

TH EC  
 ATG ATE  
 Pee Wee loved popcorn.  
 She died with her tongue on  
 life's ♥ eye smiling pink ♥ tip  
 dead asleep next to Margie's garage.  
 She was cold. Her head was split.  
 We dug a grave in our front lawn.  
 We made a wood sign:  
 Pee Wee  
 1987-1990.  
 We love you.  
 Rachel had a funeral.  
 Margie said Pee Wee  
 was always my friend.  
 After everyone else said  
 how they knew Pee Wee  
 always looked both ways  
 when she crossed streets so  
 who hit her went too fast,  
 After we buried Pee Wee,  
 because we did not choose,  
 because we did not choose to turn,  
 because we did not choose to turn Pee Wee  
 over to the police, who for \$25, would burn her  
 with the garbage or sell her to a lab, we got a butter  
 yellow, that popped up white, micro-mini rose  
 called Popcorn. We planted the rose over her  
 arms.  
 Stars  
 shine  
 bright  
 on shatter light. In dark is one small with white paws and a very long tail gray cat. The. The The. That's eating popcorn on her back, folks.

TH ED  
 OGG ATE  
 O way down  
 South in good old  
 Look ♠ away Dixie  
 Elect pure white women wore white  
 (And men of honor hid red neck hicky)  
 They used to snigger away, away and say  
 That a Nigger turned outside in is a Kike.  
 That a happy go lucky little good old mean sardine cracker  
 Turned upside down till a gun fell out could not be a good old murder look alike.  
 That a mother fucker paranoid plantationer turned outside in could not be a poor psychizophrenic.  
 They used to say the goddamn earth of the song could not be a waste medical of infectious blood.  
 But we come a long way. Now they say a truly dixielectic charmin' god who wants to bite 'n slay,  
 Who froths at the mouth running mean to bark, hunt, kill, chew, and mutilate reality all day,  
 Who don't mind a whip in any way, we say this dixielectic god turned inside out is doG.  
 Even tho there isn't a god who isn't a far, far better in every old way than that,  
 And goes to a far better rest than doG's mixed blood scum and all that  
 Stars bum bright on lynch black. Deep in back is star mocker,  
 Behind dead black in back Of simple flesh shocker:  
 Verandas on their back Shake a mean rocker:  
 Thee.The.The.The. That is with tact:  
 We do it all For our ronoH,  
 Your good Old ronoH.  
 We are Not angels  
 Is your ronoH? Dlo  
 sklof ta emoh?