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The American Heritage of I

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Charles Corry

The American Heritage of I

I am a free-lance carpenter, union car maker,
shrewd broker, corporate farmer and
peddler of beautiful dreams.

I hammer steel spikes, rubber checks, prod
fatted calves, push sharp pencils and
blow hot and cold with the same breath.

I sport 4-WD pickups, worn-out sedans, sleek
sports cars, bullet-proof limos, shoe
leather and pollute earth, river and sky.

I don bibbed overalls, khaki slacks, faded
jeans, pin-striped suits, nothing and
less than nothing at all.

I work at play, play at work, save hard, spend
harder, gamble foolishly and high-roll
for status sake.

I believe in Jesus resurrected, eternal Buddha,
Mohammed the Prophet, I Am, and make
religion of disbelieving all.

I have one wife, many wives, no wife, hetero-
sexual affairs, bisexual encounters and
homosexual lovers.

I am religiously carnivorous, devoutly
vegetarian, helplessly obese and a crazed
diet addict.

I am red-neck Democrat, silk-tie Republican,
stubbornly independent, intellectually
conservative and compassionately liberal.

I am hopelessly prejudiced, doggedly biased,
blindly forgiving, fanatically righteous
and don't give a damn.

I am Scrooge-stingy, mercifully giving,
abjectly apathetic, as just as Solomon
and greedy as sin.

I love hate, hate love, love blindly, support
abortion, right to life, and make babies
and war.

I protect human rights, serve my fellow man,
heal the ill, kill the well, build bigger
bombs and practice ecology.

I advocate low inflation, self-sufficiency, dole
out welfare, earn my way, expect—and get—
something for nothing and dream of Utopia.

I mind my business, your business, everybody's
business and nobody's business. My business
is nobody's business.

And it makes me mad that you
have the audacity to contradict me,
challenge my integrity, or dare to be
different in my world.

Just who do you think you are!