

Worry Warts



by Dustin Travis Jenkins

Hello. My name is Dustin.
I have a serious disease.
I'm covered with invisible spots
from my head to my knees.



I know you don't believe me.
But I assure you they're there.
They get all hot and itchy
when I worry and care.



And when I think about them,
they get itchier yet.
They grow and they multiply
the more that I fret.



By the way, not to scare you,
but you have them too.
Don't look too surprised though.
All people do.



The reason we can't see them,
it's really quite simple.
We hide our worries from each other
like we're concealing a pimple.



But I'm sick and tired of being itchy,
so here's your chance to turn and run.
You won't like what you're about to see.

Here we go.

3...
2...
1...



I'm getting kind of fat.
I'm not much of a catch.



My dog doesn't like me.
My clothes rarely match.





because I'm worried about death.
I'm worried about life



I'm worried about not flossing
because I'm worried about breath.



I worry when I walk.
I worry when I jog.
I worry when I sit
at my desk, in my chair, on a log.



I worry about **hell** a lot,
but don't get me wrong.
I worry about **heaven**, too.
Forever anywhere's too long.



And finally, I have one last worry,
and it's my biggest one of all.



I'm afraid, one day, that I might trip



and have no place to fall.

Well, that just about covers it.
I understand if you want to go.
I'm sure with all these warts exposed,
I'm the ugliest boy you know.



Wait a second, where are my spots,
this disease I've so long endured?
My warts are all gone, and the itching is too...



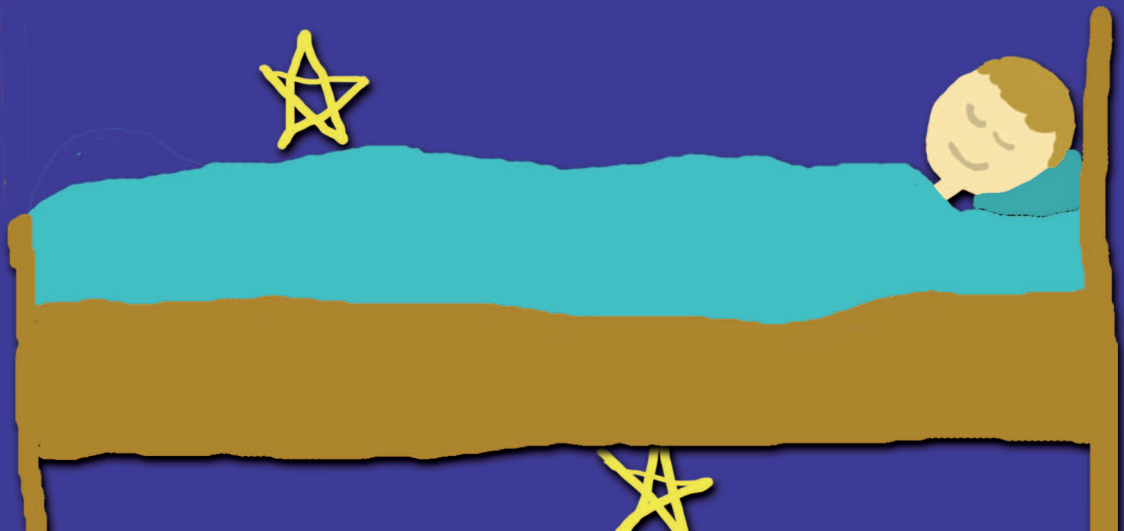
I'm cured.

I'm cured!

I'M CUURRRRRRRRED!



I guess that this whole time
all I really had to do
was swallow my shame, take a deep breath,
and divulge all my worries to you.



www.bbqonthemoon.com © 2008