

# Scatoligicus Eroticum

Compiled by Eugene Phillip Rix  
and Edited by Anthony William Anka

## Ode To A Condom

O noble sheath, thy rubber is perfection,  
So strong and subtle, yet so soft and thin;  
Deny me not the pleasures of erection,  
But shield me from the consequence of sin.  
I've often heard it said it's not appealing  
To use the likes of you, but I'm well pleased  
To sacrifice a modicum of feeling,  
Rather than join the ranks of the diseased.  
My weapon is enshrouded in your cover,  
I climb on top and gently start to thrust,  
Tightly I cling to my impassioned lover,  
And pray that when I come you will not bust,  
For if my partner is a VD carrier  
My only protection will be your barrier.

## Ode To A Blow Up Doll

I fuck you any time and way I choose,  
A hundred different ways I slake my lust,  
You never complain whatever I use:  
Not watersports nor *scat* earns your disgust.  
Your cunt is like no other woman's minge,  
Your tits and nipples have a spongy feel,  
Your latex mouth's enough to make me cringe  
When you devour my hardened prick with zeal.  
Would that all women were like you, sweet Joan,  
Unselfish and giving, not nagging bores,  
You're in a class all of your very own,  
Unlike those cats, slags, frigid cows and whores.  
Forsaking all other, I'll take you, maid  
Until your tits are worn and your cunt frayed.

# Kiss Daddy Good Night

This is our little secret,  
Only you and Daddy know,  
Promise me you'll keep it:  
Cross you heart and tell me so.

Mummy would be very cross  
If ever she found out,  
But Daddy is the boss,  
At least, when Mummy's not about.

Now Mummy's gone away awhile  
To visit her sick aunt,  
And we're alone my little chile,  
So do what Daddy wants.

You're growing up fast, aren't you dear?  
Next August you'll be ten,  
Take off your nightie, lie down here,  
Do you remember when

You came into my bed before,  
When Mummy was away?  
We're going to do that once more,  
Understand what I say?

And not a whisper, promise me,  
And if you're very good  
Daddy will take you to the sea-  
Side, like he said he would.

When it's over, Daddy will carry you  
Back to your bed,  
He'll tuck you in,  
Tickle your chin,  
And stroke your precious head.

"Our secret, shhh, remember,"  
I'll say, turning off the light,  
Then I'll bend over you,  
And you can kiss Daddy good night.

## A Catholic Prayer

Holy Mother, good Catholics believe  
You did then without sin, our Lord conceive;  
We pray now your blessing we'll be receiving,  
That this day we may sin without conceiving.

(from a Dennis Wheatley novel, but probably traditional)

## Ode To Uralagnia

For little girls I have a taste,  
But touching them would be a waste,  
I did before, so for a spell  
They locked me in a cell.

But sniffing knickers ain't no crime,  
So I do this now, all the time,  
No one suspects and no one cares,  
And oh, those pubic hairs.

Where do I get them? Easy, pet:  
I bought myself a launderette!  
I'm the man in the mackintosh  
Who does your service wash.

Don't be alarmed and look agape,  
It's better this by far than rape,  
You'd get your knickers in a twist  
If I were to desist.

For what alternative is there  
To sniffing young girls' underwear?  
Were I to stop, I'd lose my cool,  
And then go back to school.

## Ode To Fellatio

Those ruby-red, sensuous lips  
Have sent me on a thousand trips,  
The gentle sucking noise enthrals  
As teasingly she strokes my balls.

I'm staring at the ceiling, numb,  
As in her mouth I thrust, then come,  
She swallows it and nearly chokes,  
The way she does with other blokes.

The deed is done, the harlot paid,  
Perhaps tomorrow I'll get laid;  
I'm not the type to fuck a whore:  
These days, with AIDS, you can't be sure.

But I don't care where this slag's been,  
Nor who she's fucked, nor if she's clean,  
Because the doctor said to me:  
Blow jobs and wanks don't spread VD.

