

Get Today's Throwaway Poem

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Grab it hot off the press.
Smearing ink that's still wet.
Grab today's throwaway poem.

It surged up through the mire,
Leaving much to desire.
Sniff today's throwaway poem.

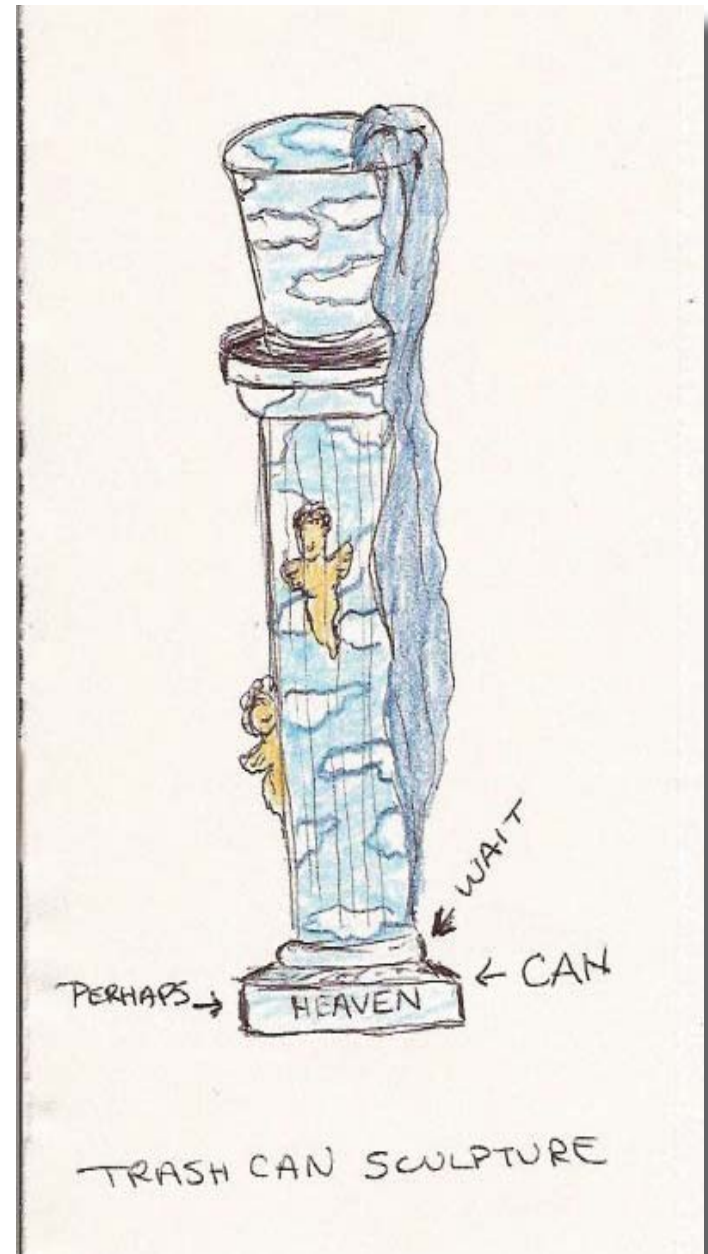


It crawled out of its nest:
Squawking wet hairy mess.
Nurse today's throwaway poem.

It's a poem uncouth;
Tastes like rancid vermouth.
Sip today's throwaway poem.

It won't hang in the Louvre:
Belongs in a sewre.
Flush today's throwaway poem.

A thought in small limits,
Took only five minutes!
Scan today's throwaway poem.

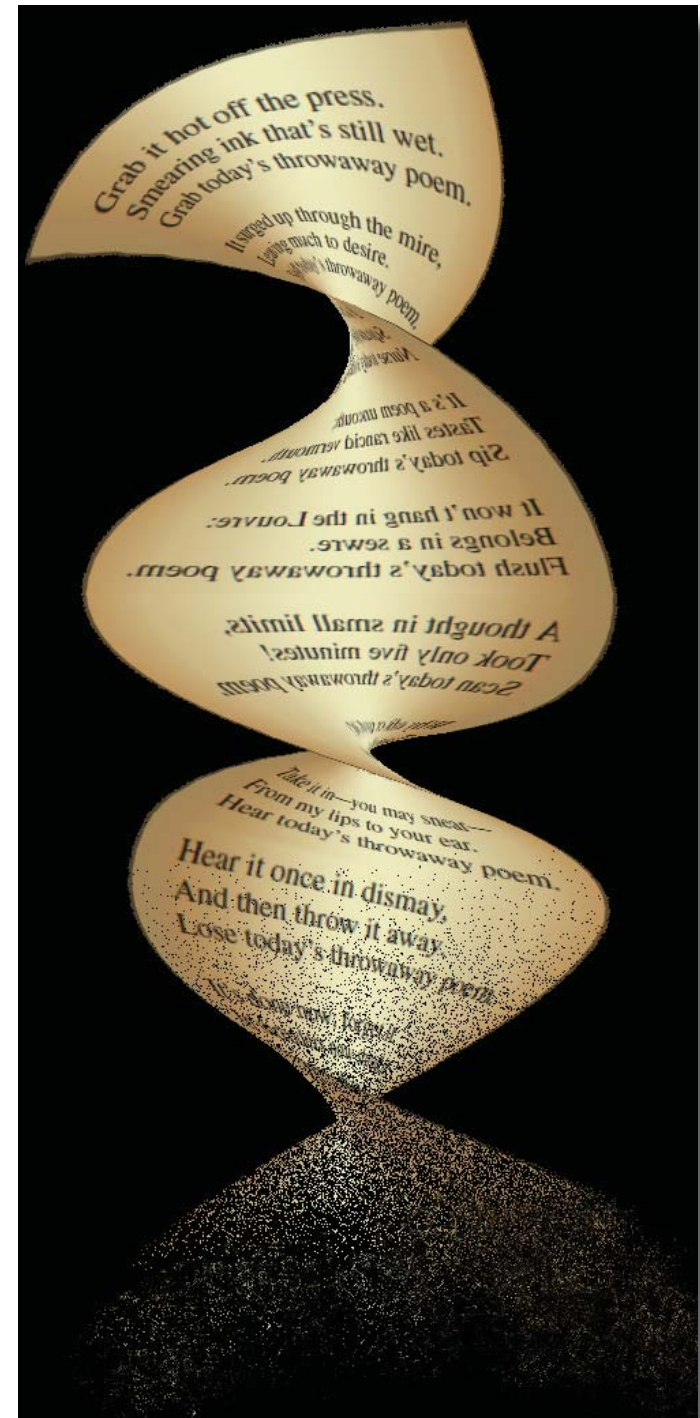


Why edit or proof it?
These will not improve it.
Parse today's throwaway poem.

Take it in—you may snear—
From my lips to your ear.
Hear today's throwaway poem.

Hear it once in dismay,
And then throw it away.
Lose today's throwaway poem.

It's done now; forget it.
In shredders now shred it.
Trash today's throwaway poem.



Literary Discards
Poem Stephen Muratore
Trash can sketches Christine Muratore
Trash Poem Barbara Carey
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