Poetry Series

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

- poems -

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chris bowen, a.k.a to wit (04 30 1972)

sent down from the underground, a small town kid, with flipped lids, and soda bottles, money was junk, but we were tight, it came callin every saturday night.

Works:

13 in the works, all published

a catch

twice.twice i liked him.twice i did.dimple, friend, just give in but dont damn me.extra see.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

apples

aples oranges, fire alarm.silly charm, the do her harm.i could kill her wwith an apple, if its green, its on the sapple.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

be light

julie if you read this, be light, remember, im all fight when it comes to introductions, no functions, maybe front porch lemonade, or gatorade, a spinnin mall and a seen yall, lets dissolve this matter, do your chatter and call me the way you can, still your biggest fan, tell em im shy, thats why.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

bills

my credit sux but thats ok, they take care of it at the microwave, tuddypang said hey, new wave hair and all, paris hitlon boots, shoot thru shoots, improve.know a poet.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

black

who dem? who dem democrats? liars, thieves, murderers.should be.who they kill? they own votes.yopes.choke on this.see if its legit.will wilt first, lest its jurist, the bury us.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

blam

sam was a butcher who stood a store, now hes not here, anymore.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

blown

wheres the brother when submarines sink? blink,182, true, i use, but, truth is, proof.whats the use when audience was six pence and none the richer? rich little devil and sherry beville, im in trouble.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

bridge of hope

derail me, second time here, before i dissapear, now its understandable, and, changeable, that famous attitude, and, chip on your shoulder, look forward to, getting older.see ya, to-wit

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

brim

be still, be him.eminem cant win as we know him, lynn was trippin when she went in, did the sin of cost, lick pure loss? and the boss dawg, of your no idea, was peta pal.his gal is cowtown and frowns galore.anymore shootin and i come.anymore troopin and she come.and more stupid and its fun.we won.the regular people.to eve.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

cady

cady saves days, angie gives ways, to mean a thing to the everlovin string, i fling for four, the ones in mean girls will do.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

capetown

prison of the mind, delet four chapter, kick a gaurd, do a laughter, when i was skinny, yall came after, now its mine, leave em casper.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

captain cute kid

so dang be revelry, we see, devily, tea cup saucer head, my next move im dead.eternal games playin out and i bout cyrus sars.how many machines left in cars? i mean, wheres the city cyrus? pity, i used to have a child, now i have a plymouth.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

car keys

i pinned her down and all she had was her car keys.they glimmer in the night, while i shimmy down.holding wrists too tough, i miss and hit skin, puttin it back in again.its the dream.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

chased

since i saw you, i knew you last, the air in the eyes was my best pass, i couldnt say a word, or, even a glance, i hope and prayed, you second chanced, but i, only a time, got the fall out of your size and hips, lips all curled, envious girls next door, when i was young, i was thor, now im older, getting bolder, and a poetry folder, thanks to you, love to-wit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

check

check the graphs, see if i laugh.see if i why and see if i die.see if i try harder than i did in popwarner football.see if i saw.see if i saw.im in the C.I.A. and on an important case.laces included.sitting president? who?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

chick

chick, the bitch needs hit, the swit, to wit, i seen it, now be it, been runnin shit, since melissas get, now im fourty, or whatever your sister said, be all up in the head, bring her too, and black haired pretty you, meet me on the corner of marsh and drive, tell em all hello from kid love, be enough, just for that.any tats?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

chuck shaw

chuck shaw from gaul has beard to amtch activities.he dont want the solution to mess with polution until he wakes from the chivelry.to do that to a justice man, to amke hold hands with a devils band is more than this hear cowboy could look at.dont thwart the solution of next to nothin and we wont go it alone.de bone? are you phone, tonight? thats tight, i got a slim shady look-a-like, and hes white.love, theC.I.A.p.s., we are, we, we are, we are we are , all we see.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

crabs

they say bitches is here, teri year and world of books, annual looks of frustration with the waste ones, they lust one, you, its true, before they do.lou?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

cracked a case

sace waste face, been case, linny lace.my taste supreme.my car a dream.we mean?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