26th December 1991

## Ode To Cunnilingus

There's nothing quite compares  
(When one is feeling loose),  
With a mouthful of hairs,  
And lips greased with her juice.  
Head slipped betwixt the thighs  
Of woman o so fine,  
In ecstasy she cries  
As shivers crease her spine:  
Gentle orgasmic sighs  
In rhythm are divine.

But what's this? Piece of spud!  
And here I've found a pea,  
A trace of mildew blood,  
A twist of celery.  
Oh yes, now I recall,  
Last time I puked herein,  
Alas, I am a thrall  
To gluttony and sin.  
So, arsehole to the wall,  
And watch me get stuck in!

## Ode To A Wank

It may not be the very best,  
But it sure beats most of the rest,  
Though whores may be infected,  
AIDS is never suspected,

Nor syphilis, nor pubic lice  
With this clean, solitary vice,  
And though I like a woman's crack,  
I can't abide her yap and yak.

It's portable and cheap as well,  
It's sticky but it doesn't smell,  
And while you've got a handkerchief  
You can always enjoy relief.

So if you're skint and want some fun,  
Or feel you can't trust anyone,  
Stay home and give yourself a treat:  
Unzip your flies and beat your meat.

## Scataloginode: To A Stool

If I'd been born a humble fly,  
Your taste my soul would thrill.  
Your scent would get me hooked and high  
Instead of make me ill.

Your slimy surface, foul and brown,  
Would make my heart go boom,  
Instead of crease my face in frown  
And drive me from the room.

I'd relish you as nectar'd food  
Instead of pull the chain  
And flush you with the other crude  
Into a sewer drain.

But I am not a fly, alas,  
So you are simply merde,  
For I am not so crass  
As to find beauty in a turd.

9th February 1985

## **Scataloginode: To A Fart**

A squeeze, then bang! you're born;  
Your stench pollutes the morn.  
So thick, so warm, so yuk,  
So transient...thank fuck!

## **Ode To Diarrhoea**

No sooner have I shit, it comes again,  
That burning sensation like salt and fire,  
Dive for the bog, no need to grunt and strain,  
Barely have I sat down than I expire.

A burst of farts, a stream of gooey brown  
Stains the enamel as relieved I sigh,  
Trickly, sickly feeling as it runs down  
My scrotum and the inside of my thigh.

Yet though intense, the agony is brief,  
And gives way to a mystical nirvana,  
Whereupon I experience relief,  
And tuck into another green banana.

## Ode To Anilingus

A fellow who acquires  
A taste for human shit,  
Most perverse of desires,  
Should be cast into the Pit.

For every time he rims,  
He should be promptly hung,  
His head and all his limbs  
Be severed, as his tongue.

He should be tortured for  
Eternity in Hell,  
More vile than any whore -  
Could Satan stand the smell?

Yet this is what they call  
(In some perverted way)  
Not the lowest of all,  
But - get this - fucking *gay*.

## Stanzas On One Of The Pitfalls Of Homosexuality

Embarrassing it must be to be told: "You've got the clap!"  
Even if you're an ordinary bloke,  
But if you've got it up the arse and from another chap,  
That really is enough to make you choke.

And if you've caught it by performing...well...fellatio,  
That is, if you've been sucking more than sweets;  
The doctor looks you in the eye and says: "Horatio,  
You really should be careful what you eats."

Imagine how you'd feel, I mean, you'd never live it down,  
The nurses would all treat you with disgust,  
You'd feel worse than a murderer, one of such ill-renown  
That they knew how you satisfied your lust.

But live let live, and if you really want to be that way  
It's your life, your arse, do just as you please,  
But don't tell me you're normal or that what you do is gay,  
Don't make a virtue out of a disease.

## **In Praise Of AIDS: An Ode To HIV**

This plague is decimating  
All who are fornicating,  
Not just drug addicts, libertines and queers;  
It could be man's salvation:  
Exploding population  
Has been the cause of world unrest for years.

