

A Sonnet

That whore was lassoed with these chords you see
noosed delicately round her seussed anatomy
her neck like the underside of a manatee with badly sketched blood
drawn
From the ink of her skeletal canvas a crimson reminder
you sea

Her monotonous mind her
Mouth twirls to speak
But nothing issues forth
only torn gurgles
Worn laurels
No worries...she never had nothin' to say
Anyway!