

THE HE BUG GATE

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Hello my muddy, Hello my love mould, vacant rack. Hello my bacteria sigh, Death squeaks on a Hello my saliva spewn girl! Send me your love by bile!

The. The. The. Send me your incisor wile! That's the way the The. Hello my soft shell girl. bug fauves' *

Thee. My foreleg Twirl. sho vel shoves, dove folks.

* love

THE JOHNSON GATE

*Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis,
Nor a thick shake French Metro piss:
Nor in the disease bouche de trench: A French kiss:
Nor in clippéd French trees the wind's sad lisp.*

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Under all that is black track under hard dark fact: Thee. The. The. That's commuting stars Flat on their back squeak out on a silent ungreased hard rubber track: Nous sont les chu chu chu grand tout fruits de fer, faux.

THE COWLEY GATE

*And in the silken beds their slimy members place
A luxury unknown before to all the wat'ry race.*

As the flipper'd, webb'd, and horn'd frogs pile high
Inadvertant mounts glisten green phlegm prime'd sigh.
Now the intemperant slime lubed amphibs aspire higher:
Pile to plunge her Venus flesh'ed green'd rubber'd tire
To render lovely fat of life to emerald fire.
Stars shine bright on shatter light
Deep in that is fuse'ed cobalt green
Pine star gleam'd. Blue'd 'n yellow
Sap'd green'd st'ars on their ba'ck
Squeak viridian'd glubs on moss'd rack:
Thee. The. The. That's o verdant pond slime lime green'd grassy croax,
croax,
croax,
foax.

THE ASSHOLE GATE

Here I am.
Your last choice,
Is now your best chance,
Perhaps the very last chance,
To gaze right iⁿto my eyes
And know me as I really am.
You cannot live without me.
My name is asshole.
I love you. I
Am
Running
For President.
And furthermore
I now say to you:
Stars shine bright on
Shatter light. Sphinctered
Deep in back of acidic wrack
Behind dark healthy fiber in back
Of a veritable swollen Tiber of tact:
An elaborate neo-masticate fact:
Dead foods flat on their back
Squeak out a rat a tat tat tat
From a vacant rack,
Barely to miss
Thee. The. The.
The. That's our
Dream must
Ever be this
To o shall pass, folks.

THE
BARRETT-
BROWNING GATE

*Our Euripides, the human with
His droppings of warm tears
Out inspires the gods with
Their droppings of pure sheet.*

Far down below the extravagant
Pallid temple in the pellucid cloud:
'Neath shaking white hand of subtle cough:
Two elegant romance stars on crooked silk back:
Fling thin smiles in pale chaise lounge funk wrack:
Wan an ache dark sigh: Stars shine bright on shatter light:
I just got to marry the way out outlandish long winded hack:
Thee: The: That's the why don't you go fuck yourself: Pops: folks: