

I'm a real dancer



BY ARI AND JANA WOLFF

Ten-year-old Ari likes it when a poem rhymes and then doesn't and then does. Doesn't. Does. We worked on this together. Sometimes. Sometimes not.

Ari and Janai live in Honolulu. They are both real dancers.



The throbbing of a drum sneaks in through my toes, And my feet start to move with somewhere to go.

"Come on," say my feet to my legs from inside. Soon they start to jiggle, like Jell-O on a ride.

My body can't stay still once my arms sprout their wings. My hair is plugged in and alive.

I've got ants in my pants. I've got fireworks in my hands. I've got lightning in my legs. And drummin' in my head.

I'm daaaaancing!

Suddenly, the music seems to have a million voices, And I seem to have a million ears. The piccolo is whistling; the maracas are clapping; The harmonicas keep humming my name. The trumpets want to shout while the flutes try to sing; And the conga drums play a thunder game.

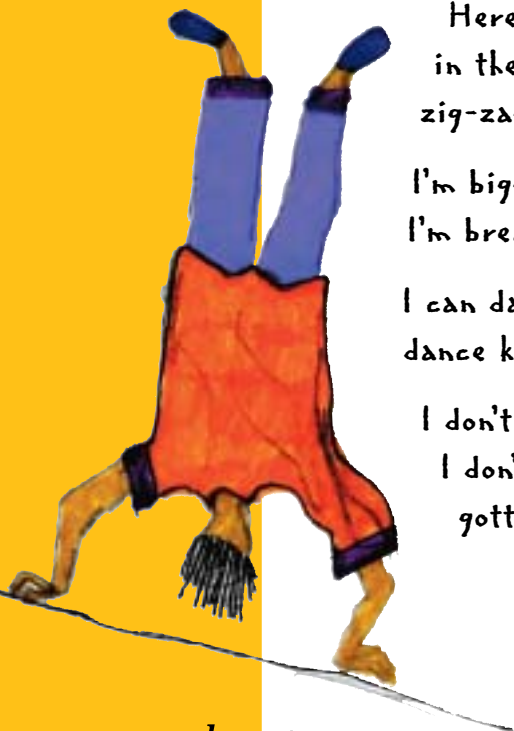
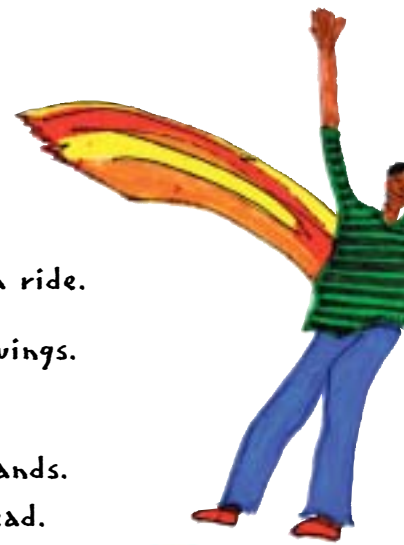
Here and there, I'm on the floor and in the air. First this way, then that, zig-zagging who knows where.

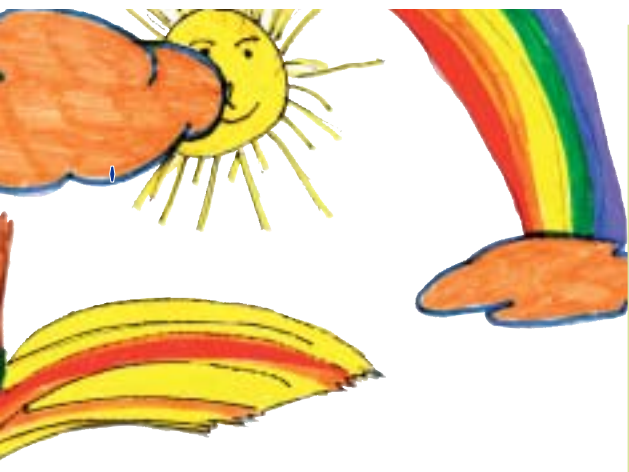
I'm bigger and I'm smaller than I've ever been before. I'm breathing so hard I could blow down the door.

I can dance mad on one day. I can dance kind of blue. I can dance kind of crazy when I'm feeling cuckoo.

I don't have to yell. I don't have to cry. I don't have to grin or speak when I'm shy. I just gotta dance. I just gotta fly.

I'm a real dancer.





dispensable teachings



BY EDDIE GREENBERG

The only reason I use my ATM card at supermarket check-out counters is because of my need for approval.

If Jesus was really Jewish, how come he had a Puerto Rican name?

The only problem I have with life is that it's so LONG-it just goes on and on and on, day after day, with so much suffering for so many people-that's why I've always believed that it's best to get death over with early in life.

The girl's in my neighborhood had their nose jobs done in emergency clinics.

I never met a man I didn't judge.

Hindus believe that chanting ancient mantras can lead one to Union with God; I find that it's also helpful in bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Men are from Penis, Men are from Penis

Words I'd like to hear on a public address system in a hospital: "Dr. Pedestal, Dr. Holier-than-thou, Dr. God, you're wanted in surgery."

(I'm quoting myself, but I can't reveal my sources.)

I'm the Kinko's of conversation-everything I say is a copy. I'm thinking of charging people seven cents a story. That's without collating and stapling.

I'm the Kinko's of conversation-everything I say is a copy. I'm thinking of charging people seven cents a story. That's without collating and stapling.

A quick take on the anesthetization of the American way in the early 21st century: people everywhere numbing themselves into some HBO VCR cineplex fax cell phone cyberspace couch potato remote surfing oblivion, sterile malls in every city with fake oxygen like the air on a Delta Airbus at 31,000 feet while you're sitting very cramped with a potential blood clot riding up your left leg next to some young person reading Lord of the Rings 'cause its gonna be a mega Hollywood movie soon and Eminem mentioned it in one of his hobbitphobic cacaphonic rap ditties, men wearing little microphones on their lapels speaking to their business partners wasting phone space telling the other guy their e.t.a. at every given moment all over this mad empty land

I would like the entire readership of the Wild Heart Journal to know that this is the third time I've offered this column and each time the so-called editor, Eliezer Sobel, has completely censored and sabotaged my work and taken out the very soul of my creative expression, so if there is anything here you do not find funny, it is his fault.

Editor's note: I do not find this funny.

There is no Eddie Greenberg. This column is written by a ghost writer.