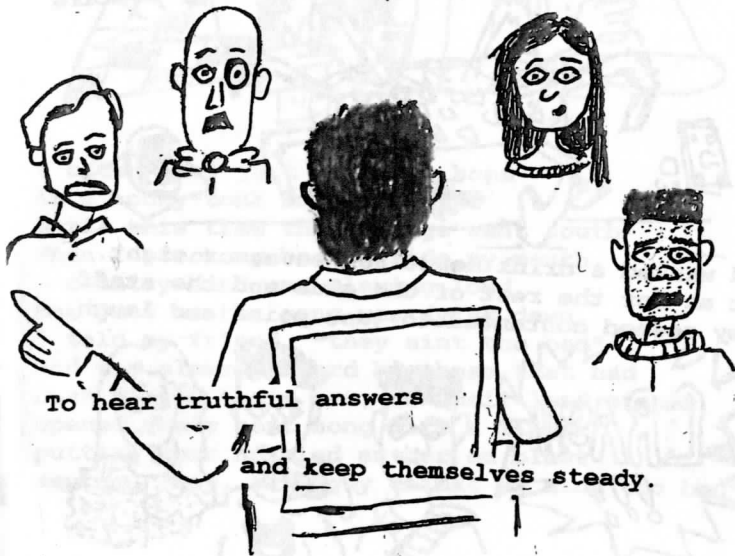
both pissed off

and pissed on

Not long after the aforementioned incident
I was occasioned to try and revisit it
In an interview with a panel of peers
Who asked what event in all of my years
Embarrassed me most, so I told them plainly
The tale you just heard,

#5

by which they were mainly
revolted, and shocked, and deeply unsettled.
But if you ask me, they shouldn't have meddled
With questions like that if they weren't ready



At the bar in the club
with a dance floor beside me
I ordered a Scorpion Bowl that defied me

#6

And flew from my hands

while I made my way through
The crowd full of people

who were all bustin' moves.
The music and motion were halted at once
By the crashing of ice and ceramic and punch.
My cohort were botherēd, as my clumsy mistake



Had wasted a drink meant for seven or eight.
But as for the rest of the club and the staff
They seemed contented to just point and laugh.

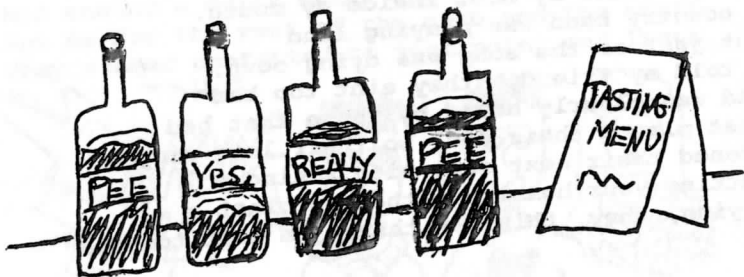




I often feel just right at home
At a honky-tonk in San Antone
Until this time that things went south
When I stuck my boot inside my mouth.
A country band was playing loud
But just as the song was dying down,
I told my friend, "they aint too bad"
And was clearly heard by those that had
Just played their set, so their lead singer
opened their next song with a zinger
putting your humbled author on blast
saying, "hey, this guy thinks we aint too bad"



It's important to know right here from the start
That this one involves some conceptual art.
For a gallery show, my friend had conceived
An exhibit in which you could sample pee
From a menu of "sources," that is, several persons,
Who contributed urine, so that different versions,
Of flavor profiles and so on were listed
In a tasting menu for those interested.



Now if you find that a little strange
I may agree, but all the same
I visited this booth to support my bud
But not before filling up my cup
With white grape juice from the canteen table.