There'll be no unemployment,  
No nuclear deployment,  
World peace and new prosperity will come;  
And all because one day  
Some unsuspecting gay  
Mutated a new virus up his bum.

AIDS will be the solution  
To whaling and pollution,  
The ozone hole and Amazonia,  
As more and more are ailing,  
From respiratory failing,  
Bronchitis, colds, flu and pneumonia.

Those who remain won't rough it  
When the infected snuff it,  
There'll be no more starvation, no more want,  
With the Cold War long over  
We'll soon all be in clover  
With everlasting *glasnost* and detente.

This vision may sound scary  
To a junkie or a fairy,  
But I am neither, so I will survive,  
Aside from which I never  
Sleep with women, not ever:  
I'll go blind, but at least I'll stay alive!

So all you fucking wankers  
With HIV and chancres,  
Have your last fling, your time is running out,  
You're only good for screwing  
Which will be your undoing,  
And all your miserable lives are about.

26th December 1991

# The Last Fairy Tale

Do you believe in fairies,  
That when you suffer caries  
You place your tooth beneath your pillow and  
While you are fast asleep,  
Into your room will creep  
A creature from a magic wonderland?

Do you believe this fairy  
While you slumber, unwary,  
Will take your tooth and leave a coin in place?  
Do you believe such things  
Exist as elves, gremlins?  
And can you maintain this with a straight face?

Elves and gremlins are shite,  
But fairies, you are right  
To suppose they exist, except they're not  
The little creatures who  
At night time visit you  
To swap your tooth for sixpence and such rot.

Instead, fairies are maggots,  
Except we call them faggots,  
And they don't visit boys, but grown up men,  
They meet them in queer pubs,  
And special wankers' clubs,  
And fuck each others' arse again, again.

Not only do they fuck them,  
They rim and fist and suck them,  
And most get through a dozen fags a week,  
AC/DC are some:  
When they've finished a bum,  
They'll fuck a bird, or turn the other cheek.

And this they dare call *gay*  
It makes me sick to say,  
But such filth won't go on for too much longer,  
For as doctors suspected,  
Most have now been infected  
With AIDS, a killer that is growing stronger.

To put it quite succinct,  
Soon *Gays* will be extinct,  
Then who will leave the sixpence for your tooth?  
The real fairy, that's who!  
Don't say you've not a clue:  
Your Dad, as always, that's the prosaic truth!

## Playground Rhyme

Red and yellow custard,  
Snot and bogey pie,  
All mixed together with a dead dog's eye;  
Spread it on your toast,  
Spread it very, very thick,  
Then wash it down with a cup of cold sick.

Anon

## Song of the Necrophiliac

I don't care if they're young or old  
As long as they are stiff. And cold.  
I never cause them any pain,  
And if I do, they don't complain.  
They lie immobile on the slab,  
I climb on top and have a grab,  
Then when I've roused myself a bit,  
I get stuck in, a perfect fit  
Most of the time.

I was lucky to get this job,  
Although it isn't popular,  
No bonus, no company car,  
You get one or two little perks,  
It isn't hard or tiring work,  
And even when you're on your own  
You're never really quite alone.  
Stop when you like and have a chat,  
They never shout or answer back,  
And when the doctor's not about,  
And the chief mortician's gone out,  
I find one that's been kept on ice,  
Give her the works, and oh, that's nice,  
Much better than a living girl.  
I can do anything I please,  
Kiss her lips, give her tits a squeeze,

Dog fashion or one up the back,  
Right in her mouth or in her crack,  
Lying on top or by her side,  
Whichever way, I'm satisfied.  
Between here and the Horsehead Nebula  
There's nothing in this universe like necrophilia.

I might pack it in eventually though;  
After a while it's dead boring.

# Oedipus Didicoi

There was a young traveller  
Called Mike O'Shea,  
Who had a most perplexing dream one day.

