

The Flyting Thread

A /lit/ Poetry Collection

By Anonymous

The Original Post - The Snake

Her tongue slips in between my cheeks. A snake!
 It darts, it flicks and dances 'round my hole.
 My thighs clench up, both legs begin to shake.
 Soft hands, so deft, reach up to grab my pole.
 One fist gripped tight, she plays rusty trombone.
 With painted nails she flicks my hairy taint.
 What skill! Ye Gods! I raise my head to moan-
 She perseveres and won't stop till I faint.
 Agog with lust, insane with carnal joy,
 This slut, cunt wet, bitch-mad, slows down her stroke.
 So hungry for my seed, my shaft a toy,
 Her mouth clamps down, I pump to make her choke.
 I pull her hair and squirt as her head bobs.
 Your mom - my word! - She gives the best blow jobs.

#1 - The Snake

A bead of sweat rolls down your furrowed brow.
 Your scented flesh aflame with passion's rouge,
 Ashine, aglow, with love's wet juice. Oh wow!
 My lips suck hard one breast; I leave a bruise.
 A nibble here, a nibble there, you bite
 My goose-flesh skin. I quiver, shake! Ah, fate!
 With finger curled I plunge in pink so tight,
 Your cheeks flush red, and eyes flash fire, lips wait.
 Pink nipples stand with twists of flitting tongue.
 Your girl-hands play with my flushed throbbing meat.
 We couple, hard, you gasp as if you're stung.
 Through humps and thrusts our cries do Heaven greet.
 Our eyes squeezed shut, we work in perfect sync.
 I come, you're close, you writhe just on the brink.

#2 - Rimbaud

You write of rim-jobs. Rimbaud beat you to it,
and Verlaine, in Les Stupra, when they wrote
a sonnet on a rim-job. If you knew it
you should have let us know in some foot-note.
I happen to like rim-jobs. Giving, receiving.
When someone says "this tastes like ass" I think
"No I know what ass tastes like," and believing
it tastes sublime, and not like some sports drink
or whatever "tastes like ass" to them. But as to taste,
My taste in poetry is more exacting.
When Rimbaud and Verlaine write better, what a waste
Is is that you write drivel, now attracting
The wrath of one who loves to lick an ass
But still would flunk you in a writing class.

Leah Sublime - Aleister Crowley

Leah Sublime,
Goddess above me!
Snake of the slime
Alostrael, love me!
Our master, the devil
Prosper the revel.

Tread with your foot
My heart til it hurt!
Tread on it, put
The smear of your dirt
On my love, on my shame
Scribble your name!

Straddle your Beast
My Masterful Bitch
With the thighs of you greased
With the Sweat of your Itch!
Spit on me, scarlet
Mouth of my harlot!

Now from your wide
Raw cunt, the abyss,
Spend spouting the tide
Of your sizzling piss
In my mouth; oh my Whore
Let it pour, let it pour!

You stale like a mare
And fart as you stale;
Through straggled wet hair
You spout like a whale.
Splash the manure
And piss from the sewer.

Down to me quick
With your tooth on my lip
And your hand on my prick
With feverish grip

My life as it drinks--
How your breath stinks!

Your hand, oh unclean
Your hand that has wasted
Your love, in obscene
Black masses, that tasted
Your soul, it's your hand!
Feel my prick stand!

Your life times from lewd
Little girl, to mature
Worn whore that has chewed
Your own pile of manure.
Your hand was the key to--
And now your frig me, too!

Rub all the much
Of your cunt on me, Leah
Cunt, let me suck
All your glued gonorrhoea!
Cunt without end!
Amen! til you spend!

Cunt! you have harboured
All dirt and disease
In your slimy unbarbered
Loose hole, with its cheese
And its monthlies, and pox
You chewer of cocks!

Cunt, you have sucked
Up pricks, you squirted
Out foetuses, fucked
Til bastards you blurted
Out into space--
Spend on my face!

Rub all your gleet away!
Envenom the arrow.

May your pox eat away
Me to the marrow.
Cunt you have got me;
I love you to rot me!

Spend again, lash me!
Leah, one spasm
Scream to splash me.
Slime of the chasm
Choke me with spilth
Of your sow-belly's filth.

Stab your demonical
Smile to my brain!
Soak me in cognac
Cunt and cocaine;
Sprawl on me! Sit
On my mouth, Leah, shit!

Shit on me, slut!
Creamy the curds
That drip from your gut!
Greasy the turds!
Dribble your dung
On the tip of my tongue!

Churn on me, Leah!
Twist on your thighs!
Smear diarrhoea
Into my eyes!
Splutter out shit
From the bottemless pit.

Turn to me, chew it
With me, Leah, whore!
Vomit it, spew it
And lick it once more.
We can make lust
Drunk on disgust.

Splay out your gut,
Your ass hole, my lover!
You buggering slut,
I know where to shove her!
There she goes, plumb
Up the foul Bitch's bum!

Sackful of skin
And bone, as I speak
I'll bugger your grin
Into a shriek.
Bugger you, slut
Bugger your gut!

Wriggle, you hog!
Wrench at the pin!
Wrench at it, drag
It half out, suck it in!
Scream, you hog dirt, you!
I want it to hurt you!

Beast-Lioness, squirt
From your Cocksucker's hole!
Belch out the dirt
From your Syphillis soul.
Splutter foul words
Through your supper of turds!

May the Devil our lord, your
Soul scribble over
With sayings of ordure!
Call me your lover!
Slave of the gut
Of the arse of a slut!

Call me your sewer
Of spilth and snot
Your fart-sniffer, chewer
Of the shit in your slot.
Call me that as you rave

In the rape of your slave.

Fuck! Shit! Let me come
 Alostrael--Fuck!
 I've spent in your bum.
 Shit! Give me the muck
 From my whore's arse, slick
 Dirt of my prick!

Eat it, you sow!
 I'm your dog, fuck, shit!
 Swallow it now!
 Rest for a bit!
 Satan, you gave
 A crown to a slave.

I am your fate, on
 Your belly, above you.
 I swear it by Satan
 Leah, I love you.
 I'm going insane
 Do it again!

#3 - Aleister Crowley

When Celia cums tis earthquakes hour,
 The bed vibrates like kettle drums,
 it is a grand display of power when Celia cums.

When Celia farts, my hasty nose sniffs up the fragrance of her parts.
 Shamed are the violets and the rose when Celia farts

#4 - The Snake *(In response to #2)*

"I'd flunk you in a writing class." You fool!
 What fallow mind hast thee, dumb uncouth git.
 Your meter sucks, your poem is a pool
 Of filth, of ass, of suck, of trash, of shit.

#5 - Rimbaud (*In response to #4*)

You'd flyte with me? You know not what you do.
 Like Byron or Archilochus, I am a master.
 And when you dare rhyme back at me, then you
 Will get fucked, harder, deeper, but not faster
 Than when I fucked your mom, and then your father,
 And both declared my cock was now their god.
 Wait, I wouldn't fuck you. Why would I bother?
 I'll stick both fists up your ass, then applaud.

