

				STARS
	FINGER	TIPS	IN	T H E
THE	WRIST	IN	THE	GUTTER
				GATE
	The rand	of lay	forcing	the herd
	is the band	of sway	funning	the horde
	is the pand	of play	fudging	the crowd
	is the mand	of nea	framing	the cowed
	is the strand	of stay	farming	the bored
	is the gland	of fray	furling	the sword
	is the vand	of flay	foaming	the gored
	is the land	of slay	worming	the sward
	is the hand	of clay	forming	the word.
The true hand	is the hand	that wipes	off stub	born turd.
The good hand	is the hand	on a knife	about to	cut a steak.
The beautiful hand	is the hand	that loves	to shake	crotch ache.
The greatest hand	ever to live	is the hand	taking a	crotch scratch.
The fabled hand of	Samarkand is	a hand gro	ping in a	topnotch snatch.
The ruby hand of	Gitcheegoo is	a hand wipe	ing off it:	Hot armpit fog.
The diamond hand	of Upandown is	the hand doing	the good	old zog zog zog.
Life is short. There	is breath, but there is	absolutely no time at all.	Lips are small.	
There are too many	meaningful, validated, deeply committed	rectums	to kiss them all.	
Don't take any shit	from anything that's short and don't take	shit from anything that's tall.		
Don't take any of	that old – Me work you shirk, me food	you lude, me deaf you call?		
Me belief you thief, me something you nothing,	me is complete you is easily led	sheep,		
Me give no quarter and you takes slaughter,	me rays you haze, me very deep you	sleep,		
Hallelujah for me malaria for you, me payback	is a bitch reap you filthy niche	creep,		
Me great you hate, me Dean you Jerry, me prig	you pig – Shit from anything at all.			
For your life's sake, get up off your mother	sucking knees. Be life's call. Be it all.			
Life must be big, ripe fruited, unbalanced,	uncastrated, an unaltered dynamic	ball.		
Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back	of that giant fire star screen	wrack,		
One star squashed on its back, squeaks: No!	I refuse! On the big BBQ rack,			
I get a kick out of god! God's ass is a major	ass! I want to lick his crack.			
Behind that thick, tacky lac under	cosmical fumbling in myopic	flack		
Another star flat on its BBQ baby back	squeaks in slobber croaks:			
Sucking up to star manure gets your lips	burned black and blue!			
It's all in the hand with the straight	tycoon do or the coolie cue.			
And this lever ridged nerve flesh bone	machine has the touch.			
It has the touch and an arm of gold. It has	been howled, Ouch!			
Uncouth Barouche! Crouched Sloth Cough!	Gauche Slouch!			
For patently it is not into inane delusion	of grandeur jokes.			
Thee. The. The. That's fuck God and fuck	you, too!			
Fuck all A B C D E F G H I ate a God in	Incamazoo			
Zoo zoo zoo zoos! This hand is my hand,	folks.			