

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!

The ITMA Book Of "*Gay*" Verse

Compiled by Ann R. Soul

Edited by Phil T. Rimmer

The "Love" That Dare Not Speak Its Name

You are a pretty fellow, sir,
Your Uncle Oscar fancies you,
You make my passions rise and stir,
Come, take a drink with me.
That's better. Feeling mellow, sir?
Now how's about this, me and you
Will take a cab to my place
And you'll keep me company.

Don't you think it a pity, sir
That I was born out of my time?
If I'd lived in the nineteen seventies
I'd not inflame
Society against me
For my sexual proclivities
For sharing *love* like this:
This *love* that dare not speak its name.

The "Love" That Hides Its Head In Shame

This is the *Love* of public urinals,
Of five minute close encounters
With anonymous strangers
Ogling over the porcelain,
Or through peepholes
In the shithouse door.

This is the *Love*
Of sucking syphilitic phalli,
Of brown fingers and brown noses,
Of two's up in the bathhouse,
Of stubble against stubble,
And saliva mixed with shit.

This is the *Love* of deviant desire,
Of bizarre *watersports*,
Of fisting and flagellation,
Of shitting on faces.

This is the *Love* that proclaims itself *gay*
And chastises the world for ostracising it,
For condemning it,
For speaking ill of it,
For thinking ill of it.
This is the *Love* of the *positive alternative*.

But, most of all, this is the *Love* of disease,
Of death.
The *Love* of gonorrhea,
Syph,
Hepatitis,
AIDS...

This is the *Love* that God never admitted to Eden in the first place.
This is the *Love* that hides its head in shame.

Or if it doesn't, it fucking well should.

Whip Me, Harvey

Whip me, Harvey, spank my arse,
Tan and bruise my skin,
Stroke my pubes as smooth as glass,
Tempting me to sin.

Fuck me, Harvey, like a dog,
Until I repent,
Spit upon me like a wog,
I'm yours for the rent.

Take me, Harvey, on the floor,
Though I'm not a cunt,
Satisfy this fucking whore,
Brutalise this runt.

Drop your trousers, time for scat,
Now I lick your rim,
Harvey, you're a horny cat,
Let me serve your whim.

When we'd finished, off you flew
To the Common House,
Harvey, if they only knew
You're a fucking louse.

Dear oh dear, I spoke too soon,
Now you're in the press:
MP screws a rent boy coon -
Resigns in distress.

Big Mart

I hate chinks and I hate yids,
Hang the IRA,
I like blond and well-hung kids,
Big Mart, Nazi *gay*.

I was in the National Front,
Moody, tough and mean,
Dedicated fascist cunt
Building the machine.

Send the fuckin' Paki's back,
And the nigger muggers,
Wouldn't have sex with a black,
Only with white buggers.

When my mates went bashing queers,
I'd pretend to laugh,
But the back room talk and smears
Were too close by half.

I sent letters to young men,
I held poofter parties,
Got grassed up, denied it when
They said how *strange* Mart is.

Got chucked out, but not to fear,
Though I'm on the dole
I'm no more a closet queer,
Tyndall, up your hole!

Ode From The Changing Room Shower

O Charles, your arse is just the job,
So mottled, brown and hairy,
Your shit-stained rim would tease the gob
Of any hungry fairy.

I long to get my gums around
Your scrotum and your meat,
Yours is the best prick ever found,
It's good enough to eat.

I'd like to lick and suck your flesh,
Your buttocks, chest, all over...
And sniff your Y-fronts - stale or fresh,
The thought puts me in clover.

Alas, I can't, for you are straight,
(Most rucker players are),
So I'll go home and masturbate,
And hide my thoughts bizarre.

And dream of you until next week
When we're both in the shower
With all the others, cheek to cheek,
O roll on, happy hour!

The Positive Alternative

In keeping with its commitment to the eradication of *racism, sexism* and all forms of discrimination, our schools have a duty to teach homosexuality as a *positive alternative* to being straight. - Dick Head, in *We Want Your Children*, page 7, *Wankers' Gazette*, 6th September, 1989.

