

Morality For Sale

By Robin Lipinski

What need do I have for what is good or bad?
Thus this classified ad.
"For sale: One slightly used morality. Call day or night.
I'm sure for the correct person, it will be alright.
Only \$100, or best offer."

Everything I choose is my right.
To do, as I please discarding what I don't need.
Take for example, that party last night.
The drugs were fantastic, and the sex...
Out of sight!

Taking the 'morning after' pill so things don't grow,
What? You're offended?
So? It's my right!
My vagina,
My penis,
My body,
ME!

Is killing wrong? Who cares, just don't cross me or interfere,
And if you do, I'll use my second amendment rights.

Take your god and shove it,
Take your curfew, your 'no trespassing' signs,
Your rules, stuff them up under your shirt and die.

Speaking of which, can I pull granny's plug and not get caught?
I really do need the old witches money,
Man, I sure wish she would die.

As for my parents, I hope they get hit on the highway by someone,
Anyone, drunker than me.

This country sucks, all those rich folks with their money when their money
Should actually go to me.

This world, this galaxy, it's OK, as long as I get what I need.
To use my friends and kill my enemies,
Twist laws to suit my desire,
It really, truly, is my entitlement right,
As for you, go sit on sharp knife and twirl.

Now thinking more about my ad, I've changed my mind about selling.
This crappy morality is more than worthless,
So to the first caller,
It's free.

The End