You will have a son  
In his dream he was told,  
And if he grows up  
You will never grow old.

A message you'll find  
In your horoscope, Mike;  
He paid no attention,  
Cos gypos can't write,  
Nor read, because they're thick as shite.

His wife soon gave birth  
To a little dark fellow,  
Who, like every gypo,  
Grew up to be yellow.

Mike paid no attention  
At all to his dream;  
His young son grew up  
And the two hatched a scheme  
To rob a Post Office in Cheam.

Which they did, and the kid  
Held the shot-gun for Dad,  
And they got clean away,  
A well performed blag:  
Except for one, tiny, small snag.

As they got in the car,  
Mike's son had his finger  
Still wrapped rather tightly  
Around the gun's trigger.

**Bang! It went off,  
And poor Mike went to Hell,  
Now what was the young lad  
His Mummy to tell?**

**He told her the truth,  
She replied: You thick runt!  
Now who of a night time  
Will tickle my cunt?**

**It'll have to be you, she said,  
For you've no brothers,  
So she and her son  
Lived together as lovers.**

**So what? We all know gypos fuck their mothers.**

## **Your Obedient Servant**

**Mr Pitt wears a pin-stripe suit,  
Old school tie, bowler hat to boot,  
And carries an umbrella -  
Respectable, this fella.**

**But in his briefcase you will find  
Enough strop mags to make you blind,  
And most Sundays he takes a trip  
Down to the coast to see Miss Whip.**

**His strict disciplinarian,  
A buxom, blonde Aquarian,  
Dresses in black, looks sinister,  
And greets him: "Hello Minister."**

She knows he's just a humble clerk,  
But likes to patronise the jerk,  
Making a silk purse from a fart  
Is part and parcel of her art.

"And how's the M.O.D. this week?"  
She teases him, her tongue in cheek -  
Pen pusher from the DTI!  
(Another client is a 'spy').

"Oh not bad, pretty much the same,"  
She lets them play the poseur's game;  
As long as she's rewarded,  
The jerks will be applauded.

"A cup of tea before we start?"  
She grins, and thinks: 'You little fart!  
I'm gonna make you scream like fuck.'  
She winds him up with pout and suck.

He drinks tea from a china cup  
While Miss Whip's busy tooling up,  
Another ten minutes, he's found  
On her chamber floor, gagged and bound.

"Beg for mercy, you little shit;  
I know you'd like to suck my tit,  
But you can kiss my shoe instead."  
She lashes him across the head.

"Please miss, don't hurt me."  
"Silence dolt!"  
She gives his arse a mighty jolt  
And rides the fucker round the floor  
Until his knees are red and sore.

Now he's face down upon the bed,  
His bare arse turning crimson-red  
As Miss Whip makes him squeal in pain -  
Lash after lash, again, again.

She doesn't piss on him today,  
Instead, she makes him kneel and pray.  
He begs her to end his torment.  
"All right," she says, "if you repent."

"Never!" he cries defiantly.  
"In that case, it's the whip for thee."  
"Please no, not that again," he begs,  
As it comes down across his legs.

"Now what are you?" she taunts?  
"A cur,"  
He bows his head and says to her.  
"And my servant?"  
"Yes, and your slave;  
Please mistress, I won't misbehave."

At last the session's over, and  
He pays his mistress cash in hand.  
Humiliated, whipped and cowed,  
He rides back to the Smoke unbowed.

Next day, sat at his desk he files  
A letter silently, and smiles,  
And signing it: "Your servant, Pitt."  
Thinks: "You don't know the half of it!"

## **Buck Shot** (from an old joke)

My Dad says fucking rabbits is great fun,  
Especially if you fuck them with a gun.

# The Feminist

She's so easy to vex,  
Any mention of sex,  
Any reference to something that's male;  
Put a tit or a bum  
On page three of the *Scum*  
And like a Jewess, watch her wail.

