

# Eng. № 06.0. Shitty But Frankly – Abridged!

Chris Myrski      Chris Myrski

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**Shitty But Frankly – Abridged!**

**( 7 Times 7 Myrskets By Friends  
In Poetry )**

*Selection of Chris Myrski, 2018*

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[ On the cover must be close-up of some, I wouldn't say nice, but at least not smelling, thing that in English begins with "sh" and ends with "it", dropped by some inattentive cow on some green field. ]

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**I dedicate this book to my *soixante neuf* years.**

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## **Introductory Remarks**

This is a book of poetry, yet it isn't in my traditional form (divided in sections like: philosophical, sexy, for children, etc.), but is a collection of several (7) new authors and contains only the invented by me Myrskets (by 7 such from an author), plus a rounding (to make them 50) piece from me, and an Appendix with one shitty (if I may allow myself this expression, but when it stays on the title then I, surely, can) ballad that waits the musician, who will use it as libretto. Ah, and they have one small introductory half-page plus one small verse at the end, preferably of 7 lines. Now, why and how I came to this idea?

Well, you know, such things happen, in most cases by itself. I mean that, as far as for a pair of years my new form of poetry, that is an analogue of the sonnet, but much *better*, more alive (because the rhythm changes with each couplet), and which was unanimously named Myrsket in my honour, become widely known all over the world, some, I would even add many, young authors, became so enthusiastic with them, that began to compose their own Myrskets and send them to me for my expert assessment. And what could I do, unless to tell them that, all right, the verses are very good, let them continue in this way, and maybe after some 20 or so years they will reach and overpass even me, such things.

But then I said to myself: why not to make a fine collection from their verses, and publish them under my name, ah? For me this was good, because in this way I only copy the verses and collect the royalties, and for them, too, because they were ready even to pay me for to publish their works under my hat. So that I only said to them to restrict themselves with exactly seven Myrskets in their order, and with some small preface of their choice, and I ordered them in the chronological order of their receiving by me. In this way the lambs (these are the young authors) are whole and kicking, and the wolf (that's me, of course) is satiated.

Also I told them to use, when necessary, the introduced by me symbol "°" for marking of additional syllable, that makes a good pair with the ellipsis ("") symbol when a syllable is dropped, and allowed them to use a pair of lines for some comments to the verse (if they find that this is necessary). Some of them explain their names and /or pseudonyms, some not, this is up to them. And have in mind that they are, usually, not native English speakers, they use time and again some foreign word (which you can look up in the Internet, or with the help of some computer-translator or a dictionary), but I am also such, so that some errors may still remain here and there, yet nobody's perfect, as you know.

Ah, about the title of the book. You see, this is open and frank poetry, then not pretty decent, even a bit (or more) cynical, hence also philosophical (because the cynicism is a philosophy), but for many people this often is confused with the vulgarity and they think that this is a shitty thing, right? So that, in the end, I said to myself: OK, let it be shitty, but it is nevertheless frankly and funny, and nowadays this is what matters.

Nice reading to you, dear readers, of the new pleiad of followers, or brethren of the pen, or friends in poetry, of the known modern poet

Chris Myrski, 2017 - 2018, Sofia, Bimbinistan (known also as Bulgaria, or the poorest European democratic area)

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### **Barbara Farpipi**

Welcome to you, a horde of my dear readers,  
*Ohne Bedeutung, mit oder ohne Glieder,*  
I am one of those writers who you can call titty,  
Yet I can assure you that I am also witty.

Judging by my family name I am Italian, and, really, I was born in the small *paese* Butanna, written with double "n" in contrast with that word with double "t", which if begins with "p" will mean the most widely spread, let's say *occupation*, of a girl. My real family name was Brippi, but as far as this meant nothing already my school mates called me Farpipi, what is to squatter and do this thing which men can quite well do standing, am I clear? But well, this is a nice sounding name, and when I came to my teens and began to *far l'amore* more often than I did this *pipi*, I come to the conclusion that this is a good enough pseudonym, and hence as you see, I use it now.

More details I don't think necessary to put here, because my Myrskets are, in fact, deeply felt, and portray me in more melodious way than the prosaic words can do. But OK, as to my tastes I can say, that I have *tasted* quite different "things", long, short, thick, fine, and so on, and they all are good enough to me, I am a liberal girl. And as to the poetical genres I can add that those of Myrski correspond so well to my own, that if I have not come to his verses I would have invented alone this genre.

Nov 2017, Barby Farpipi, Butanna, Italy, EU

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### **WHEN I THINK**

When I think that I am from the women,  
But could have been one of those who semen  
Throw away and nature thus pollute,  
Can't avoid to send Got my salute.

'Cause to throw some juice can everybody,  
This as kind of pleasure 's-primitive,  
Still, I often offer them my body  
Like a ... dustbin, for I can forgive.

