Maxann Keller

In the Land of Mirth

A goblin of green
eyes of pewter
a bucket of muck
surely would suit her
She romps and she plays
in a cave so dreary
it’s a wonder this world
would ever so fear thee
She smiles forth teeth
rotten with wear
warts on her skin
roaches writhe in her hair
A belly that bounces
with the hint of a grin
blondish red hairs
dangle from her chin
nails like plywood
molding in foam
saliva that glistens
like puddles of chrome
a rotten stench rises
from each filthy pore
that comes from the grime
that lives at her core
But beneath the green skin
a beating heart resides
containing more love
than the outside implies
so next time you see
a goblin of green
before you turn heels
to run and scream
look past the horror
of their skin or their eyes
because any green goblin
could be friend in disguise