

My Godot-Shaped Hole

by George LaCas

Godot teases round the edges of my
God hole, that God-shaped gap
With his I might be there, or I might not
Which can mean anything, really.

Well guess the news, Godot: you can
Hit the bricks, get steppin, and go fill
Your own God hole, you plastic swami
You master of the no-show, of the
Not-interested when you get here.

