

Jacob Harkins
Period 2
Poetry

The Reign of Midas

They shone in the sun
Hands clasped
Standing still
Covered in Gold
An abundance of lovers
Watching over I saw
A beautiful Statue.
At the side of the lavish king
Perhaps his daughter

Death to Smoochy
Death to stock
Death to Stalin
Death to tennis

Death to Scooby
Death to spock
Death to the taxin
Death to The Capitalist

Death to them all
Death to Lucy O'Ball
Death to Hope
Death to the Pope

Death come to me
Death, I do not wish to be
Death hear this call
Death kill them all

I miss the old Jacob, straight from the Go Jacob
Chop up the soul Jacob, set on his goals Jacob
I hate the new Jacob, the bad mood Jacob
The always rude Jacob, spaz in the news Jacob
I miss the sweet Jacob, chop up the beats Jacob
I gotta say, at that time I'd like to meet Jacob
See, I invented Jacob, it wasn't any Jacobs
And now I look and look around and there's so many Jacobs
I used to love Jacob, I used to love Jacob
I even had the pink polo, I thought I was Jacob
What if Jacob made a song about Jacob
Called "I Miss The Old Jacob"? Man, that'd be so Jacob
That's all it was Jacob, we still love Jacob
And I love you like Jacob loves Jacob