

The other night I watched a man use his tongue
to put a penny up his nose—
they replayed the trick two times
in slow motion
before bringing out a Canadian woman
who danced and dangled a glob of spit
along the lower edge of her lips
without ever letting it fall.
The house band played a can-can
(you know the tune) faster and faster.

Years ago I knew a guy at MIT
who married a stripper and wrote a famous paper
called *What the Frog's Eye Tells the Frog's Brain*.
This was years before debating Timothy Leary
made Jerry Lettvin a household name.

Evidently *Rana pipiens* isn't interested in aesthetics,
only food—when a shadow crosses his line of sight
it sets off his bug detector and he strikes.

It took millions of years of Darwinian selection
to produce a suitable successor,
one who would sit on plastic lily pads
night after night, its short tongue snapping out
at morsels of televised light telling the brain nothing.