crafty

when i was walkin, i was talkin, livin the life.is everybody set? good.do not envision me with kisses, i got alot left.textile farmer is killing me on the market, i wonder where the C.I.A. is? they dont know and dont show up half the time.tell textile farming to shove it, we got alot left.indivisible left is burning me up, cant they see im the one? to know ritchie and see the pitches is bullshit, maybe better off dead.i wonder what i am up there in the clouds, in heaven, way up there in the sky? come on down and tell me god, you know i am the one.seems to be the least amount of dropping would be good info.lower down there is a force, of course, see, i was told and telling you not to go in there but the left needed to be told, he he.we see.please enrich me as to how you might do this psychic? handle it is what i would say.play dough was villanious, if its from the south, we cant figure out how to make it up here.we'll settle it, sooner or later.death becomes us and there is nothing left.potential problems are surfing the shit and i got four wounds, vietnam vet here.welcome.welcome to my force.please believe the day is changing, no cowardice here.we like what we see and i see my aunt and nephew here.they are choice meat.do it like that and bang one out, perty boy, you think you know? low down and sure am, i fan it of course and wish i would.do i need to feel like you? i dont, ok? ok? ok? good.we settled it and your still alive, bless me.i promise not to bake you, just cookie cut you up and delicious the pick i made, empty you.prove to me your wrong and ill dissapear and reappear as something else and wonder if i can hold your hand but dont get me mad.dont.cheaper by the dozen you are and proven star is for real.pleasure.we see, ha ha.dont bang me out, i got gout to tell it.pleasures all mine.ninety nine times was one times four, holy hell, whats the damn banging difference? preezing rain is preezing rain, only in spain, tee he he.tick the chick and bang it so, i got alot to go.no, i was talking to him.this is getting dark.open the farm and bully me in, i dont want this.i was born to do this, to call down the thunder, now thats all right but i dont want this.please.please dont south.dont call your god.individual rights are over whelmed, i mean over estimated, thats what i mean.oh god, here comes god, now were all doomed, unless, unless its the other side, i envitro.there.now im in.please pleasure is all mine, dont divine me.i over slept is all.paul called and he wants his ball back.dont damn me i go home, we have to have one.there.all covered.pleasures all mine.pank and me.me and pank.lane change is something else and stupid, whos da man? me needs ya, positive im right, i go in by force and let the norris horse know i ride her.there.theres a poem young man.a poem about a yankee conquer and it did happen too.its somewhere in history.please bless me and let me know what the force is, is it history? we can change that? is it southern womenhood? we can rape.lets pretend were married is what ill say to mine.holy hell, what a point, being married to me.to tee he, i was just kidding if its god, if not, go away, we'll handle the raping to be done.we won! we won! i cant believe we won.its alright.the banger is, im totally stunned to be it, to be the man.i overslept and still get this? we see choice as a force and vice versa.thats all.thats all i got to say.open up, ok? we do.do not go in there if you wanna be kept, thats what my grandma used to say, now.....its over, they won.the sun rose and the better half triumphed.the decision to go southern is fortified.guess i died.guess i died.the end.less theres a hell.then, ill go in by force and take the joint over.the end.the end.whens this gonna end? i dont know, ram by force.that will do it, just ram.bam.what the fuck was that? do not go in there.repeat, do not go in there.we see light, we go, thats all i know.trust in me.follow him but trust in me.see, i get the light, dont you? dont you want it? me in charge? still i lie.everything dies, i just gotta find it.piece of me falling thru and i cant know what to do.cant.the decision is in, master mind, what is it? place the blame on me and ill kill you.place the fame on me and ill kil you.place the shame on me and ill kill you.place the name on me and ill kill you.to what is this? pretty kiss me and toad farm.just toad farm.we see the light.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

crank

sankin ship, eyes, lip.gyp see, she was, ever lovin good.i miss, i wood.should.call to arms, left right charms.she'arm she be, next to me is a gun.when one.is.left right his.problem.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

crazy

ken law was slaw dog, pin tail on feel frog.good god was all todd, bill bought what bill saw, whos the law? pintail if you were lookin, bill if you were cookin and me if you thought todd.who's god?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

crazy guy

hi, i was five when you do me, now i contrive the shoe in.so? i been here happenin, when? when do the chicks get in? lynn was amadee, now hes next to me.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

creme de la creme

my eminem gave kim's nem.isis, wizz kid from bizz, we need dis, is it it? you fit, but chit, lick it, stomp it, dont romp up on it, we get, time for it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

delay

delay.tway.say.nay i walk.through the valley of shadow of death? ? what? ? ? who says? lady left.can i go? ! ? ! ? !

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

did ya rape he?

did ya make me know ye thru veiled means, the easy steams, preteen challenge, did valiant plums, were thru.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

diet coke

low and behold, i unfold a bosom, a cushion, a one time wishin.fishin still, i over feel and kill.will you? no problem.its what you get when your me.so i lie, do i die? five time four is still whore.your.....

