

"The Browns Go to the Super Bowl!"

My enthusiasm has been aroused my eagerness has been magnified.
For today the Browns go to the Super bowl something that oddly enough
has not happened in a very long time.

Oh the spark of exhilaration feverishly takes over me.
It is as if a million butterfly wings are simultaneously flapping in my gut.
It's been way too long for the Browns and fans have patiently awaited.

A couple of the fans were having a conversation:

"They've been held back for how long?" One fan contemplated before the next one stated:
"Saying they were constipated would be an understatement"

They both agreed "we are just happy they finally made it!"

The moment has finally arrived the feeling of excitement so thick you can taste it in the air.
I was filled with the thrill of anticipation as I took my seat upon the porcelain chair.

A tear of joy fell from my eye as I cried: "The moment is finally here!"
The Browns came out of the tunnel and burst onto the field,
with a:

"BLOOKUP"....."SPLOOSH".....followed by a long relaxing "AAAAAHHHH"

Ten pounds lighter!

"A Clown Worth Dunking"

I walked past this booth with my lady one day

There was this guy in it who sure had a lot to say:

“Oh look at that guy he thinks he’s muscular and in shape”

I turned and pointed to myself as to say “are you talking to me?”

He screamed “yeah I’m talking to you, you big ape,

You are lucky I’m in this booth or else I’d come say it to your face!”

“Can you believe this clown” I said to my lady as we continued to walk by.

I heard him say “yeah you better run, you pussy, you couldn’t hit me even if you tried!”

What? I thought to myself.

I had had enough of his talk and was ready to shut him up once and for all.

I reached in my bag, pulled out some cash, and paid for three big balls (pause)

I stood behind the line aiming up my sights like a marksman.

Pointing at the bullseye with one hand mentally calibrating the target.

With the other hand I threw the ball hitting the bullseye square.

With a “Ba-Ding!” the clown fell like an anvil or even harder.

I simply laughed as he trembled in the icy cold water

“Who is the pussy now?”

"Demon Slayer" (Tell Kids Better Lies)

I bring her ecstasy sudden release from a long stressful day.
I'm always her good vibe, vibrating sensual vibrations, her vagina is pulsating
Her head flung back her legs in the air
She was so into it stretched out on the chair
She didn't notice her 6 y/o son was home early from school and was standing right there!
"Mommy what are you doing" he let out with a cry
She held me embarrassed and butt naked, looked him in the eye, she told him:
"Baby this is a light saber, mommy is just slaying the demons she has inside"
The little boy thought nothing else of it he simply took it in stride.
He threw down his books then wished her a good day
And went to play with his friends outside.
She ran to the room and stashed me in the drawer
Saying to herself: "I'm dumb as hell"
Fast forward to the next day in school just so happened to be show-n-tell.
The little boy's turn was up and he was so full of pride.
In front of the room, he whipped me out, and he cried:
"This is a light saber my mom uses to kill her demons inside"
The entire room was shocked and the teacher certainly gasped
As he held me like a sword, while the air he sliced, slashed, and stabbed.
The teacher tried to grab me causing me to drop to the floor.
They both reached me at the same time and began a game of tug of war.
She pulled and he pulled neither wanting to give up their stance.
The boy let go just as the principal walked in.
Now the teacher stood there with me vibrating in her hand.
"Mrs. Sanchez!" he said with shock.
Her face turned red, as she tried to explain, but the words just wouldn't come out.
"Let me see you in my office!" he said with a commanding voice, words were loud and stern.
She pointed at the boy, the boy shrugged his shoulders, without any concern.
Luckily no one was harmed in this poem, but the moral of the story is this.
Parents please, you have to make up better lies, to tell to these kids.

