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saad haddad is dead
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I was poking at a wilted salad from burger king,
when I heard the news.
He died in bed.
They called it cancer, but
I know better.
You see the people's militia marched
into his intestines.
Handgrenaded his liver. And massed
a frontal attack on the kidneys.

Weeds are now decorating his plot
and the rumour is that grazing sheep
are producing two-headed freaks.
His virgins named mary have been
seen lately at the wailing wall trying
to conjure up some sleek pigs copulating
in the missionary position. But to no avail.
The pepsi can people he crushed and
redeemed, a penny a piece are screaming down
black clots on clean folks unused to soot.
They also redecorated the holiday inn.

But this funky old chameleon seems
to grow another tale as fast
as we can pull them off.