

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?

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.

