

### An Ode to a Fuckwit (Sonnet)

He's a fuckwit. You may know one as well.

Dealing with them is a shit tonne of hell.

When angry, you've a face like a smacked arse.

The way you manage a team, such a farce.

As a baby were you dropped from a height?

You've grown into an annoying gob shite.

Though there may be no I in team you prick,

Be assured, there's three in narcissistic.

You've the mentality of an ass hat.

I'd rather work for Trump than you, ya' twat.

When you said 'tis your way or the highway.

I say, go play marbles on't motorway.

I'm done dealing with you now, ya' bastard.

Right, I'm off to the pub to get plastered.

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