

## **dynamite dick**

dynamite dick had a little 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.