

ACID THE
GLOWS
OF THE
BURST

I love the magical
August rose of.
*All the flower power clothes of
Washington Square. Psychedelical.*
Her reflection's glare.
Eyes. Headband. Hair.
Her golden flare.
Lovely creamy pair.
Wan swan poverty air.
Cheek bones. Beak.
Make me freak.
Five foot two.
Far out too.
Screw?
Whew. Blue.
Affected too.
Yes. One of those.
Throws artistic pose.
Like Eton goy rows.
Thinks Naso, Ovid.
Nose swallowed
Pill for no kid.
Mom tacky.
Just like Jackie.
Ambition. Dead.
Dad. Send bread.
Wherever she goes.
Bells tingle her toes.
Cat on her shoulder.
Tries to look older.
No Panty hose.
17. Can't lose.
Not a debt.
Fine lace velvet.
Second hand clothes.
Pepsi is plastic. Loathes.
Swings with great care.
Extremely straight hair.
Had 60th lover. Squeak.
Tibetan speed freak.
Bad scene. Disaster.
But her heart beat faster.
When old blind fairy assed her.
In back of her mind wants it all.
Hoping to find glazed fall.
Stoneware coffee cups.
*Made one old brick wall.
Organic. Knocked off plaster.*
Burned pink bras.
Foam pushup cups.

Stars
Shine bright
On shatter
Light.

The

HOSE OF THE
MAGICAL
AUGUST
ROSE

Got no meat. No bra.
NYU Spiritual master.
*Has three antique candlesticks.
Edna. St. Vincent Millay wicks.*
Kicky. At one time. All six.
Sandals. Ankles. Thong tether.
West Fourth street. Brown leather.
Big white ball. Japanese paper light.
Black sling chair. Low height.
Slosh. Cold waterbed.
Dead moth fled.
Torn Afghani rug.
Herbal tea. Glug. Glug.
Huge plastic ivory vibrator.
Heroic vaginal rectal dilator.
Water pipe for bubbles. Not.
Takes a mega hit of hash a lot.
Posters: Child. Big eyes. No mother.
Three little pigs doing each other.
Slum god. East Village Other.
Poster: Dumbo taking a flying shit.
On Minnie and Donald doing it
With Dylan. Fake folk fun.
Poster: Nixon is the one.
Black lady pregnant.
Says Prez is vagrant.
Quit shrink. Dr. Fink.
Whaaddaya tink.
I drug kids for nuttink.
Makes love like woman.
Screams like a little girl.
Comes like fibrillating squirrel.
Has had two fierce abortions.
Sadly, times a day thrice.
Eats brown rice.
Brittle little portions.
Rain or shine. Pours no salt.
Sesame seeds. Shakes to a fault
At Paradox. Second Avenue.
Says. The can. I am going to.
Before each organic 1 and 2.
Believes Beatles are dead.
Stones give heavy head.
Adores Doors. Instead.
Bad mood. Dark.
Stomps to Park.
*Way out. Every Friday at ten.
Gets really fried on pure acid.*
Gets laid back in dra
Ined park fountain.

The.
The. That's
Having
fun is

worse
than

OF WA SHI
GTON
SQUARE
GATE

Hard. Id not placid.
Over war Id lid rabid.
*Blows bubble. Ooo. Magical.
Mind trips. Cools it. Tragical.*
War is rancid.
Combat is stupid.
Cupid more lucid.
Has no future viscid.
Has no morbid past.
Life may be a ball.
Love is a blast.
Saw it all. Did it all.
Down to the thighs.
Dove to new highs.
Wove to new lows.
Wiggled her nose.
Sloed my slows.
Licked my toes.
Moaned my woes.
Gave me. The Clap.
Whoa. Large dose. Zap.
So. So. So. So what.
I'm. I'm. I'm. I'm hot.
I want the Pows of.
Desire the Yows of.
O Wow. In the throes of.
Must trail heavy tows of.
Believe power trip vows of.
Want the head trip knows of.
Want the stripper shows of.
The Corinna zow eeow of.
The Lesbia low meow of.
To go with the flow of.
Slink in the slow of.
Melt in the blow of.
Shine in the glow of.
Heavy nuclear lightmare.
Gigantic radioactive doses of.
Neon crabs in my underwear.
I crave the naked poses of.
I love each hot rose of.
Tingles in rows of.
Herpes. Doses of.
I'm the burst hose of.
The six flame glows off.
The six candle glare
*Of. I'd like to fire lick the clothes off.
Washington Square. Psychedelical.*
I love the magical
August rose of.

An up-
Tight fright
Of absurd

Residued no mom
No night light.

Folks?