saad haddad is dead

by

Christine Choi

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.