

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A NUTCRACKER INTO A NUT GATE

I am Hopalong Stekel.
I am your healer for the evening.
I may make remarks I later regret since I may
from time to time browse through bus timetables for
pleasure and I'm easily swayed by other people's personalities.
I get muscle twitches I don't want and I don't take responsibility for
them. I don't make decisions because my actions are easily predicted and I
nor other people interest me. My voice is monotonous. I like to inflict pain on small
scientologists and inappropriate hypnotists. I am impulsive. I talk fast. I am inconsiderate
in my demands. My snap judgments are always right. Nobody passes me. Amber means go. I
drive. Nobody tells me what to do. My life is a constant struggle for survival because I never whistle
or urinate for the fun of it. I enjoy strict discipline. I slit peoples throats if they're late for appointments
because most people work against me. The world brain is my field. I don't talk in front of people because
it makes me want to take out my penis and wave it and sing: I don't want to set the world on fire I just want
to start a flame in your heart when people talk about me behind my back. The good of all does not exist. My
personal advantage is that some body up there loves me. I get dreamlike feeling towards life whenever it seems
real. When I criticize I kill. Emotional music makes me puke rainbows, I tell you I condom all who compete with
me for earth air. I always give away things that don't belong to me. I want noises on when I rest. I chew the ends
of ten dollar bills. I turn up the volume of my emotions whenever there's a good program on. I get touchy about
my finger tips. I get single thoughts that hang around for days. They get married. Then they get children. Dirty
Dirty, Dirty, Dirty Dirty Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Dirty
children. I am a slough eater. I wax enthusiastic about diarrhea and diarrhea only. I repeat tidbits. Then I barf.
Then I repeat tidbits. I get disturbed by the noises of a house settling down. Some noises set my teeth on edge.
But I go off in all directions at once. Let me put this new white sheet on you and perhaps later you will allow
me to trim your beard. I like your choice of sandals. Try not to get them dirty. I may have to punish you. I
find you to be a compelling, heartwarming and psychiatrist-like Christ. May your stay here at the Betty
Kafka Recovering Psychiatrist Center be refreshing. Now why I wonder did you think that? Don't
deny it. You did and it was a very bad thing to think. It's turning my skin into a corrugated tan
roughage. My boobs are become hard shell bronzy lac. My eyes are become deep pits. My
heart is turning wrinkled to a bitter little two part mealy prune. There is a brown skin on
my lungs. They're filling solid with a pasty smarmy oil to make the zeitgeist scream.
My chestnuts are roasting on an open fire! Crack frost's nipping at my hose! The
Whole world! Everything in it! Is cross dressed Eskimos! I'm losing control!
Eat me! Eat me! Yes! My nuts squeak: Munch my little brains out mother
mine! Devour my tree father persona below my Mason Dixon line and
imbue your colon issue with all the meringue that's in you! Now!
Let us continue! Now what was that you were trying to say?
Now. Now. Let's not start any arguments. Naughty.
Naughty. Everyone knows there's only one
way to settle an argument.

Stars shine bright on shatter light burning ideas that people can know and improve their self through heavens of star words for heavy payment and dubious craft. Thee. The. That's:
Don't count your boobies before they're hatched. Don't count your nuts before they're cracked. Don't send to ask for whom mental healing fees toll. They toll you, folks.