

Great hairy bird gods may cry invisible reins down their back,
 Clean tears of gold may shine from their heart's silk sack:
 It never got you a sweet particle of humanity's sanity back.
 Your Self-hatred has an insidious plan in the round,
 That turns your joy and grief and life and death around.
 Does your wish to live have a clever counter scheme?
 Or just the rather usual banal to ordinary morbid
 Pain consumer's death sucking dream?
 Stars shine bright on shatter light.
 T H E H Y Well deep in back of that MN a sljck #1: SUCK NOT THE GRANDEUR OF PAIN GATE
 Star flat on its dick back
 Squeaks out an arid
 prayer for lube on a
 reverent rack: Thee.
 The. That's to re-
 nounce slice take
 this advice: When
 you pray use
 at least some
 hOney,
 soap,
 or KY,
 folks.

THE FIVE PERFECTLY BALANCED SONGS OF PUT ON INNOCENCE GATE

<p> Empty Bowl has said once To one far, far, less clever: Even if a yearn helps, dunce, Learn to pull your own lever. </p>	<p> Above heaven God says God. Below heaven mole finds hole. Salmon finds stream, spawns. Lion takes gulp, yawns, lawns. </p>
<p> Let wet storms drop rain, Let grasses increase grain, Let dogs bark: Wuuf Wuuf, Let Sufis sniff: Sss Uuuuuuuuu Fff. </p>	<p> Meanwhile, back at losses' Ruinous ranch: a heinous crap As angst's Ain rapidly grosses Out to ghain's bane gain flap. </p>
<p> Humankind works hard to find Self's spine </p>	<p> from heart of the mind to genital line. </p>
<p> In adrenal warp or vegetable daze, deep down in woof central of our visceral maze. It is so much tougher for us human kind than god, disease, beast, rock, event, or veg, As we scratch a breath, scrape an inhale to find the sweet keep deep in our electric hedge. </p>	
<p> Stars Shine bright On shatter light. Behind that is total valance Within a seemingly secret balance. The. The. The. That's sniff that no air, folks. </p>	