The wicked homophobic slugs decry the way we live,
What's so bad that a chap should want to take as well as give?
Why does it so revolt them that we like it up the crack?
I'd rather have the smell of shit than tart's fishy crack.
A meaningful relationship is what most of us need,
We seldom long for families, and don't desire to breed.
So we seek pleasure stabbing shit, fellatio, golden showers...
And in the bathhouse we can bum each other off for hours.
A meaningful relationship with ten or twenty guys,
The mere thought of a hairy bum brings water to my eyes,
Come on, chaps, take it like a man, bend over, grease your rim,
Life's short and cruel - and even shorter now that we've got SLIM.

Ode To Colin Ireland

Dark is the night and hungry is the heart,
The nascent killer steps out in the city,
No, he'll not snuff a hooker or a tart,
That's too straightlaced for Colin Walter Mitty.
Besides, he doesn't hate tarts, he hates faggots,
He'll squeeze their throats until they writhe like maggots.

Maggots they are indeed, they sit for hours
In sauna baths anonymously sexed,
Suck off with strangers, scat and golden showers,
Just thinking of these perverts gets him vexed,
To the *gay* S&M scene comes the Stalker,
And smothers HIV queen Peter Walker.

The second time it's naked flame and burning,
Handcuffed to bed and throttled with a cord,
The smell of roasting flesh, his heart is yearning
To spread his dread to every faggot's bawd,
He grins as he snuffs out the worthless Dunn,
Queers sicken him, but killing them is fun.

To Kensington, more handcuffs, tied and stripped,
Son of a US Congressman this fellow,
What sort of freak gets off on being whipped?
He snuffs the faggot out, and, feeling mellow,
Thinks to himself: That's pleasurable, very,
Good riddance to a sodomite called Perry.

North London for the fourth, a fag named Andy,
A really brutal battering was that,
A fine reward for being queer and randy,
He even killed the fucking bastard's cat,
Mouthful of condoms, choke your final breath,
Perverted scum! No dignity in death.

Then to the fifth and final fag, Spiteri,
A queer chef. Ugh! They shouldn't touch our food,
No mercy for this depraved, Maltese fairy,
Reward of vice, the price of being lewd,
Of sucking strangers' cocks and stabbing shit,
So are all sodomites cast to the Pit.

Cast to the Pit to burn forevermore,
But now there is a proper Hell right here,
The AIDS plague will destroy their kind for sure,
Another generation - adieu queer!
But Colin Ireland's locked away for good,
Not a bad fellow, just misunderstood.

Don't Call It "Gay"

Don't call it *gay* when men meet in shithouses
To wank and suck and bum each other off,
And silently contaminate their spouses
While outwardly at *nancy boys* they scoff.

Don't call it *gay* when right wing politicians
Invite some half-caste rent boys round for scat,
When, bound and chained, they lose their inhibitions,
And find the rod to spank a full grown brat.

Don't call it *gay* when young men sell their favours
To dirty old men in the backs of cars,
True, sex like ice cream, comes in many flavours,
But must they dress in pantyhose and bras?

Don't call it *gay* when a whore holds the member
Of some john, blows it, and he comes his lot,
If curiosity lures you, remember:
The "positive alternative" it's not!

And don't call *gay* the filth of "golden showers",
"Fist-fucking", or the young "studs" on the street,
For every act of sin, a soul devours,
For every *trick* and every shit-stained sheet.

Whatever the degenerates may say
Don't think of it as, and don't call it, *gay*.

Ode To An Anal Orifice

Who wants to smell fish when he can taste shit?
And what use is a cunt for anyway?
I'd rather grease a bum that feel a tit,
A girl can make you happy but not *gay*.

A slag's vagina may be a tight fit,
And bear a much reduced risk of disease,
But chunky chaps won't hear a word of it,
They'd rather dice with death and drown in sleaze.

O bring me then a noble hairy arse,
And I'll eschew the company of maids,
What comes will come and then will come to pass:
Orgasm, then a painful death from AIDS.

Dying For A Fag

I'm dying for a fag,
I ain't smoked for an hour,
I have to have a drag,
I've just got no will power.

I'm dying for one, too,
I licked somebody's rim,
And sucked a cock or two,
Now I've contracted SLIM.

Give Us A Kiss

Give us a kiss,
Go on, no one's looking.
Give us a kiss,
Go on, just a peck on the cheek.
Give us a kiss,
Go on, don't be shy,
There's no one else about.
Go on, give us a kiss.
Go on, please.
Pretty please.
Be yer best friend for life.
Honest!
Go on, give us a kiss,
No one'll see us.
Right, now drop your trousers
And I'll give you one.

