

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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