

Dear Mao

I don't want to look at an ox's
rear end all day,
I won't get a thrill at a sunrise
over the fields
I don't want my own rice field
and pulling my own water from an
ancient well and eat vegetables
grown in my neighbor's dung, picked from
my back yard,
Dr. Chairman - this labor intensive
stuff is a bunch of crap, man was not
made in the image of an ox, to labor
by hand in a field, to grunt out a
shabby little life and share a
handful of books on a commune.
I don't care if I ever dance in the
courtyard of the school with a sickle in
my hand, I'm really not that dopey.
Don't send me that foul looking blue
uniform or the seedy looking hat I
don't want it, none of it
really I feel so bad about your way
of life and so sorry for your people ,
You know....I just might refit my
Cadillac for picking your fields....or I
might send you a 60 Ghp Massey-Ferguson.