



CHAUCER'S REVENGE

ROBBY RICHARDSON

Chaucer's Revenge

By

Robby Richardson

DEDICATION

I want to show all my disbeliever's love...this dedication is for you

If roles were switched, I must admit I couldn't resist I'd probably bitch like you do

Like look at that white cat with his hat like that there's no way he can be writer

So, this is my confirmation of knowing your determination to see my extermination

Just know that this dedication...this book is dedicated...is dedicated to you

I want to show all my believers love...this dedication is for you

I'm dedicated to dedicating this dedication to the dedicated

To those that write non-stop, who constantly get dropped,

Who don't understand why they can't get a chance

To those that go the distance and those that chase their call

So, kings may rise stars must fall

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Chaucer's Revenge

[Intro]

By

Robby Richardson

This is my proclamation...a herald one could say

I write my way in any way transcribe your Last Rites as we pray

Digging more than graves when I'm seeking To Avenge

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I will eviscerate you in fiction

Devitalize your ego with a malediction description

Diction in my infliction with transcription of this inscription

Every weakness, every fault, every defect

Every lapse of judgment, every mistake or error

It doesn't just read on forever...It only FEELS like forever

Packing so many punches on whole different wavelengths from many different levels

This little devil revels in your dishevel and take it to the end with still a score left to settle

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Every pimple, every character flaw

Fed up with what you see and down with what you saw

I was naked for a day and the betray you portray

You will be naked for eternity and the finger's simply for courtesy

And that's every day until my toe tag from the infirmary

Dancing on a razor's edge inflicting a

A Chaucer's Revenge

What's my name...say my name say it like it's your destiny child

What lies within the name...does it define you

Does it make you whole or just make do, a name that completes or breaks you

Who am I...an age-old question to an answer of a question many question

Robby Richardson's my name and writing is all I am

Embrace the bite that feeds my hand

It is the only thing constant that has remained the same

I write with paper and pen, feather or quill, computer and skill

Ink and parchment and expose you like an emperor with a brand new garment

A mere tease or unfriendly look is all it took to build my armament

Nothing ventured is nothing gained but my nature is something you mistook

I could scribble a little something...jot a little ditty

Tear down your city and make it sound oh so pretty

And oh such a pity with the petty to nit-pick the itty-bitty seems to fit me

A gnat nit picking monkey on your back unfilled with the revenge of the playful snack I picked

An easy cost to pay for an attack from this pen that I can display

Shatter relationships with mere penmanship to make a novice seem amateur in an apprenticeship

I can author a thick novel detailing your very downfall

Take over the attention of your mind with a drop of a mere line from a novella I will tell ya

Have you download every book like my biggest fan and wonder what beans will I spill again

A mere diss to a jab, a jeer to a jest, write a revenge that can hit the best

Even in a clean fight does not the dirt the one that hits best

I can even write a poem or maybe two or three take away your dignity

Low blow to a low brow titanic with low down

You're no Celine Dion but the hate must go on and on

Showdown for the throwdown off the mountain in the town of the horse you rode down

Lyrical cut you up with toe tags in metaphorical body bags

They don't like you anyway no way no how...no not at all

But I've learned to embrace the hate channel it into this mind state

And fluidly let it fly through this pen to create something resembling a poetic word escape

Accomplish the dreams that sights seem so long to go get them

Somewhere between where the Earth and sky greet

Is where you'll find my forgiveness and mercy meet

Nothing ventured means nothing gained

The only feeling maintained is the disdain

The death from mere imagination to help subdue a growing guilt

Of the monumental wealth of knowledge of dirt that I have built

Because the guilty revel in the lies they tell and think all talk is of themselves

So be warned, be prepared of the lyrical carnage that lie ahead

The lion in the safari picking the bones of the fight that you started throughout every story

Payback and retribution begin let the commencement of the Chaucer's revenge begin

Settle a vendetta only a poet can do better a writer that can author with a revenge like a Chaucer

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Tapestry

I Think I Want To Bury You

[Section #4]

(Diss M.L.)

