

THE SONG OF

I AM.  
I AM. NOW.  
I AM ALIVE. NOW.  
I AM BREATHING. NOW.  
MY HEART IS BEATING. NOW.  
BLOOD IS RIVERING UNDER MY SKIN. NOW.  
SENSATIONS ARE FLOWERING ON MY SKIN. NOW.  
I LIFE IS FOUNTAINING. NOW.  
I WISH TO LIVE. NOW.  
I AM ALIVE. NOW.  
I LOVE LIFE. NOW.  
Stars shine bright  
On shatter light.  
Now. Thee. The.  
The.The. That's.  
I not tail of dog.  
Now. I student of  
Mr. Gurdjieff.  
Now. Folks.

SELF GATE

THE POT OF GOLD GATE

I saw God. And He wasn't big at all.  
A rather small 42 inches. That's all.  
Maybe it was the son. For then. That was tall.  
He said. "You'll win a ton. A pot of gold in the Lottery.  
You'll never have to work. And for your sake I go surety.  
No children will be deceived. No lovers will ever be grieved.  
No rich will ever marry a bitch. No sinners will ever get an itch.  
The fools will believe the smart. The smart will get a heart.  
And what does it all matter at all? All there is is all  
Just a lot of dead leaves that believe in fall."

Stars shine bright on shatter light, sing there's one thing sure and nothing's  
Sure-er. Thee. The. The. That's the poor get God up their ass and the rich  
Get Bertholt Brecht, a cockroach steak and a half a smoked ant lung, folks.

THE STONE GATE

This was told me on a nice stone beach in Nice by a nice Oxford Jew:  
I had asked if there was anti-semitism in England, the smallest tear in the dew  
Shining in his London Times hid Yid eye view as a small stone in his forehead grew:  
"I dare say Britain is not Russia, Poland, or France, would you? But yet people do  
Have a way of not letting one forget that one is a Jew but when two Jews get together  
There are three opinions. So? Nu: What else is new?" Stars shine bright on shatter light.  
Thee. The The. The's sometimes what else is new seems to be all there is, folks.