

Late For A Double Date With A Oile Of Atoms In The Water Closet

The Locust

Arbiter of shittily planned dilemmas
you were born with only three faces

shit down to the sub-atomic level
to the last quark

Martyrs mocking, lepers vomiting
while everyone and their mother
team up with toilet water
Don't forget to tell your face
swish swish gargle gargle

This here bowl is half full of shit
and this here shit shall set you free.