

## The Bad Breath Epidemic

The air is putrid,  
    talk is light,  
        nostrils offended,  
            lips held tight.

There's a bad breath epidemic raging through the land  
and nothing is being helped by smokers on every hand.

Some have dog-breath,  
    others have spice,  
        some have death-breath,  
            some vile and vice.

There's a bad breath epidemic raging through the land  
intensified by cokes, coffee, or beer scouring the glands.

The preacher sends his  
    out over the pews,  
        the worker thickens the air  
            like the paper mills do.

There's a bad breath epidemic raging through the land  
and like a plague it's getting out of hand.

If you'll use Close-Up  
    and brush your fangs  
        you'll save the population  
            from harsh nasal pains.

There's a bad breath epidemic raging through the land,  
and I'm told if I clean my mustache it wouldn't smell so bad.

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This poem was written in honor of  
the guys at work, because sometimes  
the air gets pretty thick and hairy  
around there. Since I'm hearing-  
impaired, I read lips; but sometimes  
I want to read them from a distance  
through a pair of binoculars.