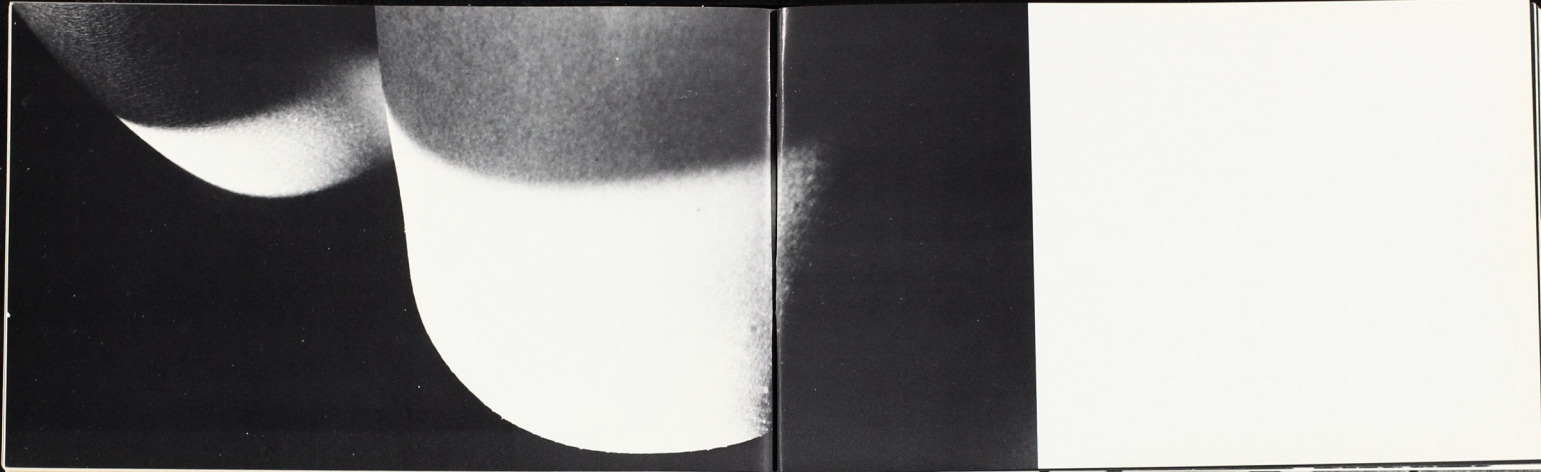


well no, that's not it- all you can think about are your beans
brown round juice-soaked slippery
characters have been not to pass this night before
darkly
measuring out their sorrows as if they too were precious
but why not
=what? that's right, when it's cloudy things become so clear
to a blind retarded sonofagunfuck

YOU

know you might miss your chance too
many people have laughed already
maybe its too late already... already, already, already?
it's only as late as you make it
with someone beautiful beautifully
inhale, exhale, one more cigarette,
but only if you plan to stayh
behind and keep your nose clean
and asses wiped