She supports dikes and 'gays';  
Hates apartheid; she says  
*Racism* is the ultimate sin;  
And the odd token black  
Has invaded her crack  
So ashamed is she of her white skin.

She campaigns on the left,  
Wealth like property's theft,  
To the unworthy she would apportion  
Equal shares with aplomb,  
Ban the hydrogen bomb,  
Cos it's genocide - unlike abortion.

Watch her scream in mock rage  
At the nude on the page,  
At police who investigate rape;  
She drinks pints like a man,  
Eff's and blinds with élan,  
So much so she leaves navvies agape.

For the poor and "oppressed"  
She's outraged and distressed,  
And the "fascists" to her are the pits;  
She smokes grass, goes to blues,  
And hangs out with the Jews,  
Niggers, Trots and all radical shits.

She's a typical red,  
Not a thought in her head,  
Save her class struggle, fought on two fronts,  
For both men and the rich  
Are "oppressing" this bitch,  
And her "sisters", poor feminist cunts!

## Take It Like A Man

That's what you like?  
You fucking dike!  
To dress up like a bloke...  
Right, come here, sis'  
And suck on this,  
But watch that you don't choke.

You cut up rough:  
Dildos and stuff,  
Okay, I won't be gentle;  
I'll whip your cunt,  
You little runt,  
Precise and regimental.

Bend over here,  
I'll grease your rear  
And give it to you good,  
Scream and shout  
As I whip it out?  
I thought you fucking would.

Right, shut your row  
You fucking cow,  
Enjoy it while you can;  
Don't cringe,  
I'm not after your minge,  
So take it like a man.

## **Fuck Off**

Down on your luck  
And feeling raw?  
Don't pay to fuck:  
Who needs a whore?

You fancy head  
Or want a wank?  
Save your bread,  
Put it in the bank.

Frustrated eh?  
Give sex a miss;  
There is a better way  
Than this.

It ain't what life  
Is all about:  
No girl or wife?  
Then go without!

# **All The Nasties:**

## **A Celebration of Six Centuries of Serial Sex Killers**

### **Song of Bluebeard**

I'm Gilles de Rais,  
My life is gay  
And happy as can be,  
The comely wench  
Who saved the French  
Could well have married me.

I'm Gilles, I'm Gilles,  
Young boys I kill,  
I love to hear their howls;  
I tan their hide  
While sat astride,  
My prick shoved up their bowels.

Alas, poor Joan,  
She died alone,  
Ignited at the stake,  
When I think of  
My poor, lost love,  
My noble heart doth ache.

I'm Gilles, I'm Gilles,  
It's such a thrill  
To watch the fuckers squirm,  
Squashed to death,  
Draw their final breath,  
And drink my noble sperm.

Gilles de Rais (1404-40)

## Prince Of Darkness

Bram Stoker was a joker if he thought his count was bad,  
There never was a vampire quite like me, the son of Vlad,  
I'm best remembered for my inhumanity to man,  
Impaling people thousands at a time with great élan.  
There never was a massacre like I did at St Barts,  
And dined midst the cadavers of the townsfolk: wretched farts.  
Then there were the ambassadors who left me vexed and red;  
I left each with a migraine and his hat nailed to his head.  
My catalogue of sexual perversions contains stunts  
Like cutting women's nipples off, and pokers up their cunts,  
I even slit my mistress down the middle for a laugh;  
Vlad Tsepes, *Prince of Darkness* makes a fitting epitaph.

Vlad III of Wallachia *aka* as Dracula, (1431-76)

25th December 1991

## The Blood Countess

In 1560 I was born,  
And many wish I hadn't been;  
I treated everyone with scorn;  
Of lady killers I was queen.

The *Blood Countess* they christened me,  
Because I used to bath in gore;  
I murdered virgin maids with glee  
Behind my Sarvar castle door.

My husband was a wicked one,  
But he was not a patch on Liz,  
Until you've seen the things  
I've done You've no idea what evil is.

