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IN AUSTRALIA, STATE FUNERALS ARE INCREASINGLY
OFFERED TO PERSONS OF GENERAL CELEBRITY

Phil Estes

No one trained me to dislocate
my gagging mechanism.
So I choked to death on a 40-watt bulb
in front of her Majesty,
Prime Minister Kevin Rudd,
the press, and the guy in the cowboy boots
and Stetson who owned the basketball team.

The dream started in an Indian Casino
in Yakima Washington—the tribe
owned the Sunkings, a bus-league team.
I played small forward. I didn't have the body
for the NBA. My hands big like waffle irons
but too short—6'3". Size doesn't matter;
I was perfect for the Aussie way
the guy in cowboy boots and Stetson told me.
He bought my contract, and we flew
to Townsville, Queensland, Australia.

I made \$100,000 as a Crocodile.
He also put me on TV with an American
comic who ate light bulbs
and told jokes about Britney Spears.
I stood in my green and gold uniform and played
set-up man. For example I would ask:
*I don't know, why did Britney Spears eat her baby
with vegemite?* I sometimes told the jokes
when the comic was too hung over.

*Why did Kevin Federline rub lube
on Britney Spears' caesarian scar?
So he could have sex with the scar easier.*

The Queen laughed, and the Honorable Rudd clapped.
That's when I tried to eat the light bulb,
but the glass caught in my throat, and I choked
to death in front of them.

The Queen scattered my ashes off the Gold Coast.
Kevin Rudd wept. The American comic vomited blood
trying to eat a compact-fluorescent in mourning.
I never felt such love in my life.