

Steve Cartwright

God Bless the Moron Parking on our Front

God bless the moron parking on our front
A loud and gawky female with her crimped and twin tone hair
Leaning with her thrusting pum
Against this moron's crotch
And punctuating every yarped exchange
With fucking this or fucking that
As the honking thunderous thud of rap
Comes hurtling through the window
Of her pestilence's twin-homed, black, smoke-glazed
And souped-up piece of tack.

God bless them as they squeal and yelp
These darling little nubile gels
Whose glimpse of arse and poke of tit
Has brought these backward peaked-hat dicks
To park up on our front
And wreck what bit of peace our house once had
And force me now to deal with it.

God bless their ever-faithful dog
Who no doubt sits and waits behind their door
For each and every loud and gawky yob
To rap upon their window and their door
Thereby invoking doggie's wrath

And freeing him to tear and gnash
And yes to bark
But somehow bark's not quite the word to sum it up
It's more the sound of cannon going off
Except this bloody cannon never seems to stop.

God bless him when they let him out
To place the contents of his huge and fetid arse
Upon the sward outside our front
Oh God if only they could just for once
Become the victim of their own incompetence
And in a moment of celestial grace
That God could guide their Reeboks to this place
And I could watch them on this grassy sward
Then tread in doggie's mighty turd
And would it be too much to ask
That as they try to shake it off
That they could tumble and then slip
And slither in the rest of it
So that their Pumas and their Nikes
Could also get their share of doggies shite
And this huge pile from doggies fetid arse
Would then become my coup de grace
And these loud yobbos in their cars
Would then be hoisted on their own petard.

