

# RYAN SAMUELS

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## I SHOULD BE ARRESTED (I HOPE YOU ALL GET OFFENDED)

### A GUIDE ON HOW TO SUICIDE BOMB SOCIETY WITH POETRY

They insulated my heater, stole my wife so i couldn't beat her, made me go to the polling booth so i could vote in my old teacher, i can't take the pressure, i'm too tightly wound, trying to get mind redesigned out this ant mound, maybe i need to shut the fuck up and calm down, maybe i need to get off the smack and come round, fuck that, do smack, wear caps, smoke crack, do acid drops while trying to get off by watching me on TV, in court screaming 'Fuck off, i don't kill hookers, just cops'

I'm an ounce of all kindsa ima eat your children, better run back to church, grab the preacher and get him to help you hide them, gunna pounce up out the bush like some pygmy version of Mike Tyson what never had ears so he had nothing to get eaten, some kinda pissed off spaceman, just landed on earth to find Naomi Robson doing a story 'bout how the boat people are needing to get beaten, i'll grab that slut, rip her head off and throw it at Ray Martin

Insane beating, sweating like a guy who just walked out of Bang without a whore on each arm, needing more iron and vitamins, need to rob a store and break hymens, some kinda sick fiend, an insane dead end, fuck facebook, all my friends are in my head, i don't care what your friends said, just 'cause i'm broke doesn't mean i don't got the cash to buy you a beating, this lecture hall has no seating, i'll pounce the teacher and make him explain what these red bumps are

Stole a car, crashed onto the set of 'dancing with the stars', took out Todd McKenney and Sonia Kruger in one hit, grabbed Rob Mills and started to spit 'how the fuck do you still get work?' got the leg jerks, and a smug smirk, i'm James T Kirk, laying strange women, in the interests of exploration, i'll go there again, need stronger medication to get rid of this pain, i chew rohypnol, fuck ritalin, i'd rather be passed out than paying attention to pig puppet politicians trying to hide their snouts

Inside out and upside down, i've got something against every race and religion in this town, and it's too cold to go outside without a weapon drawn, too wide awake to go to sleep before dawn while i'm dancing drunk naked on your lawn, i make you afraid to leave your house, so my job is halfway done, what? fuck off, i had nothing to do with Jimmy Barnes doing a duet with his retarded son, but i am the guy who will pay you for high treason, you don't need a reason, strap this poem to your chest, run into that mcdonalds, grab this button and press