But to take, preserve in oneself, maybe grow,  
If a need is, future creature, sprout,  
Is important thing, methinks, no doubt,  
Hence I practice it by ten times in a row.

And the woman's generally better  
Organized and finely cut, like letter,  
And has in the sex more fun, what matters.

2017, Barby Farpipi

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Etc. ...

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### **Hans Langerschwanz**

Funny authors make life better, they are not bad guys,  
Ohne Humor Leute leiden, und das jeder weiß,  
So that hurry all right now to read my verses,  
Denn man sagt oft, dass das Leben eben kurz ist.

Ah, my pseudonym sounds a bit funny, this means a long so to say prick, but it is in honour of my birth place, which is near the old, from the knightly times, place called *Schwanzentadt*, in the middle south part of the far-western Germany, which has now disappeared from the maps but was a known place for knightly fights in the middle ages. This is so because, you know, the knights have always a *Schwanz*, and the longer it is, the braver the knight is supposed to be, and in the old chronicles are officially reported cases measured as two finger spans (sometimes with a pair of inches more).

So, and as to my verses then they are usually of the Myski's type for the simple reason that I like them, i.e. funny, but also a bit intellectual, and with easy nursery rhymes. I have tried even to invent something own like form of the verses, but it turns out that it is not so easy, the sonnets are here, and the Myrskets and as if nothing else; maybe like (minding the end-rhymes) this: AA BBB CC DD EE FFF GG, but it is tedious to maintain it. Only in the septets are other options except the Myrskettinos. But then I have invented one acrostic SCH-haiku, which I would call *Scheiku* in German or *shaiku* in English (the Germans like much this 'sh' sound), like the following:

S\_ome peop<sup>o</sup>le say: it's not the penis all.  
C\_onfirm I this, 'cause there are the balls.  
H\_ey, guys, but this is to the same old goal.

And now, nice reading of my latest poetry.

Dec 2017, Ha. Langerschwanz, Schwanzenstadtgebiet, Germany,  
EU

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### **THE PENIS**

Penis is the thing that matters most,  
And witho<sup>o</sup>ut it the men are lost,  
It is good not 'cause it's magnificent  
But because is made with great ambitions.

It's the rod, the scepter, shepherd's shaft,  
Symbol of the ruling since time ancient,  
Hence the man steps first, the other aft,  
And obey must women, children, nations.

Also it leaves often mucous juices,  
Like young sapling, or cut branch of tree,  
They are healthy, woman, made for thee,  
Or sometimes are funny, this amuses.

Still, it's other reason why to honour  
Are the men, who such contraption owner —  
Themselves spend they faster, early goners!

2017, Ha. Langerschwanz

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Etc. ...

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### **Piotr Ioberoff**

As you maybe have guessed by the name I am of Russian origin,

yet it has to be written as Piotr Joberov for the European readers (Germans, Frenchmen, etc.), and because I am writing in English I decided that loberoff is preferable (although Yoberov may also do), but the most important remark is that *jebatj /iebatj /yebatj* (where the last letter is for softening) means, if you'll pardon me, the well known copulating activity (*eblja* as a noun). Some other guy might have been ashamed of this, but I, after falling under the influence of great Myrski, am not, because this activity is the quintessence of life, isn't it? Not that this family is widely spread in Russia, but these words are usually written in Cyrillic with "e", and the root *eber* is known amidst the Germans, and is ancient.

Now, I will leave my verses speak about me and my tastes and thoughts, so that I finish my introduction with the following acrostic:

P\_eople all the time move between life and death,  
E\_ise they lack the interest, bored become, degrade.  
T\_hey need also love in order to feel glad,  
E\_nergy to scoop for what they do, to mate.  
R\_ather this, then why one born was to regret.

Jan 2018, Piotr loberoff, Russia, Eurasia

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### **A FLY IN ... LOVE**

There was young flyess in the woods,  
She in love fell and I tell you would  
In more details amorous her dealings,  
If you promise me to show more feelings.

Hence she was young maiden in her teens\*  
When she met her flyer big and strong,  
They sucked vapours over a canteen,  
After what he poked her with his long.

She grew faster belly full with eggs,  
Stronger appetite, yet was still happy,  
Giving life so prosperous and rapid,  
With so many fluffing wings and legs.

She had later other lovers, true,  
Yet the first was who cased the ado,  
Others were for sex, what's not taboo.

2018, Ptr loberoff

Remark: here are meant not years, but days, of course.

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Etc. ...

