

No decayed food

Lobes of bony ass,
Stick out of stunted shrub,
Prom known habit of other days,
Not too long ago.
The owner strains to push,
Non-existent faeces
Prom dried-up rectum.

Full spittle flies,
Through stick and mouth
Of once bony chick,
Lands on bony ass.
At last,
something to clean
With green leaves
That fill bony hands.