

Poetry Series

Lupe boroa
- poems -

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Lupe boroa(apr.13,1974)

I'm a self-taught, lover of poetry. I read it with my cornflakes and a good poem will move me to pathos as i make the pages of my book wrinkly with fallen tears..just kidding. I went to school, and then i didn't. Then I regretted it, then i didn't, but now i guess I mostly I do. So I read, read, read, as I try to compensate for the wiley years of a misspent youth.

A Hat

A hat a top my head brings me delight,
A hat I say, a blimy hat,
It should bring other people delight as well,
And I wonder why my ears are fat

Does my head fit within the hat so snug?
Or is the hat fitly snug a top my head?
Does this hat make me proud and smug?
Or do I secretly wish I were dead?

Does my big hat cause me cancer?
Does my big head look so silly?
Am I as elegant as a polynesian dancer?
And why are my ears so chilly?

My hat's off to all man-kind,
Those vessels of adoration and honor,
Who've all chosen to sit, and wine, and dine,
As I, with my hat, choose to sit and ponder.

Lupe boroa

City Blues

Slowly a sinister smile creeps into the face of the stirring waters,
as the moon reflects off the cascades of the water's deep,
a narcissistic city licks his chapped lips and hollers,
vanity shrouds his simplistic mind.

And a golden turd is born

deep,

deep

deep,

down in the hollow of a city's bowels.

Buried 'neath the layers of the intestinal tract.

Lodged between the abdomen and arse.

As the colen burns and itches, and potrudes way out, and,
organ, plays a familiar tune, albeit, an all too familiar tune.

like a pipe

A golden turd falls down the

drain,

drain,

drain,

as the pipe organ plays an all too familiar tune.

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