

# ***WRESTLEMANIA XX***

Its soul starts with five.  
Line two lives with that plus two.  
The third? Five again.

Syllables, I mean.  
Five, seven, five; feel the warmth.  
Hug the flow as friend.

It means all to you  
Because it's an old poem form  
That doesn't rhyme. See.

Haiku, that is right.  
Counting to five, then seven.  
A sign of great art.

So what better way  
To announce celebration?  
Spring and mayhem mate.

It is once more time.  
WrestleMania XX.  
Rejoice in its heart.

At Mike's fair abode,  
Warrior spirits alight.  
All are invited.

For it's March 14<sup>th</sup>,  
And it's 4 o'clock p.m.  
Reserve your mind now.

2680  
Bush Street, apartment is 2.  
Delight is endless.

Call to 441  
3540. Say “yes,”  
And no one gets hurt.

My email address?  
Won't spoil haiku with high tech.  
Call, yes. Email, no.

Scared to come alone?  
Drag some friends against their wills.  
Say “sorry” later.

Man from Nantucket.  
Hickory dickory, Doc.  
Life is syllables.

Gandhi said we grow  
When a sly kick to the crotch  
Doesn't make us wince.

Two spirits should know  
Better than to clench mad fists.  
But they don't, thank God.

Why all struggle? Why?  
Will violence solve? Why not?  
This one versus that.

The best one will rise.  
Who is skirmishing with whom?  
A lineup for you.

In a ladder match  
For the World Championship,  
It's a three-way dance.

Chris Benoit versus  
The Champion Triple H  
Versus Shawn Michaels.

Some is personal.  
But a lot is just business.  
Still, a fight's a fight.

More importantly,  
A ladder's still a ladder.  
But then a weapon.

Landing on your head  
From really, really high up  
Can scramble your brain.

How do I know that?  
I can't remember right now.  
But I'm sure it's true.

Whom do you like here?  
They've all been champs in the past.  
I predict Benoit.

Wait! I remember.  
One day . . . um . . . it was wet . . . um . . .  
Shoot, I just lost it.

Olympic hero.  
Does Kurt Angle have a chance?  
Can he take the belt

From Latino Heat?  
Eddie Guerrero is champ.  
But how much longer?

Eddie paid his dues.  
But is he willing to give  
His all to keep it?

Who can predict this?  
Isn't Kurt Angle worthy?  
Might he not win out?

Can Eddie hold on?  
Do I look fat in these jeans?  
So many questions.

Sable and Torrie.  
A silicone showdown with  
Jackie and Stacey.

Must they be half nude?  
Yes, or we would never see  
Their unique talents.

There is a fine line  
Between a celebration  
And exploitation.

And just so you know,  
This is a great example  
Of exploitation.

A diva battle.  
Whose plastic surgeon is best?  
Place your grubby bets.

For the U.S. belt,  
John Cena, bad boy rapper,  
Is in da hizzouse!

His toughest test here.  
Now he's got to cowboy up!  
Can he really beat

The giant Big Show?  
Eleven feet tall, at least,  
In his stocking feet.

Big stockings scare me.  
Rather not talk about it.  
It's too personal.

Another title.  
The guys on lesser steroids  
Still give it their all.

They're all high flyers.  
But for this, stay grounded, men,  
If you want to win.

Avoid the top rope.  
Cruiserweight Battle Royal.  
Who will be standing?

These are all the guys  
About whom you always say,  
"They don't look that tough."

"I know for sure that  
If I trained for just one week,  
I'd kick their asses."

Then you hurt your back  
Getting up off the sofa.  
You warrior, you.

A grudge match, oh my!  
Is there anything worse than  
Former friends turned foes?

Yes, of course there is.  
Year-old pork, for example,  
Or white guys in thongs.

But that's not the point.  
It's Jericho and Christian  
Fighting over Trish.

Chris Jericho's been  
A true gentleman lately  
Defending poor Trish,

Giving her presents,  
Saying that he really cares.  
He is a changed man.

But Christian, that dog.  
He called Trish "Yoko Ono."  
And that can't be good.

Then when Chris was gone,  
Christian tried to pick up Trish.  
You know, in "that" way.

This is just not right.  
And Christian has to be taught  
A lesson by Chris.

I am teary now  
As I think of this pure love.  
I know you are, too.

When you watch this match,  
Please do keep one thing in mind:  
"Love conquers all." Sigh.

He's dead, but won't die.  
Like William Shatner's career.  
Oh, Undertaker.

Is he after Kane?  
Alphabetically, yes.  
But also to fight.

It may be a match.  
It may be a sneak attack.  
Either way, carnage.

Kane killed their parents.  
Taker crucified others.  
They have real issues.