When I was but a child I saw  
A fellow sewn up in a horse,  
Since then I've murdered girls galore  
With never a grain of remorse.

Stripped naked they're placed in a cage  
And stabbed most painfully to death  
While I swear and blaspheme in rage -  
Eat your heart out, Lady MacBeth.

You too Hyndley and Belle Gunness,  
You're like a pair of babysitters  
Compared to the *Blood Countess*,  
For I killed hundreds of the critters.

Three centuries and more have gone  
Since I died walled up in my room,  
But my presence will linger on,  
My evil shadow always loom,

For deep in every woman's heart  
There lurks a temptress and a whore,  
And a psychotic, murderous tart  
Who yearns to kill and gorge on gore.

25th December 1991

Elizabeth Bathory, die *Blütgräfin*, (1560-1614)

# Ripping Yarns

They seek me here,  
they seek me there,  
They seek that Ripper everywhere,  
But where I've been, nobody goes,  
And who I am, nobody knows.

You think Jack was a Polish Jew?  
You haven't got a clue.

Mad Russian doc'?'  
Not so, old cock!

Heir to the throne?  
Such fantasies you've grown.

Gull?  
Null!

Attractive theory spun by Knight  
But basically a load of shite.

What of Montague Druit?  
That fellow didn't do it!

Not Neal Cream,  
It would seem.

Frederick Bailey Deeming  
Confessed, but he was dreaming.

Some said that Jack was Pizer,  
But they're still none the wiser.

Barnett Joe?  
No, no, no!

What happened to poor Mary Ann?  
She met that nasty Ripper man,  
He did her in, she was the first  
To slake the five times killer's thirst.

Annie Chapman was the next,  
By this time they were getting vexed.

Then what's called the double event  
Came: that's when Stride and Eddowes went.

Most gruesome of the lot, the last:  
Her death left hardened cops aghast.

There was once a young harlot named Kelly  
Who when last seen was messy and smelly,  
Because Jack ripped her cunt,  
Slit her tits and her front,  
And removed half her guts from her belly.

Yuk, yuk, yuk:  
It's nice to fuck  
But better still  
To kill.

Okay Boss, the ball's in your court:  
Abberline, let's hear your report.

They sought me here, they sought me there,  
They sought that Ripper everywhere,  
But where I've been nobody goes  
And who I was, nobody knows.

Jack the Ripper, (18\_\_ - c1888?)

# The Beast of Cranley Gardens

My name is Dennis Nilsen, I'm a necrophiliac,  
I strangle young men with my ties then fuck them up the crack,  
I pick them up in pubs I frequent; some of them are queer,  
And some of them are homeless, that's the reason they come here.  
I offer them a bed and ply them with beer, wine and Scotch,  
And when I've killed them, I wank off and make the corpses watch.  
I bury them beneath the floorboards, flush them down the bog  
In Cranley Gardens where I live with Beep, my faithful dog.  
I'd done fifteen or sixteen when the Old Bill came for me,  
And shattered my veneer of quaint respectability;  
I would've got away with it if I'd taken more care  
And hadn't blocked the drain up with flesh, offal, bone and hair.  
My case came up before a jury whom I tried to sway  
Pretending to be sick as well as lonely, sad and gay.  
They sent me down for life because they know I'm not insane;  
I'm just an evil little cunt with murder on the brain.

Dennis Nilsen, (1945- )

## Song of the Yorkshire Ripper

Dear Mr Oldfield, you look such  
A sad and worried man,  
The strain is becoming too much;  
Why not throw in your hand?

Do you really think you'll catch me,  
You and your force of fools?  
You've not a chance George, for you see  
I don't play by your rules.

You never know when next I'll strike  
Or which town I will raid  
Until another whoring Tyke  
Falls victim to my blade.

At night when you're tucked up in bed  
I take my trusty knife;  
A swift cut, then a flash of red:  
So ends another life.

