

Matt Specht

salty lollipop

rock n roll taught me to respect jesus

jesus never returned the favor

hang that on a cross!

this ruler has too many inches for anyone to ever measure up

sundays i sleep in

my sin

swallowed

we hope this poem will be self-evident. terms and conditions may apply.

if you're gonna make it through this poem, you've got to remember my grandfather's mantra for these types of situations: if it doesn't scare the cows, who cares?

it doesn't feel like i've been awake this long.

if you're gonna make it through this poem, make sure you use only OSHA-approved safety measures, because we have gone one hundred eighty one poems accident-free and management has offered a bonus if we surpass the previous record.

it doesn't feel like i'm as sick as i am.

if you don't think you're gonna make it through this poem, let me draw you a map with the sightseeing highlights highlighted and the reasoning stuffed in between every line. as long as you consume this package before the expiration date printed on my birth certificate, you can enjoy all the freshness, complete restoration of every memory you've ever had, and not one motherfucking calorie.

it doesn't feel like i'm in this much pain.

if you've made it this far,
perhaps you'll humor me a bit longer, if it pleases the court.
it's humorous to me that you're taking this
like big boys and girls
with a sneaking suspicion
this tastes too good
to be good for you.

if i can't feel it, you can't prove it.

if you think you've made it through this poem, you haven't made it in god's own image. imagine all the cows with the bejesus and the shit scared deafeningly out of them.

the odds were always against you: no one will make it out of this poem alive.

this morning after

i added you to my morning and got a more accurate sadness

you were pounding on my window putting Paul Revere to shame but this is an argument i do not care enough about to win