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### **Michel de Culot**

If some of my readers think, that my family has to be written in French as *culotte*, I have to tell them that they are right, but this is old French, and more interesting is the history of this name, and why it has become our family name. So according to our chronicles it has arisen in old times, in the year ... 1234.5, i.e. exactly in the midsummer day of 1234th year A.D., when my fore-fore-etc.-father Michul has issued a decree, each year to every woman serf after 12 to be given free half a dozen *culottes*, and the masculine part to be presented then with a bowler hat. So, and the reason for this was simple, he liked to watch how the serfs worked (I also like this, it is nice to sit in an armchair and look at the people working hard), but did not like to look at bare women bottoms! Yeah, but he still continued to look at the naked hind parts of the women, because they have worn the pants only in the winter, what they have done because they, the pants, were woolen, what was so because the wool was much cheaper than the cotton, to say nothing about the silk, and there were no nylon fibers in those days.

OK, this should be enough as introduction, isn't it? And now my short name-acrostic, of the kind tah-tah-t'ah:

C\_ould I l'ive until h'undred and scr'ew  
U\_p till last of my days on the Earth,  
L\_etting my prick from red turn to blue,  
O\_h, I will then live life filled with mirth!  
T\_o be su<sup>re</sup> I will this, and you?

Feb 2018, Michel de Culot, France, EU

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### **THE CHASTE GIRL**

Mon Dieu, I love this girl so very much,

But she does not allow me to touch  
Her boldly sticking teat with mere brushing hand,  
Not mentioning my juices with her own to blend.

And why has given God this body-"pocket",  
If not for something to be pocked and shoved and pushed?  
And after one, that's me, has stuck his "rocket",  
To canter for some time, and then to rush and blush.

Because they must be used all body parts.  
What if the guts and anus empty are for month?  
Quite similar's the situation with the cunt;  
And I must also exercise my "dart".

So that I love her, not denying this, but still,  
Without hard sex love is simply infant'il,  
And I can not long stand this roasting on a grill.

2018, M. De Culot

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Etc. ...

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### **Uybre Haremdzhi**

Hi, guys and girls, I am Uybre and was born in the Bosphorus, really, but in the European part of it. More precisely in a fisher's boat because my father was arm fishermen and his wife wanted not to remain alone at home and did not believe, naturally, that exactly in this day she will give birth to me, yet it happened so, and my father was forced to fulfill that day functions of a midwife. And my name was a verbalization of happy exclamation cry of my father seeing that I am his third son, appearing in this world, and with, I beg your pardon, hardened little penis, and, as it turned out later, also with ... three balls, honestly. I stress that the syllable 'uj' is something like ah or oh, though in the neighbouring Bulgaria *exactly* this means a penis, what is 'huj' in Russian, but it is so with the exclamations, they sometimes mean something (like your "whore" is a ho-ho). And Haremdzhi (Haremci in Turkish) is the family name, which the father of my father of my father, during the time of Atatürk, has chosen, because he was a poor man and all his life wanted to be rich enough

to buy himself at least three wives.

So, and later, in my late teens, I succeeded to emigrate in Europe, and performing for some time various odd jobs have collected enough money to inscribe in Trinity College Oxford (because I had three balls, right?), and graduated from it in Oriental Studies (with the thesis: "On the prescribed length of rahat-lokumi in various religious rituals at time of Sassanid dynasty"). So that I am a scientist, but part-time also a poet. That's it. Bye-bye.

U\_nquestionably women are bit silly,  
Y\_et they are nice and warm and show more feelings,  
—

D\_eceiving us with all this, by the way.  
Z\_ooology of human beings may  
H\_armonious quite not always be, but gay  
I\_'m not, so sexual urge with girls am stilling.

March 2018, Uybre Haremdzhi, Bosphorus, Europe & Asia Minor

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### **SIMILES**

A woman is — old metaphor — a rose,  
That even when is curled to you in pose,  
Has many hidden sharp and prickly thorns,  
Which her protect, but, in a way, adorn.

So that all roses thorny are, yet's not this,  
What peop<sup>o</sup>le puzzles, but the opposite,  
That thorns exist without roses — got it? —,  
What's not just, neither moral, not a bit.

Or also she is liken with sea shell,  
All pinky, pulpy, soft inside like peach,  
So that the goal is this inside to reach,  
If you are man and hard's your "tool" as well.

The bad thing is that she is often bird of prey,  
That feeds on men, turns their strength to weakness, hey!  
And God allo<sup>o</sup>ws this, for many men obey,

2018, Uy -dzhi

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Etc. ...

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### **Pissuaria Pudenderosa**

If you think that Pissuaria comes from the pissing then you are wrong, because it is from the root of your pussy, of course, which can mutate even to 'kisa' in Russian, or *Katze* in German (where from is your kitty), and in Bulgarian is exactly 'pisi'. So that I thought earlier to shorten my name to Pissy, then to Pussy, and then came to only Pss, what is the more basic root for something small, like pie or pea, or piece, or pious. But this is old Spanish, people, the characters mutate, like also with my family name which does not come from Latin *pudenda* but from the potency (*potentia* in Latin), which somehow comes from Greek god ... *Poseidonos*, and the ending *-rosa* is for making of comparative form. Still, I shorten also my family name to Pu-rosa, because I just like roses, right?

