

Unobtrusive, unassuming,
ostentatious, modest, humble, small town
Cherished, our unique golden oldie, dear Demise Butcharms

←

Our Pure Mental Hygiene teacher. Middle Line Backer

Yes, her tough mother

Had scolded her,

Her mad father

Had beat her,

But she always

Wore a black

Bears No. 69

Sweatshirt

With pearls

And couldn't

Be any sweeter.

Though she did

Appear to have

Scale like fluff

On her forehead

And one or two

Anchor tattoo

With moniker,

BIFF, on her

Forearm, too.

No. 69 took no

New fashioned

Shit from the kids.

For she saw their every

Move and shove and fool.

Sure they didn't learn who Plato

But, "The President ain't no

ravagant jewel.

dumb shit, Mac,

means well."

The kids to that dull, safe place,

"He really ain't cruel. He ain't just

Helping the poor adjust to the pace

And learn to love and celebrate

The goddamn shit all over their face.

There's more to life than youse innocent children can now possibly see;

The longer youse has to hold youse water, the harder youse has to pee.

If youse wants to get buried real good in a real high class cemetery,

Youse most certainly has got to pay a real good fee, as wese used to all say all entered Demise's school.

So Dild O'Pub egarden, a basically good child, who by mistake had read a book, arms is a mad dog tool

Dild ran down the halls yelling, "God is dead! Nietzsche said! Demise Butch gourmet dullard stool!"

Of galloping mediocrity and an Arctic body temperature IQ in over cooked told her right off,

Butcharms was amused by the precocious child 'til Dild O'Pubegarden drivel slough."

"Eat it! You patently castrating bitch! You second rate sex illiterate

"Why youse poor, sweet un-loved child," old Butcharms smiled, "Dild, Oh!

Ain't youse a bit wild!

Wese is just playing

With youse mind,

Egotistic child."

"Yes!" Dild

Cried, "Like

A tooth plays

With a dick!

Like ice cubes

Play with a pick!

Like bright flame

Plays in a moth!

Like a priest

Plays with

An altar boy!

In a jerk off!

As oral cancer

Plays with mouth!

Like a feral cat

Plays with a mouse!"

"Get youse ass

Dild shrieked. Down into my

Office morass In Dild's mortise.

After school," She pestled slake

Demise said. From fist to orifice.

His face was red. Turned into a snake

In her dark, wet office:

"Don't worry at all,

Eyes green Packer.

My sweet one, Her line backer

Youse won't Become dead. She sweetly said,

Youse just may get laid."

His ice screams

Were turned to

Powdered asbestos,

His legs were lead.

His heart beat

Latent PCB's.

His hot genitals

Sprayed DDT.

His hope fled,

In despair bled.

"Shit in my hat

And punch it!

I should've seen

It all in biology!

Youse is the scum

Pollutin the school,

Ruinin our ecology,"

Demise sneered

In a hard, cruel,

Menacing drool.

Her arms turned

Into hot fire wings.

A red peroxide

Sea crest rose

Upon her head,

Her nostril hair

Turned green

With snot steam.

As if burst out from

Shrieking cock eggs,

Her eyes deep fried

And clawed his soul.

Her skin turned

To an oozy slime

As she rubbed into

His pleasure bowl.

Wrapping the boy

In tube job de goy

With the glance,

Of her slit, line

Backer eyes,

She killed his

Wish to live.

Her breath

On his face

Blue his joy

Into eternal

Nocturnal.

Her sharp

Teeth fanged.

She screamed.

"Youse has

polluted my

soul and filthed

My career goal.

I was pure

Arch I was clean. Dear.

I was above Stricken

Average love! Youse dear

OK Maybe Off my gear,

Sometimes KFC chicken

I was just a The pink lichen

Little mean. Begin lickin

But now Weird queer!

Youse dirty Youse fear,

Filthy ream Come here!

Has got me Tantalizer!

To scream: Fascinater!

I just got Youse crap

To get banged, Do so well,

I just got to get That youse

Some action! Do that

My vagina teeth My vagina teeth

Ain't gonna remain Now do

Much longer in traction!

Berber my thurber!

Shlock my clock!

From muggle!

To guggle!

To zatch!

Fire match

My locked!

Up latch!"

The walls

Screamed.

O! Ripping

Denim pants!

O! Thrashing

Wet underwear!

O! Ungreased

Gray squeaks!

O! Hard bore

Of hard core

Board gore!

How could

She do it

All over a

Clean slate

Blackboard?

Out on the

Lawn the old

Custodian

Whistled:

"You're The

Cream In My

Coffee," as he

Pulled down

Old Glory.

Unmoved,

She freaked

And shrieked:

"I'll show you

How to brag!

Snivel bag!"

O! The wet

Child eyes!

The Bruised

Small knees!

The pitiful

Hard sobs

Of "Please!

No! Please!

No! Please!

You'll gash!

My bash!

Stop! Stop

Killing my

Id mucker!

You obscene

Kid fucker!"

Now a full

Fledged

Wing-ed

Serpent,

She sucked

His pissant

Into pissant

Puce pucker.

"Youse tried

To becrude

The wrong

She dude!

Youse lousy

Abuse risk!"

She hissed

Sharp fire:

"Tisk. Tisk.

Too bad youse

Din't know

Mine primal

Trick tactic

Satyric attic

Satyric

Miasmic

Frisk

Heavy

Sex

Id

Whisk.

Tisk. Tisk.

Is become

Youse basic

Over 3000

Year old

Classic

Child

Rape,

Epic

Shtick

Slick

High

Risk

Tough

Muff

Rough

Breath

Death

Trance

Glance

Chronic

Bubonic

Osmaic

Stooge

Huge

Luge

Obelisk

Brick

Heroic

Filling!

Less

Great!

Tastes

Oough!

Oough!

Oough!

isk!"

sil

Ba

Thick

Obelisk

Brick

Heroic

Filling!

Less

Great!

Tastes

Oough!

Oough!

Oough!

Luge

Huge

Stooge

Osmaic

Basic

Bubonic

Osmaic

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Did you ever see a Basilisk talking? Did you ever see a Basilisk walking? Well I did. Thee. The. The. Thee. That's long ago and far away the Basilisks that were walking and the Basilisks that were talking. Were the Basilisks that were earning a living squeezing and stunting the intelligence, spirit, and aspirations of children. In that paragon of towering child essence demolition, South Orange Junior High School in South Orange, NJ, Folks.