Or if I'm feeling really mean  
I'll do a proper job,  
I'll smash her face, rupture her spleen  
And leave her face a blob.

You must admit, George, I'm so cool  
With knife and ball pein hammer,  
But you're not, George, you look a fool  
On TV when you stammer.

But I like you, George, you're a pro,  
Like that Yard fellow, Slipper,  
Just thought I'd write to let you know:  
Sincerely yours, the Ripper.

Peter William Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper, (1946 - )

# Deliberate Stranger

(i)

Hi there, I'm Ted,  
I've come to fuck your daughter;  
She'll soon be dead,  
I'll lead her to the slaughter.

I kill for kicks,  
My heart's as black as Hell,  
How many chicks  
I've done I couldn't tell.

They asked me once  
And I replied with sniggers:  
This fucking nonce  
Is now in triple figures.

Why is it my  
Victims are so receptive  
To this guy?  
Well, good looks can be deceptive.

(ii)

Take that, you fucking whore!  
I'll bet your arse is sore.  
Ecstatically I bit  
At Lisa Levy's tit.

A twelve year old, a peach!  
It's curtains for Kim Leach,  
And all the others slain -  
Young lives thrown down the drain.

Fear, agony, death spasm:  
The price of Ted's orgasm.

Alas, it couldn't last,  
And now I stand aghast  
Awaiting my own death  
Trembling with baited breath.

Outside the prison gate  
They scream my name in hate  
Eat Bundy fries  
As Bundy dies!  
Is this to be my fate...?

(iii)

Too fucking right it is, you scum,  
The time for you to fry has come!  
Burn Bundy, burn, so say them and say I:  
It couldn't happen for a nicer guy.

Theodore (Ted) Bundy, (1946-89)

# Jet Slag

The hostess  
With the mostess  
Loves 'O', it's such a treat,  
Especially with the co-pilot  
At forty thousand feet.

Her locks are blonde,  
She's tall and fond  
Of men who're going places,  
But not of those  
Who wear clothes  
Off the peg, such are her graces.

She wouldn't go  
To bed (oh no!),  
With stewards, those who wait  
On tables are beneath her,  
For her dignity's so great.

She serves first class,  
And jigs her arse  
At businessmen en route,  
But only those  
She knows  
For fact are wallowing in loot.

She's on her way up on the world,  
And not just in the air,  
Her plastic smile,  
Good looks and guile  
Win many a millionaire.

Terminal One,  
Another run  
Is over, now to bed;  
She smiles at him,  
Enquires his whim,  
He asks: Do you give head?

Behind the door  
He pleads for more.  
"You're one real hungry buck!"  
She teases him,  
And pleases him;  
She sure knows how to suck.

When it's over  
A Rover  
Calls for her, then she's away;  
The next night she's in New York  
Riding in a Chevrolet.

Five star hotel  
And life is swell  
For one sweet, lovely girl,  
A bag of oats,  
A roll of notes,  
Not many live so well.

Back in the mess,  
A steward says:  
"Miss Smith, I think you're sweet;  
Would you care  
'Fore we're in the air  
To have a bite to eat?"

Her face aghast,  
A spiteful mask:  
"No thank you, Mr Lamb!  
How dare you proposition me?  
What do you think I am?"

She stomps off with indignant gait,  
Confused, he lights a fag:  
"What's up with her?"  
"Don't worry, sir,  
She's what we call jet slag!"

# The Nun

Some women are whores,  
Courtesans, paramours,  
While some seek not sex but salvation,  
Methinks it's a waste,  
When a woman stays chaste,  
And requires a perverse motivation.

Yes, a waste of a fresh  
Young girl, (mortified flesh),  
Who will never make love to a man,  
But there still is some fun In this life for a nun,  
And she takes it wherever she can.

She's pious and godly,  
And dresses most oddly  
In long white-rimmed black gown and sandals,  
She carries a cross,  
And does not give a toss  
For her sacrifice while she's got candles.

