

## THE SPEED FREAK WHO WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A BOX OF CIGARS GATE

Speed Freak Schlock worked like a hot rock of cadmium yellow fake honey slick in an artistic clique or a strontium yellow fever tick or a mauve heaver tock in a very sick ultramarine clock as he believed his cinnabar pre-cross the bar destiny was to master a too purple, a too solid rose madder disaster elusive titanium white slush and that his violent violet madder member was a grey brush in a rainbow rush for he always tried to glue it just so right with a faint paint hit into whatever the available car exhaust pipe, knot hole, or round, ripe, brie cheese pipe, mouse trap, legal naked breast flap, society clap, savage taxi maxi side swipe, Italian dog trainer lead pipe, Tiffany lamp, house in Southamp, beefcheek stock, noodles Afraido, Scotch marmalade crock, Georges Braque, diarrhea Laredo, Cartier watch, from Dotch City a large crotch zit pit blotch western lore ditty to an Easter Bendel bonnet sonnet, East Village Slum Goddess, Pentecostal glum bodice, subway token slot, Bronxed political career blot, the mayor's rear, NOT!, man hole, sink hole, totem pole, soccer gooooooooooooooooooooo a a a a llllllllllllllllllllllll, Elevator warm muzak, Riggoletto warm who? sack, Automat silver lion coffee spout, lower eastside race track tout, garbage can, a day on the can, a night in Iran, forever on and up into Uranus with a ripe meerschum type pipe heinous, in his own space or in his mother in law's p re-vestibule, the mezuzah case. "Will I ever find love?" he softly cried as he groaned and to ned and created, and related faster, and master fated, schmeered, and leered, and shoved and loved. "I seem to swing eighteen ways in a daze. Of my life! Man! These are the days?" One fine start after shimmering the New York Public Library's massive lock, he felt a need for a Maui Zowie smoke in a Zap but it got caught up in a snap-lid Zippo lighter so although he was much more than a victim, or a winner, or a survivor, indeed a sad aesthetic meta-street fighter, this importunate day as he was trying to extricate his color flayed member from an escalator steeled end mesh straining to flesh out his raison d'être, broaden his blood soaked dead end, slowly his weird street smart shoulders went slat. His fairly dull exhibition slides turned into a very thin meter of fabricated cedar. His widening feet ad nauseum spread out museum flat all covered with a glue binding grossly glossy paper fat. His brain-ed s chlock turned to baroque word lid and hid kid mid id imaged rococo of very ultra fine Rembrandt van Rijn! Hot balls of Franz Hals! