

# Heil Mickey

**By**

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Mickey Mouse is a three fingered little fuck with no soul.  
- Charles Bukowski

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*This book is dedicated to -*

*The people I left behind,  
my friends from Fantasyland, Toontown and S.T.A.G.E.  
I wouldn't have been able to survive without you  
and also to my fiancé Holly,  
who I love with all my heart,  
without you, none of this would have been possible.*

## **To Work for a mouse**

Here I am  
in Paddleboro Mass.  
Slouched in our  
Alice in Wonderland bathroom  
waiting for the water to heat  
so I can take a shower  
It smells like Florida

In a short time  
I'll be moving to the land of  
palm trees and flamingos  
to work for a mouse

For 37 Years  
I've lived in this  
cold and damp state  
I've known nothing else

god, I'm scared

# The secret life of Toons

While Minnie and Donald wait for the bus to go home,  
Cinderella comes up screaming into her cell phone  
to Prince Charming about how he's a fuckin' asshole  
and how he'd better fuckin' be there  
since she's been waiting for this for a fuckin' month.  
Across the street, Pluto and Goofy are smoking  
their heads off while on break  
Goofy is saying he loves Minnie cause when he's doing her from behind  
he can hold onto her ears.  
Nearby Sleeping Beauty is bitching to Snow White  
about how she hasn't been laid in a month  
and how much it sucks that most of the prince's are gay.  
The Queen of Hearts strolls by and says  
"Gay? I'm just a drag queen honey, don't ask don't tell."  
and she laughs hysterically and prances about.  
Around the corner Jasmine and Tinkerbell  
are whispering sweet nothings to each other and  
discussing how great it will be when they have their first kiss  
while Aladdin is down the street  
trying to get the number of the new girl in town.  
In the break room many of the Toons  
are watching Jerry Springer, Piglet is sleeping on the couch  
Rabbit is talking to Eeyore about how they  
really got drunk last night and they still have hangovers  
Down the hall is Mickey's own break room  
in it are 8 hispanic women in tuxedos  
bitching to each other in spanish  
When Mickey comes in bitching about getting off set late  
cause this fuckin' rude family was takin' forever  
shortly after that he bends over and starts smacking his own ass  
saying how he's so bad for saying such a thing and laughs  
This all sounds really weird  
but it's all just another day  
in Toontown

## **It's a dumb world after all**

I used to think only blonde women were stupid  
or people from the south were stupid  
inner city people or teenagers  
they were all stupid  
but now that I work here I've realized  
that foreigners are even stupider than Americans  
not just women  
not just blondes  
not any specific racial type  
The majority of people I see each day  
are complete morons  
just look at what they wear  
little half sweaters that tie just underneath their fat boobs  
they'll walk around looking like complete train wrecks  
in the so called happiest place on earth  
such total gutter tripe  
They'll wear half shirts with their flabby guts hanging out  
or T-shirt and shorts in 40 degree weather  
just cause it's Florida  
There's other things that show their genius  
like riding a ride completely around till the lap bar comes up  
where they're back where they started  
and still wonder if they should get out of the boat  
till you have to scream at them to get out  
the voiceover will tell them not to lift up on the safety bar  
but they'll jam up on it anyways  
people don't listen  
or they're too stupid to realize someone's talking to them  
You see a lot of people from all over the world  
working in a themepark  
and man,  
are they dumb

# Fantasyland

Fantasyland  
land of broken dreams and empty promises  
where magic can happen  
for a price  
A land of abused children  
and berated spouses  
Once the happiest place on earth  
is now just a facade for a nazi regime  
that professes diversity  
as long as you fit into their appearance guidelines  
and smiles are enforced with an iron fist  
A sweatshop of mammoth proportions  
where workers are treated like slaves  
by an uncaring and soulless entity  
Where guests get worse every day  
having more temper tantrums  
than the kids they drag behind them  
or push in an endless sea of strollers  
slamming into whoever they want  
in a rush to stand in line  
bullying cast members to get whatever they want  
leaving their waste in their wake  
and for those guests that are polite or happy  
they are treated like everyone else  
We're trained in guest service guidelines  
but when we go the extra mile for a smile  
we're slapped down by the upper levels  
Here  
fun is not allowed  
Here  
expressionism is outlawed  
Here  
you dress and speak the way they want  
Here in Fantasyland  
the magic is dead