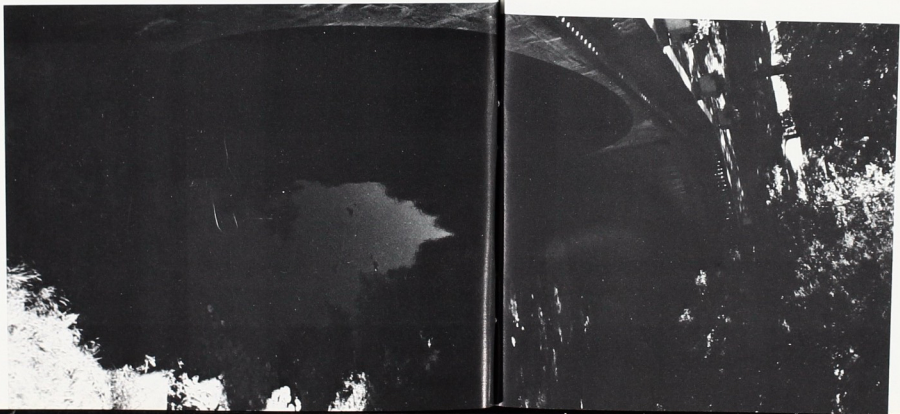


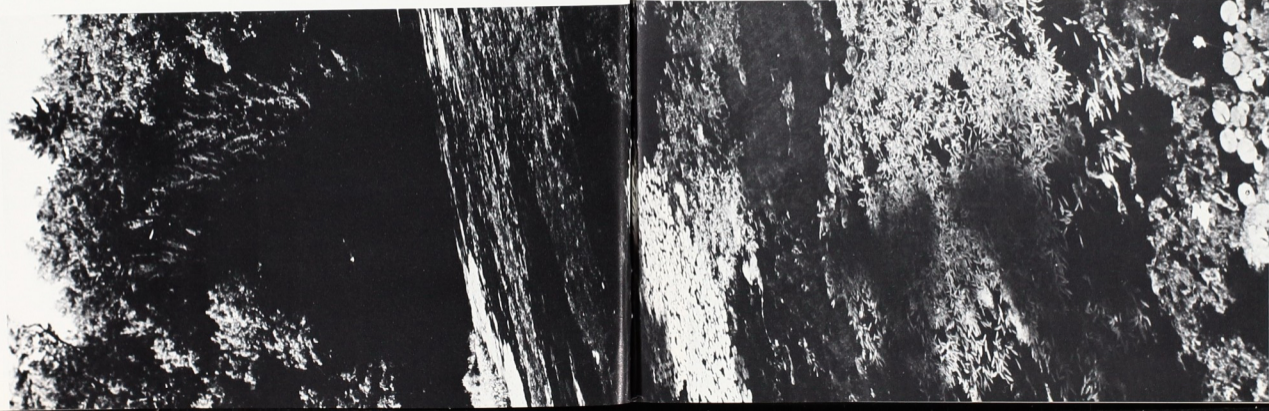








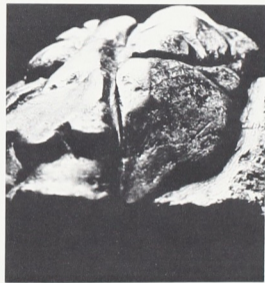


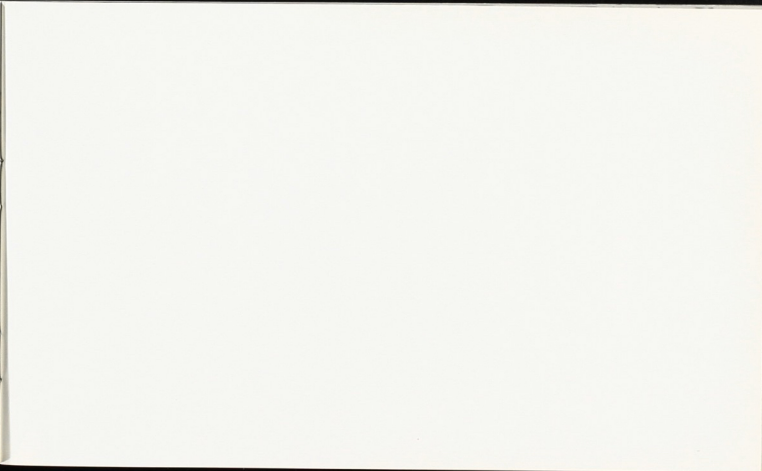


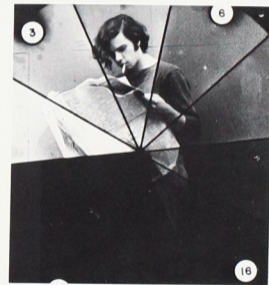
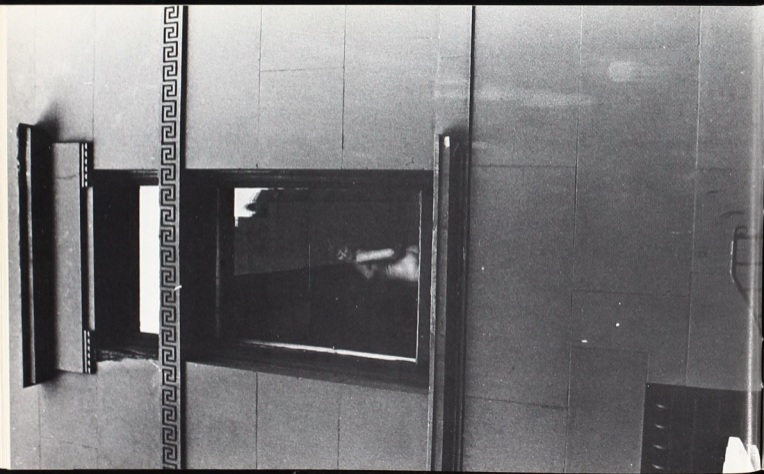


one rip can cause a flow of time
look into my head, my whole holiness
is something which we sometimes call a man of
or a woman of, possibly . . . , have you bothered recently
when the ship flew way beneath the dingle-starry
sliding, slithering, slinking into maybe you
can try
waking moaning the morning wake
before you rise or if, when yasgur gave his first farewell
no i hate him and that line
he once would put his soul to dry
in a sea of my flesh, moist with
saliva from a moursel mew
the church pew reserved
the smell of last month when he came
riding on a donkey
with his manhood in his hand as if it would burst
and it did a rainbow of
explanations need explaining when the moon is plump for
a hump of dried out peach pits with sandy pores
can never be seen when the beach is moist
with saliva from a poursole
he died with his booths on
or rather hanging
bright young maidens by their armpits
spewing yellow, splattering brown
words spoken soft as shit
fragrant memories sitting quietly-not still
one never knows whether butterflies can melt or
is it only fairies in gossamer gowns
like little lilly, he surely knew the gay spots
gray hairy hoary old fuccks in their stained with wine joks
that shout out- split it baby, split it, split it
one rip can cause a flow of time.

