

The Blood Song

King Missile

I remember the last time I donated blood
The nurse put a bandage on my arm. She told me
 Not to remove it for six hours
The time was five o'clock, and at about ten to six
 I was having an early dinner with some friends
 In a pretty nice restaurant
I was embarrassed enough that I had short sleeves on
 The bandage made me look downright silly
 So I removed it slowly, surreptitiously
 So no one would see
Suddenly, a thin but powerful stream of blood
 Started gushing out of my arm
It hit a man sitting directly opposite from me
 Splashing off of his head and onto the floor
A waiter delivering a bowl of chicken noodle soup
 To a nearby table slipped,
The bowl went flying and landed on his head
 I was completely covered with noodles
 And I disappeared
Well, I learned my lesson that day
 And the next time I give blood
 I'll wear long sleeves
 And I'll leave the bandage on

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