

## I Wonder by David Goldner

When I wonder why the whimpering wiener boys of Wurstkuche willingly want to wallow in a legal wanking, spinning their weenie wheels while firing their weary Willie, wasting a wide wedge of my well earned time with their wicked wish and wanton willingness to white wash what I have witnessed. They are the worst!

Are the wiggling worms really wondering if I'm going to wave a white flag? When will they realize that I won't. I wouldn't! I will not waver! Instead, I will whimsically wage a wiener war with the witless wimps. Winding them through a widening wormhole of wondrous web sites with uncensored wording about their wildcat wiener warehouse that will make them wail and whine that they waged a legal dime with this waste of my worthy time.

And what a waste! And why? For What? Where the whisper of a wet paint brush could once be witnessed, now wheels a welter of worthless whacking into the wee arts district hours. A wicked Wurstkuche wiener warehouse where there was once white walls of wonderful art. Now, the wind wheezes with waffling waves of choking grey yuppie smoke.

"Wow!" One woman whines to a waiter as he whisks her an overpriced winter beer. "The arts district. Howww cool" She wolfs down a wiener and wipes her wet muzzle and wonders... "Where are all the artists? Why are there no artists? What happened to them? ...

The wimpish waiter wobbled and wheezed as her smoke rose with her voice! "I'm waiting." The wanting woman wailed. The waiter winked... "Wurstkuche happened, madam. Wurstkuche." And with that he whorled about and walked away.

I wonder what else Wilson Petruzzelli will have to say? Douche bag wiener boys won't go away.