

Bad Poetry

Gray blue green shards of golden light spray forth
in a dizzying array of multi-colored brilliance.
Shafts the color of rainbows cut like lasers through
the oily mist slicing pieces of the fog right out of
the damp sky in geometric clumps.

Green dogs with buzz cuts pee pink streams on
lawns of goat honey while purple turtles with black
spots fly out of my ass. Twisted squirrels made of
Velcro with bad attitudes wearing leather studded
collars and wristbands follow me continuously.

Turquoise pelicans with Christmas stocking bills
dip into ebony oceans with chrome whitecaps
searching for yellow fish that explode into an
orange mist when they touch the light. They wear
smocks to keep the orange mist off them.

Evenings of mauve stretch into mornings of silver.
Clouds filled with neon tar dripping like napalm
from the skies. Trees with leaves of white and bark
of brick tower in forests filled with wrought iron
cages to keep the people out. I wear a smock too.

Bad Poetry II

Pygmy trolls made of Play-Dough with iridescent hair standing on end ride carnival carousels over and over again until they throw up.

Crazed pigs in aprons marinate charcoal in gasoline. But they can't ignite it because they don't have any matches.

Hoads of hominids mass nearby watching and waiting outside the gates. All want to get in.

And there is me. Smoking stogies. Watching it all. I have all the matches.

Bad Poetry III

Mindless turtles building campfires in the sunrise light.
Glassy eyed libidinous maidens with pregnancy on their
minds roam the seaside. Tar filled pits are everywhere. Is
this smell the cost of freedom?

Contorted Monkeys dangle from trees. Snickering at it all.
One of them loses hold and falls, erupting into applesauce
as it hits a tar pit. The turtles hardly notice, but one maiden
seems genuinely disconcerted.

I'm not sure what to make of this. But, I know I'm hungry. I
throw rocks at the monkeys, chortling as they descend into
the tar pits, exploding into applesauce. I grab a spoon and
feast until all the applesauce is gone.

The disconcerted maiden is wandering the seaside with the
others. The monkeys are no longer dangling from the trees
and they are no longer snickering. My stomach is chock-full.
I detest applesauce.

Bad Poetry IV

Crazed teenagers wearing Technicolor raincoats cackle non-stop as the afternoon light fades. Madmen made of ashes search the streets for neon butterflies. They use fishing nets and the butterflies always escape. The madmen curse each time this happens and scratch their heads in wonder.

The cackling doesn't stop and the madmen are starting to get frustrated. Soon the neon butterflies are giggling too, taunting the madmen as they make their escapes. The madmen are starting to lose their cool, and one of them grabs a log and starts chasing the neon butterflies, swinging wildly and shouting.

Suddenly a cell-phone rings and everyone stops. The Technicolor teenagers, the madmen made of ashes, and the neon butterflies. They all check their phones to see if it is for them. I check my phone. The call is for me. I let it ring.

Bad Poetry: The End

Fish leaping from the ocean and exploding into an orange mist in the silver morning light. Trolls made of play dough melting in the heat of gasoline fires. Turquoise pelicans wash up on the beach with their stomachs full.

Green dogs with buzz cuts being blasted into pink streams by purple turtles with black spots sporting shotguns. Herds of humans escape from wrought iron cages and run to the beach. They cut the bills off the pelicans so that they can hang them on their hearths.

Twisted chipmunks made of Velcro are stuck to their surfboards. They are gliding on the chrome whitecaps of the ebony ocean and they aren't ready to stop their surfing yet. Crazy pigs wearing aprons smoke stogies and laugh at the scene. They all have bad attitudes.

Shafts of light emerging from the ground and illuminating the oily sky like beacons. I have given up my smock and stogies. The crazy pigs have taken my matches. I'm told that I should just give in and run to the beach too. You may call it salvation. I call it delusion.