

PIECES  
OF  
SHIT



After extensive investigation all the characters on The O.C. suddenly had their social security cheques cut. Ryan and his lame friends at Orange County had to get jobs and start working. And all of a sudden there was no time to float around in expensive clothes talking shit anymore. The girls had to be content with their bread-winning boyfriends instead of falling for every precious mediocre wanna-be that passed through town. Real life dramas and heartfelt rubbish dropped dramatically. After a day at work no one had any time for making shit jokes or engaging in tedious dialogue anymore. Soon life became bland, stale. Every day seemed the same. To relieve the plane of boredom Ryan fucked his MILF mum and made her watch as he slit his cool dad's throat.

The middle east is in the grip  
of archaic religion  
its people are doomed  
to live in ignorance and chaos  
whilst christian hordes gather  
wielding technology  
with biblical immorality  
we chatter like disconnected monkeys  
and the corporate eyeball opens and closes upon  
regular men with no choice  
but to be passionate  
shot down in the street  
friends screaming in arabic  
their bodies dragged home  
to kids blown up  
under innocent roofs  
have you seen this shit on TV?  
the misery in iraq  
tired coalition troops  
disfigured, jaded  
packhorse pawns  
shot at and hated  
under tin can helmet under belting sun  
pointless, hopeless fucking situations  
years ago  
they charged in with a purpose  
a warmonger's lie  
stream it on the net

## THE CONSERVATIVES

The conservatives are opposed to change. They fear that change will bring about instability and an erosion of traditional values. Consequently you can tell a conservative by his dress, a bear-skin cave man suit and a spear made out of a stick and a sharpened rock. Spears are important to the conservatives who continue to hunt Woolly Mammoths out of principle, despite this species' extinction 11,000 years ago.

## GLOBAL WARMING

Concerned about global warming?  
I say, let's turn up the heat  
My money's been taken  
My family murdered by the government  
A citizen forced out of his home  
But this is not a political poem  
It's about love  
As always  
And the strongest man who ever lived  
So let's turn up the heat on this world  
And see who's left

## SHOPPING CENTRE MONOLOGUE

In the shopping centre, the people squawk like a giant shed full of battery hens. No one looks where they're going. Their heads are turned sideways or their eyes are gazing into the distance, hungrily seeking out discounts on desirable merchandise. Most carry a Boost Juice, signalling to one another that they *love life*. And they drag their screaming kids around for hours looking at 50 pairs of shoes. I'm furious and I grab the microphone from the Body Shop lady.  
"Fuck you all. Fuck you all you selfish cunts!"  
Everyone comes to a standstill and their squawking is brought to rest. I'm about to proceed with my reproach when I'm interrupted by the sound of a trumpet. I pause, and the Body Shop lady snatches the microphone back from me.  
There is a minute silence in respect for the ANZACs.  
And then the trumpet stops and Rod Stewart comes on over the P.A. Everyone returns to their shopping with tripled enthusiasm, all that much hungrier after a quick break.

## LOOK

You must love an  
aesthetically superior  
Lesser man  
And I, so ugly to you  
That you'd pay money to  
prevent my kiss,  
Love you completely  
Constantly  
And in slow motion  
When your arm brushes mine  
And when it doesn't  
When I stand in your room  
And when I'm not there  
My love is always there  
A star field of wondrous beauty  
Oscillating through this  
repellent body

On the reality TV show starring talentless children and their deluded parents, we hear these articulate kids say things like "I'm not in it for the competition, I'm just here for the experience" and "Australia, remember this face!" I'll tell you the reality of what is going on here: these kids have watched so much reality TV in their short lives they know everything all the contestants on all the shows ever say, and they are now mimicking this on screen for our regurgitated consumption!  
TURN IT OFF

Aussie icon and professional animal-prodder, Steve Irwin, died today whilst shooting a new documentary. Irwin was stung to death whilst fucking a stingray for his new bestiality DVD, intended for the growing US market. Steve's American-born wife, Terri, told reporters that she is devastated by the tragedy. "Steve has had sex with a croc, a snake, a wombat... He loved the Australian fauna."  
Irwin's penis became stuck in the underwater animal 3 minutes into coitus, before it delivered the fatal sting to the space between his balls and his anus. A local diving operator who witnessed the scene said that Steve's last word was "Crikey!"