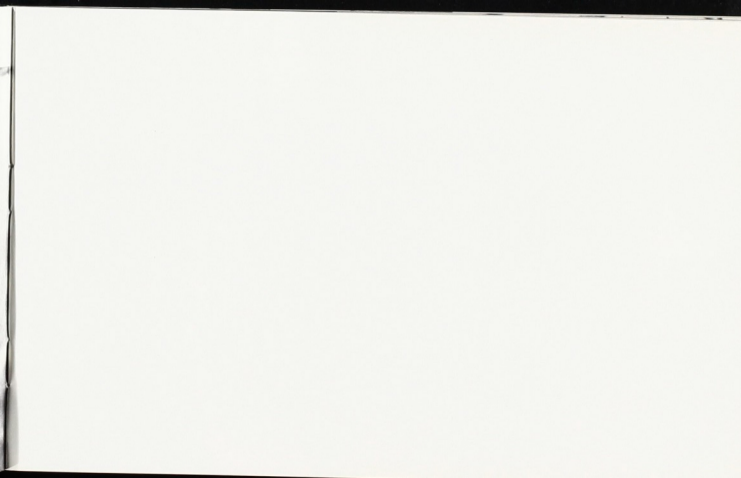


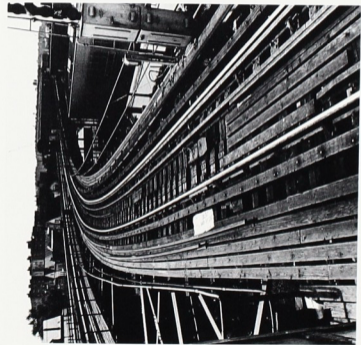
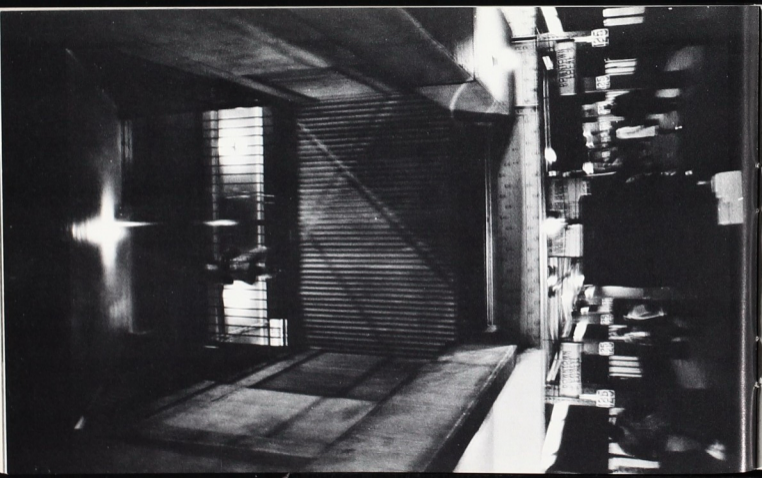


