

BELLY BUTTON FLUFF

Peter Austin

Poets there are who never have enough
Of serving up their belly button fluff,
As if it were the Hope or Koh-i-noor,
Glinting with enigmatical allure.

How Byron viewed his boogers, no one knows,
Or Dickinson, the lint between her toes;
And why is Shakespeare found on every shelf?
Because he kept his ear-wax to himself.

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