

Subj: **Bowel Movement Poem**  
Date: 10/26/2003 12:46:10 PM Central Standard Time  
From: Manolete XXX  
To: Megan4Mischief

"An Exchange"  
a Highclass Poem

I am an orchestra of one  
every time I shit a brown Mozart-like bun.  
It makes me feel so utterly clean  
than I may end up like a Celestial Stringbran.

As I settle gratefully on my toilet, down.  
I reminisce about ex-lovers being ethically brown  
And their scabby intentions I now see  
as shit's companion....yellow pee.

So, when I answer nature's siren Bowel Call  
I feel that pleasant shifting, and Bad Stuff fall  
like vexing worries ,towards my ass  
and life's little Hardpoops all become a slippery mass...

in that secret poopvault under my bathroom floor  
leaving my Soul light and airy ,as out the door  
I sashay with a tiny Anal Smile  
letting me do mental handsprings, with a bit of guile

knowing it must give my opponents fits  
to thisk me still alive...to shit such shits  
And that on my persona daily Jugjement Day  
I'll judge them shit,..and shit them away

FINI

[c] J. Davies, 2003

Tuesday, October 28, 2003 America Online: Megan4Mischief