

Trespassers!

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By : Juli Monat

Losing war against bugs.



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Tresspasers!

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I bought a hand-gun, to protect-
and defend, my green lawn,
don't step on my grass; damn mass,
strangers, you're trespassing my property,
do or don't: you'll be blown,
to bits and feces,
you heard me, you got my warning,
I'll shoot; stay put,
right where you are, don't make it, hard,
one-cat's-foot, and you'll be...Kaput!
from coast to coast; I'm your nightmare-host,
you can get it, at no extra cost...To you!
again, I won't repeat, the same,
Get off!
you came with force, hostile, testing my
projectile; I...never give-up,
or reconcile...I'm ready! Make your move!
take no prisoners; is my chant!
Mothra! have mercy on you!
I won't; Bastards! little-tiny...Fire-ants!

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