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