

A unique force so
 Hot got sea drift up my torso.
 I was already half a white horse so
 As I grew my spacious wings
 I got into very perplexing things.
 Though I'm vigorous in the larder,
 Ability to fly makes passion harder,
 Half ξ man, Half ξ horse so
 At first I fooled around in slime
 Then I hit the wine big time.
 Electra was full of etcetera.
 Unusually ϖ Cleopatra
 Did it with her cat Ra.
 Lovely wet ear
 Guinevere
 Just loved
 Being heavy hover shoved.
 Wrinkled below the belt above the coal bin hit,
 Catherine the Grate almost always smelled of cherry pie grit.
 It was hard to horse force her steel Prussian eros veal slit.
 Mock rock hard, Sand, George had a deeply lovely gorge.
 It was a hard chord to fit in with big nose of F. Chopin.
 Tho' one and all used to do it with a mellifluous grin,
 E. Curie the radium thin infomaniac had to glow it,
 Now heavy hydrogen queens don't want to do it.
 Sly golden rain queens do not want to dew it.
 One and all they are of great big bad AIDS
 Trembling hairy Zeus hot lightning afrails.
 Where can I get a condom big as a condo?
 Thank Hera, Bow, Clara is a dead jazz dodo.
 I could never now satisfy her snappy go go.
 Cannot fit in a 747 toilet for a quick zap her!
 How do you sit on a toilet in a fancy rapper?
 What in this narrow world do you do with a tail?
 Sitting on any pale excremental throne is bound to fail.
 How pleasant it was to lie on a cool bed of myrtle leaf sap,
 Read a poem by old Simias, Rhodes. Take a delicious snoozy nap.
 Now my legs just go straight up and clap a snap to hoof the roof.
 So Eros, tell me how can I ever sleep like that? Drat!
 "You always have to stand and shove and move.
 Even horse heart cannot do river big enough
 To pump the big lumpent showers of blood
 It takes to make resili equine super stud."
 These wings are ent always falling over
 Feathers of cow on rivers of clover.
 In a truly fancy restaurant my raw
 Is always on another's plate.
 Like a wierd large meat gate.
 "Neigh! As Goethe saw,
 No one wa nts
 Giant bro wn
 Can non ba ll
 To on the ir
 Spin on ach sala d fall,
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Our sun thunders Goethe bright.
 Thee.The.The.That's it's still hard to be half man half horse half bird, folks.
 At
 all."