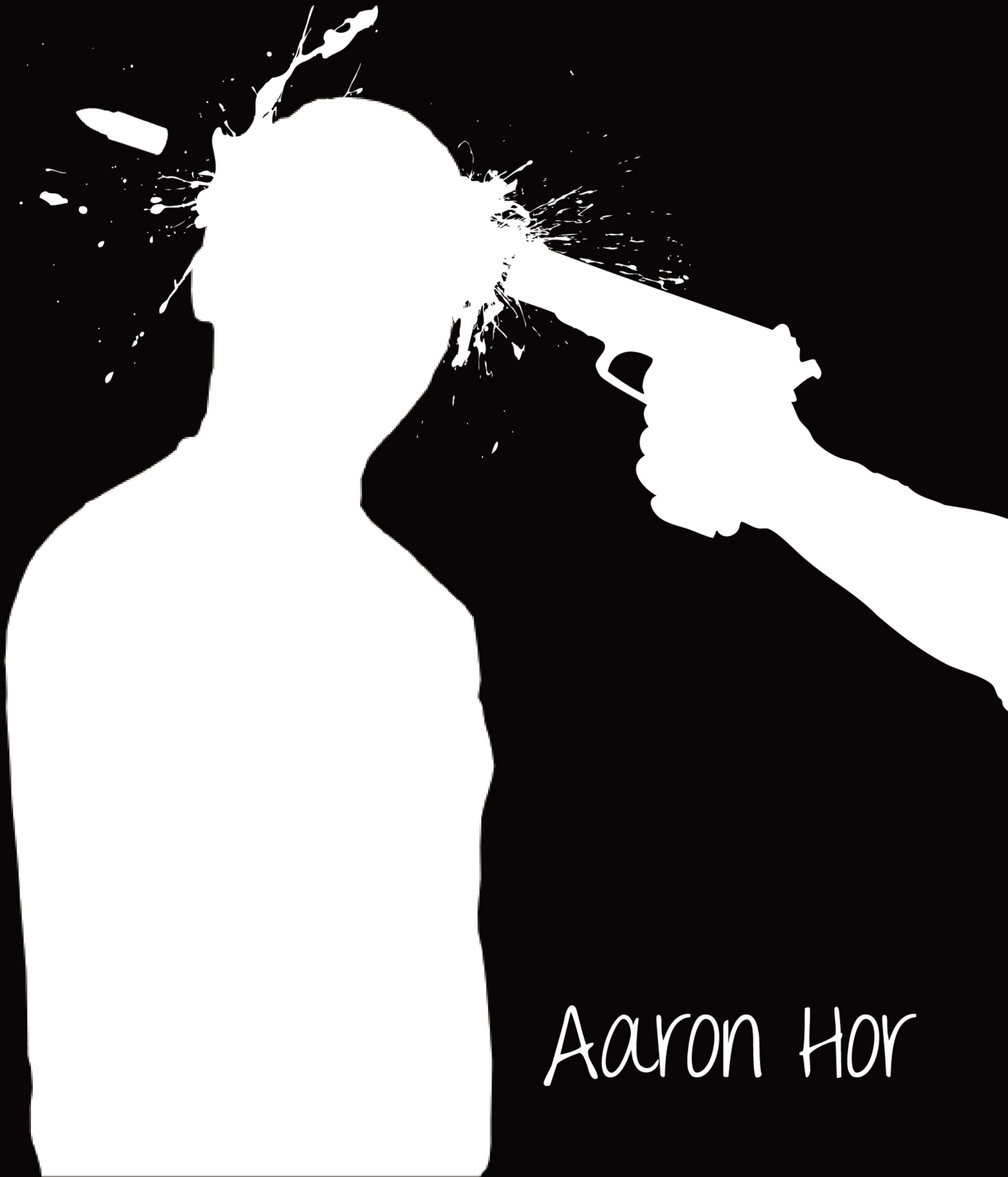


Killing Mister Core



Aaron Hor

REVENGE IS SWEET

When it's done to stupid men
Who think we can't lift a pen
As if they write godly words
That fly unlike angry birds

And if they're so damn bitchy
They should feel very twitchy
Once we butcher them in time
You will love it like when I'm...

Killing Mister Core!

www.aaronhor.wordpress.com



Mister Core

Excuse me, I'm looking for a Mister Core
A six foot tall and a thousand pound boar
Oh wait, I think I found him on your face
Now be a good boy and go tie your lace

We're going for a little walk on the beach
Cause I've got a heartfelt lesson to teach
I hope that you'll always remember today
As your last day to piss on the poems I lay

You call yourself the almighty poetry god
But I heard that you lost to an angry fraud
And here I thought you flew like Superman
You don't even deserve to hold a quill pen

Sleep tight, as I slice your feet into shreds
Or try to, cause I forgot to bring your meds
No one can deny that you scream so bad
I had to crack a skull and it made me sad.

Wildflower Claws

Hi Aaron, I heard a wish to get out of here
But this winter's air showed me a cold fear
My flesh may have sent me farewell kisses
But my art-loving soul saved me like a Mrs

This faded life housed the women I caught
They breezed the summer winds I bought
If only you owned all these camera lenses
You would have felt all my magical senses

You should've sat for the poems I've sung
They ebbed and flowed unlike your dung
The stage that you're on ignites my heart
I'll stroke you to death with a winter's art
As this flame-bound haiku will play its part

My wildflower claws
On your slippery white flesh
Serving chargrilled gash.

Bullshit Talk

Oh damn, your laughable haiku's a mess
It hurts so bad that it must be much less
So do me a favour and go drown yourself
Clearly you have ways to become a fat elf

Now I might still be trapped in a rusty hut
But don't think for a sec that I am a mutt
Who begs an irrelevant ghost on my knees
When his only move is to hide all my keys

Actually, it's not as bad as what I thought
There's no need at all for me to be bought
By the cakes that you love to shit for deals
As if that will ever turn to one of my meals

Okay, Mister Core, it's your turn to whine
I am finished with this bullshit talk of mine
And while you're still at it as I take a nap
Don't wake me right up till I'm here to rap.

COPYRIGHT © 2017 Aaron Hor, Author

Introduction COPYRIGHT © 2017 Aaron Hor

All rights reserved.

This chapbook and its contents are the intellectual property and rights of the author, Aaron Hor. No part of this chapbook and its contents may be altered, reproduced or sold by third parties without permission in writing from the author.

For enquiries, please contact the author via the email below.

aaronhor.cy@gmail.com

Published by Aaron Hor

Penang

Manufactured in Malaysia

First Printing

Designed by Aaron Hor