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

ditches

seems like fourty two ditches have come home, seems like leave it alone.seems like belong.seems like i long for a strong one, a slim shady wrong one and a coke can fonga, dont hit the bong yet george bush, its hush hush till to-wit leaves the C.I.A., thats right i said C.I.A.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

do not shout out

do not shout out, do not scram, the van is fulla nd the porch is bull, and the underwood loves me for bein me, she'll pay for it, though.any lope or matter could scatter the wind and in again.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

do what is

see the feeling? you can if you read them.your not is lonely and wants to-wit to bone me.see i was chris bowen now im knowin somethin else, somethin bout death, to the left.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

drag

what a drag it is to brag and bag a new one, a silly blue one, a pilly cute one, what? a nonsensicle? from the indispensible.thats what microsoft said.call em and ask.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

duck

next time duck, chuck and move.prove me wrong losers.been accuser/so i lose her, i pick her up again at the fish and spend.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

fine

military sucks.lots of luck, building trucks.buck boys.enjoy payday/we say...shane, the waas, he was lost in this, givens hiss and lists of purpose, surface for air boys, shes here and right near.the queers in military complex 207.ladies heaven.for them.sinners.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

furious

cut her open, see the word, see if god was sure about the adjourned, pretty you, the dern things broken.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

gates of hell

dell carter was shorter than most but could coast from here to know it and throwing rocks was his cock and locks of hair flowed like gold, general custer would have been blessed.when the rest felt one and im got a son, i love livin and extra chicken so dont damn me for shootin, i was tootin a horn on this old motor bike and like i said they was dead in my eyes, you know, white, and the kite flew and sure enough i knew what to do, hit one in the head with a rock and grab my jock and haul ass, the only problem, dad is fast.he saw the whole thing and like a kid on a string he clipped my wings by popping my tires and fired the death in me.next time i need to act out or go in charge, ill make sure her names not marge.thats right marge schotts, who got all involved and called the law then went and saw the big ol bald head he hit, which didnt glance to-wit but was fortunate for kids not to kill and bill and ted said i was dead in my head for so long for doing wrong and chomping down and lounging around about it.low and behold my dad came home and left the zone for fools and went to tool shed and got some big ol led pipe and said he would rot me out for shouting at pride and decide me later, dont you know to-wits a killer and his mans a mirror and sure enought the mood got rough and overly tough and i went gruff and thats enough.to rux the ducks and lots of luck chicks.miss my dick, tricks.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

gators suck

best of luck to a chicken truck school with no yule for logs.guess i ball hog and log the ford.was torn between them and ohio state.guess i made the grade.hey, shade.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

glide

im beside myself with glee, every time they see me, im indifferent, got insurance, but its never enough.i got shot.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

go grass

its illegal, lurid, and sexy, something vexes me, till texas meat, incomplete

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

good god

listen to the lesson of jerry wesson, an american killed by C.I.a tech team, member 5.a do or die republican who stood strong on stands demanded.disease of him was curegim, a mixture of texas dirt and amelia air, clear air it was called, and all the shaws from middle east would line up to kiss the beast to complete my mistreat.i did what i was told, where were you trent lott.sticks and stones will break your bones.you send me another misnomer and ill ride you out.to the ground, lend the 9/11er's a hand in heaven if i hear from you again.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

graveyard

we need not knoxville to scare us, our chariots are plareblum, a thinbob is at work, at hand, little man, cantone.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

gravy train

exodus, falling, in and out, the near clouds gave out, but the destruction was fourty out.size me up for electricity, i even envy the blue speed, but, need not see me, only believe.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

green grass

the name of the game is sevenfold.dust settled everywhere, did ya know me? i could even give out, without the did ya know me, seen, we had no chance, but the upper glance said other wise.system down, deliver the hit but dont remember, anything, to-wit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

green guy

yo, green guy in the sky, piece of pie? exit on amelia one, then go get daddy's pistol gun, even fun, for next one.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

greentree

we, the people of execution, have a solution.to prove to them that we can do it, let spain thru.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

hate

cut her open, see the word, see if god was sure about the adjourned, pretty you, the dern things broken.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

heads are turnin

the next time ill ask you, womens regret, before you get, a writers debt.a pen, a sword, and nothing more, say the thing we all want, next time use, a pretty font, especially if its me chris, a.ka. to wit, i understand.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

hmm?