Once loving brothers,  
They hate each other as much  
As I hate limp things.

The Big Red Machine,  
Kane has been destroying all.  
He fears no human.

But Undertaker,  
He may not be a human.  
And Kane may not care.

This won't be pretty.  
So much hate is hard to watch.  
Please hide all limp things.

They're freaks of nature.  
Both Goldberg and Brock Lesnar.  
Two men; zero necks.

Lesnar wants Goldberg  
For slights real and imagined.  
A hug won't solve this.

Steve Austin will ref  
And call it straight down the line.  
Whatever that means.

Goldberg speared Austin,  
Then said it was a mistake.  
Austin's suspicious.

But Lesnar don't care.  
(That's how Lesnar talks, not me.  
I would say "doesn't.")

When these two butt heads,  
It won't be for a title.  
Rather, for revenge.

You know what they say  
About revenge? Well I don't.  
So please tell me. Thanks!

Do your eyes deceive?  
Can this tag team match be real?  
Young pros versus old.

He destroys legends.  
Randy Orton has no soul,  
But he has backup.

Batista – 'nuff said!  
He's half a man, half a beast.  
And the rest, bad math.

Will Ric Flair butt in?  
He's the dirtiest player  
In the game. Say "WOOO!"

They have been at war.  
Crippling, maiming, even  
Taking lunch money.

Someone must step up  
And stop this vicious rampage.  
But who has the guts?

One man and one sock.  
Mick Foley, Hardcore Legend,  
Fights for his honor.



Not fair; two on one.  
Mick can't fight them both alone.  
So think "Rock and Sock."

Joining Mick's crusade,  
The most electrifying  
Man in sports today.

All who witness will  
Smell what the Rock is cooking.  
And that's a good thing.

Is that all there is?  
Will there be other matches?  
Maybe yes or no.

Perhaps A.P.A.?  
Champs Scotty and Rikishi?  
World's Greatest Tag Team?

More women fighting?  
RVD and Booker T?  
Surprises galore!

Some celebrities?  
Expect the unexpected  
At Mike's and in ring.

To whatever comes,  
Just open your heart and soul.  
It's art, goddamnit!

Over that weekend,  
WWF  
Pays tributes to gods.

And by "gods," I mean  
Wrestlers who would show up  
More or less sober.

All Immortals now,  
They enter the Hall Of Fame.  
Admit it; you care.

Jesse Ventura.  
“Body” once, then “Governor.”  
Democracy – wow!

It’s Bobby Heenan.  
Not just a ham andegger.  
The Brain. Still the best!

Tito Santana.  
I never liked him; sue me.  
But he was a champ.

Always dangerous,  
Greg “The Hammer” Valentine.  
A brothel legend.

This man did it all.  
Superstar Billy Graham.  
Power, tie dyes, drugs.

He’s Sergeant Slaughter.  
Should have been a Lieutenant.  
Paperwork was lost.

Mister Bob Backlund.  
An inspiration to you,  
If you’re a nutcase.

So now you all say,  
“I loves me the wrestling.  
But will there be more?”

“As I howl and hiss,  
I’ll be burning calories.  
What if I’m peckish?”

“Peckish? What the f...?”

I say, as I look it up.

Oh, I see – “hungry.”

Yes, there will be food.

Jambalaya touched by God,

And fruit picked by Juan.

Drinks? Yes. Lots for all.

Soda, beer, wine, Listerine.

You’re sick; push fluids.

Desserts, veggies, breads.

You need bring soul, but not food.

Maybe bring soul food.

(HA! That one killed me!

Not really all that clever,

But I need sleep now.)

Your body sated.

Your soul ready to explode.

Just one question left.

All now want to know,

Will Bea Arthur be present?

In my heart, yes.

Some call it stalking.

I prefer to say “Gotcha!”

Oh Bea, be my Bea.

Many is the night

I speak to her in my dreams.

Let’s get busy, Bea.

She is perfection.

That Princess Golden Maude Girl

Will one day be mine.

And so will ailment.  
Carpal tunnel syndrome from  
Counting syllables.

Over and over.  
Over and over again.  
Over and over.

If you counted all,  
And found some line numbers low,  
Think what you did. Sad.

But so you feel joy,  
Here are extra syllables  
To place where you need.

Ish, and, ly, but, ing,  
Tion, est, ier, the, ous, now,  
Is, de, of, ible.

If sounds numbered high,  
Omit syllables below,  
So five, seven, five.

Re, do, eth, or, al,  
Ory, to, ive, ness, ed, nor,  
Un, iest, for, by.

Must end this ode now.  
My soul is at long last pooped.  
Pooped in the good way.

I hope you'll be here  
To share this soulful union.  
Lather, rinse, repeat.