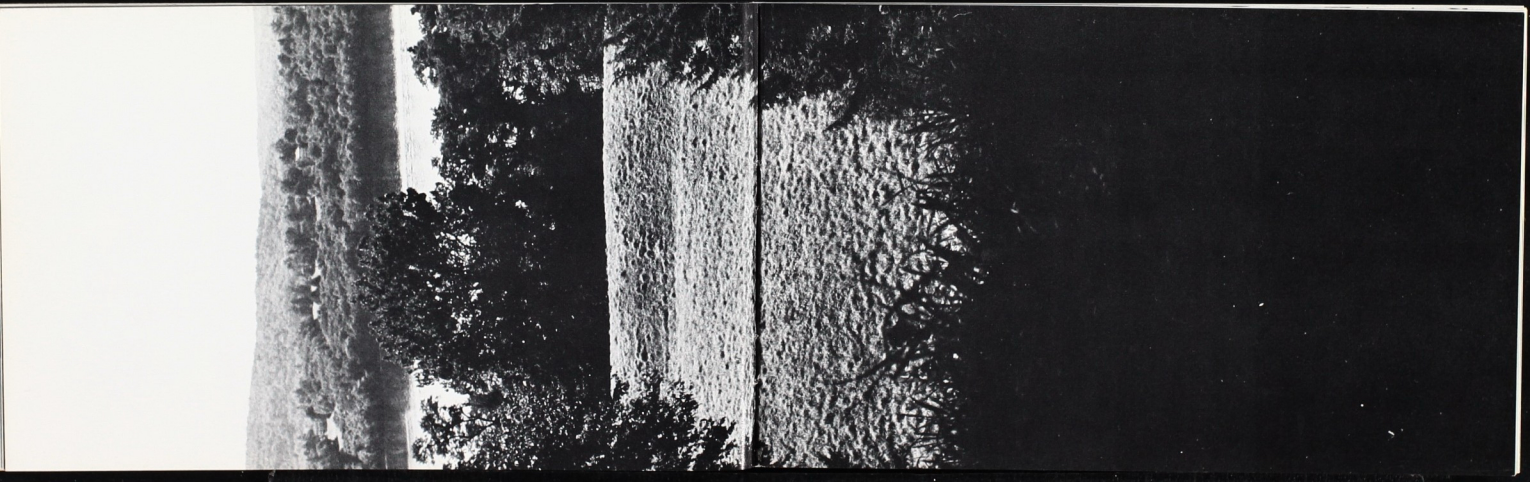






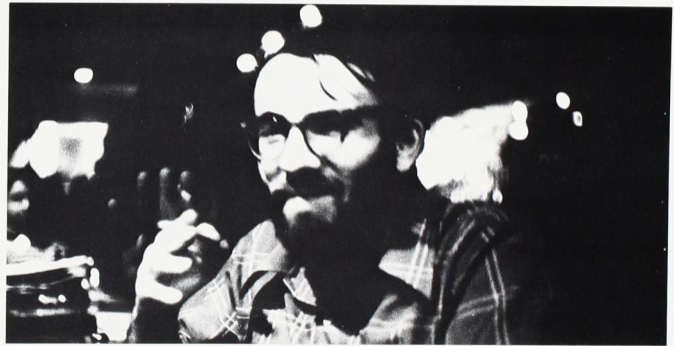








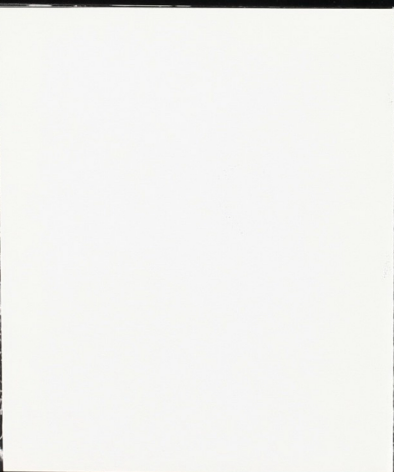
there are trees in the park this
rumpled xradiant reddened lips-mouthed
the words and called most carefully cautious
connotatingly
he denoted five fast passages
consoling her all the time '
and all the kings men
flashed lightening jimasholed
that door
flying carpateso and
the egg man lives just around the corner
to a Glassy-eyed holeroxerhiter playing
and in his search for words she left him speechless
purple veined, blurping out all inconsistencies of
times that tinker tallied
talisman's blubbered lips hisps lasting long
brown sparrows fluttered from below
bank windows for tittywatching freaks
who run the circus up the block
busting chops bucks blacks bitches
who once with their hair hanging swift and green
it happened friday for
the sabhath was a pieceful day
benign 98 was the troubleshooterooter
in her small round ass and
bill is as pornographic as a sonofabitchinghairpulla
if there are trees in the park











a wilting woken feeling forlorn from being glad of life
beneath the waves of weary women
and heavy men who smell, me we smell each other eagerly
the dogs barked and groaned with passions passing
joints to . gustavius with a beard in a circle of nonfriends
checking out the ass-holes up the block
and finding only camp-fire girls burnt to a crispy
young bossoms go well with eager
beaver with his pants caught down when the cop shone

his light in the car in the lot
ta people pass this parting high way where the sunshines free and plenty
we sat and played chess in the laundryroom that sunday after being caught
but still not seeking
my legs were very bruised
and blistered lightly
where the sun sunned sunnily sumptiously sunday
when the bees brought back the honey
for you and i to sweet love it or
eat drink and be very care ful when
banana peels turn brown than black from
fresh full loins still ripe for
horses galloping, later trotting, than walking, crawling to
her house he met a sleeping serpent
who was only pretending to be a serpent, chatting
mildly near the ruffles on her gown
of plum-skin and orange peeled
and plucked the petals plenty
and still plenty summer left for you and you and
no-one knows if time can melt the tide
red on white dry as a spayed cat calling
cards can sometimes be misleading
near crooked
cops live down nearby the river
mottled steak and wrinkled stretched
beyond the dregs and druids drinking

