

# My Name Is Superman And I'm An Alcoholic

I'm Superman and I have a problem  
I love the bottle to death  
I go around saving the world  
Whilst having fermented breath

I stop criminals in their tracks  
But I still cannot walk straight  
Sometimes I pass out in alleyways  
As early as half past eight

I fly in loops and swirls  
And sometimes forget my pants  
Sometimes I wake up covered in honey  
To the delight of many ants

One day I jumped to fly but fell,  
I thought my life was over  
I was surprised to see my powers were gone  
Maybe it was 'cause I was sober.

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## To The Finish Line

There is something in me  
Of that I am very sure  
I've caught a bug of passion  
That probably has no cure

I know what I must undertake  
For my task is clearly set  
I won't be able to live with myself  
If my goal isn't fully met

I am sweating and trembling  
Not heeding when others speak  
Of the familiar scent of victory  
I will soon start to reek.

I will run through the corridors  
People onlooking with glee  
I could swear I'm the best sight  
That any of them will ever see

Very soon I will be happy  
At least that's what I posit  
When I return from the bathroom  
Having made a huge deposit

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# Dogs Will Never Learn How To Read

Many incredible things will take place  
Great people will do many a great deed,  
Many people will lose and save face,  
But dogs will never learn to read.

Aliens might arrive and ravish us sweetly,  
Math might make sense to a warthog,  
But Cat's Cradle and Catcher in the Rye, will sadly,  
Never be enjoyed by a dog.

There will be no homework and classes maybe,  
The dollar might outgrow the pound,  
But Hound of the Baskervilles never will be  
Analyzed by even the smartest hound.

Maybe I will be able to travel in time,  
And fudge with the events in history,  
But the pleasure of reading, oh how sublime,  
Will remain to man's best friend a mystery.

Traveling through Antarctica may become less grueling,  
We might all move to (and fit in) El Salvador,  
But Tolstoy to Crichton and Gibran to Rowling,  
Will never make sense to a Labrador.

Ants may learn to love history with a passion,  
All tumors might turn out to be benign,  
But there will always remain cruelty and tension,  
As long as a novel is nonsense to a canine.

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# The Puppy

She was a cute little Puppy  
And everyone loved her so  
Wished she would be small forever  
They were be sad that she had to grow.

They treated her like a queen  
They fought for her attention  
When she nuzzled up against them  
They were ecstatic, there was no question.

She liked to run around and play  
But they made her wear a studded collar  
It was too heavy, it slowed her down  
But they wanted it, even if it was a bother.

They would push, prod and not let her be  
They would keep stroking her mane  
She appeared to be bursting at the seams  
She thought she was going insane

Then one day she bit one of them  
Suddenly everyone started to frown  
"This little dog has gotten out of hand,  
It's high time we put her down."

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