

As I See It & More

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (February 2025)



Before Performance (Jeanne Mamman, 1928)

As I See It

the one constant that applies to most of the pop singers these days—
especially female pop singers— is that they gyrate. When I watch
these pop singers— either on TV or on my general Facebook page—
they are always moving different parts of their bodies while singing,
and with regard to the female pop singers, their hair is mostly obscuring
their faces while they're gyrating.

Now, another constant is that the female singers will often turn their backs
to the audience and shake their buttocks. Seeing them do this so often,
I came to the conclusion that it was because most straight men like to look
at female buttocks, even if the pair is not completely visible to the naked eye.
They also do this to enhance the appreciation of the song.

In closing, I will say that sometimes I feel envious of these pop singers
because if I gyrated like that at my age, I probably would be so sore
in the morning that I wouldn't be able to get out of bed— not to mention
that I'd be too embarrassed display that part of my body to millions
of people who I didn't even know. . .

The Honor

When I got the call that I was to be the first poet to make the Hollywood Walk of Fame, I was very happy, but upon seeing my star, I was less than pleased, as next to my name they included a rhyming poem which was one of my very first efforts—which I felt least represented me and my lifetime body of work.

In fact, when I saw the poem next to my name, if I hadn't been surrounded by a crowd of people who came to the ceremony from all over the country, I would have immediately left.

By the end of the ceremony, all I wanted to do was dig up my star and leave a blank hole right there on the sidewalk.

I mean, how would you feel if the following poem was chosen to represent you after close to fifty years

*The dog won't bite
if you treat it right,
and neither will your wife
if you're holding a knife.*

Think about it! Would you like this to represent you for all eternity!?

The Origin of a Word

One of the main English language lexicographers happened to be standing close by when Kate's mother shouted at Kate, "I've asked you the same question three times now

and you haven't responded. Are you deaf, eh Kate!?"

To which she responded, "Mother, I keep telling you that I'm losing my hearing. I think I'm going to need one of those hearing aids to get by!"

"How shitty is that!" the lexicographer said to himself.

"Such a young woman to be losing her hearing!

Shitty. . . Shit. . . Shitting. . . Wait just a minute. . . deaf, eh Kate! I think I've got something there!"

Introducing himself to Kate's mother, he said, "Please forgive me for butting into your personal business, but I happened to witness what just transpired between you and your daughter. I think it's very sad that such a young woman is losing her hearing. I hope that a hearing aide helps and that her hearing does not diminish any further."

Thanking him for his concern, the mother took her daughter's arm and they continued on their way. . .

Sexplanations

Of course, many people have sex for something to do out of boredom on a rainy day, and afterwards one or both parties will smoke a cigarette, a cigar, or take a few more puffs off a joint of homegrown marijuana.

And certainly there are plenty who have sex in an attempt to get the female impregnated, who always has the burden of carrying the fetus until it's ready to come out into the world.

And usually it's the female who becomes the primary person who will meet with the child's elementary school teacher—and sometimes the principal—to discuss why the child is not doing well in class, often distracts others with making faces, and sometimes pushes other children while in line.

This is one of the more complicated and challenging aspects that results from having sex, not only for the mother but also for the father who is often the main source of income, at least until the child is old enough to be left in a nursery school or at home with a nanny for a good part of the day. . .

The Keys to Success

Why, yes, I did graduate summa cum laude from The School of Infinite Charm and that's obviously why I've been so successful at getting people to like me and enrich my life ahead of their own.

Of course, my stamp of success has been fueled by an engaging smile, a twinkle in my eyes, and most importantly, I know how to listen and make others feel important.

Now, if you too want to be successful— a winner at the game!— you must walk out that door with a positive attitude, always believing that the world is yours for the taking...

A Time

There was a time when everyone had the same thoughts and as a result there was no war. . . nor were there lawyers or insurance agents stalking the populace.

Hardly anyone ever needed a doctor except during flea season when most everyone scratched themselves until there was blood.

It was otherwise a happy time when there were lots of backyard barbecues and games of checkers in which no one kept score so as not to look smarter than anyone else.

We can only hope that time will somehow come again. . .

The Unfortunate Ending

Getting quality acting roles was getting harder and harder so I had to do something. . .

Knowing a good deal of the competition, I decided to invite each of them over for dinner and have my chef—who I paid well and was loyal to me!—put arsenic in their food.

He even helped me bury each of the bodies out in the woods nearby,
and I would have gotten away with my most recent invite as well
if he hadn't mentioned to his director that he was having dinner
at my house, and when he didn't show up on the set the next morning,
the director called the police, who unfortunately showed up just as we were loading the body into the van. . .

At This Point

I have no idea how many people there are in the world, but if I met all of them, I imagine that I would like some and others I wouldn't.

At this point, I believe that I'm more tolerant of people than ever, but this tolerance would depend on whether I had to live with the person, work with them, or share a room in a mental institution.

I will say that with regard to neighbors and people I run into at my gym, I'm usually good for 5 or 6 minutes so long as they don't try to impress me with their recent travels or how well they're doing in the stock market. And I don't care to listen to someone's political views as if their perspective should reflect everyone else's.

I should also mention there are times when people in television commercials irritate me—smiling, and talking to me as if I were their long-lost brother, when all they really care about is selling me something, and then moving on to a professional acting career.
. . .

In Consideration

Yes, I'm sure that being the president of the United States is a challenging job, and if I were to accept the position

I would only agree to do it part time— say 8 or 9 hours per week— and on the days that I worked, if I devoted at least three hours straight I'd want an undisturbed nap in the afternoon and be able to get to the gym before the night crew monopolized the machines and equipment.

Other than that, I would not accept to travel by plane to any place that took more than forty-five minutes to get to, and if I needed to stay in a hotel I'd expect there was a pool in which there were no more than 3 or 4 people using it at the same time as me.

In addition, I'd only accept to be paid in cash, and I'd have to be assured of health benefits for life that included dental, massage, and unlimited free entrance to pee wee golf courses of my choice.

If all of these requirements were in place, I'd seriously consider taking the job. . .

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