

Messed Up Poems

Fuzzy Chipmunk Family

An adorable family of fuzzy chipmunks,
With fluffy tails that bristle and flick,
Into the batter you will be dunked,
Then fried and served on a stick.

Run and jump, forage and squeak,
Gather food for your winter homes.
You may not be much when comes to meat,
But I still like the crunch of your bones.

Tiny Sparrow

Cute tiny sparrow,
Flitting about,
On a nighttime hunt for blood.
You land on a bovine,
And sever its whole spine,
Then it drops to its death with a thud.

Cute tiny sparrow,
Fluttering around,
Then landing right on my face.
Your reign's just beginning,
This must signal the ending,
Of the existence of the human race.

I Would Valentines You So Hard: An Awful Love Poem

I love you like a Hallmark card, with fuzzy kittens on it.
I'm addicted to you like cigarettes, real or electronic.
You make my heart race super fast, like a hedgehog named Sonic.
Like a rock star or a gold-grilled rapper, I want you to get up on it.

I covet you like yummy Gummy Bears, that I'll keep warm in my pocket.
Or maybe I'll just Spacebag you, and keep you in my closet.
If my cooking didn't cause property damage, I'd make you a Valentines omelet.
But jail seems kind of yucky so instead, I wrote this terrible sonnet.

...or whatever kind of poem this is.

The True Story of Thanksgiving

When Columbus founded America,
In seventeen-seventy-six.
His arrival changed our history.
It all happened a little something like this:

“We should be thankful that we all got here,
And left not a single person behind.
To commemorate our grand achievement,
Let’s eat the ugliest bird we can find”.

“This new land means freedom for everyone!”
And so Thanksgiving was born.
He taught the Natives to be less naked,
And then he invented corn.

He ruled this new land for decades,
And his subjects thrived in all 50 states.
Americans loved their benevolent founder,
Until his death in 1978.

With his final breath, he solemnly said,
“I want you to always remember...
Have yourself a Happy Thanksgiving,
And keep the Christmas shit down ‘til December.”

The Ballad of Billy Snowballs

Billy was different, quiet... a geek.
One Winter his life changed, as he walked down the street.
Bullies appeared, and gave Billy great chase.
That day he took many, snowballs to the face.

Billy hoped he could find, some much needed help,
So he decided to ask, a certain Jolly Old Elf.
“Sorry,” said Santa. “Your order’s too tall.”
“That’s fine. I don’t need help, from some temp at the mall.”

Billy was clever, determined, and smart.
He drew up some blueprints, and slick concept art.
With his hammer and wrench, and acetylene torch,
He built a machine, that would even the scores.

Billy’s new appearance, left the mean fellas stunned.
At the sight of his enormous, new exoskeleton.
It was gleaming and tall, and broad in the shoulders.
With luxury features, like eight large cup holders.

It ran on gas-electric, hybrid drive power,
And could fire off five thousand snowballs, in less than an hour.
Like a cannon of justice, snowballs flew in a flurry,
And the bullies, they ran. Well, more like they scurried.

Now a neighborhood hero, Billy cleaned up the streets,
And rose to become Alpha, among all the geeks.
He said, "Happy Holidays to all, and to all a good night,
And may the New Year bring victory, to your snowball fight!"

Happy 2015 and Stuff

The old man in the diaper is finally ready at last,
to pass the New Years torch to the baby in the sash.
"Stick a fork in me. My time has come and gone.
It's your turn, Baby. Now get the hell off my lawn."

This Baby is our future, at last the New Year has come.
Wait, what? Babies are stupid. Look, he's just sucking on his thumb.
These symbols are super weird. They're no turkey, pumpkin or wreath.
The best mascots we could think of both have diapers and no teeth?

Seriously?

Now I've forgotten what my point was. Or I never had one. Nevermind. F*** it.
Just have a Happy New Year. And 2014 can suck it.

A Horse Named Ed

There once was a horse named Ed.
Famous for talking, one day he said,
"I am a big star,
So I'll buy a fast car."
So he got a Mustang in bright apple red.

Tires screeched as he left Auto Mart.
Great speeds put a race in his heart.
Hit a wall at 1-0-2,
Which smashed him to glue,
And now kids use him in macaroni art.

Crispy Dried Oak Leaf

Crispy dried oak leaf,
caught under the wiper,
I just can't shake you loose,
even with the speed set to hyper.

I could just stop and get out,
but I'm lazy and sort of lame.
I don't know why I care so much.
This is Cali. There is no rain.

Crispy dried oak leaf,
driving me to fits,
I'm about to crash this damn car,
just to crunch you to bits.