

The Heckler

Primus

Through the door it slithers in,
Accompanied by its peers.
Always groveling for attention,
While no one really hears.
In its mind it's full of wit
And quite the social king.
It plants itself among the rest,
To give its deadly sting.

It's just a matter of opinion.

Further now there's a man of taste.
Of talent and precision.
To work and strive at his art form.
Has been his life's decision.
The stage is set. The perfect show
Is put before the mass.
Only to be ridiculed
By some slimy, pompous ass.

It's just a matter of opinion.