Then I have to add that I have begun to write verses in my children years, but only when I met the world-known Myrski I got the right way to do this, it is in bed, while sleeping, or rather while am a bit awakened (say, to make love) but not entire. So that like he kept a pen and notebook at his side of the bed, in the same way I kept another copy on my side; since that time I do so even when I sleep alone.

Ah, well, there is no need to spill more prosaic words when there is my poetry waiting its readers. Enjoy it!

P\_ut me in a desert, shove me in a cave,  
U\_s'lly writing verses to begin I may.  
—  
R\_ather than in bed with boy to practice sex  
O\_ften I will try to rhyme some line of text.  
S\_o you better read what I've composed for you,  
A\_nd then I'll not curse you, but will say: adieu.

April 2018, Pissuaria Pudenderosa, Spain, European Union

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### **OH, WOMEN**

Oh, women, let us not reject the men, because  
They no<sup>o</sup>w more endangered are, than were before,

They weaker are, of no demand, and more depressed,  
And I am one of those, who why it's so, have guessed.

The men are born to rule, show strength, command,  
They poke in us, but then protect to have this right.  
They are like dogs to us, alone they can't  
Be happy, they are servant, but disguised as knights.

And now, when's clear that are we the major sex,  
And one man to us hundred is enough,  
And ruling question 's-anyway a bluff,  
Why should we feel deprived of fun? — this is the text.

Because, if we don't see this, men will, well, survive,  
And women, naturally, also will not die,  
But they becoming gays, we lesbians — and why?

2018, Pss Pu-rosa

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Etc. ...

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### **Dign Jing Finn**

Hello, hello, I an the Chinese Finn, where the first is seen by my Dign (and read with soft 'n', what is better to give in single quotes with 'j', like 'Dinj') Jing name, and the second by the family name. You see, my great-great-etc. grand-father, Jign Ming Bling, has come from China to Europe in the end of 13th century with the expedition of Marco Polo and has in the end settled in Finland because was from the northern China and liked cold weather. And you know that the Chinese understand nearly all world languages, because the primeval language was Chinese — and this is why they live everywhere, this is obvious — so that I have become interested, from my adolescent years, in learning of ancient Finn language, which, being not exactly of the Indo-European group of languages, turned out to stay pretty near to one Chinese dialect spoken in my family.

In this very old language, as some of you may have heard, was written the interesting poem *Valekala* (which must not be confused with *Kalevala*, by the way, this is a relatively new epos), where it goes about one divine young personage, the hunter Giohfs (rather

'Gjohfs'), whose ... prick was a three-barrel gun, with which he shot salvos of sperm-like substance, which hardened in the air in a jiffy and thus the prey was disabled and killed. This is a very imaginative poem (written with characters more or less similar to the Chinese) and as far as I have seen no other translation from this ancient language, and the adventures of this god are pretty interesting and falling in the scope of this brilliant book *Shitty But Frankly*, of the second-to-none author Chris Myrski, I decided to perform partial translation from this immortal book.

The part I have chosen deals with the demon Dung Dung (or Dung square or the like), who had seven heads, yet unlike the usual legends could not wear them at one and the same moment for the simple reason that he had one only neck! So they were changeable or spare heads, but I can't give here more explanations, they will be added further, after the Myrskets.

May 2018, Dign Jing Finn, Finland, European Union

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#### **DETACHING OF THE FIRST HEAD**

'Once up'on a time, in spring, on equinox,  
With the breaking of the day to hunt went Gjohfs.  
Polished he with spit the barrels of his gun  
Thinking: it's high time to punish this Dung Dung.

He decided t'make him blind, and then approach  
Swiftly, catch with bare hands the head, unscrew,  
What is possible to do, if nothing botched,  
For he's dead shot, fast as lightning, and brave, too.

Hid himself behind a stone, kept right hand on the eggs,  
Left one directing the barrels sharp, then, gee, at once:  
Left egg, left eye, right — the right, two salvos, like in dance,  
Flew ahead and hit and glued, sperm as if split from keg!

After what he, well, as you may guess,  
Took possession of Dung's trembling ass,  
Not with malice but in way of jest.

2018, D.J. Finn

P.S. Now let me explain what this Gjohfs means, because you know that in old times all names meant something. So his name means "the Great (god) OH, (who was born without) ForeSkin", what

is a nice and well defining name, I would say, while the usual names of all omnipotent beings in ancient times were (at least in the very old Chinese) Oh, or Ah, or Eh — in what you have to believe me, comparing also with Allah, or Christ, who in Turkish was called *Issah*, or also in Italian *Iddio* (especially if one takes away the "dio" /deo); or add also the known Latin *ave*. Yet he has other names, to which we'll come further.

Etc. ...

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**Chris Myrski**

**THE PHALLUS**

I always felt desire to mention,  
That phallus is the best of God's inventions.  
The chiefly reason being that it's ... fallen  
Most of the time, and then erect and swollen.