It Turns My Stomach

Hello Julian,
Didn't expect to see you in here.
How's...you know...her?
Oh, did he?
What a bitch!

Yes, yes I did,
Max his name is.
Well, Maxwell really.
You know him, yes you do,
He's blond with, you know, yes, size eleven.
You know the one I mean.

Yes, that's right,
I've been there once or twice since it re-opened after the raid.
It's nice, yes.
You meet a much better class of person there,
You get lawyers, barristers, there's even a judge uses it,
So I've heard, anyway.

Yes, we did,
I had an enema first of course,
I always do,
So did Max. Maxwell.
You have to take one and fast for twenty-four hours,
Twelve at least,
It leaves you nice and clean.
I always take one because
I like to switch to O immediately afterwards,
And you can't be too fussy, can you?
Yes, Max likes it both ways too.
Yes, we did.
And with that Greek,
Then afterwards we played watersports for a bit.
Ooh, I do love that.

Can I get you a drink?
Gin and tonic?
Oh, a pint.
Oh, of course, you haven't come out yet, have you?
Not to worry.

Ooh, look at that barman.
Dirty sod, picking his nose.
Ooh, that turns my stomach!
Come on, let's go somewhere else;
If there's one thing I can't stand, it's filth.

Ode To A Terrence Higgins Activist

I really need a piece of shit like you
To tell me what a piece of shit I am,
My views on homos make you want to spew?
Frankly my dear I couldn't give a damn.
You tell me that I'm sick while you are *gay*.
Political correctness is such farce!
My reaction is one of stark dismay,
What's *gay* taking someone's prick up your arse?
Denouncing everyone who dares to voice
A contrary opinion as a maggot.
Discrimination is my right, my choice!
Go strut your stuff elsewhere, you shameless faggot.
You're so perverted, rotten and obscene,
I hope you die of AIDS, you screaming queen.

Song of the Happy Homophobe

I'm not a homophobe, I just hate queers,
Hate and despise their vile debauchery,
When they drop dead from AIDS I shed no tears,
How anyone can call them *gay* beats me.

The dirty perverts have disgusting habits,
Like licking rims and cottaging in bogs,
They may not breed but they still fuck like rabbits
In frequency, and in the style of dogs.

Since sodomy was foolishly made legal
They've been campaigning to brainwash our kids,
Because they act like queens they think they're regal,
Society is on the moral skids.

They've tried to flush our culture down the toilet
With their sick campaign for "equality",
Alas, the AIDS pandemic will despoil it,
And knock the grinning apes out of their tree.

I'm not a homophobe, I loathe perversion,
"Political correctness" and the like,
I hate hysteria, blackmail, coercion,
And much prefer the honest "fag" and "dike".

I'm not a homophobe, and I'm not rotten,
I'm just an average guy who dares to say
The world will be richer when they're forgotten
And AIDS has swept this pestilence away.

Jenny Lives With Eric And Martin

Jenny lives with Eric and Martin.
Jenny is a sweet, little blonde girl,
And Martin is her faggot father.

Yes, that's right,
And Eric is not Erica,
But Martin's live-in *lover* and fellow sodomite.
He has a hairy chin and an even hairier arse
Which Martin buggers in between washing the dishes and
Reading Jenny non-*sexist* children's stories
Like *Goldieperson And The Three Bears*.

Here is Jenny.
And here are the two sodomites sitting on
The doorstep eating ice cream.
At least, I think that's ice cream on Eric's upper lip,
Although it does look suspiciously like something else.

Here comes Jenny's mother, Karen.
She's a degenerate too because she is quite happy for
Her five year old daughter to live in a *ménage à trois* with
Her bumboy ex-husband and his catamite.

On the back cover of this book it says:

"They all live happily together, and this is the story of how they spend their weekend."

In fact, they don't all live happily together.
Jenny is taken into care by Hackney Social Services
And fostered out to a lesbian couple under
The Borough's Equal Opportunities Policy;
Karen undergoes a government drug rehabilitation programme;
Eric is arrested for importuning for
Immoral purposes in a public toilet;
And Martin dies of AIDS.

