

THE NEW ENGLAND GATE

Whose woods these were, I do not know,
Made dough when they cut 'em down though.
How I got into this freezing wreck, I do not know,
Can't move a muscle under the gearshift though.

Whose goddamn Cadillac that is smashed out in the snow
I do not know, seen her lousy fat Wop ass in the mall though.
What kind of car that other goddamn wreck is, I do not know,
Seen it once on a lousy snob, twin Frog, weird mustard ad though.
Whose silver Lincoln Continental Town Car that is, I do not know,
Never seen two Chink college girls screaming upside down though.
Whose burning goddamn Mustang 5 Point 0 that is, I do not know,
Not a nick on her beauty rims, dumb Squaw face broken though.
Whose pricey lavender Jeep Cherokee that is, I do not know,
Seen his degenerate Spic fairy ass in the village though.

O! Wasn't it nice to shoot that plump and pregnant Doe,
To see those precious little blood drips run red down her sloe.
We do hope she remains in our goddamn trunk in the snow.

Well as warm milk, if it were spring, the high winds fair,
We'd hide by the school, see some goddamn kiddy underwear,
Soon perhaps prudently park a nice ways from the old closed mill,
Perhaps slowly spark away at the cold fashioned widow chill.

Then maybe we'd eventually drive some a way down east
Down in Boston to buy some good and dirty magazines and yeast
Some really undeserving Mick Combat Zone stripper, pick her nose,
Hoe a row, wiggle our toe, pick up a case of Wild Richard's Irish Rose.

O! Isn't my poor heart a goddamn needle point numb as Novocain?
We should not have purchased such a goddamn costly cocaine.

We'll spill it out the window into the pure and driven snow,
Insist one of the unfortunate Niggers was using it, you know.
Though, although, we know, it might be a heavy sin for some,
We got 240,000 hours of increasingly earnest Bible study done.

Let us make this perfectly clear: God is a very hard Number One!
In sharp providence did we use the better part of the white powder.

To waste good money never made Number One of us prouder.

We should have swerved to miss that lousy mutt's dumb nose,
For blood hairs on our Honda Civic grill are such an expensive rose.
Yo! O! So lord! Make me shoot one more time at a wrong No Sun Order
Sign on Your lousy bleeding heart, liberal, goddamn Taxachusetts border!
Jesus, it would be nice to get a good shot at a whore Motorcycle Dike, too:
White dress, long hair, smile, sandals, beard, perverse Bike Kike, 31 or 32!

Could those cut trees shining in the acid snow be death's railing?
Like Abortion, Perversion, Divorce, and Evolution, are we failing?

You know, lord, You could have made us a goddamn TV star!
Is it Self-pity to say, Jesus! You really went too goddamn far
When You double crossed us in this piteously small Jap car?
We got miles to go before we beat Gloria, eat Hunter Stew,

Rehearse our sermon, whip respect into crippled Mary Lou,
Tap baby on the skull with a thimble enough to improve her IQ,
Tie Joe head to knees, bowl him at some chairs for a frame or two;
Concerned humiliatiousness keeps the children out of Satan's stew;

Feed that filthy Pig in the basement, then shovel up her shit pile too,
Get the filthy Doe into the freezer, and call up a lean mean lawyer too-
For unto us is given a wicked host of loaded, undeserving sinners to sue.

And so many promises to keep. Lord! I beg You! Cure my prick! Quick!
I just remembered last night at the Golden Arches, I arranged a trick
With the 3 Sophisticates: Increase, his wife Barb, their fixed Toy Pit-Bull, Dick.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Dark in back a cold star screams on its back:
And what about! Miles to go before I sleep! I've always respected a religious tack!
Thee. The The. That's and there goes, I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas, © too, folks.