#6 - Unnamed #1 (*In response to #5*)

You rhyme, you little shit?
 I'll shove a potato up your ass
 And churn it in your pit;
 I'd make your shit into a lather
 and smear it in your eyes--
 not laugh at you, as I would rather
 shove it in by surprise
 Then fuck your ass raw until it bleeds
 By the breadth of my prick
 Until you finally do concede
 In /lit/ you are a tick

#7 - The Snake (*In response to #5*)

Ignorant weasel! Ass-clown, fag, baboon!
 Thy rhymes are as weak as my flaccid cock,
 As I pull him from your mom's dripping poon.
 Desirest thee flyte? Prepare for shit-talk.

#8 - Rimbaud

Another time I rhyme, and I take aim
 Below the belt, although a microscope
 Is necessary to find and name
 Your balls, if you've got them---But I hope
 You do, so I can use my sharpened fangs
 To chomp through your scrotum, and then suck
 Each prairie-oyster out, while you feel pangs
 Of remorse for rhyming, you brain-dead fuck.
 You call that poetry? Clearly you drink
 From no Hippocrene but a hippo's cock,
 Your muse is really on the rag, I think.
 What you call poetry I merely mock
 As thin noisome diarrhea you leave pooled between us.
 But now I'll do the worst thing that I could do:
 I'll consider your life, your verse, your tiny penis
 And finally decide I ought to **pity** you.

#9 - Anonymous

I am a woman:
 I do not have a penis;
 You only barely!

#10 - Rimbaud (*In response to #9*)

Is that haiku, bitch?
 Where's the kigo-season, bitch?
 My kireji is "bitch".

#11 - Anonymous

Itching to use a sharp-tongued new trope?
 I'll make you itch, twat, when I rip you up.
 Your bung-hole spread wide, you'll scream without hope.
 My cum I'll drip in from a spermy cup.

#12 - Unnamed #1

Your meter won't save you
 Not rhyme and not diction
 Nor the words that you chew
 For your skill is fiction

#13 - Rimbaud (*In response to #11*)

Those syphilitic spirochaetes inside your brain
 Must have devoured your ability to write.
 You call this flyting but I feel no pain.
 I jerk off to worse than this on /b/ each night.
 And your poignant desire to respond to me
 Is hardly wounding. It's really kind of nice.
 The way you keep crawling towards my crotch, I see
 A poet who believe's he's pubic lice.
 I'm sorry if that image makes you sick,
 But you're the one who seems half-sick with lust.
 Still, I wouldn't fuck you with a borrowed dick.
 And if I used my own, I'd pound your ass to dust.

#14 - Anonymous (*In response to #12*)

Yet my fiction's supreme,
 And my verse is superior.
 Just like my hot cream
 dripping from your posterior.

#15 - Anonymous (*In response to #13*)

Your insults fall lightly, farts in a storm.
 A playground is tougher than your sad verse.
 You want to hit hard? Then use proper form.
 You lightweight! Mute child! Learn how to curse!

Your mom called last night, "Come, please, I need you!"
 I found my dildo, some rubbers, and lube.
 Stopped at a toilet, pushed out a fast poo
 Then fucked your dear mum with a TP tube.

#16 - Unnamed #1

Standing right there, you
 Cough out those words:
 "I want to rape you"
 speak as coward-
 ly as your typing
 echoes outward
 while you are fretting--
 bawing, you sulk
 As I am getting
 Near with my bulk--
 Rectum petting
 As you type and sulk!

#17 - Anonymous

snivelling lyricists could kiss
 the cysts on a festering cunt's lips
 and claim that they were loving soft
 pedals of a roses dipped in sunlight.
 verse is a game for clubfooted cocksuckers
 when i first inhaled its poison i coft
 grabbed my cock and with that fearsome dagger
 mutilated my god given sight.

#18 - Rimbaud (*In response to #15*)

You seem to think you're being obscene?
 Yet no insult you land has a thump in it.
 Your poems emerge more sad than unclean,
 Like a grandmother's fart with a lump in it.

When I spoke to **your** mother, she said in the womb
 You shift your position to somehow make room
 For your dad's needledick to fuck her then pass
 Up into her cervix and deep into your ass.
 Your mum says that you're her gay pride and bent joy,
 Cause she needs every fiver you make as a rent-boy.

#19 - Anonymous (*In response to #18*)

Oh, couplets now, is that how we'll roll?
My impeccable meter has taken its toll?
You twatbearded manchild, your floppy dick
Does not quite deserve the label of prick.

Your mother's cunt has had so many men
It flaps as she walks, and clucks like a hen.
Her queefs are so loud they rumble a room,
The hole gapes so wide things fall from her womb.

She is wide, ass so fat - sweat, hairy mess.
Was she once a man? Not sure, just a guess.
She blew me once, and one of my close friends
Stuffed it in from behind. My, how she bends!

#20 - Rimbaud

Yes, I'll match you in couplets, mongrel bitch.
 And mine are called HEROIC: label which
 Could only ever be applied to you
 Describing how you squat and strain to poo.
 With what Herculean effort you each word
 Must squitter or squeeze out, like rabbit's turd
 Or dingleberries strung out on a necklace
 And you call it a poem? Oh, how reckless.
 To call your poems shite is not quite true.
 It's more like AIDS-infected menstrual goo
 That drips out, poison, from a hole in front
 You call your mouth, but I know is a cunt.
 For I can see you have so little wit
 You pick your nose as a whore flicks her clit,
 On your face like vast cuntflaps made of mutton
 You have to grope to find the tiny button
 And frig yourself, like crazed whore at her leisure,
 Will give diseases when she can't give pleasure.
 You try to fleer and jest and mock and chaff.
 Yet all you get is BAWWW, and never laugh.
 You're sad, my friend, and must deserve our pity,
 For how degraded, farcical and shitty
 Your least attempts to match me all must end.
 You are my bitch eternally, my friend.
 With lisp and lipstick, sissy squats to pee:
 That's what it looks like when you write to me.
 You don't write poems. It's not even rapping.
 It's more like a retarded child crapping,
 Then worshipping his turd when he starts fapping.

#21 - Anonymous

From fairest creatures we desire increase
 Yet from the muddy spring that coyly lies
 Between these flabby unrelenting thighs
 No good can come. These hanging folds of flesh
 An obscene apron for a hottentot
 are lips before a hell-mouth, out of which
 a curs-ed wind - like that which Carter felt
 when he cracked open KV62 -
 breathes, with a piteous moan. Inside that tomb
 no light, but rather darkness visible
 shows like the roof of some Sumatran cave
 whose glistening trickle-vaulted ceiling teems
 with chittering, furry shapes, in huddled mass
 black bats thick, with little faces raised
 like parodies of men, all flitting past
 in swarms as thick as night through passages
 where centipedes like strings of anal beads
 doth hang and shiver with the rush of wings
 then fish them from the air, and gobble down
 their squalid prey, and lay their chitinous eggs –
 but this is no-one's mother that I know,
 (and don't blame me if you should think it so)
 But just some idle images of mine
 Which cross my mind when I must pass the time.