The Song Of Mary Whitehouse

You won't find any nudes in the *gay* magazine,
But they still find *excuses* to call us obscene. - Tom Robinson

For donkeys' years you cunts have preached your poison,
Polluted children's minds, you fucking vermin,
Addressed us in a manner camp, informal,
And kidded us your filthy vice is normal.

You've shrieked and shouted being queer is *gay*,
But while I'm still around, no fucking way;
The media gave sodomy a boost,
But now the chickens have come home to roost.

Perverted wretches, enemies of Christ!
Gay Christianity? That's one sick heist.
How they could stomach that's beyond my ken,
It brings new meaning to the phrase *Ah-Men*.

And then there was your moral rape of Jesus,
Sent down by God to save, uplift and please us,
Your foul *Gay News* reviled our Lord in verse,
For that, a pox on you, and the AIDS curse.

For those who would repent, it's far too late,
Best thing to fuck off home and masturbate.
Ten years more and you'll all have got the chop,
Faggots farewell, the kissing has to stop.

Begone, shit-stabbing perverts of the night!
Into the Pit, praise the Lord, praise the Light!
Too long you've buggered, licked and sucked in clover,
Now kiss your arse goodbye: the party's over.

An Ode To Natural Selection

Creationists talk shite,
But Darwin got it right,
The best adapted always will survive,
In other words, the fit,
But not those who stab shit,
And those who on filth and perversion thrive.

Our ancestors knew better,
They followed to the letter
The teachings of the *Bible* and *Koran*.
The writings of the Jews
Say life you'll surely lose
If you should lie down with another man.

Society was cruel,
Kids seldom went to school,
And slaved from dawn to dusk day in day out,
Theft was a hanging crime,
But things improved with time,
And liberation slowly came about.

The Nineteenth Century
Saw much more liberty
For all except the likes of Oscar Wilde,
Though the slaves were released,
Those whose arseholes were greased,
Were rightly scorned and openly reviled.

But then there came *gay* lib,
Equally foul and glib,
The faggots shouted: Now we'll have our say!
Demanding "equal rights"
And legal catamites,
They screamed and hollered till they got their way.

They posed and they paraded,
And openly degraded
Each other in an orgy of depravity,
Anonymous "affairs"
For Wilde's perverted heirs,
They sucked and fucked every bodily cavity.

This filth went on for ages,
They hearkened not the sages
Who said: Remember Sodom and Gomorrah.
They laughed and took the piss,
Now they face the abyss
Of AIDS with loud protestations of horror.

You have to find a cure!
But why should we demure?
Best thing to let the fucking wretches rot,
It's billions down the drain
To try to ease their pain,
When Nature takes its course, they'll be forgot'.

And so will their corruption,
So maybe this eruption
Of modern plague will put the world to right,
Darwinian solution
To this most foul pollution:
Ten years hence there won't be a queer in sight.

Hitler's Big Mistake

MISHNAH. He who commits sodomy with a male or a beast, and a woman that commits bestiality are stoned.

Gemara: "There shall be no sodomite of the sons of Israel..."

**"The perils of Jewish contamination
Are drowning Weimar Germany in sin;
We need a Strong Man who will head our nation,
And deal with Judah - do the fuckers in!"**

**The cry went up, the bigots and the haters
Boycotted shops and burned books of the Jews,
Incessantly the beaters and the baiters
Denounced them for their "anti-German" views.**

**But in reality, most of the Chosen
Were folk who'd harmed nobody in their lives,
Disenfranchised, hounded, their assets frozen,
They fled the country with their kids and wives.**

**The ones who couldn't get out were deported
By rail to concentration camps out East,
The Final Solution the Huns exhorted,
The Jew was treated worse than any beast.**

**'Twas Hitler's big mistake, how could he do it?
These folk lived pious lives, not lives of sleaze,
They didn't spread VD, surely he knew it?
The *Torah* Jews despise social disease.**

***Sanhedrin* 54 it says forthrightly
That he who lies down with a man is stoned,
The *Torah* Jews who said their prayers nightly
Should never have been beaten and disowned.**

**But queers, both Jew and Gentile, are foul vermin
Who should have been consumed by gas and fire,
No sweat though, AIDS has left the fuckers squirmin',
A few more years will see my heart's desire!**

Here's Rat Poison For You

We want liberty,
Freedom for all under the law,
Including freedom from all forms of discrimination
Punished by Draconian penalties
Enforced by the full strength of the law
To its full extent.

