

Duke of Earl

By Robin Lipinski

You stimulate the duchess, allowance please.

Stuka did not stutter in 1941,
Spittle sputtering from the devil,
Wings of a uniform soon speaking of smoke.

No questions asked, screaming reply was enough
Ripping new fabric, knitting a yarn no one could believe.

So, yes, correctness you're right, the Devil made the pull,
Flushing moral respectable broken man under the swirling porcelain
Command of his troops, seeing folly through,
The end.

The End