

Giorgio Ragozzino

“A Nasty Piece of Work”

A-rise, you poyson'd ape, and stay the same,
you weasel without words, uncouth, unkind
and lewd; you onanistic waste of shame,
pretentious, with a hateful maggot's mind.

Lame understanding wretch who thinks rhymes wrench't
sufficiént; you claim sans rhyme it's prose,
obtusely count ictūs with fingers stunt'd;
numb'd ass'nance, 'lision; laziness, it shows.

Descend, true nature sprouts, like damp, decant-
ing fungus. Brutish, British, you're out of
step with happiness. You human anti
climax, nothingness. You are mewling death.

In truth, you stagnant, solipsistic bore,
You're nothing, utter nothing, nothing more.