

dynamite dick

dynamite dick had a little too much too much mayonnaise
in his swiss cheese shotgun.

he went to work every day in the new moon werewolf factory
which specialized in producing mechanical men
prone to blown gasket meltdowns.

living with dynamite dick was like
eating a barbed wire sandwich
while soaking in an acid bath hot tub
during a thunderbolt crossfire.

his mouth was a non-stop blasphemy festival.

he was a walking argument with god
and his obstinance was rewarded
with numerous lightning rod enemas.

dynamite dick fell in love with a french kiss steamroller
and used his powers of hostility to turn her into an angry farm girl.

he ordered a standup fistfight
but found himself in a tunnel vision break dance
and wound up in the wish list penalty box
with a bad case of
overload hammerlocks.

dynamite dick was raised by a family of feuding tomahawks
and grew up to be an angry ax.

his childhood was a frozen tar pit full of bellowing dinosaurs
who wanted out and ate anyone who tried to lend a hand.

now dynamite dick works on his prostate scrapbook
and seeks safety in numbness.

his life was a raw deal
and he knew it
and he passed that raw deal on
to everyone he could
every chance he got.