I Don't Know Why People Still Read These Things

by XXXX

POETRY IS DEGENERACY IS A DISGUSTING HABIT IS YOUR MOTHER IN BIRTH PANGS HER CUNT ABLAZE AND YOUR BALDNESS EMERGES FROM BETWEEN HER LEGS AND FOR A MOMENT SHE IS AN ANIMAL WITH TWO HEADS FROM BOTH ENDS A COMICAL CREATURE A JOKE AND THEN LIKE A TURD YOU ARE EXPELLED

FUCK WORDS YOU CANNOT EAT THEM FUCK POETS YOU CANNOT EAT THEM WE SHOULD EAT THEM THE WORLD IS HUNGRY GET A JOB GET A JOB GET A JOB RIMBAUD WAS THE ONLY USEFUL POET KICKED THE TIC EARLY AFTER SCREWING THAT DIRTY OLD MAN VERLAINE BECAME A FOREMAN AT A QUARRY DEALT WEAPONS & COFFEE DIED OF CANCER

MY FRIEND THE OTHER DAY SAID I DON'T TALK ABOUT POETRY IT IS DEEP WITHIN US AN URGE LIKE WHAT YOU FEEL

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/xxxx--7/i-dont-know-why-people-still-read-these-things»* Copyright © 2013 XXXX. All rights reserved. WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY OR HORNY OR NEED TO PISS

I SAID FUCK YOU PETTY BOURGEOIS DEGENERATE FUCK YOU GILDED PIECE OF SHIT POEMS AREN'T MAGIC AREN'T TRANSCENDENT AREN'T SPECIAL YOU ARE THE REASON POETRY HAS BECOME A DISEASE

DIE IN A FIRE

POETRY SEEPS IN US RAIN THROUGH CRACKS IN THE CONCRETE AT NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING WE FIND OURSELVES TORN OPEN BY WATER INTO ICE BARER THAN BEFORE THAN EVEN WHEN YOU WERE A TWO-HEADED FREAK

POETRY ENTERS US A VIRUS AND WE MUST CLEANSE OURSELVES BY EXPELLING IT THROUGH PROJECTILE VOMIT DIARRHEA

IT IS A PLAGUE

AND I SAID PEOPLE LIKE YOU GLORIFY THIS DISEASE AS HUMAN NATURE HE WHO DOES NOT UNDERSTAND IS A SUBHUMAN PHILISTINE SHIT GET A JOB GET A JOB GET A JOB MAKE LIKE RIMBAUD GO TO PARIS & GET A JOB

WE THE SICK DECLARE OUR DISEASE UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN! AND WE LAMENT AND CRY AND SPEAK IN OUR GURGLING AND WEEPING

AND YOU PURIST SCUM VILE ARISTOCRATS ENNOBLE YOURSELF ALL YOU LIKE FOR THE DISEASE CONSUMES YOU TOO AND AS YOU RAISE YOUR CHIN BECAUSE YOUR ANUS DRIPS WITH MUCK AND BLOOD CALLING IT YOUR BIRTHRIGHT AND COLLECTING IT IN A JAR PASSING IT AROUND AS A DRINK DURING YOUR RITUALS OF PERVERSION IN MEMORY OF MOLOCH, WHOSE MIND IS PURE MACHINERY

> WE LAMENT THE LOSS OF HUMANNESS TO THE VICTOR CALLED POETRY WHOSE GREEN HAIR AND HORSE TORE US TO DESIRE

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