She lives with her sisters,  
All lesbian twisters  
Who spend their days praying to Mary,  
And though she shaves nightly,  
Her chin is unsightly,  
It's only her minge that's not hairy.

She greases with lard  
Her crevice, rock hard:  
"O God, let the joy of Love see us!"  
Her sister with numb  
Fingers tickles her bum,  
And she comes her lot thinking of Jesus.

O yes, it's a waste,  
So take me in haste  
To study the priestly profession,  
Though I won't ever lay  
A nun, I'll one day  
Sit and hear her perverted confession!

## Nurse Enema

Perverted ain't the word, she transferred here  
Because the geriatric ward is full  
Of people who have trouble with the rear:  
The thought was like a red rag to a bull.

Nurse Enema, they call young Maggie Price;  
"Good morning sir, and how's your bum today?"  
She turns him over, hands as cold as ice,  
Pulls on her rubber glove, and thrusts away.

Removing stool from paraplegics' bowels,  
Inserting tubes and filling them with soap,  
Smearing shit on the patients' linen towels,  
Sticking her fingers up to have a grope...

So great's her fascination with ordure  
That her eyes light up at the thought of shit,  
No wonder the doctors steer clear of her,  
Although it's rumoured she's a nice, tight fit.

## Rose

Rose - you are so sweet,  
Your perfume  
Fills the room  
And seduces the evil intent  
In my lustful body.

How could I,  
How could any man wish to corrupt  
So beautiful,  
So perfect  
A flower?

You are so naïve in your splendour,  
So splendid in your naïveté,  
So angelic,  
So divine,  
So perfect.

But underneath that heavenly,  
Most-wonderful-in-all-creation exterior,  
I bet you're not so fucking innocent!

(Reprinted by kind permission of Anna Pest)

## Ode To Canis Urbanis

I leave the house, and, half way down the street,  
Right in the middle of the pavement's sat  
A pile of turds, thick, brown and indiscreet,  
Where some disgusting German Shepherd's shat.

A little further on, another pile  
Has been disbursed o'er several paving stones,  
Someone's trod in and spread this muck so vile;  
The sight, the mere thought of it, chills my bones.

One moonless night, right outside my front gate,  
The dirty work of some revolting hound  
For my Adidas trainer lay in wait  
Unnoticed, till there came a squelching sound.

And one fine summer's day, as I ran round  
My local park, an overpowering stench  
Diffused in poison whisps up through the ground,  
Brought me up sharp and made my stomach wrench.

How e'en a knave or fool on seeing this  
Could call the dog man's best friend, I know not,  
For if the former, he's taking the piss,  
And if the latter, then he's talking rot.

(For Mark Taha)

## Ode To An Obscene Tome

Lust, filth, adultery and sin:  
It should be fucking banned!  
People doing each other in:  
This book is out of hand.

A fellow has his eyes put out,  
A leader is betrayed,  
The walls came tumbling with a shout,  
Drunks by their daughters laid.

Standing there naked, unashamed,  
A woman tempts her spouse,  
Their master, seeing this, inflamed,  
Expels them from his house.

A man strikes his own brother dead,  
A temptress screams in rage:  
"Bring me the fucking bastard's head!"  
Foul deeds on every page.

An old man sets to kill his son,  
A king's infanticide  
Brings terror to the Chosen one  
The bastards crucified.

It's fucking evil as can be:  
All murder, lust and pelf -  
I wouldn't have pornography  
Like that on my top shelf!

22nd December 1991

## Oysters

Life was like an oyster without the pearl;  
I found it washed up on rocks by the tide.  
I prised it open, then stared like a churl  
Expectantly - what did I find inside?  
Sweet fuck all!

Published and Distributed by I.T.M.A.  
c/o 93c Venner Road,  
Sydenham,  
London SE26 5HU.

ISBN 1 871473 21 7