

Your Beauty Is Intoxicating

By Mark Edgemon

I can see eternity in your smile,
With each swig out of my bottle beer.
Your tender hearted sweetness hardly compares,
With my effervescent need to belch!

The reflection of your beauty in my eyes,
Causes me to see four breasts, which
Compels me to take another drink, to multiply
Your bountiful endowments before my face!

You're a hard workin' woman, which only leaves
You a few waking hours to nag my treasures off.
"Ned, do this!" or "Ned, get off me, I'm too tired!"
And other banter, which I hardly remember, being only half drunk.

How often do you consider how fortunate you are,
To have a cursin', lazy, belchin', lying soul mate,
Who worships the ground he passes out on?
Now, what must I do for another cold, wet one!

The End