

## Satire Sonnets

### The Mall

Robotic windows slide like silk their split  
direction hastily revealing rich  
aromas like the conjured fumes of Fitch  
or sweet release Cinnabon omits.  
A drug store or coffee shop retrofit  
with fresh designs right next to it a niche  
sports store attempting to give a sales pitch  
to their only customer since Sanskrit.

Candle place adjacent useless for now  
but in one's memory for Mother's Day.  
A little further down, the crème de cacao  
of stores awaits attracting eyes like prey  
as he stares transfixed walloped by the wow  
and she the same but by the lingerie.

## Satire Sonnets

### One-Ply

Oh bathroom, oh restroom of dark deceit  
white walls    hands free    the great shitting man's dream  
clean sink    pistine seat    the lemon pledge reeks  
I pop my squat    all is well    it would seem.

I'd like to think I've been a nice guy  
but you must think otherwise, for you  
gave me a one-time supply of one-ply  
'nough to wipe the ass of a butterfly.

They say you can't fold a piece of paper  
(eight by eleven) no more than seven  
but shit, I could fold one-ply forever  
still not enough, and the stack reached heaven.

And to think you only gave me one piece  
as if that was enough to clean my crease.

Satire Sonnets

A Love Poem

I'll never forget that soft summer day  
my pits were sultry my soul solely yours.

I'll be honest I thought I might be gay  
then you came and shut those fellatio doors.  
Sweetheart, it's the little things I adore  
like your moist loins and that annoying noise  
you know the one  
don't you, you naughty whore?  
I know you like those talkin' dirty boys.

My love on days when I can't see the sun  
you make me bright with your succulent tongue.  
My love I've always known you were the one  
just like I know that I'm not *really* hung.

My love, I must ask                      will you marry me?

Babe?

Where are you going?

Come back!

Please!

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### Literally

“Oh my god, I’m literally dying!”

She cries, more alive than she’ll ever be.

“Wow, that’s literally the dumbest thing

I’ve ever heard.” He adds, incorrectly.

“You are literally the biggest dick

I’ve ever met,” she claims for emphasis

but Moby begs to differ.

Word as prominent as the man who mouthed

“Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee.”

Should have named his daughter Litter so she

could literally be Litter Ali.

I hope this “literal” madness subsides,

So we can ~~literally~~-figuratively turn the tides.

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### Late Night Snack

The clock hits ten     it's time for bed   tonight's  
the night   you finally decide   to start  
a flossing regimen     retainer fights  
its way in     wash cloth darts sharp towards part  
of your forehead   all light subsides   haired chest  
connects with royal mattress   shoulders turn  
back lies   thoughts arise   try to rest  
your mind   minutes crawl by   you toss and yearn

for stiller vibes   settle in     then     OREOS!  
The hope of cookied goodness righteously  
consumes weakened strands   buds seek glucose  
verification   eager feet slide nimbly

across slipped floor   down cliffed stairs   hand flocks  
to pantry door   and rips open the box.