

Poems for David Avocado Wolfe
By Ina Disguise

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Ode to David Avocado Wolfe

My sugar is as sweet as honey
I hear he has a lot of money
It's not convenient for me
Cos women, at least 33
Stay hanging on his ever mutter
His whispers set their hearts a-flutter
So sweetheart doesn't notice me
I wish I'd found him in a tree

Alas I am but short and fat
I don't think he would go for that
And yet my stubborn heart it waits
Oblivious of its broken state
I do not even look at him
Fingers recall, o'er work they skim
I wonder if I'll ere recover
From my sweet non-existent lover

There is my dear he is so handsome
Seducing him would cost a ransom
Without him life is dark and grey
But there is nothing I can say
He is busy, fighting long
'Gainst bad nutrition, often wrong
You are not right, he is no nancy
The foolish twit that I do fancy

My baby thinks that I'm quite stupid
He knows not that I'm struck by cupid
My lovely gorgeous nice love rocket
I think he needs a camphor locket
I mean nothing to this man
Love is quite cheap, comes in a can
And so it's pointless as you see
Good fortune will not come to me

My story's sad and very lonely
And yet i think of one thing only
I'll make some artwork, stuff my face
Perhaps I'll take up making lace
Because I'm worthless, brain no use
And now my heart's become obtuse
So what's the point, I'm getting older
No reason to become much bolder
He doesn't care, he doesn't speak
So destiny it looks quite bleak

Nonnet for David Avocado Wolfe

My lovely dove, my sweet peace pigeon

Your blender, neat in the kitchen

Dreams of you go through our heads

Good or bad, in soft beds

Tasty smoothie yeah

No stevia

Beetroot pink

Nice Sink

Ah

Not a poem for David Avocado Wolfe

I have tried so hard to think well of you

Tirelessly worked to make silk purses

When the silk was old and tattered

But there is something wrong with the way you see things

All you see is dark

And yet you talk of light

No-one can tell you how you really look

If you have never seen yourself

No-one can make you feel better

If you are determined not to feel at all.

Asefru for David Avocado Wolfe

My dear, when young a bad boy

Was perhaps unfair

Entered fast, went in too hard

Now he spreads his love and joy

Entreats us to share

And understand him as bard

His wealth and fame make him coy

Not able to care

Concealed behind his own guard

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