FUCK

The filth washes off the people  
And dirties the trains  
Some  
fling themselves on the tracks  
And put everything out of timetable order  
I slip past Transit officers  
in a gang of grey,  
ticket machines, iPods and mediocrity.  
A woman digs her elbows to get on first  
A man spreads his legs across two seats  
God rises from the Earth  
He's fucking furious  
Zapping cunts left, right and centre  
There's chaos and destruction,  
running and howling.  
He looks at me and pauses  
Then zaps the prick next to me

We get old  
And never know  
How we wronged the world  
Kids no more but  
Remember those as happy days  
When smiles and waves were important  
Now to breaking waving arms

#### THE SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY OF SCIENCE FICTION

Where will our technology take us in the next ten years? Where will we be in the year 3000? The answers are already in our books and on our TV screens.

Our technology will follow the fantasy of our science fiction. Our societies and cities will eventually mimic the form and function of those in our science fiction movies. Because we want hover cars we will have hover cars. Because we want electric sliding doors and video phones we will have them. Because the U.S.A. wants a "Star Wars" defence system, there it is. We will create what we dream to create. I will be George Jetson. And Jane will be my wife.

## IMPASSE IN THE SKY

Have you ever had a love poem written for you?  
I haven't  
But we must fall like mercenaries for you  
Love and die as men were born to  
For a face as beautiful as home  
A place I can finally rest my mind  
Tell me more because  
I fight for what you exhale  
To consume little puffs of you  
Like the way you smoke a cigarette  
Or hang your hair in your eyes  
I climb smoke and hair  
I climb mountains to peer  
Over clouds  
And witness  
With tiny eyes, the impasse in the sky

Billionaire tycoon and British geezer, Sir Richard Branson, has been put to death and cryogenically frozen so that he may seek new thrills of the future. Branson, who was in good health at the age of 56, chose to give up a life of hot air balloons and speedboats of the present, to take on new challenges in the future. Before the process, the successful entrepreneur said in a statement to the press, "I would love to ride in a hot air balloon or a speedboat in the future." Scientists did not inform Branson that they have no intention of reviving his frozen body.

## SKULLS

Your pussy power won't last forever  
And when it's finally gone  
Buildings will creak and lean in upon you  
Dust will cover your hair  
And you'll run from the bones, the snoring skulls  
You'll search for me then, to hold onto me  
But this pillar has moved.

## PRINCESS MARY

It was a Sunday morning and I didn't know Princess Mary was coming to Pennant Hills. I was lying in bed, probably wanking. Mum had gone to the shops to get a few things, and she wondered why all the prols were gathered around outside the shops in their eveningwear. When she asked someone, she learned that Princess Mary was coming to the Danish church in Pennant Hills, the only one in Sydney. Everyone was so excited to be waiting for our Mary (and they called her "our", even though she was the Princess of Denmark and not the Princess of Pennant Hills). And then the big moment arrived. Two police motorcycles made their way down the street, followed by a big clean silver car, and they all pulled into the church driveway as the crowd let out a cheer and cries of "Mary! Mary we love you!" Mary stepped out of the car. She gave a little wave and then she went inside the church. Well, that was that, everyone went home and changed out of their best eveningwear. People had to get on with their non-Princess shit.

When you die  
There is a place  
reserved for you  
It's the same place you were  
before you were born  
And I don't mean the womb

Every word you say  
Is from a better world  
A place I cannot go  
And you're adorable  
Like no one else  
With astonishing force  
You make chinks  
Appear in the ice  
Every text message  
Every email  
Falling like a tiny kiss  
On my frozen face

## THE HOMELESS MAN

Ben and Dan were out late in the city. At Town Hall station they came across a homeless man who asked if they could spare some change. Dan, in a good mood, handed the homeless man a twenty. The man was very thankful, and the three of them struck up a conversation.

“Look, it’s so cold out here, and you must be starving,” said Ben.

“Let’s get you back to my place and you can have a bath and something to eat,” said Dan.

Again the homeless man was very thankful, and he followed them back to Dan’s house where he washed, put on fresh clothes, and ate a nice hot meal.

Ben and Dan were in the next room, and the effects of the ecstasy had begun to wear off.

“Dude, there’s a fucking bum in my house,” said Dan.

I used poetry  
And it wasn’t always good  
But I did not use it  
To stir the grass or  
Spill the water  
I held it like a sword  
To starve you  
When I cut down your father  
To hate you  
When I cut through your lover  
Through her like ash  
The world is not safe  
It will never be  
For as long as I drop  
Words like solid blocks  
Like bricks of the pyramids

I wanna thank all the cunts I know. An all dem hos. The big man Matt Reekie. And I wanna thank the mothership, UNBELIEVABLY BAD MAGAZINE. xo  
-David S.

[www.geocities.com/frogsflies](http://www.geocities.com/frogsflies)  
[www.myspace.com/unbelievablybad](http://www.myspace.com/unbelievablybad)