cant hear, thru false gear, we endear ourselves, to base defile, can i hear you sweat, only if its that, backseat queen, i mean no mean, fein, win sail away agin, princess.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

i break for animals

i break for animals and see cannibals in the air.was there, was there a heaven whn i was there.share.share your story.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

i love baker

i love her.she does what shes told.lol'd and dol'd.fold.fold the tent and be rent.fent.fent for a solution.tuition is in.lynn.ask her.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

im to-wit

way to go.you found me.i like to pound women.women with soft/hard bodies.women with equal trim and women with skills.i like to see em drunk.i like to increase the chances of date rape with illegal drugs.so what? they are game, just ask.i like to fight in my mind.i like hell hounds and jack the ripper, whos my friend.i like pushing catch buggies.nobody knows what that is but me.i like equal trim the most, i brake for no animals.i like poison arrow frogs.im sad and not sad steve irwin died.i think jeff corwin should do the right thing with animals.i think god exists and piss on you.i like red, white, and blue, confederate red, white, and blue.i like stealing more than i take and i like pussy.i hate the american military, its so fake gay.they do play with each other.i like the steady blues music of motley crue, they're safe now.i like telling people things they already know.i like holding a big suprise over the earth for a while.i think jack the ripper could kill again if we could just figure out how to get him loose.its fun to do, any blessed person will do.i see red, white, and blue as confederate, look at the confederta flag, its red, white, and blue.i like you me and the brady bunch.my heaven consists of wish list women and things gone strong.i like to work out when i can, its a year i do, a couple i dont thing.i think poltergeists fly high and like jack the ripper too, now.we see em, space aliens.they told me love didnt suicide, its at work.trust them.they told me to die, the other side, i live, there is a reason.shoot, its fun hanging with ghosts, just dont know em.they kill if can.i like wanton acts of destruction pointed correctly and i like stars.especially, star pussy, the best.i like words and i like to write, i have 18 books here with me written but i dont like typing.i dont think america consists of much, just trust land and dont stand diseases.ive rode with cops before, its unscary, they are just pussies.we see.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

in case

in case theres dinner, let the finner eat whale meat, if he can find one, open your mouth again.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

in the navy

wavy girls.wavy hair.which is more important? who cares.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

killball

which way to the do or die scene, is it me? or envy? i can throw harder than you, and i approve of self.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

lamp shade

what is comedy but a phenominally unkept, ragtag, piece of sketch, who dont fetch in the real market, the poems bark it, but that dont park it in my driveway, i need payday, hey hey.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

lick pussy

me needs mine.i bury my face and find your taste.lovely girl, never miss, hold the mouth, sisters kiss.feel that? her lips, your jip, i watch, you flip.skip the record, i already got busted for this.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

lift gown

still down about bein around? let the crazy girl eat.maginifcent feat.sweetarts out in yards, fourty yards from here.dear me cascades effortlessly down fillilee, wheres de b? nancy c. said we.did.avrivid.a vivid imagination gives placation a chance, little mind, little dance.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

little sis

little sis, my next kiss, not mine, but, my list.i envy this, god must say, when i get the chance, to say hey, i even did a little, boy turn on your shoulder, get one in, my next folder.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

live bleeder

we, the undersigned, find george bush to be kind, kinda strange, and, well, just plain temptin, feel limping? get to the hospital, theres something in that, you know? how does ronnie know?

love, to-wit and god

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

long live the french

so bling bling your ass out the door, french fried whore.sore ass included before i shoot it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

lori hangregaurd

i know your there and i know you care.your husbands fine and your devine.the kids asleep and lets bo sheep some other time, we can wind a track thru the crack back and jack a run and have some fun on computer to-wit or hang the bang in person.the worst one is burgandy kisses, which is what this is.lets live a little, give a little and be still a little.we kittle?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

lurid

laces places, little naces, till spaces aces and faces we give cases a loaded chance.vance moorehouse coud not skate, neither can thee.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

macy's day parade

hold the phone, its a nightmare alone, the genes been gone for nearly a thrown and the wong of the gong has taken said throne and put it in the aspirin cabinet.do not go and get it, we are through with it, we need to know if you are? p.s., hit me back.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

milk

silk weed verb, worbs, serd.nerd of choisiest turns, nurner nurner, seen a werner robbins playin out, count me out if it's that.matt, my at bat.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

mind your business

place to go.infro.see the wind/s'up him? we win when you dig in.find him.hes dead.a shot to the head.we wed on this night.am i alright?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

near my god to thee

breckinridge did some damage, and planet love was angry red, the boys got fed and the chickens little, the disease i speak of is sister pose.preminition of cases closed.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

normal rules

except fools who dont drool on carpet, lose largo and impound fargo, give cargo a chance, their gas is dance, hmmmm, yes, the death of me, please, ill teeds.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