We want freedom from violence,
Freedom from hate and vituperation,
Freedom from police harassment on the meat rack
And from state surveillance in public toilets.

We want freedom from spite
And from stereotyping,
All misdemeanours to be
Punished by Draconian penalties
Enforced by the full strength of the law
To its full extent.

We want all these things.
And we want your children.

We want equality,
Full sexual equality,
Including the right to palimony
And the right to marry.
We want the age of consent lowered
So that we can congregate in school playgrounds
As well as public toilets.

We want youth liberation.
Because we want your children.

We want fraternity,
We want, desire, crave, demand
Acceptability by our fellow men.
We want homophobia outlawed.
In order to destroy its prestige
We shall send it for trial in the category of thiev-
ing, murder, and every kind of abominable and filthy
crime. Public opinion will then confuse in its conception
this category of crime with the disgrace attaching to every
other and will brand it with the same contempt.

We want everyone to accept us,
Everyone to love us,
Everyone to want us.

And we want your children.

The Ballad Of A Well-Greased Bum (A Moral Tale)

There was a fellow oh so *gay*
Said: "Time to make the fuckers pay!"
And came up to the city from the sticks.
"I'll walk the streets a year or two
A handsome fortune to accrue,
Dropping my trousers, sucking faggots' dicks."

He climbed aboard the London train,
This hunky fellow, fit and vain,
With swept back hair and tattoos on his arms.
The ladies hungered after him,
And would have done his every whim,
But *women's* purses couldn't buy his charms.

He fixed himself up with a flat,
And set to finding where it's at,
He hung around the bathhouses a week.
But these clientele wouldn't pay,
They wanted it for free. "No way!"
Another outlet he would have to seek.

He placed an ad in *Faggot's News*
For bondage, scat and kinky screws,
And soon the fuckers clambered to his door,
He sucked, and let them bugger him,
He pulled them off, they licked his rim.
The word got round that here's one "high class" whore.

His patrons were the wealthy type,
Outwardly straight and full of hype,
A better class of wanker over all,
They held top jobs, and most had wives,
But, fed up with their boring lives,
Like Harvey Proctor, they rode for a fall.

Gay Boy's progress was soon ensured,
For his discretion was assured,
He never shot his mouth off about fucking,
His fingers were deft, and his arse
Was smooth as silk for pricks to pass,
His lips were not for talking but for sucking.

The vice squad called on him as well,
He told the rozzers: "Go to Hell!"
Later, they hauled him in for questioning.
He hired himself a clever brief,
(A barrister he gave relief),
And found the law more bore than harrowing.

One day he met a preacher man
Who told him: "Get out while you can;
Repent your sins, and seek the path to God!"
Gay Boy took his wallet and said:
"That's what I make for giving head:
Two grand a week! Fuck off, you stupid sod!"

The preacher said: "You've sold your soul,
For it's the Devil's hired your hole."
His words fell on deaf ears, so he departed,
While *Gay Boy* gave a pig-like grunt,
And cursed the preacher: "Stupid cunt!"
And, mooning him, contemptuously farted.

Although he'd planned to make a lot
His *raison d'être* was soon forgot',
He blew his dough on poppers and cocaine.
But easy go and easy come,
He spread his legs and greased his bum,
His empty wallet soon was full again.

For three long years of coke-filled bliss
Seemingly nothing was amiss,
But self-abuse and poison took their toll.
His nose grew scabrous with cocaine,
His countenance was filled with pain,
And blood and pus flowed freely from his hole.

He went to see the doc', who said:
"You've got the thing all faggots dread,
You're positive for HIV, young man."
"How can I be?" he asked the doc'.
"That's what you get for sucking cock!
If I were you, I'd live life while you can."

He left the doctor feeling stunned,
The word went round and he was shunned.
How could he get out like the doc' had said?
He went and signed on for the dole,
And sat home with his pus-filled hole,
Awaiting the Grim Reaper filled with dread.

He caught the fever, felt a chill,
Was nauseous and deadly ill,
He vomited blood, shivered to the bone.
Fairweather friends both straight and *gay*
And all his neighbours stayed away,
He faced the end dejected and alone.

He died in agony, poor fag,
They stuffed his body in a bag,
And burnt it as they always do with scum.
Infested with disease and pox:
That's what you get for sucking cocks,
And letting other men abuse your bum.

