

An poem

Felix

Let's write a poem as the Wal-Mart greeter drools.
I'm mad at Snafu and diminishing returns.
Welcome to Wal-Mart.
Let's write a sermon about truth and mocking irony.
Words make a big difference, don't they.
Welcome to a police state, can you take orders?
Let's all say cuss words.
I'm mad at money and ignorance.
Welcome to the end of America.
Eight years late and \$8,519,793,402,274.43 dollars short.
Can an economy join the zombie army?

Never thought I'd become a scientist
I'm so awfully fond of words
The only thing I can utter truly
is a chortle over my silent vows
some people have too much willpower.
Did you enjoy America?
I thought it was beautiful in
concept
conceit
Too bad about them Naïve Americans.

Must We Discordians Stick Apart?
Mal-2 didn't figure for the internet.
Let's all make fun of his book.
Welcome to group think, can I take a joke?

I suspect there's humor in everything that happens these days.
Mostly wretched irony.
Fewer joyous moments.
The mood makes the moment.

Now then, was that so bad?
Have a lollipop.