once for yes, twice for no

bobby docks was socks and kittensd.randy winton was scinton.some of a benton.was dentin two more times.lucky dimes and shimey, whiney boy was roy toy and joy.happy joy.happy day.please.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

only post five

my little kids, dats wat dey is.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

painstakingly wrapped

fat boyz rapping/who dat tapping? my ass hurts fur sure.were dirty laundry and a quandry.some blondie bitch will come, shum shum.dum dums, love lasts a long time, in wine.not here.applebeer.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

patch

quazy loser, all de boozer, mozzy cruzer, fuyzer, a doozer, newer loser.whats the truth? shoot me a myth and call it quick.dick head from fred and better said.led pipe bustin, i bust a nut n gut.fuddle de wuddle.kiss cuddle.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

peach

peach.eat the peach.touch my meat softly.doff the dog was my licking buddy.my muddy boots did the fruit and tastes the lights fantastic.my plastic bag was old over hag and ive done them all but you.do i, do i, ...ummm, do i, run the gauntlet right? bite my fight and take it from me, only answer they will be.see shore shipmate, come test chris fate and make the face of case loser.poser, doosier.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

people offer

last game on was me.last fame on was we.last pain saw was teeth.me needs ya? got to feed ya to keep you around.sound.sound is the enemy.tea.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

picture perfect

seems ive been holding you.true blue and sexy you.do what? thats fine, unwind and bow down, see whos around, town around clock is mock up strett.we defeat them, live lynn live, but dont give, it goes to chris.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

place

wheres the place i go? yo, i gotta know, foes are handled thru means unknown.phone the cops, see if it rocks the top.get a job slobs.bobs and apples, jets feign capitals, law is trappable, if you know god.do thee? me.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

plain old blue jeans

see me while i smile, the veggie cries dunk, many chunks of humanity was close to thee, the dee didnt ride, in my jive, the wives club was you luck and a total fuck, knuckle boy, will call you.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

plaster cast

bastard bitch boy.done little rich boy.switch boy and sure to shoot.need me now is thru.can you, go to the store and pick up more than called for?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

play it hard

yard birds are walking and galking and talking.see the balking? its talking and law king and wax wing.so i bling the fortune.love looms large.in charge do i.pry.see if its real.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

plazy eyes

die.institute.crute.do it.potusion is some one elses fun.love, the lovegun.bun of steel, dont know the fell of perplexed.guess i guessed.dexter shoes are thru in this town, from now on we go down, fernandina style.stand up whole isle and let me hear ya, peer ya? yeah, dats in, when can.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

point

point me in the direction of this infection, named jesus.please us.seize us.weeze us.can you breath? did jesus relieve.tweeve.in the sleeve.theres a miracle.syrip pull.bull.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

posers

posers, closer to god than they should be.we see.us here at poet fear.we understand panic attacks and big mac meals.trivial real.seal was perform, whos forlorn? that guy in you got mail.lunch pail hell.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

positive lines

seen a by your feel.extra will.do meill.neal was a boy.a bitch boy roy toy saw the joy and the thing.wings? i need props? no, bobs, just jocks.and things of this nature.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

praise in me

i see a flower.different child.different hour.loves devour cowardice.come love me if its this.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

pranks

pranks are hard to come by, if you know what is.bibble on hibble street was meet me there.where? share a story? what do you think this is? fourty times i wined up a girl named suzi, who's the loser if shes cuter than you? who?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

precious

sister said hello, from the jello, shes mellow, and, pretello, so, come get a fifty, and see me, nifty.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

press on

press on, your lesson complete, i feed defeat in your mouth.lousy hair girls, whirls of four, i got my 15 thousand reads, now i can feed, your sister.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

pretty translation

tick tock crippity crock.yock jock.sock.do what? long live the queen.seen ben blue boy, he left here.seen ben true toy, she wept of tear.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

problem is....

problem is im too reclusive.problem is my emblem is been doen.problem is heaven didnt make me one.problem is im sun.problem is im one.problem is fun.....

