

Electric



Broadsheet

publishers of semi-literate doodlings, scraps, & snippets

presents

Tom Cruise is a Fox

poetry by Calvin O. Xavier

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<poetink@inlink.com>

Poetry Ink Productions

Attn: Matthew W. Schmeer

6711-A Mitchell Avenue

St. Louis, MO 63139

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“**Tom Cruise is a Fox**” ©1995 Calvin O. Xavier

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Tom Cruise is a Fox

Calvin O. Xavier

I want you, Tom Cruise,
ever since *Top Gun*,
to rub your crew-cut head
in my open crotch and
suck my nipples until
they are hard rocks steaming
and yes, Tom Cruise, I want
to watch as you suck
my cock until your
all-american smile
is covered in my frothy cum.

I hate you, Tom Cruise, you stud,
because I wanted to be like you
and every other stud like you
but no, Tom Cruise,
I am a fat smelly fart
stinking of beer and cigarettes
with twenty extra pounds
crowding my waistline and
an acne problem every other
forty-year old has outgrown.

Why can't you die in a
horrible car accident or crash
your airplane into the ground
in an impossible technicolor fireball?
You should do it, you know.
I'd be happy, and you'd be famous
for years to come, and you would live forever
in Vegas with Elvis, repeats of *Days of Thunder*
and *The Color of Money* looping
ad infinitum on slick casino walls.

Tom, you clear S.O.B., you know
you can't act anyway,
and it's all a sham
and you're milking it
for all its worth,
just a pretty face
with nothing behind
the vacant eyes
and all your life
you've been wanting
to direct our attention
somewhere else.