But it is also, surely, masterpiece,  
It looks like shaft, or cudgel, gun, or spike,  
And even when it's shrunken, like of cheese,  
It looks, still, decent, so that can be liked.

While woman's womb is different a thing,  
It seems putrescent, metamorphous place,  
It can't be deified, and in such case  
Remains the penis, destined hymns to sing.

So that I'm not a gay, but can't deny,  
That phallus is a thing to cry: wow, why,  
Just look, ah ho<sup>w</sup> nice, my God, oh my!

April 2018, Chris Myrski

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Etc. ...

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***Goodbye from all the crew***

May, 2018

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## **Introductory Remarks**

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Well, you know, such things happen, in most cases by itself. I mean that, as far as for a pair of years my new form of poetry, that is an analogue of the sonnet, but much *better*, more alive (because the rhythm changes with each couplet), and which was unanimously named Myrsket in my honour, become widely known all over the world, some, I would even add many, young authors, became so

enthusiastic with them, that began to compose their own Myrskets and send them to me for my expert assessment. And what could I do, unless to tell them that, all right, the verses are very good, let them continue in this way, and maybe after some 20 or so years they will reach and overpass even me, such things.

But then I said to myself: why not to make a fine collection from their verses, and publish them under my name, ah? For me this was good, because in this way I only copy the verses and collect the royalties, and for them, too, because they were ready even to pay me for to publish their works under my hat. So that I only said to them to restrict themselves with exactly seven Myrskets in their order, and with some small preface of their choice, and I ordered them in the chronological order of their receiving by me. In this way the lambs (these are the young authors) are whole and kicking, and the wolf (that's me, of course) is satiated.

Also I told them to use, when necessary, the introduced by me symbol "ø" for marking of additional syllable, that makes a good pair with the ellipsis ("...") symbol when a syllable is dropped, and allowed them to use a pair of lines for some comments to the verse (if they find that this is necessary). Some of them explain their names and /or pseudonyms, some not, this is up to them. And have in mind that they are, usually, not native English speakers, they use time and again some foreign word (which you can look up in the Internet, or with the help of some computer-translator or a dictionary), but I am also such, so that some errors may still remain here and there, yet nobody's perfect, as you know.

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Nice reading to you, dear readers, of the new pleiad of followers, or brethren of the pen, or friends in poetry, of the known modern poet

Chris Myrski, 2017 - 2018, Sofia, Bimbinistan (known also as Bulgaria, or the poorest European democratic area)

— — — — —

**Barbara Farpipi**

Welcome to you, a horde of my dear readers,  
*Ohne Bedeutung, mit oder ohne Glieder,*  
I am one of those writers who you can call titty,  
Yet I can assure you that I am also witty.

Judging by my family name I am Italian, and, really, I was born in the small *paese* Butanna, written with double "n" in contrast with that word with double "t", which if begins with "p" will mean the most widely spread, let's say *occupation*, of a girl. My real family name was Brippi, but as far as this meant nothing already my school mates called me Farpipi, what is to squatter and do this thing which men can quite well do standing, am I clear? But well, this is a nice sounding name, and when I came to my teens and began to *far l'amore* more often than I did this *pipi*, I come to the conclusion that this is a good enough pseudonym, and hence as you see, I use it now.

More details I don't think necessary to put here, because my Myrskets are, in fact, deeply felt, and portray me in more melodious way than the prosaic words can do. But OK, as to my tastes I can say, that I have *tasted* quite different "things", long, short, thick, fine, and so on, and they all are good enough to me, I am a liberal girl. And as to the poetical genres I can add that those of Myrski correspond so well to my own, that if I have not come to his verses I would have invented alone this genre.

Nov 2017, Barby Farpipi, Butanna, Italy, EU

— — —

### **WHEN I THINK**

When I think that I am from the women,  
But could have been one of those who semen  
Throw away and nature thus pollute,  
Can't avoid to send Got my salute.

'Cause to throw some juice can everybody,  
This as kind of pleasure 's-primitive,  
Still, I often offer them my body  
Like a ... dustbin, for I can forgive.

But to take, preserve in oneself, maybe grow,  
If a need is, future creature, sprout,  
Is important thing, methinks, no doubt,  
Hence I practice it by ten times in a row.

And the woman's generally better  
Organized and finely cut, like letter,  
And has in the sex more fun, what matters.

2017, Barby Farpipi

— — —

Etc. ...

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### **Hans Langerschwanz**

Funny authors make life better, they are not bad guys,  
Ohne Humor Leute leiden, und das jeder weiß,  
So that hurry all right now to read my verses,  
Denn man sagt oft, dass das Leben eben kurz ist.