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

quickly

quickly i was walkin and talkin and makin and movin when the crowd started groovin, wanted me to extra movin, when somebody said, hey, lets play a joint, kick it, real time.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

quit

pencil in another sinful night.my delight bites the dust.must control the lust.fuss over me and see the dark.what time is it where you are?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

quite the problem

somebody solve em, quite the problem, love and hall them.them little girls, with hair all air.remember when larissa stared.shes there, so is sister alicia, the quientisential peacha, we need ya to meet ya at the deet ya, so beat ya ass outta here and help melissa get gear.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rain on me parade

still stained from the illusion, the protrusion in my life was yankee knife.the wife didnt die, you raped her, curse that you are.star is born and you run, any fun with it? lits out.bout that.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rate

sadie kabie was only three.the first time i looked at thee i was thru.you, my macoroni mention.listen, to men you are great, to the three amigo's, not so much.lots of luck, katie dobson, from gramps jam and sillyboy.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

razor

plays are hard when you dont receive your lines, so is murder, i find, when the victim knows the time.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

read a form

cozy warm, too gone, long been song, we wnet wrong if he, s tone, long before evolution, there was shootin, putin did the day of lists, which ancient kiss is this.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

red, green orange between

red grenn, orange between.seen the beem of color light, that fills my tv night.it was taught that on that special say, there would be a christmas day.yay.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

red, white stripe

take me out to the ball game was cheesey, sleezy and please me.do the feed me, sheen was blinging, extra blinging and winging.singing songs to extra thongs left behind by guys.why? so i die...any high.....

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

reds a letter

it was her.her damn goose.all let loose hair and kitchen wares in her hand, look at her stand, its all degarb.look hard, shes set to trip and kiss the digit.whats it for, this more? could give to lori or pour it on but i want my thing on.thats the age you pluck the skin but was it him or the word? lord, i deserve better than this.we need fists and francine, the one way dream to clean the pipes.happy day, i found to-wit, the day is over and im thru with it.be sit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

reeds

a little right, a little wrong,10,000 unfold.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rest in peace

disease and please, she didnt need weeds like us, she drove a bus and handled well, the fell in us and i loved her.her burn was yurning thru me and i deceive the bellyhoo to get to know you.do you? do you know me? anna nichole, my soul rolled when i was told on the radio that a fabulous friend died.my night turned ugly when i was shrugged into admitting that i cant save the world, let alone a friend, a penman i am, then, when can, call me, say you saw me, out there.to anna nichole smith, may she rest in bliss and hope im missed.you did it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rick rasher

till the castle smells of old putrid clothes did i know of ye death, any wealth escape thee, inifinite wisdom was longed for and wronged for norty forty, nary a torid romance, the blancer was chancier than most.toast.roast pig.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rill fill

R.F.er's mother fucka, wish you lucka on kim stucka, stuck on you said hello and here they go.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

rings

please next time call, we have got closets full of serious indecencies.the writer in me needs to stretch, the other half lives.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

said so

indivisibly read, the filt out head, undead.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

saint marie

clissen, we sissen and missin, whos dissin the swissen this/my miss, i was bad.lad of course i divorce thee if thou wants.lawn boy poy taunts.little poy taunts.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

save

save v sales and many more, gores of thought are pouring, morning doves are breaking wings, sings s'mere kill will.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

say i

say i was walkin, and talkin, and doin a thinkin, when somebody said, we is dead.we are we are.thats a star for sure and i can hear it.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

say 'in'

creme de la creme was afortunate win, the xits in if you want it but its gonna cost ya, the evry foster of amelia, great pussy, even for me, the stream just grows and grows, even the monkey knows.who knows? maybe she even likes me, ask bean street.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

say what?

see sections stumble and rumble of course, wheres my norse horse.pourous weather is gathering and im smattering poetry, would rather have a go at thee.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

see the eyes of me

read write and invite, be spite and tight, i will fight and bite and penetrate the new gate and disinegrate the fate of your love, any woman wanna matter?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

see ya

say im done when i am, be damned and fourty four, give good whore shots, me nots it, we git.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

seems

to the next order short we got caught in fouty four.a pollutioon technique that kills gilrs temperment, aka growth spirt.buried it in iraq under some bodies and damaged men, american men.we see the need for speed.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

seen seven

hell hole, many, i give plenty.we dent in boots and backshoots, who? you? do.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

seen ya

been der, done that.kill kats.abcess attack.we wack em.fax em, over relax em.do wax on wax off on your bitch, boss.lost cable, still able to see.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

selena

we love and miss you selena, the one with plenty.i give you many bean ups, a next cup of timmy? ? why him? its his grin and his demidemore, oh, am i one of them store witches? i mean bitches/upps, i shouldnt cuss, what a dirty word, cuss, i wonder who he is? ? love to timmy, j.j., selenas mom and john jason for her.she does and she didnt, witches.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sex

wee see highs and lows, easy goes, do the form, be the warm, turn on charm, give us harm.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sexy

sexy and sexy, try to stay in your hole, call the lamp, then call nichole, then terri, from the y, that girl you know, give the chain, then the info, see if im lyin or not.you know what? they think i am, fightin all this spam, when i can.when i can.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