"Food Talk"

A slice of pizza had the nerve to tell me I'm cheesy
I asked an egg how he gets over a breakup?
He said: "over easy"
Please believe me, I'm not making this up.
I had an orange jump in my hand and say "hey man, squeeze me in this cup"
I took a seat next to some beets who screamed "I can't be beat"
I stood to my feet like "whoa dude this some good weed I'm starting to tweak."
"The food is talking to me I swear I'm hearing them speak"
I paid it no mind just opened up my fridge looking for something to eat
Now the last thing I thought I'd see,
Is the gallon of milk hitting on me!
Talking about:
"Aye bruh I got that good vitamin D!"
The tomatoes were shivering yelling "it's so damn cold"
Then they told me if I took them out they would love me from my head to-ma-toes.
I was like oh is that so?
I said you know what, I'm going healthy today, thinking I'd be clever
Made a tofu burger, went to take a bite, but he kept yelling "meat is better!"
I was like whoa, whoa, whoa, dog....pause!
I'm just trying to eat that's all
But it seems that y'all are more content with small talk
All I wanted was a good meal but this whole ordeal went on for hours
Each item I was about to eat started to speak right before they were to be devoured.
I hadn't eaten all day and quite frankly was tired of waiting.
It was either eat something yelling and screaming or die from starvation.
I chose the former!

My Wet Dream

It would have to be a dream in order for me to have met the woman of my dreams.

Let me be honest with you up front, everything in this poem, is not what it seems.

I met her at a house party thrown by the captain of my football team.

Suddenly it was as if a director said “cut” because we had a total shift of scene.

Next thing, we were in my bedroom, and I was doing any and everything to get in-between her jeans.

I was laying down some hardcore pimp game, better than Goldie even, the likes in which you’ve never seen.

I was like: “Say baby you have a big beautiful smile and a nice set of teeth!”

Next thing you know, she took them out! Now she is standing there looking like Grandpa Simpson in the mouth.

But do you think that discouraged me y’all? HELL NAW!

I was like: “Say baby I can view your soul through your big beautiful eyes.”

Come to pass they were both made of glass!

She took them out and the left eye had a little red light sort of like the terminator has.

I was like: “Girl I see you peeking!”

However I still wanted them drawers y’all that didn’t faze me even.

I was like: “You have some nice long locks I’m feeling your hair-do.”

Come to find out the hair is fake too!

She snatched off her wig and revealed the head of a bald eagle

However she still looked sort of royal and regal, matter fact, made me step my pimp game up harder even!

I was like: “You are IT girl, a nice set of tits girl, and a big fat ol’ ass!”

Y’all I spoke to fast, because just as I said that, she reached in and snatched out a set of breast and ass pads.

Now she is dead ass.....literally!

I thought to myself “man this chick is consistently killing the vibe for my mini-me.”

His attention is coming to a standstill residually and oh so miserably

But I mustered up the courage deep within me and I was like:

“You know what baby, your legs, you tall drink of water, your legs are your best feature!”

Just as I said that she kicks off both legs like a pair of loose fitting sneakers.

She plopped on the bed and in my head I was like “Damn this chic is a paraplegic?”

Call me Michael Jackson y’all because I still wanted to “beat it!”

It doesn’t even stop there neither because to further ring the alarm,

I had the nerve to compliment the last thing she had, her arms!

I was like: “baby you have some nice smooth elbows and I don’t mean no harm but I’m feeling your arms”

Just as I said that, she rips off both arms, by pounding her chest angrily like Donkey Kong’s mom

She plopped back on the bed and though I dare say it:

“This chic is a quadriplegic?”

Now at this point I’d had enough so I jumped up with rebuff like:

“Damn fake arms, fake legs, bald head, fake eyes, fake teeth, no ass and no tits, is that it?”

In a soft voice she was like “Yeah that’s it”

I said “Are you sure that is it?”

She said “Yeah that’s it”

I was like: “Well do you need help rolling on this dick?”

Guess what y’all? She rolled on my dick!

With a quick twist of her hips and commenced to ride a brother

And with no eyes, she was looking me dead in my eyes and said:

“I’m gonna get you sucka”

I said “You dirty motherfucka”

She said “You dirty motherfucka”

I said “I’m gonna get you sucka”

Next thing you know I heard the voice of my mother saying: “You dirty motherfucka”

I awoke and it was my mother, peering down on me with disgust saying “You dirty mother fucka”

She had caught me asleep dry humping the covers!

My wet Dream!