

Everything's Men: "Go Homeless Mondays" Are Here!

Written by Administrator
Monday, 26 November 2012 17:16 -

Poetry Monday is brought to you by Quakers. Not that the Quakers know this. Go tell them. Let them know, it is your duty as an obliging visitor to call us out on such things.

Everything's Jake at Forty-Two

Everything's Jake at forty-two

You still stand to pee, you still sit to poo

You may need specs

Like old Magoo

But what the heck's a blurry view?

Fuck the view!

Everything's Jake at forty-two.

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Sure, there are things that you

Will never do

And true: you *have* been screwed

Still -- Everything's Jake at forty-two!

Don't come unglued.

So you find

You're a step behind

The steps you means to takes

And your mind

Possessed, rewinds

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The aches in your mistakes

Don't fuck a duck for heaven's sakes --

Everything's Jakes!

Just bust a move

On that ghost of who

You ain't no more at forty-two.

See: Forty-two's a double-take

A twenty-one-times-two+one

salute

At the grave of yer youth.

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Forsooth!

Superduperman emerges

From his battered coffin-booth

Full of oogly-googly urges

Tho' longer in the tooth

Flights of fancy

Are still fair

Tho' far less chancy

In a chair

-- M-m-morning wood gets rare

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But now & then – a one-eyed stare

Still greets you when you wake

Like a lighthouse on a lake

Everything's Jake!

A good long piss

Is still such bliss

& nothing yet displaces

The joyful hiss you've got

At five full paces

from the pot.

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So you aren't famous yet?

And your ass ain't worth a bet?

It's too late now to get upset

The best revenge is to die in debt!

So your thoughts are mostly twaddle?

And you never fucked a super model?

And all your friends have kids to coddle?

At least you're not weaned from the bottle!

Disabled –So? Ain't you still walking?

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And I gotta dollar says that when yer talking

You don't look or sound like Stephen Hawkin

Here's your cake & here's your stew

For one whose wings got knocked askew

When o'er cuckoo's nest he flew

F-f-fuck the fucking fucker's who

don't know Alf from Scoobie Doo,

Tippecanoe & Tyler too

Or Superfly from Bitches Brew

& think Buckley is a kind of shoe

Everything's jake

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At forty-two

Everything's jake

At forty-two

Everything – I mean

everything

's Jake

At forty-two!

At forty-two!

Forty-two!

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– Franklin Crawford, *poet laureate of tinyowntimes.com*