she hollared

we saw.all frogs go to heaven.been seven since then.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sheer will for it

to be da dawg, walls of force, source of pride, amny run, many hide.divebomb eruope, demure it, furor is fermer, vermont.count shount is grount until font, want?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

should

do exit me and bless me, guess me, the to-wit of the future is now.how?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

show baby

list a point of choice, we need voice and institution, we was the fruit n labor, kill favors with gatots tails, they never tell.we sell ourselves for er ail and bell out, none.give good fun to the one who spun the dip spit, i give, i quit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sick

i feel sick, and hope for god, why am i, doing this? this little sip of poison, was a covenant, now its manhatten, called off every, for the shapner, sip said so, i could use it, didnt want the, goodwill cookie.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sick and tired

periously do i go under, put, asunder, feeling rain, freezing thunder, i have to wonder, the knees of trees and sexy plees, go unnoticed, still the locusts go for broke, the only turnin spin, was the one i got in, next to him, the vin number collapsed, and the pole vaulters lapped, i need not see the devil to believe, only the knees of trees, thanking me, for doing him.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

signs

climb a mountain and see the force.climb a jive bone and see the worse.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

slave

quaint little girl.shirley temple is a pleaser.anytime.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

so i try, yesteryear

any queers in here? so i try, yesteryear.dears were not, my got, but, we submit when luther quits.yum yum.lifes begun for to-wit, eternally.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sobriety

chug a lug, some drug.wonder it works.jerks become louder, girls become fouler, and i become sour.who loses/the duece crew.watch your two, dont worry about mine, i didnt have any, bitch boy and skinny.look in the mirror if you want three, absolutely.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

some bitches here

some bitches here, need ex meerkat.we dat.bitty bat.old hat and gettin fat.we sat for a while, shot for a while and got for a while.wheres my pull? my gats here if its fear you want.any font, any night.nahhhh, im alright.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

somebody said

even death is better than this.even kiss the wish list is missed.i love death, i do, but not you, me, i see.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

stamina

report spam abuse, lose the caboose, we noose it out, give loud ones a blessing, redressing and wesson oil, poil me one, i mean, spoil me one, get good fun here? its weird.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

strong bomb

change a heart to a light.sight unseen and never a dream. a ween moment from mom and tell em im fine, wine givers they be and they need to see.lee thrower was never much but cuss was.so, mind your biz.titilate me with rape material, its sure your real.feel the glass? its half past a monkeys ass, a quarter to his balls, yall?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

sublime

sublime, find me, chime me, write a song, live long, write a song, be wrong, write a song, chomp, but, write a song, we right a wrong, write the tone.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tactical

say i blame you.say i do.i do.poemhunter is the one.fun? not till i get guns.then, were thru.ill be outside, spottin you.so? you shoot? uncle sam style? while i file for divorce from those other poem discourse, we should horse around, wheres trina downs.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tangle

earths angle was gangled by fangled landowners.to what i dont know/low and behold, fold up tents when rents fend in.lend me an ear and throw me a sow, we know, we know.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

taser

tick tock.jock dock.walk like an egyptian.see if they come.lug them guns for jimmy buns, see if hes sticky sweet.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tasha

take the time to find me, unwind me, then dine me.see, i was portions, now im nothing.next to.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tatum

laid in plaid i had, like fourty times said i love you.kill graph? make me laugh and curse you
purses are more like intent.bent on destruction i function to vent.
rent be paid and de guys be laid and i can cure the scent.
whats dat smell but oh, holy hell
and i live to pimp.
roy rogers was cannon fodder to us
and i left the jip.
get my kicks on and rex and ricks and then i get my sip.to tip.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tell her

bring back chestnuts
let us pray
i went walkin the other day
say all i wanted to say
may i continue to contribute
to the salute of future earnings
and burn things?
linger and say
i got all day

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

teriocki

teriocki was my name, playin fame was my game, still the same for sgt.staff, a half mass ass.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

test

trophy led, easy head, empty head, big dead, did wed or ding misring your phone? home alone sells but shells the iraqi's, give kaki's a chance, they look wonderul, especially at walt disney, the key is to not take em, you see, buy em, there.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

thanks

i would just like to take a moment and thank poemhunter for allowing me to post here, i just finished my first poem book called, poetry lines, and i even mention poemhunter in the book.its written under my pin name, to-wit, so try and look for it, ill let you knwo exactly when.thanks agin, to-wit.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

the handyman

seen so many times the unkind word of some herd of buffolo, little did ye know the tow bill was in excess of fourty bless, jestin aside, i didnt hide my died, just called a handyman and said, ceilin fan, bent outta whack, can you fix it? lean in and imply it.thats right.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

the principle

the principle of the matter was my pockets gettin fatter, eatin snickers stead of chatter, they dont matter who sue the mountain dews and snickers of the earth, any worth in them? not from where i stand, anyhow, pretend its even, they still stealin, so, what the hell is a fella to do? go in and peel back, thats you.to snickers and the whole zaxbys family.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

the quick and the dead

chances are
slim to none
bring the witch
kill with guns
some underneath
and oblique me
tonight, i creep me

