My Godot-Shaped Hole

by George LaCas

Godot teases round the edges of my God hole, that God-shaped gap With his I might be there, or I might not Which can mean anything, really.

Well guess the news, Godot: you can Hit the bricks, get steppin, and go fill Your own God hole, you plastic swami You master of the no-show, of the Not-interested when you get here.

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