

WOMAN'S POEM

Before I lay me down to sleep,
I pray for a man, who's not a creep,

One who's handsome, smart and strong.
One who loves to listen long,

One who thinks before he speaks,
One who'll call, not wait for weeks.

I pray he's gainfully employed,
When I spend his cash, won't be annoyed.

Pulls out my chair and opens my door,
Massages my back and begs to do more.

Oh! Send me a man who'll make love to my mind,
Knows what to answer to "how big is my behind?"

I pray that this man will love me to no end,
And always be my very best friend.

MAN'S POEM

I pray for a deaf-mute nymphomaniac with huge
Boobs who owns a liquor store and a golf course.
This doesn't rhyme and I don't give a shit.

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