

## 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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