

BY CALLIE

## *My Microcosm*

There's a world in which my eyes do not salt  
And they'd blow my horn up to a heavenly exalt  
I'd rise in the morning by the old cock's distraught  
And grasp my sword firmly out whimsically taut

For there in that world, oh I would own:  
A small little penis (as I believe they are known)!  
Oh a penis would grant me an equal to speak,  
With the members at large up the cosmos' peak!

And had I one, oh I'd fling it about,  
Crazed with an impudence, I would shout:  
"I've no emotions nor silly frilled tears!  
Those are my wife's, so above her I leer,"

"For here," and I, would now gesture down,  
"Is my glistening, golden, societal crown—  
With this to my bitch and her spawn I lay claim,  
Erecting my kingdom, my household, my name!"

Yet sadly, I've not been crowned by such jewels,  
So hung up I shall be for my lack of great tools!  
I'll weep from my eyes and not that large spout,  
For my deep woes of living in absence without!