

Miss Nomer

By Mark Edgemon

How to get her attention
I want her to notice me.
Maybe stay late for detention
I want her to want me.

Miss Nomer she wants to be called
She, the teacher of my fifth grade.
For our age difference our love has stalled
Need no enchantment, just want to get laid.

Everyone dissects snakes and toads
My project must be unique.
I will search the streets and roads
I have until next week.

I took a trip to the aquarium
A place I would visit often.
They'd put me in a sanitarium
If found out I chloroformed a dolphin.

A roller cart to my father's truck
And to my garage for some fishing line.
With talent and a little bit of luck
Miss Nomer will be mine.

A basketball painted like the Earth
And nylon thread for whiskers.
The plan I conceived was given birth
For I'm a taker, who is a risker.

I passed off my ten-foot catfish
Who held the world in his mouth.
Served on a regular sized dish
That didn't catch on in the south.

She ejected me from the class
Never to see her again.
Well Miss Nomer can just kiss me ass
Ooh, maybe she'll let me back in.

The End