

It Ain't Georgia

By Robin Lipinski

He went down all right,
Looking
For
A
Deal.

Down, around, around, and down,
He
Spun like a spider,
Spreading his nightly web,
To snare,
Capture,
Devour.

Finding one willing to deal, he starts.

Fought that bastard bitch Satan last night in a dream,
Felt I kicked her ass and then his,
Now tell me,
Am I awake?
Did I win?

The End