

Poetry Series

Robert Smithsonian III
- poems -

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Bobert Smithsonian III(As I said before, I was never born. I simply exist. Like God.)

Hello, my name is Bobert Smithsonian III. I am married to my wife and we have three children: Bobert IV, Sandra, and Soula. My wife's name is Tippi. We have a pet chicken named Johnathan that lays his own eggs and we eat his eggs everyday for breakfast. They are delicious. We would kill and eat Johnathan for Thanksgiving, but we don't celebrate Thanksgiving because it is against our placid way of being. Instead, we eat turkey for Thaksgiving. I think this is a great tradition and more people should practice it.

Fat Cats

cats are fat
when they
eat
too
dang
much.

my cat is fat
because he
eats
too
dang
much.

your cat is fat
because she
eats
too
dang
much.

i write random poems
too
dang
much.

I LOVE FAT CATS CUZ
THEY ARE SO FUZZY AND FURRY
YAY

I, Bobert Smithsonian III,
am fat.
And so
Is my cat.

Not my car...
My cat.

Robert Smithsonian III

French Class

I walk into my French class,
Because I yearn to learn
The lovely language of French
And the art of wearing a beret.

My teacher doesn't like me.
He says I smell quite odd.
But I don't really care because
My fish's name is Jeff.

Today I learned to say 'Hello.'
The French word is 'Bonjour.'
It means 'Hello' in English.
I'm hungry for some squid.

I love to learn French.
I want to go to France someday.
I want to eat chocolate and crossiants
And meet hot French women.

Bobert Smithsonian III

My Fingers

My fingers
Are not
Fingers.
They do not
Fing.

I ask them to fing
All the time.
But...
They never do!

I beg them to fing
All the time.
But...
They never do!

I ORDER them to fing
All the time.
But...
They never do!

I threatened them to fing
Today
Or else
I will chop them in half.

They did not fing
And so
I chopped them in half.
They did not scream for some
Weird reason,
But I did.

It hurt.
Ouchywawa.
I cried for my mother.
But she did not come
Because I live in Arizona
And she

Lives in Antarctica.

So she did not hear me.

Now I do not

Have fingers.

Wait...

Without fingers,

How can I be typing

This poem?

Robert Smithsonian III

My Life

And so I was born.
I lived.
I lived some more.
I went to school.
So I graduated.
I went to college.
They kicked me out.
I got married.
I made children.
I wanted to have more children,
But Tippi said NO.
So I had to be content with the ones I had.
So I loved them.
I loved Tippi.
I kissed her.
I wrote poetry.
I wrote a book.
I had more children with my co-worker.
I finished living.
So I went to sleep.

Robert Smithsonian III

My Pen Pal

My pen pal's name Is Jelly.
And Jelly she will be
Until the very day she dies,
And now I have to pee.

(I know the poem is short, but I knew I could never get anything else to rhyme that well, so the end.)

Bobert Smithsonian III

Randomnessity

Hello.

My name is Bob a Job.

That

Is not my real name, and if you believed that it was,

You are

Very Stupid.

My name

Is Blimple

Is Dimple

Is Blimp.

A blimp is a zeppelin.

A zeppelin cannot be made out of

Lead.

Or led,

For that matter.

Do not be insulted

Just because

I have placed an egg on your

Head.

Noggin.

Crown.

Skull...

SKELETON.

By the way...

My name isn't really

Blimple,

Dimple,

Or even

Blimp...

Yes,

Again I have lied to you.

Do not be alarmed...

I come in peace

Strange life form.

Yum.

Humans.

No, young lad, I am not a cannibal,

Humans simply look

Scrumptious.

Delightful.
Delicious.
Perhaps
I am getting a little
Ahead of myself.
Potatoes,
My dear friend...
WAIT.
You are not my friend.
I don't-
I don't even know you.
You are just another
Random person
On the Internet
Reading
This.
And why?
And how?
Love.
What do you love?
Perhaps chocolate.
My mother just so happened to be
The God of Chocolate.
No, no,
She must have been the Goddess,
not the God,
For she was a woman.
Now she is the
God of Pancake Juice.
Yes, this time
I meant to say
'God.'
Yes.
I am not crazy.
By the way...
My name is
Bobert Smithsonian III.
I am telling the truth this time.
Indeed.
You have been reading
'Randomnessity.'
Thank you, sir.

Or ma'am.
Good bye.
Or is that one word?
Oh well.
I shall go now.
HOORAY.

Bobert Smithsonian III

Tippi

My Tippi
Is wonderful.
Especially when she wears a bikini.
She produces children.
She has blonde hair.
She is my wifer
And I love Tippi!
My wifer.

Bobert Smithsonian III