

Something I hate

There is nothing I hate
More than breaking my silence
About that, that I do not like.

I have held in my anger
And made it my friend
My best friend at that.

I laugh at the loathing
Laugh in it's eye
I won't even snivel.

Now I have reason
To communicate about them
I'm beginning to feel angry.

Not with my baggage
I can handle that
But with those who set me the task.

They know who they are
They are very close
Are you one of them?

Upset by this discourse
I need to put an end to them all
Hey up, I have an idea.

Laxatives in their tea
'Cause tea's not for me.