

## COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Over the last three years,  
three women tried to steal my sperm  
one was true, she really loved me  
she wanted to birth my baby,  
I agreed cause I loved her

The other two said they were on the pill  
They just lied  
I'm tellin you this  
cause I know you're concerned  
and I have to get it off my chest  
you're my very best friend

And I'll tell you right now:  
I forbid you to put this in a poem,  
I have dominant genes for some  
recessive disease,  
that although I don't have it  
my children will

Almost all the men in my family  
are blinded by this malady  
It's a plague that eats away their sight  
It starts in mid to late thirties  
they're stoned blind by fifty

So when Renee, the love of my life  
says she wants to have my babies

I had a feeling I never had before:  
that overwhelming primal urge  
to shoot my sperm within her loins  
and watch it swell into a baby  
but when we tried  
the seed failed to fertilize  
And I discovered I was sterile

God help me, I was despondent  
Either way, I couldn't win genetically

Now I'm brokenhearted  
Renee I loved and would've married  
But she returned to her former lover

and implored him  
to seed her female garden

Since then Renee begged me  
to remain her friend  
and I did because I  
didn't want her to think  
I wasn't man enough to do that  
And to this day  
I still love her

Now, I've got three to take her place  
But don't worry,  
Let me set your mind at ease  
I can't be tricked into  
being a blind progenitor  
and I mean that both ways

I know I should be grateful  
But none of them excite me  
And although it's satisfying,  
I'm very lonely  
for the woman of my dreams