Ah, my pseudonym sounds a bit funny, this means a long so to say prick, but it is in honour of my birth place, which is near the old, from the knightly times, place called *Schwanzentadt*, in the middle south part of the far-western Germany, which has now disappeared from the maps but was a known place for knightly fights in the middle ages. This is so because, you know, the knights have always a *Schwanz*, and the longer it is, the braver the knight is supposed to be, and in the old chronicles are officially reported cases measured as two finger spans (sometimes with a pair of inches more).

So, and as to my verses then they are usually of the Myski's type for the simple reason that I like them, i.e. funny, but also a bit intellectual, and with easy nursery rhymes. I have tried even to invent something own like form of the verses, but it turns out that it is not so easy, the sonnets are here, and the Myrskets and as if nothing else; maybe like (minding the end-rhymes) this: AA BBB CC DD EE FFF GG, but it is tedious to maintain it. Only in the septets are other options except the Myrskettinos. But then I have invented one acrostic SCH-haiku, which I would call *Scheiku* in German or *shaiku* in English (the Germans like much this 'sh' sound), like the following:

S\_ome peop<sup>o</sup>le say: it's not the penis all.  
C\_onfirm I this, 'cause there are the balls.  
H\_ey, guys, but this is to the same old goal.

And now, nice reading of my latest poetry.

Dec 2017, Ha. Langerschwanz, Schwanzenstadtgebiet, Germany,  
EU

— — —

### **THE PENIS**

Penis is the thing that matters most,  
And witho<sup>o</sup>ut it the men are lost,  
It is good not 'cause it's magnificent  
But because is made with great ambitions.

It's the rod, the scepter, shepherd's shaft,  
Symbol of the ruling since time ancient,  
Hence the man steps first, the other aft,  
And obey must women, children, nations.

Also it leaves often mucous juices,  
Like young sapling, or cut branch of tree,  
They are healthy, woman, made for thee,  
Or sometimes are funny, this amuses.

Still, it's other reason why to honour  
Are the men, who such contraption owner —  
Themselves spend they faster, early goners!

2017, Ha. Langerschwanz

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Etc. ...

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### **Piotr loberoff**

As you maybe have guessed by the name I am of Russian origin, yet it has to be written as Pjotr Joberov for the European readers (Germans, Frenchmen, etc.), and because I am writing in English I decided that loberoff is preferable (although Yoberov may also do), but the most important remark is that *jebatj /iebatj /yebatj* (where the last letter is for softening) means, if you'll pardon me, the well known copulating activity (*eblja* as a noun). Some other guy might

have been ashamed of this, but I, after falling under the influence of great Myrski, am not, because this activity is the quintessence of life, isn't it? Not that this family is widely spread in Russia, but these words are usually written in Cyrillic with "e", and the root *eber* is known amidst the Germans, and is ancient.

Now, I will leave my verses speak about me and my tastes and thoughts, so that I finish my introduction with the following acrostic:

P\_eople all the time move between life and death,  
E\_lse they lack the interest, bored become, degrade.  
T\_hey need also love in order to feel glad,  
E\_nergy to scoop for what they do, to mate.  
R\_ather this, then why one born was to regret.

Jan 2018, Piotr Ioboroff, Russia, Eurasia

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### **A FLY IN ... LOVE**

There was young flyess in the woods,  
She in love fell and I tell you would  
In more details amorous her dealings,  
If you promise me to show more feelings.

Hence she was young maiden in her teens\*  
When she met her flyer big and strong,  
They sucked vapours over a canteen,  
After what he poked her with his long.

She grew faster belly full with eggs,  
Stronger appetite, yet was still happy,  
Giving life so prosperous and rapid,  
With so many fluffing wings and legs.

She had later other lovers, true,  
Yet the first was who cased the ado,  
Others were for sex, what's not taboo.

2018, Ptr Ioboroff

Remark: here are meant not years, but days, of course.

— — —

Etc. ...

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### **Michel de Culot**

If some of my readers think, that my family has to be written in French as *culotte*, I have to tell them that they are right, but this is old French, and more interesting is the history of this name, and why it has become our family name. So according to our chronicles it has arisen in old times, in the year ... 1234.5, i.e. exactly in the midsummer day of 1234th year A.D., when my fore-fore-etc.-father Michul has issued a decree, each year to every woman serf after 12 to be given free half a dozen *culottes*, and the masculine part to be presented then with a bowler hat. So, and the reason for this was simple, he liked to watch how the serfs worked (I also like this, it is nice to sit in an armchair and look at the people working hard), but did not like to look at bare women bottoms! Yeah, but he still continued to look at the naked hind parts of the women, because they have worn the pants only in the winter, what they have done because they, the pants, were woolen, what was so because the wool was much cheaper than the cotton, to say nothing about the silk, and there were no nylon fibers in those days.

OK, this should be enough as introduction, isn't it? And now my short name-acrostic, of the kind tah-tah-t'ah:

C\_ould I l'ive until h'undred and scr'ew  
U\_p till last of my days on the Earth,  
L\_etting my prick from red turn to blue,  
O\_h, I will then live life filled with mirth!  
T\_o be su<sup>re</sup> I will this, and you?

