

Poetry Series

**fred Gold**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2007

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## fred Gold(10-26-44)

Viet Nam was my mentor. words make my veins run.

# 1 If

I lost Courage.

Look in the dog pound.

fred Gold

## 2 If

Release me! !

Let go of my tit.

fred Gold

### 3 If

I need a Care Package for Xmas.

Steal one.

fred Gold

## 4 If

I s Jail fiun?

No eating shit, is.

fred Gold

## 5 If

I lost four pounds.

Sew up your wound.

fred Gold

# 5 If You Do

The air is still.

Fart.

fred Gold

# Bathroomitis

I wish, that I could help.

Pull the chain.

fred Gold

# Bother Away

Did the dog, shit?

I have my own problems.

fred Gold

# Cheers

You are all dried up.

Open a can of beer.

fred Gold

# Happiness

The car is broken.

Don't drink and drive.

fred Gold

# Hide Time

Do you have the Xmas, Bug?

Yea, up my ass.

fred Gold

# It Out

This is a case in point.

Never mind the Philosphy, get the beer can opener.

fred Gold

# Lay Off

The Dust is falling.

His Cremation bottle is open.

fred Gold

# Lkjhgfdsa

Rub my pot belly.

I smoke it, not poke it.

fred Gold

# Outside

Xmas bells are ringing.

The dog has to take a shit.

fred Gold

# Please Help

Lessons are to be learned.

Pay the tutor.

fred Gold

# Pour

I am bubbling over.

Get out of the heated pot.

fred Gold

# Recession Itis

Why are you so mean?

I am hungry.

fred Gold

# Sadness

I have a pain.

Kick your mother-in-law out.

fred Gold

# Sorry, You

I lost my way.

Get used to being blind.

fred Gold

# Stop

My Xmas list is long.

So is your nose.

fred Gold

# Sure

Did you die, yesterday?

I think, I did.

fred Gold

# Sweat

I worry about you.

Death is no problem.

fred Gold

# Welcome

Why did you show up for Xmas?

I have no place else to go.

fred Gold

# Winter Wonderland

Your tits are hanging out.

I love frost bite.

fred Gold

# Without Me?

Let's get divorced.

I am too busy.

fred Gold

# Xmas Blues

I am tied to Xmas.

I am tied to my bed.

fred Gold

# Xmas Foe

Limit one to a customer.

I don't have enough bullets, even for that.

fred Gold

# Xmas Hopes

I will scrounge around for something.

Steal a pack of cigarettes, for me, while you are at it.

fred Gold