

HE KNOWS WHO I'M TALKING ABOUT

Above the titter
tasteless fritter
courtier jive.

Is this where poems end up?
I want chilli and tears,
even surprise would suffice.
My home is not "all about the bricks",
life is lopped enough.
Swimming pools have sharp edges
ducklings dream their BBQ day
but Baby Quack still explores.

Pull out your cock
have a real laugh
then get angry.

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