Feb 2018, Michel de Culot, France, EU

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### **THE CHASTE GIRL**

Mon Dieu, I love this girl so very much,  
But she does not allo<sup>w</sup> me to touch  
Her boldly sticking teat with mere brushing hand,  
Not mentioning my juices with her own to blend.

And why has given God this body-"pocket",  
If not for something to be pocked and shoved and pushed?

And after one, that's me, has stuck his "rocket",  
To canter for some time, and then to rush and blush.

Because they must be used all body parts.  
What if the guts and anus empty are for month?  
Quite similar's the situation with the cunt;  
And I must also exercise my "dart".

So that I love her, not denying this, but still,  
Without hard sex love is simply infant'il,  
And I can not long stand this roasting on a grill.

2018, M. De Culot

— — —

Etc. ...

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### **Uybre Haremdzhi**

Hi, guys and girls, I am Uybre and was born in the Bosphorus, really, but in the European part of it. More precisely in a fisher's boat because my father was arm fishermen and his wife wanted not to remain alone at home and did not believe, naturally, that exactly in this day she will give birth to me, yet it happened so, and my father was forced to fulfill that day functions of a midwife. And my name was a verbalization of happy exclamation cry of my father seeing that I am his third son, appearing in this world, and with, I beg your pardon, hardened little penis, and, as it turned out later, also with ... three balls, honestly. I stress that the syllable 'uj' is something like ah or oh, though in the neighbouring Bulgaria *exactly* this means a penis, what is 'huj' in Russian, but it is so with the exclamations, they sometimes mean something (like your "whore" is a ho-ho). And Haremdzhi (Haremci in Turkish) is the family name, which the father of my father of my father, during the time of Atatürk, has chosen, because he was a poor man and all his life wanted to be rich enough to buy himself at least three wives.

So, and later, in my late teens, I succeeded to emigrate in Europe, and performing for some time various odd jobs have collected enough money to inscribe in Trinity College Oxford (because I had three balls, right?), and graduated from it in Oriental Studies (with the thesis: "On the prescribed length of rahat-lokumi in various religious rituals

at time of Sassanid dynasty"). So that I am a scientist, but part-time also a poet. That's it. Bye-bye.

U\_nquestionably women are bit silly,  
Y\_et they are nice and warm and show more feelings,  
-  
D\_eceiving us with all this, by the way.  
Z\_ooology of human beings may  
H\_armonious quite not always be, but gay  
I\_'m not, so sexual urge with girls am stilling.

March 2018, Uybre Haremdzhi, Bosphorus, Europe & Asia Minor

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### **SIMILES**

A woman is — old metaphor — a rose,  
That even when is curled to you in pose,  
Has many hidden sharp and prickly thorns,  
Which her protect, but, in a way, adorn.

So that all roses thorny are, yet's not this,  
What peop<sup>le</sup> puzzles, but the opposite,  
That thorns exist without roses — got it? —,  
What's not just, neither moral, not a bit.

Or also she is liken with sea shell,  
All pinky, pulpy, soft inside like peach,  
So that the goal is this inside to reach,  
If you are man and hard's your "tool" as well.

The bad thing is that she is often bird of prey,  
That feeds on men, turns their strength to weakness, hey!  
And God allo<sup>ws</sup> this, for many men obey,

2018, Uy -dzhi

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Etc. ...

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## **Pissuaria Pudenderosa**

If you think that Pissuaria comes from the pissing then you are wrong, because it is from the root of your pussy, of course, which can mutate even to 'kisa' in Russian, or *Katze* in German (where from is your kitty), and in Bulgarian is exactly 'pisi'. So that I thought earlier to shorten my name to Pissy, then to Pussy, and then came to only Pss, what is the more basic root for something small, like pie or pea, or piece, or pious. But this is old Spanish, people, the characters mutate, like also with my family name which does not come from Latin *pudenda* but from the potency (*potentia* in Latin), which somehow comes from Greek god ... *Poseidonos*, and the ending *-rosa* is for making of comparative form. Still, I shorten also my family name to Pu-rosa, because I just like roses, right?

Then I have to add that I have begun to write verses in my children years, but only when I met the world-known Myrski I got the right way to do this, it is in bed, while sleeping, or rather while am a bit awakened (say, to make love) but not entire. So that like he kept a pen and notebook at his side of the bed, in the same way I kept another copy on my side; since that time I do so even when I sleep alone.

Ah, well, there is no need to spill more prosaic words when there is my poetry waiting its readers. Enjoy it!

P\_ut me in a desert, shove me in a cave,  
U\_s'llly writing verses to begin I may.  
-  
R\_ather than in bed with boy to practice sex  
O\_ften I will try to rhyme some line of text.  
S\_o you better read what I've composed for you,  
A\_nd then I'll not curse you, but will say: adieu.