Now boys (and girls) the moral here
Applies if you are straight or queer,
It's perverted and sick to flog your mutton,
Both hunky chap and shapely bint
End up diseased and often skint.
Poor *Gay Boy* died of AIDS without a button.

Don't Call It Love

Don't call it love when two disgusting wankers
Meet in a bog and suck each other's pricks;
Don't call it love when bondage freaks and spankers
Abuse their bodies for perverted kicks.

Don't call it love when queers express their passion
On other men, and drown themselves in sleaze,
And show them neither pity nor compassion
When they contract some terminal disease.

Don't call it love when they degrade each other
And claim theirs is the brotherhood of man;
That isn't what the *Bible* means by "brother",
Nor does the *Talmud*, neither the *Koran*.

Don't call it love when sin and pederasty
Parade as virtue. And when people say
That sodomy is fun, not cheap and nasty,
Don't bow to peer pressure and call it *gay*.

Whether or not there is a God above,
Whatever form sin takes, don't call it love!

Let Nature Take Its Course

Sodomites infected?
Don't look so dejected,
At least the dirty fuckers cannot breed.
They should be isolated, until they're decimated,
And that will terminate their evil creed.

Ode To The SLIM Reaper

Drown in your own poison, degenerate scum,
For AIDS is the price of a fuck up the bum,
If sucking on shit is what gives you filth pleasure
Today rim your partners and suffer at leisure.

Sick *gay* liberation began at Stonewall,
A decade and more and the queers had a ball,
True, they had a very high rate of disease,
But shrugging it off, carried on with their sleaze.

From out-and-out queens to shy men in bathhouses
Who sodomised strangers then slept with their spouses,
They spread their filth wildfire, uncaring and willin',
A dose was no worry - they had penicillin.

Alas, every good thing (and sin) comes to pass,
Divine retribution was scabs on the arse,
They shrugged that off as local, mild carcinoma,
But soon realised 'twas an awful misnomer.

The dread new affliction referred to as GRID
Soon traced to the sick, sordid things that they did,
Spread wildfire and free, causing terror and panic:
A fitting reward for these homos Satanic.

They screamed: "It's not us! Any person can catch
A dose of disease on his prick or her snatch!"
Their protests were heeded, the media bent
To their whining and wailing; they wouldn't repent.
Too bad, for by then they were dropping like flies,
The media whitewash exposed as queer lies.

But still these diseased and deluded fags shouted
That it wasn't them, and, their enemies routed,
They gave blood, continued to cook and wait tables,
The public half taken in by their tall fables.

Eventually though we *all* saw through these slime,
No one can fool everyone all of the time,
And though they still scream they're despised and oppressed,
It won't be too long till they're all laid to rest.

The AIDS crisis had been a curse and a bane,
And on the taxpayer an absolute drain,
They suffered at leisure for sinning in haste,
And every cent spent on their care is a waste.

Alas, it won't last, at least not for much longer,
With every day's passing the virus grows stronger,
Bathhouses are closing as their clientele
Depart this world for their Gomorrah-like Hell.

They still whine and wail at alleged persecution
As slowly advances their Final Solution,
But it's not the *homophobes* who've put them down,
But their own free choice in their squalor to drown.

So gather round, kiddies, and listen to me,
If growing up *gay* is how you want to be,
Think long and hard, this is what happens to faggots,
They live like dung beetles, die writhing like maggots.

No one is demanding you always be chaste,
But suffer at leisure for sinning in haste,
What shit-stabbing, cum-drinking faggots call *gay*
A healthy young fellow says: "No fucking way!"

A woman who hires out her tits and her hole
Is vile and disgusting and selling her soul,
A man who caresses another man's prick
Is more than disgusting, he's fucking well sick.

Drown in your own poison, degenerate scum,
For AIDS is the price of a fuck up the bum;
It's ten years and more since you learned the grim truth,
Depart this world swiftly, corrupt not our youth.

Lines On The Resignation Of The Bishop Of Gloucester

The Bishop of Gloucester is leaving his flock,
They didn't like where he was putting his cock,
He'll get less trade now he's not working for God:
Young monks only fancy episcopal rod.

(Downloaded from CIX)

Postscript (Slightly altered)

The world is full of feather beds
And little girls with curly heads,
So really there is no excuse
For homosexual abuse.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

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