

Atticus, The Bear Who Shit in the Woods, a poem.

I came out running from Slippery Rock woods, trousers dangled at my ankles.
(Liverish!) Leaves were rustling like a brothel.
I smelled the sour air, shaved off all my hair.
Picked up my drum, left my belt, and bobbled forward needful
for something, something, new and I knew what to do:
retune myself, become a bear who enjoys a good spooning!

OH!

Atty-Atty-Atticus the Bear Who Shit in the Woods!
I may stab ya in the back, I may lick yer cheek,
'specially if you're dripping wine, honey, spirit journeys.
Always watch your flank or you'll be fookin' sorry cos'
Atty-Atty-Atticus the Bear Who Shit in the Woods is here!

I came out dancing over rolling hills, the mutton were grazing.
(Feverish!) My heart was singing
a polyrhythmic tune, yay, another golden loon,
a triplet ditty, banshee titties, hopefully I'm somewhere soon,
then I came across the Dawg, it barked, "Come hither, bear!"
"Scratch my butt, here's some smut, and I'll show you where to go."

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We rode into Jomsburg upon a bawdy centaur.
Wolfish! Trousers 'round my ankles, I'm such a sassy, sassy hoor.
We hopped on off, getting more off.
Strapped on my drum, said our thanks, played this punk song
towards the mighty mead-hall, Jarl Dracon's mug!
Berserker life, here I come. Love, yer Man Bear Bard.

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