

ANDREW HUDGINS

*My Mother Predicts Travel to
Exotic Destinations*

Shut up and study harder.
You'd have to be a fool
to get these grades. Another *F*
and it's military school.

Or better yet, enlist—
and let the army try to feed you.
Then you can gripe about their food
and what they guaranteed you.

All you do here is snarl—
and stomp downstairs for chow
You're eating us into the poorhouse.
You're like a garbage scow.

Yes, all you do is eat—
and chase your cheap blonde slut.
Do you think that minx will visit you
when the prison door slams shut?

If you tried, you might enjoy
girls who study books,
hold down a steady job—or two—
and maybe even cook.

But they don't have dyed hair
and fake breasts like that tart
who'll have you stealing from the till
and robbing Quickee-Mart

to keep her pimp in cocaine
and her babies in day-care.
And she'll be with another man
when you reach the electric chair.

And only Mom will be there
when you lose your appeal—
to tell you not to gulp your food
when you eat your final meal.