April 2018, Pissuaria Pudenderosa, Spain, European Union

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## **OH, WOMEN**

Oh, women, let us not reject the men, because  
They no<sup>o</sup>w more endangered are, than were before,  
They weaker are, of no demand, and more depressed,  
And I am one of those, who why it's so, have guessed.

The men are born to rule, show strength, command,  
They poke in us, but then protect to have this right.  
They are like dogs to us, alone they can't

Be happy, they are servant, but disguised as knights.

And now, when's clear that are we the major sex,  
And one man to us hundred is enough,  
And ruling question 's-anyway a bluff,  
Why should we feel deprived of fun? — this is the text.

Because, if we don't see this, men will, well, survive,  
And women, naturally, also will not die,  
But they becoming gays, we lesbians — and why?

2018, Pss Pu-rosa

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Etc. ...

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### **Dign Jing Finn**

Hello, hello, I an the Chinese Finn, where the first is seen by my Dign (and read with soft 'n', what is better to give in single quotes with 'j', like 'Dinj') Jing name, and the second by the family name. You see, my great-great-etc. grand-father, Jign Ming Bling, has come from China to Europe in the end of 13th century with the expedition of Marco Polo and has in the end settled in Finland because was from the northern China and liked cold weather. And you know that the Chinese understand nearly all world languages, because the primeval language was Chinese — and this is why they live everywhere, this is obvious — so that I have become interested, from my adolescent years, in learning of ancient Finn language, which, being not exactly of the Indo-European group of languages, turned out to stay pretty near to one Chinese dialect spoken in my family.

In this very old language, as some of you may have heard, was written the interesting poem *Valekala* (which must not be confused with *Kalevala*, by the way, this is a relatively new epos), where it goes about one divine young personage, the hunter Giohfs (rather 'Gjohfs'), whose ... prick was a three-barrel gun, with which he shot salvos of sperm-like substance, which hardened in the air in a jiffy and thus the prey was disabled and killed. This is a very imaginative poem (written with characters more or less similar to the Chinese) and as far as I have seen no other translation from this ancient language, and the adventures of this god are pretty interesting and

falling in the scope of this brilliant book *Shitty But Frankly*, of the second-to-none author Chris Myrski, I decided to perform partial translation from this immortal book.

The part I have chosen deals with the demon Dung Dung (or Dung square or the like), who had seven heads, yet unlike the usual legends could not wear them at one and the same moment for the simple reason that he had one only neck! So they were changeable or spare heads, but I can't give here more explanations, they will be added further, after the Myrskets.

May 2018, Dign Jing Finn, Finland, European Union

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### **DETACHING OF THE FIRST HEAD**

'Once up'on a time, in spring, on equinox,  
With the breaking of the day to hunt went Gihfs.  
Polished he with spit the barrels of his gun  
Thinking: it's high time to punish this Dung Dung.

He decided t'make him blind, and then approach  
Swiftly, catch with bare hands the head, unscrew,  
What is possible to do, if nothing botched,  
For he's dead shot, fast as lightning, and brave, too.

Hid himself behind a stone, kept right hand on the eggs,  
Left one directing the barrels sharp, then, gee, at once:  
Left egg, left eye, right — the right, two salvos, like in dance,  
Flew ahead and hit and glued, sperm as if split from keg!

After what he, well, as you may guess,  
Took possession of Dung's trembling ass,  
Not with malice but in way of jest.

2018, D.J. Finn

P.S. Now let me explain what this Gihfs means, because you know that in old times all names meant something. So his name means "the Great (god) OH, (who was born without) ForeSkin", what is a nice and well defining name, I would say, while the usual names of all omnipotent beings in ancient times were (at least in the very old Chinese) Oh, or Ah, or Eh — in what you have to believe me, comparing also with Allah, or Christ, who in Turkish was called *Issah*, or also in Italian *Iddio* (especially if one takes away the "dio" /deo); or add also the known Latin *ave*. Yet he has other names, to which

we'll come further.

Etc. ...

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**Chris Myrski**

**THE PHALLUS**

I always felt desire to mention,  
That phallus is the best of God's inventions.  
The chiefly reason being that it's ... fallen  
Most of the time, and then erect and swollen.

But it is also, surely, masterpiece,  
It looks like shaft, or cudgel, gun, or spike,  
And even when it's shrunken, like of cheese,  
It looks, still, decent, so that can be liked.

While woman's womb is different a thing,  
It seems putrescent, metamorphous place,  
It can't be deified, and in such case  
Remains the penis, destined hymns to sing.

So that I'm not a gay, but can't deny,  
That phallus is a thing to cry: wow, why,  
Just look, ah ho<sup>w</sup> nice, my God, oh my!

April 2018, Chris Myrski

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Etc. ...

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***Goodbye from all the crew***

May, 2018

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