

A poem made out of total and utter randomness

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A poem that just literally wrote itself. I sat on a chair and the keyboard...well...it isn't hairy...

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Hey diddle riddle, a dog n a fiddle did fly somewhere random at noon

They landed at Heathrow

Forgot to park in the lot and got towed

This poem is going nowhere...

But why do I type when there is no hair

On the keyboard

Or man I wish I was a lord

Of doggies!

This poem was made out of complete randomness. Please tell me why I write such crappy nonsense