#22 - Anonymous

come on /lit/
 let's archive this shit!
 requests? we've got 3.
 i know this ain't /b/,
 you're no personal army,
 but this thread did charm me.
 if it did so for you,
 you should request it too.

#23 - Rimbaud (*In response to #21*)

In verse more blank than camwhore's mind on /b/
You sought again, unwise, to flyte with me?
Poor fool! You're mismatched in this dreadful fight:
I am a master, you can barely write
Unless you've got thesaurus in one hand, the other
Faps vigorously, thinking of your mother.
I'm not implying anything obscene:
Your mom's cunt is the only one you've seen.
And clearly you confuse great inspiration
With some sad perv's weak-wristed masturbation.
The curse of Tutankhamun's final breath
Caused Carter and Carnarvon meet their death:
Now you compare yourself to Howard Carter?
No, no. You're just a constant noxious farter,
A poetaster-bitch who's snarling, biting
When she can't versify to win this flyting.
As Icarus once flew too close to sun
and wings of wax began to melt and run,
and, falling, he confessed he'd lost the race
as hot wax mixed with tears to streak his face.
So you have dared to mock a mighty poet.
And what runs down your face? My spoooge. You know it.
Now lick it up and thank me, say my name.
I AM THE POET. And you just lost the game.

#24 - Unnamed #1 (*In response to #23*)

In order that I might insult you proper,
 Sex was one thing that I must first try to learn;
 Should I take out your rooster and then chop her,
 Or with red-hot pokers, your meat curtains burn?

Imagine my face when your legs I then part,
 And into my face came wind from gehonim
 That spurted and belched—a fragrance depart
 From your greasy folds, oozing with thy phlegm?

All gonorrhea and manners of disease;
 All that ever has turned and 'fretted on stage'--
 None has ever matched the foul odor of cheese,
 Which rivals the most odious animal cage!

My sanity now had left for all of time;
 A ghost on the wind, which no manner of Jew
 Had ever divined as punishment for sins divine,
 Frightened of the horror passed by less than few.

To you, you frightener of Beelzebub,
 I can only think of but one thing to say:
 Your poetry, which brings choruses of “noob”
 I shall with my meter, rhyme, and diction, slay!

#25 - Rimbaud

Return for more? Why not just turn again,
 And place your ass against my mighty front.
 For whether boy or girl, in this quatrain,
 I'll use your nether orifice for cunt.

I'll fuck you like you're standing in my way
 And I must break through. Fuck you, girl or boy,
 Whose screams like those heard onstage at a play--
 Your screams are what my audience will enjoy.

And when I fuck you, let me hear your voice.
 Not speaking verse, but begging me for more.
 Learn to enjoy this. You don't have a choice.
 Learn to submit, to worship, to adore

as I fuck you so you can feel my cock
 In pit of stomach or in back of throat,
 and fuck you again, while I register no shock
 To see you loving it. I will not gloat.

There's nothing to be proud of fucking you
 As hard and deep as this. It's just a lesson
 That I must teach you. When a poet who
 Is better than you fucks you, call that a blessing.

And when I'm finished, with your dripping hole
 agape with wonder at my greater powers,
 I'll wipe my cock on your hair, and my ass on your soul,
 and like Zeus with Danae, bless you with golden showers.

#26 - Anonymous (*In response to #23*)

No challenge sought I ever to devise
But like a retard in a special race
You stumble for a self-awarded prize
The runny egg doth end up on your face.

A vater I may be – I've plumbed the crack
And rummaged in the pocket of her snatch
Who gave you birth (but fain would take it back).
You never can turn quick enough to catch,

Nor quaintly pondering your comely odes
Defend against a foe so hugely hung
I'll fuck you from here to the antipodes
So hard you have my member for a tongue

And with that wang MY mastery expound
As mightily your anus I confound.

#27 - Unnamed #1 (*In response to #23*)

Thinking you are tough, you toss references
 As if more names make you their preferences
 Carter, Cheney, Ra and 'Scooby Dooby Doo'
 Multisyllable names do nothing for you;
 I'm balls-deep in your mother, and she's calling
 Not you, not YHWH, but rather with some glee
 She calls on my name—she for more begs with me!

Do you understand now—you can't win this game?
 That all your thesaurus-got synonyms tame
 Naught but the throws of my diurnal boredom?
 Confide, then, that your poetry does whoredom
 A service in ending their boredom caused use;
 Satiated, I can free your mom's 'kaboose'

But only hers! No, I am not bored of you:
 'Your ass is mine', no other words are as true
 When spoken as those—the four simple words
 Which describe my disruption of your turds
 With which I gift to you the gift of AIDS!
 Like little war-time presents—timed grenades!

So remember me, about thirty years from now,
 When in a hospital bed, you wonder how
 Your life, which had once been yours, most precious,
 Could now end, withered, broken—“hilarious”
 Is the word you'll come to, thinking back on it
 This was your fault: with your rhyming you bought it!

#28 - Rimbaud *(In response to #26)*

You durst defy th'Omnipotent in a sonnet?
 And yet the sting in thy words barely pinches.
 You offer fourteen lines, but sit upon it
 And you shall see that I've got fourteen inches.

A foot and two inch more of cock for you,
 To make you weep and gag at irrumation
 I'll watch your face turn blue, because you blew
 The greatest poet of your generation.

But swallow my seed, and gulp it down like manna
 Some god hath sent, to help thy versification
 And one day you may thank me, sing hosanna
 That my seed deep inside found germination

And bade your talents bloom, taught you the trick
 Of learning how to write as well as you suck dick.

#29 - Rimbaud *(In response to #27)*

YHWH? If tetragrammaton you want
 The best four-letter-word for you is "cunt".
 Cunt is your name, and cunt your occupation.
 You're the biggest cunt in the whole cunting nation.
 I've seen your mother's cunt, cause I'm her fella.
 I walked inside it, opened an umbrella,
 Danced a jig, and saw the squalid walls
 Graffiti'd with the spray-paint from my balls.
 What did I write upon your mother's womb?
 BOREDOM IS ANAGRAM OF BEDROOM.
 Because your mom is such a lousy lay.
 I fucked her though. It could have turned me gay,
 If I had been less man than what I am,
 So vast and fearsome is her bearded clam.
 One glimpse of it can fill a man with fear,
 To be inside it turns a weak man queer.
 And you came from it. Is that why you're gay, dear?

