

THE ANONYMOUS¹ AND NOVELLO² GATE

*His hands were changed to feet, and he, in short, became a stag.*¹
 His sort of dark Mediterranean, onantic rage, in short, became a fag.
 "I am Bonaparte," he screamed deep in his shorts. His mother neighed a nag.
 His mother fainted. "I am Napoleon," Joseph Fine, his new bride, in requisite drag
 Clawed, drew finger nail blood, puked, exploded like a blown up brown paper bag.
 "I am blown apart," he screamed. *His mother fainted. And then his mother came too.*²
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Deep in all that is extravagantly dull Empire clothes tack,
 Behind that is total loyalty to imbecility, sex with horses, imperial mental dwarfism, in fact:
 A sideways black hat flat on its back groans, moans, foams, squeaks sideways on a cannon rack:
 Thee. The. That's the way the statuesque, formidable heads of the majestic Old Guard got relieved, folks.

THE BRIDGE GATE

Like Ludwig siezed fate by the throat		
All at the same breath, see them all: Find:		
Collect: The sun pouring down from the sun		
To the light on the trees and the light of your mind.		
Be work creates a sweet substance but not in a trance.		
In meadow your breath. And even in deaf, hear every note,		
See every speck. Hear every bird. Smell every flower. See every mote.		
Feel haut.	Avoid annoyed.	Sense float.
Touch fife.	Knife strife.	Realize life.
Stop jolt.	Molt dolt.	Slavery bolt.
Air suck.	Grow luck.	Death fuck.
Violin sin.	Get in.	Shed skin.
Drum gloat.		Get smote.
Love fauve		your grove.
Rigamarole		your F hole.
Gong your sugar.		Near your far
And dance on your		four leg of goat.

Stars shine bright on shatter light under each star crash in bash of elaborate smash dead fragile stars shape air columns, thee. the. the. *the*. That's first comes the light, then comes the thunder, folks.

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I don't care what stubborn Sigmund used to say. What did that Jew jerk know anyway? Boys don't want to fuck their mothers. Girls don't want to fuck their fathers. Love is here to stay. Sisters don't never want to marry their sisters. Brothers don't never want to marry their brothers. Terrible Two's don't never want to do all of the above with terrific, endless, compulsive, perverse volcanic shove. Just because they cut off your cock when you were little. Don't mean one piffle. Buy God. You rise above it. So they burned out your cunt when you were little. Don't mean sniffle. You bakeNshake it off. Get out of Oz into some kitchen, kinder, and cookin'. Work for a boss and the world is your field. The dream horse of night needs a real good hitchen. Boys don't want to suck off their sisters. Sisters don't want to suck off their brothers. They just want to work hard to support a family. They just want a good job. Who doesn't? Honest Ronald? Somber Jesse? Glorious George? Epiphany Bill? Purity Nancy? You can't be the only one. Stars shine bright on shatter light. A star on its back squeaks: You can pay truth now in an implosive inter-mental shake up or you can pay truth later in a dead inter-mental crack up: Thee. The. That's if you want to understand where the shit hits the fan meet your Self tonight in dreamland, folks.