

THE EXCESSIVE NOSE GATE

There
Once came
A bit snotty ruse
From a lumpy KY nose
Grown on an lago woose, Bruise,
Whose nostrils stuffed of cocaine juice,
Brain de-nosed down his nose like a sluice,
As big as the ooze on voluminous white Moose
Nose fruits big as pink satin shoes of the Ballet Russe
When he whispered slick poison in Othello's ear.
Othello whipped fiery toxic shock fumes out his rear.
Thus Othello's mellow smellows asphixiated this
Abnormal nosed Bruise fellow

Stars shine bright
In back of
That star
mess.

On shatter light
That mopey
lot of hot
gas.

Is that elaborate
Rubberate
fact.

Dead stars flat
On their
back.

Squeak large, sleek, yet strangely inutile snots. Thee.
The. The. That's, watch out! here comes moor, folk^s

I know 300 million Russians and I believe
For one is red and one is white and
They don't seem to have even
What in the world to do.
Especially at suppertime
It's close to sublime
To go out and
In fact they're
Stars shine
Shatter light

Starvation in totally open social cancer cells. Thee. The. The. That's a great deal of oi oi yuch nyem, folks.
THE COLD AXE OF MOSCOW SWINGS BOTH WAYS GATE
Deep under giant angel bells and cold stone prison walls numb red ice stars torture poor beaten prisoners of

Bright on
Giving 'em back.
Kill them a Jew.
For them to find time
Waiting so long in line
They spend so much time
The slightest hint of an idea of
The other 299,999,996 are depressed.
That you certainly must know them too,

THE UNLAID BRICK: THE HINGED PANICK: THE WILL MAJESTICK: THE STAR TURNED KING OF SPRING GATE

Work dogs as dreaming eagles,
Plume truth on crying beagles,
Forge craps to super regals.

Come, King of Spring,
Sing winged ding ding.

Sing sad stories of the death of binge
Hit the base court ground to cringe
In thy wife's pipe's cold iron ringe.

Come, King of Spring,
Sing singed ding ding.

Will will circumduct dislove's bemucked aqueduct!
Will will well dissolve ill suction's terror struct muck!
Quick will will unblock malconduct's sour duct suck!

Heaven's hot star
When will's glorious

Stars shine bright on shatter light.
Behind that is total night in back
Dead stars on their back squeak
Thee. The. The. That's usually Ca

Pop up ghost behind a post,
Lard tub boast to eat all roast,
Best bed coach Cleo's coast.

Come, King of Spring,
Sing ringed ding ding.

Sing panicked, sweet manick!
Scream, Yuck! Yee majestik
Double knuckle fucked Cluck!

Come, King of Spring,
Sing hinged ding ding.

Deep in back of that is star wrack,
of that majestick elaborated fact:
love is marriage on a vacant rack:
Ca Caliban and Ariel in fact, folks.