Just to be Clear:

Your smugness is repugnant and your grin suggests you eat shit

With that stink about your person that unsettles nearby stomachs

You’re a misfit who can dish it, but fold like paper under pressure

And your tendency to duck hard hitting facts reflects your measure

I’d never claim you’re evil since in every sense you’re lukewarm

And the grubs that writhe in dirt best approximate your true form

You’re a wettened weasel, Dante’s easel, piteous sinner in the pit

And your voice grates like nails on chalkboards slicked with curdled spit

If this seems crass or harsh it’s just to circumvent confusions

As I’ve tried and failed before to drag you down from your delusions

I’m done you piteous pigeon, it bluntly hurts to see you like this

You may avoid confrontation, but I won’t myself be spineless