#30 - Anonymous *(In response to #28)*

Hoho! What shite! A mass of assy air
 You spew from mind into your 4chan post.
 I'll splay you out and grab you by the hair
 Of your man pubes, those curly strings that host
 A million wriggling, nibbling, crab-like bugs.
 I'll jam your face with sticky, white-wet seed:
 The same substance I rubbed on your moms jugs.
 I came on tits and then on her face peed.
 You shit, piss-ant, fuck-twit, rump-rose bugger,
 "It's verse", you say, the tripe you post in here?
 No way! it's excrete of a self-tugger
 Who wants it bad - so badly - in the rear.
 Let's on to what retort this brings from thee,
 A fag like you, I well expect to flee.

#31 - Unnamed #1 *(In response to #28)*

"Thou art a symbol and a sign", as it were,
 But all your 'thou', 'durst', and all other manner
 Of arcane diction will not better your skill;
 If this was fifteen-fourty, they'd take your quill
 And upon your head they would next hang a block—
 Upon it written: to this mockery: mock!

This is 4chan, on the internet, no less;
 Tubes replaced cards, and then disks were thought as best;
 Next time you rack your brain for words, think on me
 And how I poked fun at your "thou" and your "thee";
 How with my phallus I ruptured your faint mind
 In order to pay you for your rape of mine.

#32 - Anonymous *(In response to #30)*

You called me fag? Oh golly gee and wowie.
 I guess you'd know. Cause you invented YAOI.
 That must be why you mentioned pubic hair.
 For I've got some, and you've got none down there.
 Do you shave it, so you can go on cam?
 Or did it fail to grow? Poor little lamb.
 I see your penis failed to grow. But if it
 Were just a little longer, I'd call it clit.
 But that's an insult to the women I love,
 The kind that one like you knows nothing of.
 I'm open-minded, though...won't call you sick
 Just because you lust for nigger dick.
 I would even help you, just to be polite,
 Unfortunately I happen to be white.
 But wait! What's that? You really want to try it?
 I don't think shit's part of a balanced diet,
 But if you really want me to, I'll drop trou
 And let one vast turd-log drop from me, whilst thou
 Lick suck and swallow that brown rod between us
 And you can pretend it is a negro penis.
 Who am I to judge the likes of you?
 I don't really care if you fellate my poo.
 The audience is watching. Go on and show'em.
 Just don't pretend that you can write a poem.

#33 - Anonymous

"Pretentious" is the word that would best describe
 Your condition. Also the state of your mind
 Is best described by the same lone word—to me,
 You seem to think this sixteen-seventy-three,
 But our times have all but wholly since changed:
 No more are Africans of Europe chained,
 And no longer do we put witches into the fire;
 We don't all our solemn monarchs admire
 Nor do breed aristocrat-polymaths;
 Libertines are blamed for all the bloodbaths
 Which is similar, albeit just as un-true;
 Still, the one who needs a calendar is you!

#34 - Anonymous *(In response to #31)*

If "thee" and "thou" confuse you? If it's sweeter
 To all you faggots if iambic meter
 Has regularity of metronome?
 Bend over, then, and let me drive you home.
 And in and out and in and out again
 I'll fuck my iambs deep into your brain.

#35 - Anonymous *(In response to #31)*

But, soft! What queer through yonder posting speaks!
 A faggot, sure, but what a way to be -
 Fat cock inside your ass until it squeaks,
 To gargle sperm inside your throat with glee.
 So lame! You jest at "thee" and balk at "thou"
 While mumbling through lips stuffed with pink, hard dick.
 I'll make you choke, you puffed-up sniv'ling cow.
 The thought of what you do, I retch - It's sick.
 Too bad you cannot write a line that's good:
 A line that flows, a phrase that is not crap.
 Just end this farce and cede, you know you should.
 My poem fucks you: dildo with a strap.
 Your anus, raw, a pulsing mass of rot,
 I thrust so hard, I'll rupture your g-spot.

#36 - Anonymous *(In response to #33)*

Your right, it's not sixteen-seventy-three,
 A time before th'invention of PC,
 But then, a man like you who yearned to frig
 His own self-righteousness was called a "prig".
 Behold prig's progress! It's two-thousand-ten
 And if I use the Word That Starts With N
 You speak up on behalf of your dusky brother!
 Nigga, is you crazy? Go fuck your mother.

#37 - Anonymous *(In response to #35)*

What's in a name? That which I call my cock,
 A thing you clearly yearn to lick and pull,
 By any name you call it causes shock:
 It's not polite to talk with your mouth full.

#38 - Anonymous *(In response to #35)*

I'm gay, yes, you are right, this is all too true;
 And yes, I like it when dick disturbs my poo.
 No, I don't have diseases, nor do molest
 Children who I care for, because even less
 Do I desire for little boys, than I desire your log
 Less still I like people who think they're clever
 By calling me 'faggot', thinking they're better
 Because they can insult with letter stroke—
 Think it funny when they threaten my ass poke.
 Regardless of how horny I am, I don't
 Want your AIDS—sorry—with you I won't!
 So the next time you feel the need to look cool
 Remember me, at lunch in your middle-school

#39 - Anonymous *(In response to #38)*

I'm gay too, friend. But I say "faggot" all the time.
 Reclaim, or own, the word. For if I'm not mistaken
 (And I would say this in prose as well as rhyme)
 Some gays ARE faggots. Behold! Clay Aiken.

#40 - Anonymous *(In response to #39)*

Clay Aiken. Yes, that IS certainly a fag
 And I say that even though I tend to nag
 Like a woman, or so I am often told,
 At people who use words like spores from a mold,
 Who grow insults around a few key phrases
 And in poetry force me through word mazes
 Because creativity is limited
 By the extent of their often dim-witted
 Attempts to insult my prose, which always sag
 To the ground, like the tube-tits of some old hag.

#41 - Anonymous

Oh my goodness, golly gee,
 I hate writing poetry,
 But this thread's inspired me to
 Feel the need to share with you
 My love for /lit/tards, every one
 For even posting, I've been outdone,
 You've fucked my mother, in my bed;
 Posting in an epic thread.

#42 - Anonymous *(In response to #41)*

Prose is my weakness, and my worst
 Trait yet is meter, which I thirst
 For unquenched, unable to write
 A single line that is not trite.
 But yet, near bed I have just found
 A flyte, which my mind did astound:
 Men rhyming with diction, unscathed
 By the feces in which they bathed—
 Which is the nature of the place;
 A place where subtlety is lace
 Upon a transvestite hooker
 With adams-apple, no looker,
 And with hairs standing byzantine,
 In tribute to the astounding
 Accomplishments of this, our board,
 A mockery of the one Lord,
 Who the poets often write to,
 For an audience more than you.
 And yet I am, just before bed,
 Here posting in an epic thread!

#43 - Anonymous

I am the bone of my poem.

Prose is my body, and meter is my blood.

