

# **Gaseous Love**

**by Phillip W. Weiss**

The fart  
Fart you  
Fart us  
Fart the world

I love to fart  
It is an art  
It makes me smart  
And fart, fart, fart

The fart is smart  
And oh so nice  
Because it smells  
Like stinky spice.

I asked a lady  
Who was nice  
What did she eat  
I asked her twice.

The second time  
She said to me  
Go fart yourself  
And then go pee

I went and peed  
Like she said  
And laid a fart  
That I named Fred.

Fred then flew  
Into the air  
Where he was smelled  
By the lady so fair.

She sniffed old Fred  
Into her snout  
And then yelled out  
With a pout.

Hello dear Fred  
You're here at last  
I love your smell  
It's such a blast.

Fred the fart  
Is really art  
Who stinks so high  
It makes a cart  
Go really fast  
To get away  
From the stinky smell  
That's sticks like hay.

Fred is the fart  
He is a part  
Of something tart  
That's in the cart.

Then off Fred goes  
With his stinky schmoes  
Who fume and fuss  
And always cuss.

Then they arrive  
Build a beehive  
Where stink is in  
And they all drink gin.

Then ladies smell  
The stinky gel  
That's in the hive  
Where Fred does jive.

Fred then eats  
A bunch of beets  
Then pops his cart  
Which makes a fart.

Fart, fart, fart, and fart, fart, fart  
Very smelly, very smart  
Many, many, many farts  
With much joy  
All works of art

Fred the fart  
Has a big heart  
That is sharp  
Just like a dart.

Here comes now  
Fred's nice friend  
She is a lady  
Who Fred does lend,

He lends her to  
The men who love  
The smell of fart  
That's from above.

For Fred is great  
But is not the boss  
He works for Sal  
Who is the source.

Sal's the man  
Who cooks the soup  
That makes the gas  
That comes from poop.

For what is life  
But in and out  
We suck things in  
And fart and shout.

We eat the meat  
And drink the juice  
And bite on bread  
And eat a goose.

And once inside  
We do digest  
What we eat  
Even at rest.

Then from it all  
It does produce  
A certain gas  
That is let loose.

And that is where  
Fred does come in  
His guts ablaze  
Ready to spin.

Then all at once  
The prize departs  
Fred lets it loose  
Here comes the farts.

Fred did fart  
Like a dart  
Smelling up  
The joint.

But then came Bertha  
Stomach a-churning  
Hot dogs and soda  
all percolating.

The stomach distending  
Big as a balloon  
About to burst  
Like an angry baboon.

The pressure builds up  
To unbearable highs  
Producing from Bertha  
Some very loud sighs.

And then it happens  
The pressure is great  
Now something must give  
It's a matter of fate.

Then Bertha lights up  
A nice cigarette  
Takes a long drag  
And then makes a bet.

She bets that she can  
Unleash a great wind  
By smoking a cig  
And pulling the pin.

The cigarette flares  
Just like a fuse  
Found a time bomb  
For which there's a use.

A bomb goes off  
With a loud roar  
Causing destruction  
That many deplore.

And that is what Bertha  
Now wants to do  
Convert her big belly  
Into a weapon real new.

She wants her big belch  
To make more than noise  
To cause more than laughter  
To make men from boys.

So now it does happen  
The fire is hot  
The gas in the tummy  
Will blow with a shot.

Bertha is lit up  
She's lost all her shame  
She belches out terror  
With one big, long flame.

Bertha tells Fred  
That he's just a bloke  
His farts are just smelly  
While she belches smoke.

Then Fred looks at Bertha  
And then does bend down  
And lets out a gas bomb  
That's cause for renown.

He then jumps on Bertha  
Who he likes very much  
Because of her boobies  
That feels good to the touch.

And Bertha lets out  
A song caused by gas  
That signals her interest  
In Fred's smelly ass.

They laugh and embrace  
Possessing big hearts  
Together as one  
Making belches and farts.