Oink

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Sure white socks are cocky bastards with sweaty heels
clicking stuttering rape of puffy cheeks and oily-white complacency

Sure that writhing sneer proclaims a smile in contempt
swallowing inverted eyeballs stinging with tears of nagging frustration

Sure some prickling shredded wheat squeals god is dead
with a bouncing belch from the top step that smothers Him

Sure grown men cry because their own pedigree learn to kill
and write home letters sagging with the unmasked will I die

Sure soap dispensers in perfumed johns are dried by
J.D. Salinger's muffled comment on the unkempt kept walls

Sure pin stripes are in and tics are thin so pencil in
that each for living just chases his own tail no pun intended

Sure the ivory halls are not ivory nor are there towers
to acclaim the quest for truth starving on just warm benches

Sure I'm the one who stamped out oink in the snow beginning
with K so you would grin until the O perplexed your sin

Sure

what the hell

Tom Hughes