I have created over a thousand stanzas.

Unknown to spell-check.

Nor known to thesaurus.

Have withstood pain to create many rhymes.

Yet, those rhymes will never sound good.

So as I pray, 'Unlimited Flyte Works'

#44 - Anonymous

Behold, the Wingéd Muse's Flyte!
 She's overhead and dropping shite!
 While we below, like chimpanzees,
 Fling excrement with wicked ease!
 We are the Flyting Poets of /lit/
 And we truly are The Shit.
 Meant in the sense of urban slang,
 I don't mean that we're what gets flang
 Or flung. You could say we're Da Bomb.
 If you say that, I'll fuck your mom.
 Oh wait. I fucked her twice today.
 I did it even though I'm gay.
 I did it because someone said
 I was no poet. Give me head.
 Suck my cock and feel no shame.
 I don't even know your name.
 That's why I like this 4chan place.
 Anonymity's strange grace
 Makes giving head or saving face
 Irrelevant to such as we:
 If I declare I'll piss on thee,
 You're more inclined to write to mock
 My use of "thee" than fear my cock.
 But you should fear it, one and all,
 It stands priapic, fierce, and tall,
 And with Iceland-volcano spasm
 Spouts out verse with each orgasm.
 Where's your poem? This is mine:
 I AM THE BIGGEST COCK ONLINE.
 My epic cock is full of win.
 Do you doubt me? Just sit and spin.
 It's the biggest best and most
 Amazing cock: long as this post,
 While epic threads of sticky sperm
 Splat in your face and make you squirm,
 So raise a glass and make a toast
 To epic threads and epic post!
 Anonymous, please hear my call:
 I'd gladly fuck you, one and all.

#45 - Anonymous

The post that you missed, did it then miss you?
 I relate that you missed all the flyting, is it true?
 ___ And the cocks and the poem-scat
 ___ That disgust most a sewer-rat
 You missed all the verse we so seldom could chew?

#46 - Anonymous

Friend, you are crazy, a madman, a nut!
 I'll stick one long finger into your butt.
 First twist it, then turn it, wrenching your gut.
 You'll scream like your mother, a rabid slut.

Stiff now, I will gently begin to thrust,
 Swinging my hips, I will attempt to bust
 Your prostate from body - a gland, I trust,
 That you know well, for massage mine thou dost.

Here, here, I'm coming! I'm about to come!
 I pull out and spray't all over your bum.
 With one hand you scoop and chew it like gum.
 Your pulsing sphincter glows dark like a plum.

#47 - Anonymous *(In response to #48)*

This silly obsession of yours with my shlong
 For flyte, with it, seems to be chose very wrong--
 ___ Because fretting about your prostate
 ___ While implying that I am not straight
 Will only betray your own love of dong!

#48 - Anonymous

reviving thread now
 with faily verse
 in the vague hope
 i may other's traverse
 quickly my friends
 my appetite please nurse
 with your epic flyting lest i ye curse

#49 - Anonymous (*In response to #48*)

You have really done it now, fuck shit!
 I don't believe my eyes, how you,
 With meter fouler than your mom's clit,
 Managed to get me to reply with two
 Stanzas, straight from the fiery pit!

Sulphur and noxious fumes do naught
 But ease my suffering by your rhyme
 And soften the hatred, which sought
 To stalk you, then rape, in short time--
 Quickly enough to not get caught!

#50 - Anonymous (*In response to #48*)

Why do you bump this thread with lame letters?
 To try and stoke the ire of your betters?
 It must mean I've won, I am last to post.
 Ha, fuckers! That's it! To me, let's all toast

#51 - Anonymous (*In response to #50*)

meh what can i say,
 brainfarts get in the way,
 rhythm and rhyme are cast away,
 pretentious fuckers,
 and arse suckers,
 it is then that we realise we cannot eat money

#52 - Anonymous

I'll flyte again, if you still have the taste
 For stripping off and bending at the waist
 And begging me in rhyme to please embugger
 You with this purple Louisville Slugger
 Of proud tumescent flesh I call my penis,
 Famed the world over for its bold obsceneness,
 For when I lie down, then it is no lie
 My lewd prick seems to fuck the very sky,
 With hubris strains to overtake Olympus
 And spurt hot jism past Jove's cumulonimbus
 While all your moms scream out "Oh Daddy, pimp us!"
 Yes, your mom too. The grandest whore of all,
 Her cunt's seen more men than a shopping-mall,
 If all the pricks stuck in her were stuck out
 She would look like a porcupine, no doubt.
 But what she looks like I dare not describe.
 The missing link? Or some forgotten tribe
 Of ape more lecherous than lewd bonobo
 With brain like jellyfish and stench like hobo?
 Not all the Spanish Fly in Amsterdam
 Could tempt my pintle to your mom's rank clam.
 Your mom's so hideous, so foul, so odd...
 The fact I fucked her must mean I'm a god.
 I hope you will agree. In fact it's true.
 Bend over: let this poet-god fuck you.

#53 - Anonymous *(In response to #50)*

Not so fast, into mordor / one does not walk
 So easy, nor through rhyming so quick;
 First you must, unto myself, prove that thy talk
 Can impress, more than sucking my dick.

Because your meter is flaccid as mine,
 It impresses none but your mother:
 Therefor show weakness in knee-caps, for time
 Will reveal AIDS in your butter

#54 - Anonymous

OP, a quick word, in private please hear,
 to say your tongue does strike with Fury's sting,
 I saw your post and was awed in fear,
 Fools return'd hot words, but mere shit they fling!
 Alas! Where they belong I name the zoo,
 Where ill-tempered streams of dribble and piss,
 Stay safely 'hind glass unheard but in public view,
 All the forage they want, a sow's their temptress,
 Lest they step on snakes who could match your skill,
 Mem'ries of this thread I'm sure they'll rec'llect,
 Pity who crossed one like you- doubt they will,
 but chances remain; let coarse words eject,
 None but you counts meter as the adder,
 My rev'rence shows as I call you not "thou",
 Let that former man know, you just had her,
 I'll stop now before this thread my rhymes plough.

#55 - Anonymous *(In response to #52)*

You are no Hadit, oh no you are not;
 Sweet Nuit your phallus never will reach,
 Nor with your money have you then bought
 A habbit for rhyming well to teach
 Us how to poetry / make with each pen stroke
 For failure is ever yours—on leash.

And poems are easier, by your example,
 When your head is in dictionary, planted,
 While taking each / entry as a sample—
 For your skill is not capable, granted,
 To produce a / stanza that is ample
 In rhyme and like mine classic'ly / chanted

#56 - Anonymous *(In response to #54)*

I'm not OP. I just hijacked his thread.
 To fill a lesser poet with the dread
 That he must feel, unless he is delighting,
 That I must be his master in this flyting.

But your post seems like you will gladly own
 The flyting crown is mine, and mine the throne.
 Such flattery I'd gladly have more of.
 So you I will not fuck. I'll just make love.

