

Beautiful Bacon

Beautiful bacon, so red, white & rare
Beautiful bacon, so fresh & bare
Protein in flesh & flavor in fat
A love affair, yes, just like that!

A love affair of the stomach & mind
Mouth-watering & delicious, doesn't matter what kind
From the pig to the package to the pan to the plate –
Raised for one purpose, O' glorious fate

To grace the mouths of hungry desire
Cooked in a pan or slow roasted with fire
The heresy – in the size to which it doth degrade
But still – no doubt – this beauty won't fade

Heaven only, where it shall not shrink
Must wait for that day, O' on the brink!
Swimming & sizzling in a sauna of grease
Calming the stomach to a deep inner peace

Clogging the bloodstreams with vehement rage
But life too short, like a book's intro page
Beautiful bacon, such a beautiful addiction
Vegetarian never, what a mental fiction!

Absurdity of Words

First my accent then many a certain word
You seem to think I'm really something absurd
You make fun of my poetry & then my speech
If you've got something better, then please do teach

Then my spelling & awkward grammar –
I feel like a dork & often want to stammer
Poetry in progress is where I stand
If not to your liking, then give me a hand

Onward, upward & out to sea
So that see I may & my mind be free
Of your disapproval & shortsighted views
You see colours, but not the hues

Be patient & please take my hand
Far out to sea & away from land
Land of opinions for too long held
Where stubborn trees of ignorance need felled

And something from them made new
Facts straightened & opinions with a clue
Give me grace & I will you too
To apply love & spare critical word
I will do my best to use your preferred

Happier Poems

Sad, sappy & something crappy
Often down & wholesomely unhappy
These poems suck, they're really quite sad
As if that's it & I'm always mad

But that isn't quite the case
Yet around the room I stomp & pace
Yelling that it isn't quite so
And all I want is for this sadness to go

There's good in life found every day
Poems come forth like ships into bay
Yet my poetry is something drab
Something sour like the apple of crab

To take life's smallest joys
Even the stupidest of stupid boys
And make light & love of the situation at hand
Happier poems I do demand!

The best things in life aren't things
And it's not about romance & rings
Live life, love life & make it work
Enjoy the sunshine, let shadows lurk

Every cloud has a lovely silver lining
Quit staring out the window, sulking & pining
So dance in the rain & embrace the cloud
Thoughts lined with silver instead of shroud

To better fill the book's "Happy" section
Better do some deep introspection
To demand real change, O' attitude
Be one of love & gratitude!

Icky Vicky & Horrible Heather

Icky Vicky & Horrible Heather
Went for a walk in some wicked weather
No coats & no shoes, they became sopping wet
Like stupid girls, they began to fret
“Our hair!” they wailed –
And all sanity sailed
Far away, faster it fled
In fright of the she-monsters – pure dread!

Their day was ruined, that much be true
But vengeful wrath on others undue
To wreck havoc & take the town
Till bodies hit the floor, all over the ground
Till news of them spread everywhere
They were something awful, as a pair

Icky Vicky & Horrible Heather
Plucked a goose, every pluck every feather
Till coats for themselves they had made
And hideous further by the smiles they would trade
Naked & afraid, they ditched the goose
Alone to wander in its abuse

Their minds were set, shoes came next!
The element of resource left them perplexed
Icky Vicky wanted something sticky
But Horrible Heather wanted leather!
Neither could decide, nor agree on one
They argued about it till up came the sun
Four days later & rather late
A train came & met them for their final fate

Leather Couches

Leather couches call my name
The way bacon sings to my nose
And oceans beckon my toes
The way clouds pull on my heart I suppose
And my fingers to the petals of a rose
I love the summer & when it snows
The earth so warm, then suddenly froze
The wind, my hair yes, it wildly throws
Freedom screams and my anxiety grows!

This is week of the Dead –
Of coldness, cruelty, darkness & dread
Books flung wide on tables spread
Smoke curleth forth yes, from my head
Eat with purpose & consider yourself fed
Consider not thy lonely bed
Nor Finals week – the thought, the dread

Nor leather couches that call your name
Remember what you fight for – the glory, the fame
Even that to my ears now rings lame
So much for so little, O' what a shame
Fight on, fight hard fair dame
And continue forth, let the world be lame
Freedom nears, but all the same
Resist those leather couches that call your name!