# Stupidworld

It seems to me,  
the general consensus of the world is  
Ignorance is bliss  
Here at Stupidworld this adage is ever present  
This is a place where stupidity reigns, it's a constant  
In a place where 30-80,000 people visit a day  
less than 10% actually use their head  
maybe read a sign, answer their own question or read a map  
Questions like, "What time is the 3 o'clock parade?"  
never answer themselves  
it takes a team of crack rocket surgeons to figure it out  
"How do I get in to this ride?" is another one  
even though you can see people walking in  
or the line of people waiting to get in  
or better yet, they are standing underneath a sign that says  
entrance  
standing underneath things is a huge problem for visitors here  
it's almost as if they can never look up  
that's too difficult for most  
"What is this?"  
While holding a map that describes the ride  
never ceases to amaze me  
"Do I just put my ticket in here?"  
While pointing to a sign that says  
**insert park ticket here**  
with a figure of a hand holding a park ticket right next to it  
and a **receive Fastpass ticket here** just under it  
either proceeds or follows the question  
"How does Fastpass work?"  
It seems that people refuse to read  
People who don't speak english are an exemption  
they can't read english, but what about these red blooded Americans  
Not only do they not read but they don't listen either  
Asking someone to move all the way down to the end of the row  
ends up in a blank stare from the guest like you're not there at all  
that's where hand motions come in, but to no avail  
they'll still sit there like you're invisible,

## Stupidworld (cont)

like ignoring you will make you go away

These people are lemmings

They just follow the group blindly

Then ask "What show is this?" when they get there

and when given their own entrance they continue to follow the pack  
go where everyone else is even though there is no line in front of them

They'll stand there in front of an open turnstile

and stare at you when you tell them to use both, the left or the right  
you have to spell it out to them

they hardly ever figure it out for themselves

This is the same place where "Wait right here."

means just come right in, no matter how many times you say it

Conversely I've seen folks unlatch a chain that leads to a moving ride  
and I might add, impending death and or dismemberment

and look at you weird when you stop them

and also call you an asshole or something else

more beautiful and eloquent

I've been called a smartass for asking someone

to read the pass they hold in their hand

because I can see from where I am that the pass is invalid

due to the big black box containing the uppercase letters forming

**NOT A VALID FASTPASS**

but I can't read the small print stating why

so for that, I'm a smart ass

Seeing the things that go on, hearing the questions they ask

it makes sense why this country would vote for Bush

not once, but twice

and why they'd believe anything they hear

This world is pabulum fed, mostly by TV

They come here on vacation jabbering into cellphones

dragging their kids around like luggage

They'll stand in a major exit and feed their child on the ground

or change their baby on the floor of a major walkway

They'll ask if you work here

when you're wearing a uniform and nametag

while wearing a shirt saying

I'm surrounded by idiots

They'll ask where the entrance to the ride is

## **Stupidworld (cont)**

that's surrounded by a giant green wall  
that's clearly marked  
This area is being refurbished for your future enjoyment  
and still be astounded when you tell them it's closed  
they'll ask you what the wait time is while standing in front of a sign that says  
the wait time is 55 minutes and ask you if the wait time really is 55 minutes  
It all boils down to that  
the meek have not inherited the earth but,  
the ignorant and lazy have  
and all I can say is  
Welcome to Stupidworld

# The dream is over

When I was around 7  
my parents made a trip to visit my maternal grandparents  
In the course of that trip  
we visited what was then known as Walt Disney World  
back when there was 1 park instead of 4  
I can't remember the details of that day  
but I'll never forget the rides  
Mr. Toads with it's crazy car speeding through a mansion  
and ending in a tunnel with what I thought was a train coming straight  
at us  
only to crash through the exit doors  
20,000 Leagues, I really thought we were under the sea  
and we were being attacked by a giant squid  
Small World, which my parents had to go on,  
with it's children from many lands and incessant song  
Then it poured and we ran into Hall of Presidents  
I really thought it was Abraham Lincoln and we hissed when Tricky  
Dick spoke  
I even have a vague memory of the Skyway  
it was over before it started and once back at home  
I heard stories from my cousins about Space Mountain  
and it's famous chicken out line  
I heard about Disneyland's Haunted Mansion  
and dreamt about what it was like  
I always wanted to return to Disney World my whole life  
and I thought I never would  
When my kids were born I wanted to take them but never could  
When I met someone and fell in love, late in my 30's  
She made a trip to Disney World,  
she had been many times as a child  
but as an adult she wanted to stay and I said I'd follow her  
After working in a seasonal theme park for 6 years  
I thought there could be no better job  
making plans to move we made a day trip to Florida for a Disney job fair  
We wanted to be characters and we made it to the final interview  
only to be told that we had to start right away if chosen,  
we couldn't cause we hadn't moved yet

