

I Hate Your Blog

MC Frontalot

I hate your blog.
It's incredibly
terrible and bad.

I hate your blog. You own a dog, and you feed it.
You post about it. I get to read it.
Plus: five paragraphs on the socks you bought
and your thoughts on whether Nicole Ritchie's hot or not.
You got no reason to be typing, yet you persist.
Hit each key with your fist till you punch out your top ten list
of all the things that ever happened in your life.
Number one: met Michael Jackson's second wife.
Number two: got Curly on the Which Stooge Are You
Poll, as the GIF proves. Click for the link-through!
Three: saw puppy pictures on a web page,
kittens in a nest egg. The idea gestated:
Why not open up your own?
So you bought the account and yet I hope you don't
put the payments in on it every month like they want,
'cause then you'll disappear off the internet, haunt
just the Wayback Machine like a ghost.
And I won't be like, "How come you don't post??"
I promise I won't.

I hate your blog. Your recipe for vegan eggnog is stupid.
I hissed and I booed it,
and then eschewed it, never made it once. Yes,
your blog roll is a confederacy of dunces.
It abuts less interesting links in your posts.
Hamsters that dance! I'm not engrossed.
I'm not opposed to your collection of All Your Base pics,
but they're longer in the denture than a ninja flipping out doing face kicks
.
I'll phrase this nice:
if it's hard to get to bed, your web site will suffice
to entice me to slumber. I mumble impolitically,
"I tried not to click 'read more' but you tricked me!"
Want to stick the whole computer in the trash can
instead of reading about the constipation lately and your ass plans
that you seem to contemplate.
You thought I would rate your page 'awesome' and 'great'?

You're just jealous. Yeah, that's it – envious, even.
Turning green when my hit counter broke ten thousand this evening.
Mad you cant match my keypad content
or petitions for legalizing of micropayment thieving.
X-rays of teething eight-month heathens and pictures of kittens heaving,
the calories in everything I'm eating,
yaoi art my girl drew of Goku making out with Joss Whedon,
my 300-pound friend's exposure (that's indecent).
But that's only negatives.
I've got discussions on the homeliest alien relative.
The final battle, Sam Cassell versus Carnage
and a triple-
threat match: Charles v. Marilyn v. Shirley Manson from Garbage.
I pay homage to great Americans like Bill O'Reilly and Ann Coulter