

Tism

"Mistah Eliot - He Wanker"

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[from: "Sixteen Nights of Violent Orgasm With The Masters of English Literature"]

T.S. Eliot tuned the radio, couldn't get rid of the static:

Serves him right for being so fucking enigmatic.

T.S. Eliot fixed his motor car, snapped the clutch cable -

Betcha my youngest daughter could drink him under the table.

T.S. Eliot lost his wallet when he went into town;

Serves him right for hanging round with the likes of Ezra Pound.

T.S. Eliot thinks he's famous because he is a genius -

But don't cha know I'm ambivalent about the modernist achievement.

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