

Subj: **Scrood Muscles.....a poem**  
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From: [Manolete XXX](#)  
To: [Megan4Mischief](#)

" Scrood Muscles  
A poem of meaningless nonsense.....

by J. Davies

Phillipnia flexed her Scrood Muscles  
causing Heartfelt Transvestites  
to adjust thier Cottage Cheese Bustles.  
Arrived at by the transvestite's desire  
to walk life's bigshit anal Hotwire.  
This leaves them open, as well  
to Hotcheese Bustle Wearer's private Hell,  
where airline pilots screw like bunnies  
dressed like women,reading the funnies,  
as the planes cruise ever on ,  
piloted by vivisectionists,whose names are drawn  
from life;s transvestite hat  
first a Muledeer, then,a Bat.  
shall be our President ,pro-tem  
with silver voice and throat of phlegm.  
Blocking Fleebies right and left  
and plumbing pussies, with hands so deft.  
so as the World's cares do mount  
our President goes out catching trout.  
And,ere you feel we've reached our Nexus  
go drink from rural toilets, way out in Texas.

FINI

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