

Publicerad 2019-03-01 10:08 av librame

50's movie night..

The swamp horror!!

From the hazardous steem
of the toxic wastes he arose!!!
Halfman and half oil, oh he was grouse.
Like a puddle made of meat.
He stalks the street.
Looking for something juicy to eat.
But the streets offered no such treat.
And so to the woods he dripped.
His hunger nearly tripped!
When he came upon a rocking car,
Lit up only by moon and stars.
He ruffled in the bushes for attention.
And pretty soon I have to mention.
A girlish scream escaped the cab,
And a tasty boy came out ready to dab.
He ruffled again out of sheer excitement.
And the boy approached without any frightment.
He peeked over the bushes to find his doom!
But to the monsters dismay,
The boy didn't scream or run away.
No he simply said
"Peter why aren't you in bed?
Don't you know It's late, you silly head".
As they drove home his brother laughed
"No more horror movies for you!"
"Don't tell mom! She'll be mad at you to!"
"Oh you wouldn't dare, swear, and we'll see swamp horror two!"

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