

THE ANGELO GATE

Angelo is
A friend of mine
You may know the rest.
He is one half Italian tenor,
And half the Jewish west
Side of Buddha pest.
Wherever he goes,
He has a nice time.

When he cries he is a scream tenor fine.

You say, "Popcorn?" He stops crying on a dime. He sings, "OK," in molto basso profundo sublime.
There always comes that, "Mama! Home!" time. He rides in the back of his mama's giant black car.

All alone in the dark in back of her hair

In his own little general's chair

Determined to get to his nice

Comfy King of Rome hoosegow

Like a determined Napoleon stare

With baby bottle angled up in the air

Like an expensive cigar trying to get the

Smell of strange Mos cows off of his hair.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Warmly screaming

Breathlessly a star sings one thing is sure, nothing is sure-er:

Thee. The. That's give me my pacifier, give me my bottle,

And give me my mama and you keep the cigar, folks.

THE SAMUEL GATE

Sammy, is, &
Has got to be a
Security Analyst's &
A Percussionist's son,
He polyrhythms
Like The sun,
Changes like a moon,
Mind tip toes like a tune.

Sammy is a friend of mine. He will kick me in any time.

Ta Ra Ra Sammy's not a sheep. Ta Ra Ra Sammy's not a sheep.

Sammy never takes a nap.

Sammy thinks that's total crap

And that rules are patent pap

Sammy has a non-stop mind

Sammy he is Humankind.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In a corner, hot rocking a BM is a

Bamb's mother fact: A breathless star on his back dunks two parents:

Thee. The. That's God gave him an Air Jordan Parent Jammer, folks.

THE MICHAEL GATE

Michael's
Hair is blonde.
His eyes are blue.
His dad is Irish.
His mom
Is Chinese too.
Who knows what
Wonders his mind
Will by-and-by evoke?
His life
Will stroke?

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Perhaps a new
Way to drive bulldozers? Thee. The. That's or
1,000,000 ways to never quite go broke, folks.

THE ALEXANDRA GATE

Alexandra
Had hair so fine
It made white gold
Look like sol of
Pine.
Her cheeks were wide.
Her petal was skin with a pink rose dew.
On her mom she'd ride
And her eyes were blue.
She's Irish up thru and thru
With just a hint of Dutch, too.
She was never afraid of a dog.
Was quiet as a beautiful river ride
In emerald green California shiver fog.
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Eats no
Chocolate. Eats no sugar. When she had her,
Her mom was a little misluggur. Thee. The. That's
On the left and on the right side of her, brain? folks.

THE BROTHERS LUKETTO GATE

Sean & David
Are really tough.
They don't take
Any-shit.
Stuff.
They like to work hard
And they like to play rough
After all they are both half Indonesian Chinese
And half Philadelphia Whities, if you please
And never call them twins Siamese.
They are separate brothers.
Each to each is others, and
They take separate sneeze
different as - steak and cheese,
Each of Benjamin Franklin eat scrapple alots.
Don't go near them with a mean wheeze
They'll both your balls squeeze
Till your bald eagle grins
And Ninja turtles say please.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Two brothers fight and fight and fight and fight and fight
And fight. Thee. The. That's the way 2 brothers live with 1 cooky and 2 karate hacks, folks.

THE BRIDGET GATE

Bridget
Came to my
House and it was
Halloween night.
She was a very
merry sight.
Her legs wobbled in tights and clogs and paperwings all of white.
Her big eyes were blue and were busy sea hives.
Her efforts to stand were kinds of dives.
She was not at all very old.
Her one year old redgold
Hair burned bright.
"I do not talk, I yell.
Here is the fairie
Named Tinkerbell,"
She rang as she did
Dance on the doorstep.
Stars shine bright
On shatter light.
All in white
She did dance
The light fright
Night, folks.