

THE SQUEAK BIRD OF TRUTH GATE

An anxious
 Tennessee Moodpecker they do say,
 Took 150 downers a day.
 Yes and how many screwdrivers do you have to drink to swallow that?
 Or do you just drown quaint lewds in your craw's dry fat?
 Yes and how many chanticlair get stuck
 In the pills in your throat?
 The answer my friends
 Is blowing the wind.
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Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back of that is pathetic head love's fragile old way over
 Refined on a folkish wrack: Thee.The. That's the old: Do glorification of pain sachet, folks?

THE LET MY PHARAOH GO GATE

Say now who's been messing with The Pharaoh's pot?
 It's supposed to be tombed! And it is not!
 Why do you think He fills it up every day?
 Just so His intestines won't explode? Say!
 Don't you know The Pharaoh shits sun ray?
 Every morning, noon, evening, day after day,
 What would we do without His lovely daily lot?
 Try to grow our daily thumb of glory prune juice,
 Inviolate enema coffee or ex-lax in sacred cat snot?
 Stars shine bright on shatter light in back a sacred of fact: Chunked,
 One obtuse squared star flatted clunk on its opaque limestone back
 Squeaks deified defecation rectangle dunks on a vacant rack
 Thee.The.The. That's the religious can exploits total crap, folks.

THE FLYING EMERSON GATE

*Earth, crowded,
 Cries: "Too many men!"
 My counsel is, kill nine in ten,
 And bestow the shares of all
 On the remnant decimal.*

Then kill all but one deserving persona,
 Yes. Bestow the remnant on a brilliant
 Man right and cogent as the dawn!
 One who's mind strides worlds
 Of over ignorant yankee lawn,
 Not some over dulleous yawn
 Old world delusion of grandeur pawn,
 On leaden skate fleet as marble *faun*.
 (Now be sure to leave out the smarter quaker,
 nigger, mick, frog, spic, chink, injun, and jew.
 The Big Concord don't want anything too new.)
 Choose one of oversoul overdrive non-criminal
 To lose my very splendid over member subliminal
 Would be, for life on the big Massachusetts, too minimal.
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Behind that is ingenuity strive in
Stars flat on their back jerking yankee brains out on a salt box rack.
Thee. The. The. That's pixilated delusion of frugal grandeur, folks.

THE AUTHENTIC CONSCIOUS IDIOTS GATE

There once was a very hard working
 Short distance, low flying camel: Kathy No Tank Rommel.
 She wished to breathe like a long distance, high flying, intuitive camel!
 She wished to be a remarkable, high flying, quick air in, no air out mammal.
 So she flew off to talk to that airy Dromedary, Authentique dieu Pump.
 Authentique dieu Pump scorn ed, "You human shit! You total grump!"
 "Flying camels don't pray, they only sigh dew, fly blue, and cry anew."
 poor Kathy No Tank flew away sighing. The dew of her entire being was crying.
 She was so angry she held her breath till her denying mind became a hump.
 Down to her adrenals, she panicked she would die. Adrenals don't lie.
 Her life shook like shit fit. Her mind took a jump like an electric suck sump.
 A lamp lit. She took a hit. She shook a tit. Her teeth bit. She found her wit.
 Her heart began to thump. Your adrenalin shock is a big intuition bump.
 Adrenalin is a big intuition sump. Intuition is a big life evocative pump.
 It sucks up the wish to live like starvation sucks up the blood of a liver.
 The best things in life are quiver and your intuition is an evocative life pump s_h_i_v_e_r.
 So whenever you're down in a slump, when your life is a shocked dump.
 Don't be a delusion of grandeur pump like grounded Authentique dieu Pump
 Remember Hi-Flying Kathy Tank Up Rommel: Take a consciousness jump.
 Don't pump delusional rump lump Jump air plump! Pump air, Grump!
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Deep in back of that is star wrack,
 Behind that is total dark in back of that invisible and intuitive fact:
 A short star flat on its back squeaks flight on a vacant rack:
 Thee. The. The. That's Kathy No Tank Rommel was small and hairy but she flew high, folks.