

THE IF THE UGLIEST PENIS IN THE WORLD COULD TALK GATE

By father kicked,
By mother unlicked,
By cold wife monked,
By crass nobility bonked,
By his small smarts gunked,
Kink clunked Tsar Nicky II,
Had a warp-ed wacky wicky woo
Heteroplasmic roto-rooter. Sticky too!
Hence the Tsarina flinged
That loathsome hinged
Kazoo she so resented
Whenever he presented
His vangogh turned the corner
Like a drunk midget mourner,
Had stranger oblique curves
Than poison hors d'oeuvres,
Had pre-bloated thicknesses
Like Neanderthal sicknesses,
Had pink bumped twisters
Like Cro-Magnon blisters
On Elephant Girl sisters
Or Escher fish registers
Or sores sprayed by Lister's
On fungus farm crotch blissers.
Or zits of horse rectum kissers.
Whenever he took a drip or a piss
In a golden rain queen mega bliss,
He tried hard to do everything right
Whether in Cossack pants bright
Or P.I.Tchaikovsky pants tight.
Always opened zipper before
Aimed for incipient whirlpool.
Always avoided all floor
Or the occasional stool
Or Ophelia-ed toilet paper.
Occasionally might think.
"Maybe we will rape her."
Actually he it did in a blink.
Much. Much faster, I think,
Than Slavs kill Gypsies for fun.
But. But when he was done.
He. He did not shake it.
He. He did not slake it
To drops clean make it.
What he did was twist it
With both hands. Choked it.
Kyrie Eleision! He croaked it.
Like a Rome cop strangled crooks.
With T. de Torque mada right hooks.
Like a primeval man eats live brisket.
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Twisted guy blue. We feel sorry for you to the last murdered Jew.
We all must agree. Chacun a sans gout. Thee. The. The. The. That's never choke it sans goo, folks.