For Dejan S. & Bob V. & Gordy B.

by sean m. poole

Sometimes when a poem is writ

It's no more than a piece of shit

With a smell as bad as any turd and

Yet it's just a mess of words

Not offensive by themselves

But joined in certain ways they smell

Like feces, poopoo, crap and more

Like diarrhea on the floor

Like flies inside the shithouse stall

Stinky poems offend us all.

It's time to use some bigger words than Those like crap and fart and turds and So I will.

I will.

I swear.

I'll use the best and biggest words out there Words like egregious and Profligate and yes Words like Parsimonious!

Blithely will I make full use of Colossal verbiage
Creating and composing an Intransient barrage of
Reconstituted tedium and
Competuous garauche.
Poems that beg the question:
To irrigate or douche?

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Or simply just ignore it all Go lease a summer cottage and Live in it 'til fall.

Put blisters on your fingers and
Put plasters on your head but
Put peppers on your privates and
You'll wish that you were dead!
I only wrote this poem today
To keep myself amused
There's not a taboo subject
That I have not abused
Just to have a laugh
I'll gladly take a sacred cow
And cleave it with my gaff
Now I'm through
Now I'm done
I've said my piece
I've had my fun.

I've wrote about how poems are writ I've used the words crap, turd and shit!

Like the furtive poet of the toilet stall I've written things to offend us all.

So now that I have had my say Just kiss my ass And go away.