

Last Meal

By Robin Lipinski

Big Mac and fries,
With a smile to match,
Well, until I shot him dead,
That big red-nosed clown with that stupid large head.

Sentenced to time, heck, sentenced to death,
And for what, for killing a clown?

Days passed with newspaper lines,
Saying that maybe I was possessed,
When the truth of the matter,
Is,
For me,
It's clowns that are possessed.

Still,
None of that matters,
The laughing bastard is dead,
And for my last meal.
I don't want beef,
I want fish.

The End