

To: jeevacation@gmail.com[jeevacation@gmail.com]; JE Jail[jeevacation@gmail.com]
From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Thur 2/17/2011 12:00:30 AM
Subject: real thank you

I sat on the throne, I tried to squat.

But my insides - tied in a knot.

Turtles move at a faster pace,

Harvey would surely win this race.

I pushed and squeezed and shook my ass,

hoping that this too shall pass.

What came out, I'm ashamed to say,

Was not solid on this day.

Few blasts of wind, explosive sound.

That's how stingy is my behind.

Resisting my every measure,

still guarding it's precious treasure.

Although I favor those of your kind,

only one question now comes to mind.

Despite the risk of sounding foolish,

I ask could my ass be Jewish?

Digestive tea I started sipping,

My bloat kept growing, seams started ripping.

Tempted by ex-lax, I tried to play fair.

My pants were now beyond repair.

You came to the rescue once again.

Introducing Muffin - Muffin Bran.

Wrinkly moist raisins, walnuts and flax seeds
ready to satisfy all my ex-lax needs.

I poured my coffee, devoured the bran,

Soon one of those' would hit the fan.

One last time I puckered my tush
and put forth one enormous push.

The toilet's now clogged, failing to flush.

Seeing the size of it makes me blush.

If anybody asks I'll say it was the dog.

Even though Ballie is smaller than this log.

Today my bowels bow in gratitude
as they enjoy their newfound solitude.
No words can express my elation,
now that I'm free of constipation.

....thank you for my muffin.

Nadia