## **the dream is over (cont)**

so we'd gone through the whole thing for nothing,  
we should have taken it as a sign  
through the kindness of a cast member  
we got to visit the park that day  
after 30 years I finally got to see the rides I always longed for  
Mr. Toads was Winnie the Pooh  
and 20,000 was an empty pit  
but on Pirates I had a cheshire grin  
and I finally saw the Haunted Mansion  
and fell in love  
I even rode Space Mountain  
and it scared the crap out of me  
Back at home while at work  
I dreamt of working in the shadow of the castle  
and when we finally moved and were on the job hunt,  
being characters were out  
cause I was too fat to fit in their suit and Holly had too much boobs  
I landed a job in Fantasyland/Toontown  
and Holly eventually made it to the call center  
Toontown was great and the first 3 months were great for me,  
it wasn't so great for Holly  
She couldn't go out in the sun cause she'd get sick  
and her job was dismal  
I got to be a clown for the Halloween celebration  
and that was my best month yet  
We were in a play together and we started to make friends  
but I found that I couldn't transfer like I wanted to  
and I was stuck where I was  
Holly left her job cause she felt like she was an undesirable and unappreciated  
The more I tried to have fun in my job  
the more they took away from me  
and our friends back home wanted us back  
The best thing that happened while we were there was  
We got engaged inside Cinderella's Castle,  
the ring brought in a glass slipper  
but Disney took all of our dreams and smashed them  
They don't care about the magic anymore,

## **the dream is over (cont)**

just protecting their image and the almighty buck  
I don't know if I can even go to another theme park again  
not even the happiest place on earth  
cause for me there's only the pain  
of the loss of a dream

# Heil Mickey

Everyone is given a number when they come to work here  
you become the number and less the name  
Everyone wears a uniform that's specific to their area right down to the socks  
There are guidelines on how a worker should look, specific hairstyles and colors  
Men are allowed a moustache of a specific length and width  
beards aren't allowed, neither are sideburns  
tattoos are a different story  
If you have a visible tattoo, don't even apply  
If you get a visible tattoo or change your hair color  
to anything other than a normal hair color that is suited to your skin tone  
you are fired  
Goth's need not apply  
You must conform to their standards  
cut your hair if it gets to long, or you get written up  
stand straight, don't lean, or you are written up  
you can't be sick, you can't be late, even for a minute  
There's a point system  
If you're late less than 2 hours it's half a point  
more than 2 hours, it's a point  
call in sick, it's a point  
You can call in for 3 days in a row and it's only a point  
as long as you say it's continuous  
get enough points and you're written up  
3 in 30, 6 in 90, 12 in a year  
if you're written up 4 times you're fired  
There are so many ways to get written up  
safety infractions, appearance infractions, attitude infractions  
for a job that's so short on people they can't fill every position  
they sure don't make any effort to keep people  
They've burned through most of the locals  
so they have to import workers from other countries  
or lie to college students about how great it is to work here  
the college program is pretty much indentured servitude, with a smile  
which is another way you can get written up, not smiling

## **Heil Mickey (cont)**

They try to get their workers to conform  
most of the workers are so conditioned they can do their jobs in their sleep  
nonconformists are gotten rid of  
they're trying to get rid of me and slowly but surely it's working  
A clear signal that lets other workers know it's ok to run the ride  
is an open hand, raised outward, arm extended, palm outward  
Heil Mickey

**Ryan Travis** has been performing for over 8 years as a poet, actor, singer, performance artist and clown. He's toured with 2 infamous poetry groups, **The Collective** and **The Barnum and Buddah Circus**, all over New England as well as, NYC, NJ, PA and KY. He was nominated for an Irene Ryan Award for Acting Excellence and a Cambridge Poetry Award for best love poem. He's also been published in many online and print magazines, most recently in England.

Known for his upfront and revealing style, his work ranges from children's poetry to the outright offensive, so much so that he was once asked to leave the stage by a long distance phone call by the venue owner.

Ryan likes to push the boundaries, trying to break down the walls of taboo words in order to destroy the limitations of language making the most offensive, common and everyday, believing that no one word should be more powerful than another and freeing the word of all prejudices making the world safe as a true, word warrior.

Ryan has returned to his home state of Massachusetts, with the love of his life, after realizing that like Mickey, Florida has no soul either.

You can contact the author via email at [darkratpoet@excite.com](mailto:darkratpoet@excite.com) or visit [myspace.com/poetfromhell](http://myspace.com/poetfromhell) to read some more of his work

This is his third chapbook.

# Heil Mickey

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