

Ode de Fart

My fart is my gift from me to you
A cheery hello in smell, not poo.
Its funny, short sound
Says "I'm glad you're around."
My butt asking, "How do you do?"

My fart becomes sad when grumpy folks yell,
"Oyyyy, you're SO rude. And gross as well. "
Come, give it a try
Together let fly,
A duet in sound, pitch, and smell.

My fart knows in life we must act, not think
In a moment it's gone, no hint of stink
It knows it can't stay,
So it seizes the day
A life fully lived to the brink.