#57 - Anonymous *(In response to #52)*

Clever neckbeard virgin, you touch yourself,
 Pretending that your dry scaled hand is twat.
 But, no - it is the grizzled fist of twelfth
 Grade, ron'ry, acned, friendless, Aspie snot.
 You call your penis "wooden baseball bat."
 The color "purple" dost thee call your wang.
 I think you stuck your small dick in a cat,
 And, bruised, withdrew to escape from the fang.
 A catcher, you may be - you do receive
 The balls that fly directly towards your face.
 Though that some want thee, I can not believe,
 If you were near, I'd flee as if in race.
 My God! To think of your foul blowjob breath!
 It makes me wish for swift and instant death.

#58 - Anonymous *(In response to #55)*

Nuit? Hadit? These silly names unholy
 Make me think you must be a fan of Crowley.
 But I am not. His verse sticks in my craw.
 But if "do what thou wilt" shall be the whole of law?
 Then I will do you in each orifice
 And teach you experience true bliss.
 Of adamantium my erection's built.
 Where's your erection? It's begun to wilt?
 I guess the Beast was wrong. "Wilt when you do"
 Or try to, is the only law for you.

#59 - Anonymous *(In response to #56)*

Standing ardently by the throne
Batting at one another
Neither authority fit, was shown
It goes then to some other

Your metrics were tested
(HIV vested)
Only to be lost in a whore

You sound chipper, you ace
So then in your face
I placed all measures of gore

#60 - Anonymous *(In response to #57)*

You wish for swift and instant death, my friend?
I'll fuck you to death, then fuck you back to life.
My cock is your beginning and your end,
Your teat to suckle, your assassin's knife.

For such extremes of anguish and of joy
My mighty penis leaves within its wake,
I dare not share it with a callow boy
Like you. If you would bend, you'd also break.

To have a cock like mine brings only grief,
It's like a pulsing throbbing atom bomb.
The only way that I can find relief
Is unlubed anal with your desperate mom.

#61 - Anonymous *(In response to #58)*

Bingo, got me, I am indeed fan of Crowley,
 Of Thelema and Thoth, and of spermy froth,
 With which I make light cakes that are holy

But at least I do not, with asshole that's hot,
 Receive loads of AIDS from transvestites;
 You are the one whose blood will after soon rot—

And alone will then die, cold on the nights
 When you blame me, whose rhyme with you fought,
 With nothing gave me save / faint ankle bites

#62 - The Snake *(In response to #54)*

Thou thinkest praise, respect, is what I need?
 Thy tiny brain must rattle in your head.
 A man needs naught if he is hung like steed.
 Thy mother, though, I'll take her in my bed.
 Or on the floor, or in thy bed, thou tyke -
 Bitch does whatever gets her off the best.
 She likes to call my cock "Mr. Love-spike,"
 And rub my splooge around her sagging breast.
 Her slit now smells of fish and sweaty nuts.
 A rash enraged sprouts pimples on her cunt.
 When she feels proud she dances wild and struts,
 Then cries when she thinks of thee little runt.
 Don't dare address me any way again,
 I'm God to you - I'm better with the pen.

#63 - Anonymous *(In response to #60)*

Well I'll fuck you in life, and then once more
 Will I turn you round, like your mother the whore,
 And fuck your tight ass, with cock that's unlubed
 Until through your colon my cock will protrude
 Leaving my load to sizzle in your fat cavity
 The chasm in which your balls fell by gravity
 Or so I assumed, except that on closer inspection
 Your lack of testosterone prevents your erection!
 It is easy to write poems when meter we ignore
 This you have taught me, laziness which for
 You is some effort, I'm sure, but not for me
 And my penis so large, girth so fat, gives levity
 To my claims of fathering your brother
 And you, and your father, and your whole other
 family, with my time-machine made from skill
 A machine made by ink, spilled from my quill
 That I lost when I wrote this verse, it is true
 Or at least as true as 'death' promised by you!

#64 - Anonymous *(In response to #62)*

I knew since one thou wert not a-trusted,
 but didst thou know, squirt, it was never my
 mother in whom thy pin-prick had thrust?
 'Tis right, 'twas thine, thy scanty whore; oh my!
 What a putrid runt her chasmic cunt bore,

Thou thinkst thou art God, well take a good look,
 in't mirror; see the face of self-righteous shod,
 Or try after that to glance in a book,
 Watch thy shoes and on whose feet they have trod,
 We all know here whose mother's a good fuck.

#65 - Anonymous (*In response to #64*)

What did I tell you about your word choice and diction?
What did I shew you of my describing your fiction?
Pretentiousness drips from your fleeting fingers
But yet your “thee” and your “thou” still lingers
Like the white-cream oozing from your posterior
Which marks the place that I mark the inferior
To separate the curds from the whey, as it were,
Like how I split your mother's folds and their fur
And proceeded to father you and your failure
Something that you should think whenever you nail her
Knowing full well that the hell-hole is from where you came
That your ability to woo your mother is nothing but lame
And that you are by proxy being fucked by me—
Enjoy the AIDS, and you will soon start to see
The fun that's in being given HIV!

#66 - Anonymous *(In response to #62)*

Praise and respect? Nay, I wouldn't think it
I would rather a thousand cocks to suck
And I would rather take a nigger's and stick it
Right up my ass, and begin to fuck
Each thrust lowering my killer-T count
And each thrust bringing me a new bug
I would rather die of a horse on me mount'
Or of nigger-AIDS in my arteries, what luck!
For all niggers have AIDS, which you surely know
For if you tested it, your IQ is to a nigger as low
As the average intelligence in sub-Saharan Africa
Sorry, I can guarantee that I'm trying to laugh at ya'
Because when your mom said they were 'with ya'
She was thinking intently of how big of a
Man it would take to fill her in my place
Or how large of a potato she could fit in her face--
She has some really strange fetishes, you might guess
On your conception, her face was quite a mess.
With bubbling shit, and whiskey, and lye
She asked me quite plainly to spooge in her eye
And yours, actually, if I was to be mostly honest
Was also spooge-decorated, if I am to be modest
By only a quart or two, not a gallon like I might
Otherwise have said, but I've already set light
To your world, and your real father, my lover
Regardless, you should run now, Or else I will shove her
Straight up your bum, for a mile or maybe two
All of the while disrupting your poo
Your turds in you churning, the semen which burning
Pours into your colon anew!

#67 - Anonymous *(In response to #63)*

Friend, I am sad. I'm sad that you keep trying.
 For where you should be sharp, you're always blunt.
 As each word leaves your mouth your poem's dying,
 Like Downs syndrome abortions from your mom's cunt.

You think you're mighty with the pen and penis.
 I don't see penis, and I don't fear your pen.
 Pity and laughter meet your words of meanness;
 And you've got a crotch like Barbie's boyfriend Ken.