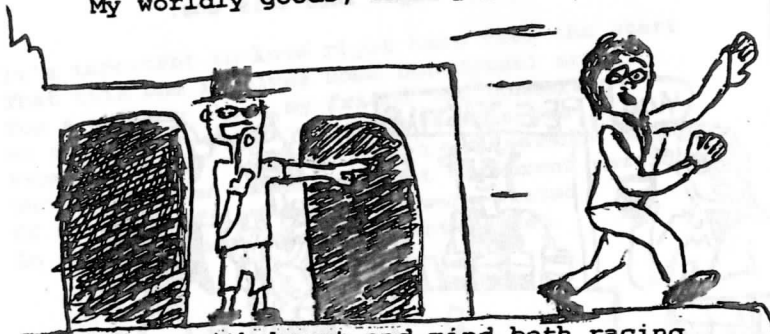
I should have thought sooner
that anyone would be able

To mistake my beverage for a cup of pee
Which I drank from most obliviously
While standing beside the exhibit in question
In hindsight, I walked right into this one.



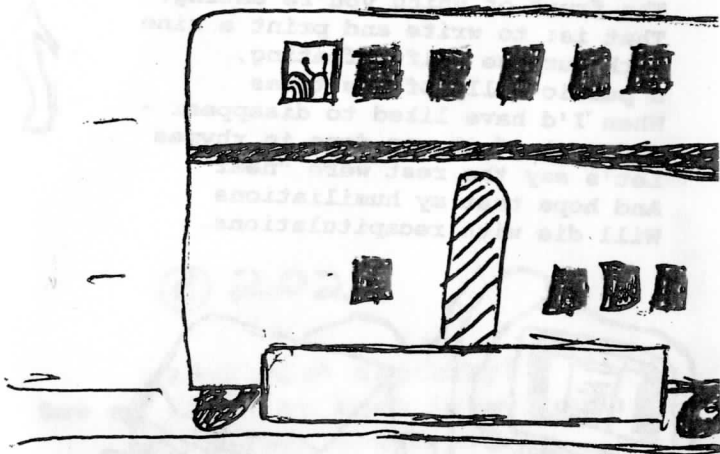
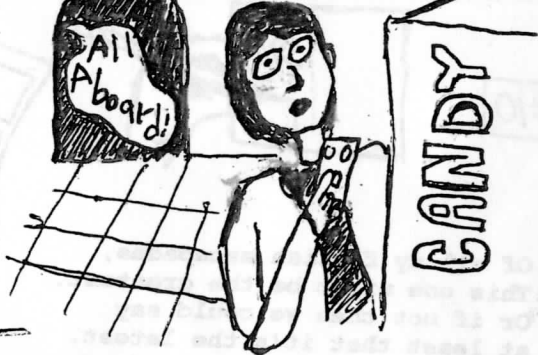
I'd been on the train all night and day
And needed to get out and stretch my legs
So when we braked somewhere in SoCal
I stepped off to see the locale
And only meant to stay a beat
Before returning to my seat.
But my vigilance went slack
Till when I looked back toward the track
I saw the train was moving on
And in just moments would be gone.
Carting with it down the rails
My worldly goods, and my pet snail.

#9



And so with heart and mind both racing
I ran down the platform chasing,
Waving arms and shouting "stop it!"
Wondering if I could even hop it.
And though these efforts were in vain
I hope at least I'd entertained
The dozens of witnesses crowded around

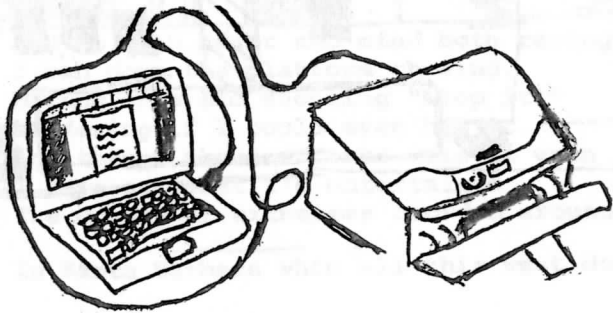
In Santa Barbara when all this went down.



#10



Of all my foolish escapades,
This one might be the greatest.
Or if not then we could say
at least that it's the latest.
I'm speaking of the very deed
The fruit of which you're eating.
That is: to write and print a zine
With purpose self-defeating,
a public tally of the times
When I'd have liked to disappear -
And most of it was done in rhymes
Let's say the rest were "near"
And hope that my humiliations
Will die with recapitulations.



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Did I miss anything?

Saw me stick my boot in my mouth
on another occasion?

Contact me at davidgrieder@gmail.com.

