## **Not Original, Not Funny**

by rex *Saturday*, *Jul 6 2013*, 2:02pm international / poetry / post

when asked by a customs officer if he had anything to declare, Oscar retorted, 'only my homosexuality, dear boy, only that' -- well, not quite but close not the arse but close.

'yes, mam,' nodded the shoe salesman after fetching the 50th pair of shoes for a fussy poor little rich girl

after rejecting the 50th pair the salesman inquired, 'what exactly do you want madam?' it's the colour that's not quite right i don't want brown but close to brown very close, she said

the salesman returned with a pair of close-to-brown shoes, which the fussy rich girl immediately rejected, 'i told u not brown but close to brown,' she said

'madam' exasperated the salesman i'd like to fuck you up the arse but not really the arse, just close to the arse

and all the while poor Oscar [Wilde] was doing time for being precise and decisive.

the lesson is clear, the imprecise and indecisive usually win the day -- genius always abandons one when needed most.

the group is engaged drinking wine and speaking pleasantries, i sweep the room with my eye and see only portraits of Dorian

## $\underline{http:/\!/jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-682.html}$

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-404.html