

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DIOGENES FROM PSYCHITZ BARREL TO SOLID LEAD COCKTAIL GATE

Diogenes, the man of no flinch esoteric inner perception found the concrete throb swelling cynic perfect flashing of shining sperm level in the chord in Diogenes' spine was sky high. Diogenes sent some sacred sperm milk up Diogenes' spine to blend of spike light impressions in Diogenes' brain and fixed

Diogenes' great, elephant soggy dyonesian liver blood pump to a little slower, then arranged sensations on Diogenes' body in shield design shaped of appolonian crystal being to allow only reflections of pure absolute beauty. Diogenes emptied the full heart of yesterday's feelings. So Diogenes lowered the emotional content of Diogenes' lungs to thirty-five per cent of their total air capacity. Diogenes lowered the speed of the light darts sending from Diogenes' eyes far out into the sacred olive grove of Felatiæ in Pyorrhio. Diogenes height ened the amber ring around the neck and shoulders of Diogenes' sky mind dividing the finer vibrations of Diogenes from the coarser Diogeneian vibrations up percolating the sea t-of-the-sheet depths. Diogenes foreshortened the oak branch growing from Diogenes' forehead connected into the pure mind rays emanating from the sun of Diogenes' barrel to be harmonious with the entire pulse of the evolution and evolution of all of sacred higher philosophical life. Many diagnosed Diogenes' nose to be a psychitzy narcissistic ape completely wrapped up in his self-spooked-up aura barrel, yet, what difference could that make in the infinite scheme of things, we may well ask? For Diogenes became so busy at precisely diagnosing and programming, and controlling Diogenes' dynamic Diogeneian being into inner god that Diogenes forgot to breathe. Yes. And Diogenes died.

Dead. Died as dead as a lead frog in an arsenic prepped Persian supper dog.

Yet, did not all of the great gods take pity on Diogenes and turn the extravagant cynic, barrel to arête, into a clear

Attic vine tar,
green olive

thorned,
vibrant,
spiritual
egged,
and self
sucked

dry ice
cocktail,
perhaps
only a shy
truncate
stemmed

down to the very depths of the purest inflexibly frozen Parthian
born adamantine oxygenated snow white lead base mind martænæ?

Stars shine bright on shatter light up up and away into the super heights and down down and away into our super blights. Thee. Thee. That's well we might be super careful not to get super lost in our own super gossamer super mental super gloss, Yet in the final scheme of things what's the useful or beautiful in the super dead life of the super safe inner dullard, Folks?