

## Dangers

# "A Missed Chance For A Meaningful Abortion"

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Eat shit.

Well.

None of you have to live with me twenty-four hours a  
Day.

But if you did you'd understand why I am not okay.

I can't stand ten of ten people that I see.

It's like this world took a shit for a billion years

And shat it all right down on me.

The ugly ones,

The pretty ones,

The ones with all the brains.

Inner-city foster kids that dream of false-front hip-  
Hop fame.

Liposuction soccer moms.

Bar mitzvah birthday boys.

Darwin was right until you came along.

How could poor Darwin have been so wrong?

Kids at shows.

Red.

Men with in-ear phones.

Rum.

NRA boys.

Red.

And fake-n-bake gals.

Rum.

Your daddy didn't want you.

There was a pinhole in the condom.

Fucks who don't read.

Red.

Bands with a guarantee.

Rum.

Monster truck bros.

Red.

And fuck-me-boots ho's.

Rum.

Your mommy was on the pill but she just forgot one.

Spread your legs open so I can ram the hanger up into

Your crotch and kill your kids before it's too late.

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