I would call you my bro, but it's clear you're a trap,
 And you couldn't find your cock with 2 hands and a map.
 I have offered you poems, you squirt liquid crap.
 And I'd give you a hand, but you'd give me the clap.

#68 - Anonymous *(In response to #66)*

Were these, your words, meant to comprise some verse?
 This shite you shat means less to me than trash.
 Perhaps there are good lines inside your purse -
 Besides the tube with cream prescribed for rash.
 How does it feel to be a /b/-tier bard?
 To grope for words like a blindfolded mute?
 Your sweaty, unwashed ass is made of lard.
 The hole emits the noise of a turd flute.
 Methinks your mom would like to blow me now,
 She's here, with me, caressing my hard knob.
 I tell her, "Stop! I'll finish writing, cow!"
 She licks her lips and pines my dick to slob.
 So post no more, you pustule of sick filth.
 I have your mom to fuck, a busty MILF.

#69 - Anonymous *(In response to #66)*

Now George Dubya Bush had one black bro
 His name was General Colin Powell.

But a million niggers will make YOU their ho,
 And each black cock will be your colon pal.

#70 - Anonymous

Let /b/tards come here, I will say to their face:
 I will bugger you all, disregarding your race.
 I'll pull out my cock and I'll blast you with piss,
 And dare any /b/tard write better than this.
 I'll make /b/tard bawww, prove his girlfriend's a trap,
 Courage Wolf is a pussy, and their racism's crap.
 I'll make /b/tards my Goatses, each one be my taker,
 And teach them I am the true C-Combo Breaker,
 With my classic allusions and heroic themes,
 I'll skullfuck each /b/tard and shit on their memes,
 With my cock as a weapon, I'll prove to all /b/
 'twas I fucked their sisters, and who was phone? ME.
 And I fucked them as children and called it "CP".
 The /b/tards I'll torture, I'll divide them by zero,
 Make them suck my cock until they all an hero
 When they see I'm the poet who's fucking their mom,
 And I also took Bawksy to her junior prom,
 I fucked her in each hole, I though it was cute,
 But my best little girl is the one they call "moot".
 You hear me, /b/! Flyting! Your memes are sad shit.
 All intelligent life is now posting on /lit/.

#71 - Anonymous *(In response to #70)*

WITH ONLY A FEW LINES OF SCORN
 THIS GLORY IN POEM WAS REBORN!

#72 - Anonymous

Ah, fresh meat, how I squeal at the pleasure,
 Of spanking one more newbie to this game,
 Like wheat in my thresher, I smite at my leisure,
 Socking jesters and kings, all the same.

What's wrong with thy fingers, I ask, pray tell?
 Didst thy mother not teach you as a child?
 I know she did not, but she taught me so well,
 Her fingers were busy in me defiled,

You int'rrupt us like coitus interruptus,
 A beaut' of a move, go and ask her now,
 Before I cream-pie'd her, I pull out my lust,
 to stop accidents of nature like thou.

#73 - Anonymous *(In response to #72)*

FUUUUUU-
 In my early morn' haze,
 I forgot in a daze,
 Where my 'you's are and where art my 'thou's,
 Forgive me this blunder,
 I hope it do'n't sunder,
 My message to the son of a cow.

#74 - Anonymous

all i have is a rhyme and a meter
 but your mother, at sex, I'll defeat her!

#75 - Anonymous *(In response to #74)*

That was not meter nor was that a rhyme,
 Dear God, you suck. You've wasted so much time.

#76 - Anonymous *(In response to #75)*

You ass! You're wrong, that post had good meter.
 They were trochees, not 'ambics, gentle sir.

#77 - Anonymous *(In response to #74)*

Trochees, my ass! You stupid shit,
your lines are not in meter, twit.

That's iambic.

Fuck you, eat a bowl of dicks,
smash your junk with giant bricks.

That's trochaic. You fail at meter.

#78 - Anonymous

Now if iambic were the only meter
It's how I'd fuck your mother with my peter.
Fuck in and out and in and out again
I'd fuck my iambs deep into her brain.

Trochees move the other way,
Fuck your ass, to prove you're gay.

Slow spondee stalks, first thump, then thump,
Your mom's fat, fat! She'll fuck. She'll hump.

With a leap and a bound the swift anapests throng
With the speed of your mom as she gobbled my schlong.

Finally, dactyls of classical metrical fame:
Fucking your mom as I'm thinking you just lost the game.

#79 - Anonymous

With a keyboard and some foul rage

__ You would jerk each other

But your advice is not as sage

__ As I deep in mother

In a ballad do I taste tears

__ The salt in it would please

Less than cheering on your dark fears

__ With dick in your mom's squeeze

Try as hardly as you to read

__ No squint will for you help

For your asshole I will next breed

__ And you'll let out a yelp

And a moan, and a hiss, because

__ You wish to be a girl

You want this, and so I, no pause

__ Will your in-sides to twirl

And then while I churn in your gut

__ You will think back on me

How you said I rhymed like slut

__ And now on your face pee

#80 - Anonymous (*In response to #72*)

My, my, how the time flies,
and not a reply, I wonder why,
No need to be shy, my friend,
or canstn't thou defend
against words on a screen?
Thou prepubic teen,
I'll never bite, just sneer,
but in flyte, thou art not here?
Nay, but in flight too,
I see thee run- how is Timbuktu?
Send me a postcard- my arse!
Thou amateur bard,
This board is a farce,
I seek real men to spar;
seen no one thus far,

In the words of So'Cash,
hit me up- be not strangers,
See what mother meant when
she told thee oft dangers,
Of talking to men-
this one with a pen,
If thou'rt lucky, thou'll get 'way with a thrash.

#81 - Anonymous *(In response to #72 and #80)*

I too ask why this thread goes on.
 I am the King. And yet each Pawn
 keeps limping towards the final square
 and hopes to find his Queen's crown there.
 Come closer, Pawn. You won't get crowned:
 With me, you're either pwned or owned,
 And if you want to be MY Queen
 Get ready for King's Sceptre 'tween
 Your neither cheeks, or in your cunt.
 I must assume it's what you want.
 For why else would you challenge me?
 Why not return to fap on /b/?
 Or else start up a tinychat
 With other boys, to wonder at
 How every cock you ever see
 In life, in porn, in threads on /b/
 Is bigger than the one you've got?
 Behold my cock. Does your g-spot
 'Neath walnut-siz'd small prostate-gland
 Itch to be pleased, ruled, unmanned
 By one as filthy, foul, exciting
 As me, your Master in this Flyting?
 Of course you want that. I assume
 It's why you left your mother's womb:
 To crawl to me and worship one
 Who fucked your mom but had no fun,
 Who did it just to prove I rule
 Each flimsy fragile faggot fool
 Who thinks to challenge me in rhyme.
 Must I fuck you ANOTHER time?
 I'll smear your face with thick hot slime
 of spunk, to teach you not to climb
 Too close to one who's in his prime
 Of poet's potency. Now I'm
 Repaying you for hubris-crime:
 You're white-faced, silent as a mime,
 Your face smeared with my sperm sublime.

