

Fecal Forgery

Aborted

Poetry in motion
A quiescent movement in my bowels
An unrelenting thirst for this fecal forgery

Inundated with revolting matter
This succulent banquet of drud and gore
The playful joy of fecal batter
As I am engulfed in excremental charm

I did nothing, I smell nothing
Terrorized by this fummy hors d'oeuvre

This fecal forgery
Befouling my decency
In festering excretions I rest
This succulent banquet of nectarous chyme
I suffocate and gasp
The perfume of the dead, in my ass lies to rest
Oh holy puzzle of manure
I piece together with grand rigor
All that rotting fumes beget
A colonic arrest

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Befouling my decency