

Vacuous Teenager

It was patently staring me in the face
She was a self-seeking waste of space
But of course, dear reader you know the rest
I married the girl who with charm wasn't blest.

So the sex was puerile and the love was nil
We realised that we'd swallowed a bitter pill
But we soldiered on through endless years
Showing little emotion, or healthy tears.

At the end of those dragging and slaving years
I realised we both needed to conquer our fears
So, I cut myself loose and went out into a new life
For a degree of hedonism and no worry of a wife.

Mr Michaels Potboiler Poetry

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