#82 - Anonymous (*In response to #81*)

My sir, I must concede, you have won this thread,
 How can I compare to someone like you?
 Oh no, scratch that, and scratch thy ears from thy head,
 lest thou cry more, I'll teach thee a lesson instead,
 First lesson today- thou art not the king,
 Thy mother failed first to bring up a son,
 'Member when thou caught her, red, fluster'd, fucking?
 Thou wish'd thou wert her with thy dad having fun,
 Ran back to thy room with cream and a tissue,
 Every grunt of thy dad you tugged it some more,
 Thy sister did find thee and said thou hadst issues,
 Thou came on the tweezers; she walked out the door,

Enough of the fool, let's talk of the Man,
 The one said to rule over them all,
 I, being the Man, am sick of playing an,
 arid playground game with prats lacking gall,
 I said in my post no boys were allowed,
 So why art thou fuck replying to me?
 Back to gameboys or dildos, up to thee,
 Or wouldst thou like, whilst thy mother is ploughed,
 To stay and watch and gasp gayly aloud?
 And when I'm done, and my kingdom has come,
 To thy knees thou gimpling canst go,
 Show rev'rence to liege by tonguing my bum,
 And the champion all shall truly know.

#83 - Anonymous *(In response to #82)*

"How can I compare to someone like you?"
 Let me compare thee to a Summer's Eve
 Disposable Douche. You're similar, it's true.
 But your small plastic nozzle can't deceive
 The dumbest bitch to put it near her snatch,
 No matter how doucheworthy, noisome, rank.
 O Douche without a Pussy, could you catch
 Herpes from a blind and limbless skank?
 Alas, you couldn't. Even Helen Keller
 could see and hear that you are clearly gay,
 And won't need Annie Sullivan to tell her.
 Her nose knows why all women keep away.
 Your stench...what is it? Faggoty and stale...
 Just like the verse you write, you reek of FAIL.

#84 - Anonymous

And so we live to flyte another day!
 Great justice comes, and I return to say:
 If any male or female has the time
 To come and challenge me in fearsome rhyme
 You will discover that your work's survived.
 I think this thread already is archived,
 And yet it's still on /lit/. So now's your chance
 To write a poem and then taste my shvantz.

#85 - Anonymous (*In response to #83*)

Come on, thou knowest that retort was weak,
Still for the master at this I do seek,
Thou think'st I bow to a wannabe bard
who couldn't flyte if his skill equaled lard
on the mud flaps of his mother's gullet?
- Do me a favour, swallow a bullet.
I won't bother with telling thee of ma,
That trope has grown old, like thy dead grandpa,
Instead I'll just wait, for the laughable
excuse of a poet to wax skill inaudible,
and invisible; talent- thou do'n't show it,
Thou canst sense I've won, and we both know it,
Bother not type back 'fore thou gets RSI,
'Fore I show thee what an eye for an eye,
And tooth for a tooth, means. It's true this is /lit/?
For thy babby rhymes are uncouth, thou clit,
Go back to whiche'er homework thread thou came,
Thou art embarassing, thy flyte is lame.

#86 - Anonymous (*In response to #85*)

You pop back up, boy, more pointless and more often,
 Than twelve-year-old's boner, or Dracula from coffin.
 If you are a twelve-year-old, get back to Gaia quick.
 And if you're Dracula, you want to suck my dick?
 You master me in flyting? Dream on, poetaster.
 I write my rhymes more filthy, fluent---faster
 than your first ejaculation spurted, dribbled,
 into your mom's stretched cunt, while you nibbled
 her leathery nips whence you were lately weaned:
 Re-entering the foul cunt you exited, you fiend
 Of strange and Oedipal incestuous lust,
 your two-inch prick in mom, face in her sagging bust...
 She yawns, rolls her eyes, while you go berserk.
 She's only doing this so you'll do your homework.
 She glances at her watch, you lift her skirt
 And go to gobble mom's cream-pie for dessert.
 She thinks of her sorrows, with a child in special ed
 Who demands to give his mother special head
 And though your childish efforts seldom please,
 Mom's doing it so you'll learn your ABC's.
 She sighs at what a pervert she has made,
 And marvels that you're only in sixth grade,
 And wonders how a boy so stupid, young
 With sigmoidoscope of his anaconda tongue
 Attempts to probe her ass, to taste some shit
 With better flavor than his attempts at wit.
 Then dad walks in and sees you, says "Oh man,
 I thought they only did this in Japan."
 Alas, there's boys like you even outside Asia.
 I hope your parents consider euthanasia.
 Or else they know that once you reach high-school
 The only thing that could ever help a fool
 Like you to learn the basics of great poetry
 Is let you try on them the things you've seen on /b/:
 Face in mom's cunt, its stench like hot grouper,
 Dad shoves a dozen sharpies in your pooper,
 While you reach for two inches with a limp frail wrist
 And fap and fap, to prove that you exist.
 Keep fapping, boy. You may be real (and queer)

But I'm the only poet that exists round here.

#87 - Anonymous

There once was a thread in /lit/
T'was shit

#88 - Anonymous *(In response to #87)*

You call it shit and yet you post in it,
With half a line to prove you're a half-wit?
If that is your submission, just submit:
Or else two flyting poets here will spit-
roast your corpse between our dagger pricks,
Then rotate you in hot hellfire that licks
At your pink flesh, like a fat suckling-pig
For daring to insult a thread so big,
So bold and ballsy, as this Epic one.
Who asked you, fool, to shit upon our fun?
If you are not so clever to enjoy
This flyting, then it's beyond you, boy.
And if you don't enjoy what's going on,
Return to hentai or to pokemon,
Or else pick up your copy of Ayn Rand,
Reread her nonsense fapping with moist hand.
You don't like flyting? You lack erudition.
We in this thread follow a proud tradition
Byron, Archilochus, Rochester, Pope,
James Joyce's Holy Office? Kid, I hope
You've heard of Joyce? He once had a wife
Whose arse was full of farts. In all my life,
I never thought I'd see a boy like you:
Whose farts come out his mouth, reek like a zoo,
How can your mouth exhale such anal gas?
Oh I see now. You're talking out your ass.

#89 - Anonymous (*In response to #87*)

When I first read those tossed-off lines of yours
I felt as if something had touched my face
and, as my eyes passed from each word to word
my eyes kept getting poked in the same place.
Upon a close inspection I discover'd
that, like the carrion birds who feast in flocks,
around that wretched carcass you called verse
had clustered a tremendous storm of cocks.
Here's my advice to cleanse this cruel infection:
Go back and tell your sire to use protection