By

Robby Richardson

I have a beautiful life and as I gaze out the window, I hope my blows swing low

Happiness in something so simple...nothing a shovel can't handle

It's a beautiful life...rekindle my love for vengeance...revenge is like the beauty of a star's twinkle

Revenge is a dish best served cold with no love lost...a debt paid in tears and blood

Love in waking up praying for your struggle...make it double...leave your life in dust and rubble

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Whether it's buried under rumors you spread that turn friend against friend

Whether it's buried under the false gossip and all that it cost ya

Whether it's buried under the drugs that you sell...the age of your clientele

Whether it's buried under adulterous ways and all the teenage *Mean Girl* games you play

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Let's grab the shovel...I think I want to bury you

Deep...Deep...Deep in a hole....dark....dark as coal in the bowels of cold

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Oh, by God above have I made my point...Yes...Yea...Yeah...Si

Oh in Heaven's name have I made my point clear...Ja, Oui, Sim, Tak

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Well, I know this little cemetery or a giant graveyard

I can dig you a nice big plot like a Dante plot with a small inferno

But I am not sure to what circle to put you on

You're a treacherous, avarice, violent, fraud unoriginal with your prodigality

Blasphemy in your heresy when God see's the things that I've seen

Nothing but glutinous in your lust with the approval you crave on this infernal path you pave

Make Billy Graham even say your soul can't be saved over the allegations you claimed or made

I've heard all your ramblings and know about your financial gamblings

Your bankruptcy you're constantly claiming and the repos need repaying

You sneaking out the house to go play with your ex-spouse

Cheating is all you can do no morals in you...no decency too

Think of the source of the expectations I set when you slept with the ex of the lover you sleep next

Or how about her cousin that found your love on her couch or at least with that tongue in your mouth

For better or worse...perverse at the worst no matter who does it hurt

The swooning damsel you play...portray the portrait of the lies you display

You're built like Costanza and still no one can stands ya

Deserving everything karma's cards will hand ya to the deepest hole one hopes God damn's ya

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Whether it's buried under the money and hours you stole from the job you never showed

Whether it's buried under the lies you told over the supposed friends you hold

Whether it's buried under the trashy way you dress or the lives you leave in a mess

Whether it's buried under your Charlatan ways oppressed from your distress I detest

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Let's grab the shovel...I think I want to bury you

Deep...Deep...Deep in a hole....dark....dark as coal in the bowels of cold

Hey M.L...I think I want to bury you

Oh by God above can this be done..No, Na'am, Ham, Hei

Oh in Heaven's name have I made my point clear...La, Da, Non, Nein

Don't say that I am lying...Loh, Ne, Net, Nu

No dark corner in the ass crack of Hell is good enough for you

Hey M.L....I think I want to bury you

THE END

The Tapestry

You've Got A Hater In Me

[Section #5]

(Diss M.L.)

By

Robby Richardson

You've got a hater in me...you've got a hater in me

Oh, you might think this joke's gone old but no more older than the lies you told

You've got a hater in me in fact call me an enemy

Yeah bitch, you've got a hater in me in fact your tapestry is dead to me

Just know you'll always have a hater in me

When your road looks rough ahead I hope it gets rougher and bumps your head

And I hope in that daze you lose your way and it makes you way and sway

And if there's a God above your car will run aground and by Heaven your car breaks down

I hope it makes you late for a minute or two for that supposed "job interview"

I hope you take a view when your road seems clear ahead

The path you created is littered with the ashes and dead

Now, I'm no good Samaritan when it comes to you...that if I came across you

In that state I would feel great I would wave bye bye as I just drive right by

Oh, my hatred for you will NEVER die...You've got a hater in me

I'll admit that if found injured in the road...I'd just stroll right on home

You've got a hater in me

You've got troubles...I hope you do, and they weigh and pile on you

And when you say you've had enough it's not enough

And when you scream enough is enough it's STILL not enough

You've got a hater in me

Yep, that's what your "old friend" says...you've got a hater in me

Some other haters might hate on your size or your face

Your traits or your place or about how you're a waste of space

Some other haters might just hate on your overpriced clothes or you're repoed car

But not me, nope at all...I'll hate on everything you are

You've got a hater in me...yeah, you've got an enemy

God answered my prayers when she sent you to me...the lessons you taught me

You've got a hater in me...shovel in the dirt...dead to me...forever a hater in me

THE END

The Tapestry

Forever An Enemy

[Section #6]

(Diss M.L.)

By

Robby Richardson

If every word I said would make you mad...I'd talk forever

If every diss I wrote could bring you to tears...I'd diss forever

If every lie I spoke about you would strike me dead...I'd walk forever

Forever...forever

I'd be so happy hating you

Forever...forever

I've been so happy dissing you

Forever...and ever

If every word I said could make you cry...I'd talk forever

If every diss I wrote brings your heart pain...I'd diss forever

If every lie I exposed changed your ways...I'd be exposing forever

Forever...forever

I've been so happy hating you

Forever...forever

If the hate I have for you could break your heart...I'd hate you forever

If this hate I have grown for you could grow your moral decency...I'll hate you forever

If the hate I've shown to you will grow your conscious...I'll show you hate forever

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