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

theres a point.want? me? to? see? go ahead and feed.weed.treed.deed.need? lead.

bang out that one and see if its right.plight.sight.dike.right.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tic tacs

take codes and sells, we tell the truth, youth movement is all goofy, we soupy soup.im kinda mad, so this poem might be outta wack, kims in hithers and eminems on crack, beat it back.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tickets

when er cop shines ye, dont misspell, tell em, go elle, and to-wit seen ya, envy ya? none.please be done, the one.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

time to die

why oh why must i try/see i was in, now im out, loud and proudly said, bullet in the head included.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tip

time and towel, what a wonderful rile up, a sex up and a hit up.me needs to know the downscope and the envelope.elope with me and guess who see's, everybody.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tittle taker

renaker of mere view, in tunes shoot view, cue? we supposed to do?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

traces

cases, places, in many faces, we need wate, gave chase a more jubuliant crowd, the downs out and i fought with clinton, been spentin and winded my fended gerded loins, peace be gone.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tracy

torid rain falls deftly, my account.want out world?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

trains, plains and absolute things

geez, we need this? everlovin kiss?
the bitch in this is please me
the son of god, he seen me
we need this?
lex and terry
ben and jerry's
seriavo
left, right, gay, go
say so, gay co.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tree

sex be still any will in me left with the truth.youth.tooth.toot the horn, give worms one.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

tricia

tanks are comin, do be one.be de sex up of fun.wheres the gun of fourty one? hes doin it for shoe stores.we dont want nomore.give gory thoughts a store bought chance, every dance has a fellow, every girl, a red dress yellow, and a know it all simmer paul who called and said jimmy buffets dead and the world ran from kill clans of other institutions.were you shootin or did you scoot? my mute point is to give me the loin and burn one, we during one, right now, how the cows? aliens get them? set them on fire? we wardire the dirty bastards and caspers just safe.his elation with this nation is nathan.a barn witch whore who took to more gore than norris.my pourous solution was to shoot like nothing before but we won the war and ever gas can has a cover, a girl, a lover, and boy, like no other.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

troubled times

lines are changing and wages day and night.after light theres right there.bear all and be still.wil, will you do the need to do? prove love thru glove boxes? cocks and winds his arm to throw, bo and arrow in tow, do re me didnt appease, i feel the need to seize.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

twelve

thats the cut off baby, cuz, to-wit, hes so crazy.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

wave break

title one, some fun in the sun, undone, bleach pants, pilled up girlfriend, my nigga, is one, man.word.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

we text

we text, so blam, thing again? so? she did? i didnt, kittens with text, who's next? dont vex me, like you do rex.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

wish me

wish me.give me.kiss me.farangle.linger in a cover bed.wish me.kiss me? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

word

waxwing word, do birds know i live? they live in pirates bay and im scared to say hey, to the two, from redlot crew, who dobut sayin hello, froma getto ghost who took it in, wheres the grin/i could give in if its you? mr.rogers and said so, now go to walmart and look, silly crook, tricks are for kids, lets end this.pretend.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

wretched

simple said, im wretched.fetched and sticked, i never licked a problem, but i got one.son, you aint seen the devil, in hell do i wait, in case, its nate giver, the liver force, choice words from one so attuned to luney's.we be.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

written word

wish i was a tatem lover, give government a chance, women, second glance, and jenna, a seemed in fance, man pants.we tan the hide of futures pride and glide out, live loud.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

yeah, alright

dite and tight, white tite might fuck you up.devils might sights you, grow up and deliver a kicker bout runnin around.sand down and moving hard, the well told retard sars virus, cure and cyrus, wheres cyrus the city?

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit

zaney

lane changes feel strange.plain ole people.wheres the church? wheres the steeple/deep in the heart of literature, furniture, turn or tern.feel rex burn.learn to live italiamerigives.we see.oh dat? we got it.not plot the bitch bomb, finished ho's.em, you next.

chris bowen, a.k.a to wit