



⛳ GOLFUCKER 💀

For every basketball in the world

I went golfing because my brain broke
trying to fake an autobiography.

The skeleton at the first tee asked me to sign
its skull “golfucker.”

I hit a bird with my first shot and the bird's parents swooped down out of a tree and pecked my eyes out.

It wasn't easy to play golf without any ideas
so I went to a movie and tried hugging the
walls where it felt like the sound was
coming out.

Several patrons called the cops when they saw me hugging the walls of the movie and the cops said, “you can only hug the walls of shipwrecks on the ocean floor.”

I jumped into the ocean but a sea turtle put me on its shell before I had a chance to find any shipwrecks on the ocean floor.

The sea turtle said, “let me take you to the corporate headquarters; we need a new eyeless intern since we traded the last one for a used copier.”

The sea turtle CEO put me to work stapling forks to palm trees to stop the janitors from climbing them.

A janitor named Teapot yelled from the top
of a palm tree for me stop because he
wouldn't be able to climb down but the sea
turtle CEO said, "too bad."

I worried about Teapot but worrying about janitors in palm trees wasn't part of my job description.

The sea turtle CEO told me that there was no point in trying to fake an autobiography because that's just what every book ever written was and if you tried to do it on purpose then you would be writing the worst book imaginable and you would have to commit suicide as punishment immediately.

I got sad because I didn't have to play golf in the first place and I would still have my eyes if I hadn't.

The only cure for my depression, I decided,
was to legally change my name to Honey
Buns Muchachos.

Even though I was blind, I decided that I need to master golf to get back at the gods for my plight so I bought a golf bag that said “Honey Buns Muchachos” and became a member at the local golf club.

The skeleton who had asked me to write “golfucker” was still there on the first tee and I said, “Hey, what’s up, golfucker?” and he told me that his name wasn’t “golfucker.”

The skeleton told me its name wasn't
actually "golfucker."

“Your name is ‘golfucker’,” the skeleton said.

I told him I had legally changed my name to Honey Buns Muchachos but he said it didn't matter, that we didn't ever get to pick our names and that I should stop pretending.

I told him that I felt like I couldn't win, that no matter what I did it was never going to good enough, or real enough.

I was destined to be a fake anything so why
not just fake everything.

The skeleton handed me a golfball and said,
“hit this.”

I took it and immediately hit a hole-in-one so good that a sprouting flower popped the pin out and blossomed a new eye.

The skeleton reached deep into one of its one eye sockets and pulled out another eyeball, and said, “take this and go to the other.”

I inserted the eyeball and walked down the fairway to the green where the other eye was waiting for me in the middle of a beautiful flower.

When I got there, Tiger Woods appeared,
only he wasn't wearing golfing attire but
just a sombrero and a diaper.

He grabbed the eyeball out of the flower
and ate it.

The eyeball transformed into a cyclops
inside of Tiger Woods's stomach.

He gave birth to it by pooping an egg out of his butt.

The butt egg hatched and a cyclops grew
into a monster taller than any building.

The cyclops multiplied until there was as many cyclopes as there were golf courses.

They were so big they needed the space only
a golf course could provide.

But their shit and piss ruined the surrounding towns and cities.

The only way to end the destruction was to outlaw golf and golf courses.

I ran for President with the campaign message that golf would be made illegal.

But I was defeated.

And people couldn't stop building golf courses because they loved to make beautiful things that most people would never see or use.

So the cyclopes continued to multiply as long as there were new golf courses for them to use as homes and there were.

Everyone who continued to play golf were eaten by the monsters but there was never any shortage of people who wanted to play golf and it seemed as if being eaten by a cyclops was a small price to pay for being a person who played golf.

Every four years I ran for President as a member of the Destroy Golf political party, which I founded.

And every four years I lost until I was 119
years old and couldn't fight golf anymore.

“Golf took every fiber of my creativity away from me,” I screamed. “I tried to fight it; I really did.”

But no one heard me, so I let my head fall
beneath the river of cyclops piss and shit I
was floating in.

The world was all golf courses overrun by
monsters and rivers of their piss and shit:
that was it, nothing else.

I was the last human being alive and, as I drowned, I thought about Tiger Woods and his sombrero and diaper.

Everything turned to black as I remembered
him eating the eyeball.

When I opened my eyes again I was a
skeleton holding a pen on the first tee of a
golf course.