

THE QUICK GATE

Fast eyes speed by closed.
Quick eyes moment by open.
Fast is time. Quick is breath.
Fast is dumb. Quick is clever.
Fast is numb. Quick is sensate.
Fast is dead. Quick is alive.
Slow is quicker than fast.
Quick is quicker in slow.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In dark a quick lark. Thee. The.
That's to alert the bird that ever wert in your deep mind dirt, folks.

THE ODE TO AN EXPIRING COCAINE WASP GATE

o
all hail c c c cruel wind turd i i ice sickle on dead bee ass!
o lean m m mean static leaves discrediting d dead hope car pets!
o displasticked c c cold floored cocaine wasps work less in sub urbs!
o o frozen ass ettes un able to sustain ca ca reer growth para meters!
if wind turd c c comes, can spring in crease be far bee
hind
?

Stars shine bright on shatter light. A star flat on credit squeaks frozen

assets. Thee. The. The That's – Ability: One. Credit: zero, folks.

THE TRY ON THE GREAT CHARLES' HAT GATE

In poor suffocation, fear-smalled breaths under cry
When the little die, for they never could rise to try
To blow Self, money, brain, breath, ambition, wit,
On impressions of children happy as pigs in shit.
Ignoring they might die shortly in accident tragic,
Denying a miniscule sweet lustered secret magic,
Dreaming tiny gloss shields in pathetic illusions,
Small-breath fears struggle for massive infusions
Of neat, safe, clean dreams toward small prisons.
In s hort, fear small minds dream expensive enslavem ent,
Cannot be present to the presence of life's sweet present.
Will never at 10, sit all day, working factory books on a stool,
Like my Poppy, Shmeul ben Nusan El-Chaim, dream
like the dickens of spoiling kids like a fool.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Up in the morning high on a judge, down in the evening low on a thief, flexuous on a lawyer or up on whatever the name, the hat of life is the same. Thee. The. The. That's trying on The Great Charles' hat has pulled many a money bunny out of fate's poor hat, folks.