

## #12 P.J.

P.J.'s a dude I know at work  
Who's usually rude and quite often a jerk.  
He said I could write a poem about him.  
I'm sure he thought the chances were quite slim

That I would take the time and effort it needs;  
But he doesn't know me when I'm plantin' seeds.  
When opportunity knocks, I'll jump right in,  
Even though writing this may be a sin.

I'll have to repent after writing these words.  
He said he'd just use it...to catch his birds' turds.  
So I'm not too worried about what gets said.  
I just hope some of it sticks in his head.

I really don't know him too closely for sure  
But he has a sickness and I know the cure.  
He's lost touch with his heart, his thoughts run wild.  
From God he's apart and he acts like a child.

A glimpse of his mind I saw on the floor.  
I hope what I say doesn't make him too sore.  
What I read on his lunchbox was dirty and funky.  
It says, "I'd rather be spanking my monkey!"

It clearly shows his bad attitude  
That's sinful in nature and basically crude.  
And he doesn't care what one thinks of him.  
A total reversal? The chances are grim.

But I'm not one who gives up too easy.  
Even with one who's horny and sleazy.  
I'm hoping this poem helps him stop to think  
How much his attitude really does stink.

It should foster kindness, and love, and affection  
To change his direction...not cause an erection.  
Now I'd better stop while I'm still alive  
Before an evil thought he does contrive.

I heard a saying, I hope it's not rumor...  
That God really does have a sense of humor.  
'Cause inside of me, bad thoughts I have none.  
I was just trying to have some good clean fun.

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