

Ruminations of a Water Cannon

Piffle, tosh and
supine jelly!
Scrapped amidst
such obloquy!
If only...
Oh the,
eminent
feasibility
for sunlit uplands
and ruthless
whump
and
bonk
to knock
the weak,
one in the eye
and off their feet.
Ker-splonk!
Now you'll see...
merrily, merrily
shall I live now
and strike down the losers,
keeping order,
mop up the doomsters,
take back our borders,
and with optimistic intent
wash away,
wash away
dissent.

