

Sue Her

The invention of the sewer was a wonderful event
An Indus Valley civilisation planned round a drain
Cloaca Maxim disgorged Roman crap to the Tiber
The Chinese built Linzi to cope with the flow
And London's River Fleet a copious effluent.
In WW two no better place to hide
Until a Ninja Turtle caught the tide.
The phantom followed with a musical tune,
Urban myth has large crocodiles finding a retreat
Close to a meal from a manhole up above in the street.

But we're done with all that now
We want to live on the edge
Experience the latest adrenalin spill
Come face to face
With the Black Death or Bubonic Plaque.
Everest's been done to death
The Antarctic's a bore
Old people jumping from planes
Has spoiled this great thrill,
And bungee leaping is so passé,
Setting off in a leaky canoe
Ends in dull death,
Hanging from doors for a sexual buzz
Has lost its allure,
Racing the highways at terrifying speeds
The pigs take your cars to the crush.
The ecstasy from E's
Has gone in a rush
Ice means a wank that has no release
So let's turn back the clock if you please.

The binge drinkers who wander the streets
Have nowhere to poop and to piss
Except in the gutters meant for sweet rain
Or in my front garden, I dare not complain
The zip of a fly, the sight of a dick
It's truly enough to make me sick.
The girls are no better I've been told
They go out for a night no panties to wear
So they crouch when the drinks reappear.
The cess pools run free once again
Of untreated waste that lurks with disease,
It ends on my beach, I swim in the muck
If I speak politely to them
They shout 'I don't give a fuck'.

I love a dog he's man's best friend
And I certainly wish him no harm
But each house has two or three
To show off their wealth and which class they are in.
Billions are spent on their catered to diets
A village in Africa could live for ten years
On the treats and organic dead pig's ears,
To make the coat glow and eyes full of vim
Sadly what comes out follows what goes in
And joins the mix of a new virus about to begin.
The pavements are littered with blossoming turds
And the chairs at the café are sprayed with canine wee
In a gush I don't wish to sip with my latte or tea.

Alien life on a planet out there is having a laugh
At the ones who collect a pile of brown dung
In a plastic bag, lift the lid of a garbage and chuck.
The heat of the sun burns, the planet warms up
Swelters and simmers a dastardly brew
Digesting and hatching a new kind of flu
Or pox you thought they'd inoculated children at two,
A cachexia, distemper, a canker, a fester, seizure or sore
The white cross will appear smeared on a door
Proclaim you unclean, carry off your dead
And so be it on your head.
Clean up your act and use a porcelain bowl
With a flush history that informs our forbear's toll,
And my roses don't enjoy an ammonia slush
It blights the petals and stems and I have to
Wear gloves when tending their blooms
After a visit from you bosky, brainless hoons.

I have the solution, I know what to do
I'll have to start shitting in public too.
Play-doh is handy; I'll whip up a batch.
The pounding and rolling is soothing and warm.
The snag's lie awaiting so brown and so true
I'll tuck them up under the folds of my skirt
Remove my Bond's full brief knickers,
Go down on my haunches and squat on the turf,
A loud groan and a fart and the marvellous relief
I've let rip in the glorious outdoor scenic view
Complete with corn nibblets and a carrot or two.
From Nobby's past Dixon and to Catherine Hill Bay
The pavements explode with an irritable bowel,
The Ranger is summonsed, the town's folk cry foul.
Please fine her and try her and lock her away.

'You do as you choose I have something to say
One parting message for dog owner's and youth of today
Your behaviour's disgusting so please mend your way.

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