

THE FLYING HIGH TAIL LONGHORN GATE

Go and double cross a rubicon dumb. Get with scum a numb public cond^om

Be they a prig or a lude, a
 Dumb jerk can always talk of a God or a Buddha.
 But how many heliums does it take to make a sun?
 Why do hydrogens have to try to die to have fun?
 Is our sun a cannon that schpritzes Athena seltzer?
 Or a seething mess that cannot help but smelt her?
 What about our lovely brilliant goaty light?
 From Jupiter it's just one peep hole slight
 In a vast cheesy opera's black velvet drop
 Stuck with infinite moth holes that never stop.
 Too small to fall in love and too big to fall in a toilet
 Onward and upward God fodders aim for the sun.
 Is this really what the little jerks think is fun?
 Is this what Goody-Goody's rave about in bed
 Till a peace makes them and they're dead?
 Stars shine bright on shatter light
 In back of that is star wrack,
 Behind is total dark in back
 Is that too, too, possible fact:
 Cannon fodder or can on fodder,
 Before your life cracks its back
 More than a pack of, less than a sack of,
 Dumb shit must splat your back.

THE CRAPPED OUT LOW

TAIL SHORT HORN GATE

H
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 O
 ne
 Big
 Love
 Bull in sky
 Shining gold dream wind dance hay.
 Work hard. Fit in. Struggle to be food.
 Go out and get really chewed up good.
 Kill your Self. Feel good. Get real deal.
 Be great smoothly eaten, vomited, and re-eaten meal.
 Glorious bull shit will spill over you tall
 More than enough to keep you in any stall.
 No pretend you better than bull shit over all.
 You born hay. Go work and go pray. Live as hay.
 You get plenty cow pie pure in sky when you die.
 Hay can never in any humble way find a way to pay
 To high tail its sweet, fly silent, eternal, stationary way.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Deep in back of that is star wrack. Behind that all is dark in back of an elaborate fact: Dead cow pies on their back squeak God's lil baby loves splat from Godfoddors into brain murder. Thee.The.That's canon foddors loves Godfoddors, folks.