

## Facebook-Published Poems

*Being a randomly curated collection of poems I happen to have posted on Facebook at one time or another, therefore rendering them unsuitable for being submitted for publication elsewhere.*

*All poems by David Oscar Knuttunen*

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## **Crow Eats It**

*(with due deference to the original)*

The man thought thoughts  
Big ones, wide and deep  
For a while  
And Crow ate well

The man did deeds.  
Bold ones. Daring ones.  
Traveling all over the world  
Then back  
To die in his birth-bed  
And Crow ate well.

The man, Ted Hughes not,  
Never a laureate  
But wrote some stuff then, naught,  
Not  
And Crow he ate.



## **Material Science**

*(apropos of nothing)*

Her alabaster face shows no regret.  
She murmurs velvet, “You know I love you so.”  
Tears salt a glass of amber acid, yet  
This whisky, sour, scours no chase  
Where love can flow.



David O. Knuttunen

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Rhyme or Reason?  
I'll take a breather, and  
This day vote for having neither.  
(Or perhaps I'll not.  
May depend on if you're a Brit.)

FRANK & ERNEST BOB THAVES



## **The Reading List**

Each book will chain to other books  
The author used to write 'em,  
And those will chain to many more,  
And so, ad infinitum

*(with apologies to Swift and de Morgan)*

## **#SeedMABaby**

Medea said "Seed  
ma babys from the dragon's teeth  
lover - sow  
war ma father seeks  
your doom - will keep me  
doom ma babies, lover  
a stone will keep you - naught  
preserve ma babys when  
Ah find you false"

## **Broke-down Sexbot Blues**

I'm just a broke-down sexbot, baby,  
Lost that drive of steel.  
Broke-down sexbot,  
Lost that drive of steel.  
My piston's busted, and my  
Gears won't turn your wheel.

Ain't no sex mechanic, baby, can  
Grease my grindin' parts.  
Ain't got no sex mechanic to  
Lube my grindin' parts.  
When my crank stopped crankin', y'know it  
Broke a thousand hearts.

Well I was plastic fantastic and a  
Steel-blue sex machine.  
Plastic fantastic and a  
Well-oiled sex machine.  
Now I'm the biggest walkin' scrap heap that the  
World has ever seen.



## **Thermodynamic Blues**

I can't win, I can't break even, and I can't get out of  
the game.

I can't win, I can't break even, and I can't get out of  
the game.

There's too much heat to my emotion, and baby,  
you're the one to blame.

The sunshine through my window shows how the  
dust swirls 'round my room.

Where the sun shines through my window, it shows  
how the dust swirls 'round my room.

All my efforts at equilibrium break down in chaos,  
doom and gloom.

Well, there's a rhyme to every reason, and a science  
to despair.

There's a rhyme to every reason, and a science to  
despair.

Our relationship's entropic, but what hurts is that  
you just don't care.



## **Coronavirus Rag**

And it's one, two, three,  
What're we masking for?  
Don't ask me I don't give a hoot,  
Keep that swab away from my snoot!

And it's five, six, seven,  
Open up the beach - don't wait!  
Well I'm not sure why,  
But I'm a YOLO guy.  
Whoopee! We're all gonna die.

-- *With apologies to Country Joe and the Fish*

## **How Distractible**

*(to the tune of “Insensatez”)*

How distractible I seem to be  
In this time of social distance.

How distractible, when all I have  
Is time and social media.

I need some groceries,  
So I go the computer,  
But I end up trolling FaceBook.

I go and wash my hands  
For the hundredth time,  
Then I start the chain all over...



## **That Spurious Notion**

*(to the tune of "It came upon a midnight clear")*

By a tortured process, there did appear  
That spurious notion of old,  
That folks in their struggles upon this earth  
Need a concept more precious than gold.

The ancient shamans they took the hint -  
Their power could be enhanced.  
By belief that fortune is heaven-sent  
They kept the people entranced.

No facts presented aren't better explained  
By naturalistic means.  
Still people cling to the powerful friend  
That lives within their dreams.

My faith, they say, cannot be disproved  
by reason's unwavering rule.  
Their need for comfort, however false,  
Holds their minds irredeemably fooled.