



Worst Way Wee

by D.R. Smith

With knock-knees pinned, I drag my feet,
My teeth afloat my jaw.
But grabbing groin in public street
Is pooh-poohed by the law.

Ah, 'cross the way near café booth
'Tis hole in alley fence.
I'll stick it thru and turn it loose,
But Bobbie spots offence.

He grabbed my neck and spun me 'round,
As steady stream effused.
I doused his pants from belt to ground,
And filled up both his shoes.