

THE TWO OUT OF THREE LEMONS GATE

On
Cold
Vanilla:
Or a plain
Life is merry,
Soused in the lovely,
Se fosse il fuoco, Gasolino,
Why don't you come up some
Let us go then you and me to
Messers. Piss and Shit do paint
A plenty of dead religious flops
Hide in temple banks, all life mock
Shoot the cold white celestial craps
Vibrant stars pleine de good taste
T & A's, V's, P's, HIV's, S & M's,
Do furtive stomps of the Nemi,
Stars shine bright on shatter light
Gallons of warm blooded,
Star lubes flat on their
back

or
Hot
Chocolate:
mother milk:
so let us play
gaudy breasts of Mae:
brucerai il mondo. Say,
time n' sea breath take a lay?
sea a plop on black velvet drop
on measled leopard hill non stop:
And other nice, good, numb tops
while star breath particle packs
back of high energy hot star wrack
all and all flashing in quiet good haste
full of entire galaxies of starry tack,
seductive poms de Dieu demi.
In back of this display out of sight
buckets of charm floodèd
squeak oils on a vacant
lack:

Thee The. That's why we chameleons on plaid say all 1001 nights of our life: *when I'm caught between two evils, I like to take the one I never tried*, folks.