

Samurai Sword

There once was a Samurai Sword
for sending the weak to the Lord.
It worked just as well
for sending to hell
the wicked, who ask to be gored.

I ran it through Enemy's heart
(my life had a terrible start).
He wasn't intact;
How could he react?

He pulled it right out of his heart.

He turned it on me with a fling
that no common person could sling.
It entered my side;
I cried for my pride,
while tasting my Samurai Sting.

He wouldn't go die - his intent
avenging his death as he went.
My Sting in my hide,
I fell down and died.
Now I am the one to hell bent.

Leslie N. Sinclair, October 2021

The Poop Call

You'll never see this on TV –
there's nothing like reality.
The truth is not nice
like pumpkin and spice –
it's dirty and messy like me.

When people get stupid* they poop:
perhaps on the bed or the stoop.
Whatever their deeds,
their bodies have needs;
you wouldn't believe all the goop.

We some of us love it you see;
(must be the cam'raderie).
We throw up so much

It lightens our touch
In moments that others don't see.

So, who are these lovers of goop?
Who does this for joy as a troop?
Who thrives on the fear;
who wants to be near
when people need help with their poop?

Which truck gets there first when you call?
What people can handle it all?
We break into homes
or set broken bones
and put out some fires with it all.

Leslie N. Sinclair, October 2021

Name your poison here

1. Are addicts
2. Go senile
3. ...

Both limericks are based on stories, apparently true, told to Outpox by someone who worked with the fire department.