

# The Mischievous Troll

By Mark Edgemon

Basement bargain  
That rots at home  
Underneath his mother's floor

Full of sass  
This male lass  
Has maternal hand up his ass and more

A gremlin at two  
With girls he is through  
Until his mother's death

Until then he waits  
To dress up and mate  
His right hand, who's name is Beth

He makes no fuss  
Over oozing puss  
Draining from the sores on his face

For he likes to dress  
In his mother's best  
Saving his money for some lace

Oh, hollow troll  
Do you have guts  
To stand up to your mischievous demon

I guess not  
To the dungeon he goes  
Knee-deep in his own semen

His courage is a lion  
Made of tissue paper  
Drudged from the has-been sewer

A much easier plan  
Being a trollish man  
Than a righteous doer

**It was his decision  
To hide sin with religion  
Than reveal his decrepit self**

**He has no worth  
From the day of his birth  
So he lives his life on a shelf**

**Oh the enemies he would hurt  
Around those he would lurk  
Of those who had hurt him deep**

**His unfortunate fear  
Growing deeper each year  
Causing his furious brew to steep**

**In time, he's a decrepit old man  
Now, with a wrinkled old hand  
Which is still his only date**

**In his inward prison cell  
He waits for hell  
To reunite with the demon he hates**

The End