

R o y M a s h

The Blob

Its *raison d'être* is being a slob.
It lives to drool, to swell and ooze and spew.
Nothing could be more godless than The Blob.

Sloppily it manages to bob
itself along. Poor boob, poor soulless slough.
What else does it have but being a slob?

Honestly, it's only doing its job,
Melting people into pools of goo.
Nothing could be more clueless than The Blob.

It has no inner life. It's just a glob,
A thoughtless, gruesome, wandering fondue.
From day one, it was meant to be a slob.

One couldn't call it evil. Corn on the cob
Is more malevolent than this lamb of glue.
Nothing could be more blameless than The Blob.

One day you too may be sucked into its gob,
Become a Blob yourself. Lucky you!
To be reborn a clueless, blameless slob.
Nothing could be more godlike than The Blob.

