

Tism

"The Back Upon Which Jezza Jumped"

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The back upon which Jezza jumped and rode into the
ground;
The humiliated vertebrae that mighty mark crushed
down;
That pathetic platform from which Jesualenko leapt into
the sky;
That ladder to immortality has finally laid down to die.

Yes, Graeme "Jerker" Jenkin, the man who stood his
ground
And took the pain that gave other's fame is six foot
underground;
Giant jolly "Jerker" Jenkin, Jesaulenko's dupe -
All he got out of that magic mark was a tenancy to
stoop.

Did he hear the thundering footsteps on that fateful
day?
As he looked up at that Sherrin, did he know he'd have
no say
As Jezza jumped to fame and glory with one almighty
leap,
And he was left to be forgotten in a crumpled heap?

And so all you men of small ability and mediocre skill,
All those of you who, in the race of life, are left
standing still;
Those who must always know others are
unquestionably better -
The second class, the also ran, the unsuccessful go
getter;

The minor leaguers, the average markers, the
consistent second raters;
The stay at homers, the timid loners, the habitual
masturbators;
The ugly girls, the amputees, the screaming
Mongoloids;
The senile old, the deformed young, the bladders that
unwillingly void;

The cancer ridden, the A.I.D.S. victim, the plastic
surgery disaster;
The fake bowel, the anguished howl as the psychopath
shafts ya;
The violated; the child rapist; the jerk off artist;
The disaster fated, the intensely hated, the involuntary
fartist;

All of you huge race of men with mind or body
dismembered
Never forget the name of the man who will never be
remembered;
And beware!, all who have hopes of happiness you
pathetically nurture,
Lest you forget the back upon which Jezza jumped, the
giant Graeme "Jerker"

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