

Poetry Series

Jackie Baritone World's Best, Worst Poet - poems -

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A Get Well Poem for Patrick Martin! ! !

Patrick Martin Patrick Martin
Glad your' roomy isn't fartin
and with laptop you can see
the internet before you pee
I hope the nurses don't look hideous
and pray they don't behave perfidious
So get well soon as you are missed
For without you this site sucks.

As bad poems go, the above will be hard to beat Patrick.
I hope you are up (or down) to the challenge...

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Barbershop Love

Once upon a barbershop
I found a magazine
A very pretty lady
was on the pages
in between.
She wasn't wearing
nothing but some
lipstick and a smile
So I went and got
a haircut.

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Father Christmas

Every Ho down in Hoville
liked f-king a lot
But the Priest who lived
just north of Hoville did
not
The Priest hated f-king'
(at least with the women)
He said "I prefer little
boys for my sinning".

Some said he was born
with just one little ball
Some said that his drawers
were two sizes too small
But whatever the reason
However it goes
He stood there
on Christmas eve
hating the Hos.

"When the clocks all strike midnight
I know just what they'll do
They will take off their clothes
and commence a group screw
Then they'll screw and they'll screw
till their screwers are sore.
Then they'll all take a break
and start screwing some more.

"This is not how it's done,
why when I was a boy,
I sat all alone and
I played with my toy
Till a kindly old Priest
from the parish below
Showed me things I could
do with my toy and then so,
I decided the clergy
was what I should do
With plenty of children
who were too young to sue".

And the more the Priest thought
of the Hos and their screwing
He felt their was something
that he should be doing
"I could call the police
Drag their asses to jail
But the Hos had good lawyers
and soon would make bail
Then they'd all wander home
and resume the Ho f-king

They'd resume the Ho hand jobs
They'd resume the Ho s-king"

Then he threw up his hands
and said "oh what the Hell!
If I weren't a pedophile
I'd be screwing as well"
So he left all the Hos
to their sexual ploys
then he climbed into bed
with two alter boys.

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Fred the Vampire

There once was a vampire
named Fred
Who a long time ago
became dead
Now he rises at night
to give you a fright
and bite you just
south of your head.

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Generalizations! ! !

Alas to all you critics
from Mercury, Mars
or Venus
For Jackie is no female
In fact he has a pecker.

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Little Fat Mouses

Once there was a little mouse
who came upon a trap
'I better stay away' he thought
'or else my neck will snap'
But cheese was waiting
in the trap and boy it looked
so yummy
'I'd love to have that bit
of cheese secure within my
tummy'.
So very slowly moved the
mouse upon the cheese
to grab
'But I wonder if it's fattening
as I don't desire flab'.
The little mouse he changed
his mind and walked off very
quiet
His life was spared
by a tiny hair
since he was
on a diet.

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Love is a Wrecking Ball

Love is a wrecking ball
that shatters my heart
blows me away
like a great big fart.
Everything's fallen
and I can't get up
Like the old lady
in the hamburger
commercial
whoa, giddy-up.

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Lunch

If roses are red
and violets are blue,
and you love me
and I love you
and were alone
with nothing to do
maybe we can get
naked and have
lunch.

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Moon Rain

Howdy howdy
Dark and cloudy
with scattered rain
across the moon
I'll jump in a crater
and see you all
later
maybe in May or
in June...

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The Art of the Poem

I like to write poems that are silly
That look like they were written
by hill-billies
Though the rhymes never work
They all end with a jerk
and the structure is all willie
nillie.

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The Tit Mouse

There was a little tit
mouse who had so
many tits
It was difficult to
find a bra to cover
all her bits

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Thespian Games

There once was an
actor named Rich
Whose butt he did
constantly itch
So he scratched
and he scratched
till he had a bald patch
and a gerbil popped out
with a twitch.

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