

Heard of poets? Of course I've heard of poets.

Pale sickly things, prone to vapours and fits,

Why do they never have jobs? Why just 'poet'?

What about coalmining poets? Science poe ... Oh ... Pirate poets!

Can you imagine?

No daffodils or clouds, no doth, no hast

Just timbers and hearties, and splicing yer mast,

Looting and pillaging, with mayhem and fear

They really mean 'Lend me your ear'

If Blackbeard had picked up a poets' pen,

He'd still have kept the respect of his men.

A rhyme in one hand, a cutlass in t'other,

'Oh Blackbeard you're great, write us another.'

I digress, I stray, I talk on and on,

The chances for him have been and gone

**My** time at school, made me ... anti rhyme,

Iambic pentameter is quantitative crime,

I don't mean to hurt, or mock with my words,

I've just always thought of poets as nerds.

Heard of poets? Yeah, I can name a few.

But why would you really want me to?

They're bearded and drunks,  
With sex lives like monks,  
Rumpy pumpy they scream,  
Is a rhyming wet dream.  
Flash them a perfect mammary gland,  
They'll get cramp in their pen, not in their hand,  
Heard of poets? You think me craven?  
All you do is quoth The Raven.

Hold on, are you cross?  
You really do give a toss?  
For limericks and verse,  
And haikus and worse.  
Why are you standing? You're forming a mob?  
You sir, that vein is starting to throb,  
Cease, desist, you're like angry cattle,  
Preparing to charge, to stop my prattle.

I'm a fool, can't you see, I'm just absurd,  
Trapped in front of an angry herd,  
A herd of you, with claws like ferrets,  
A herd of you ... A herd ... of poets.