

# 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.

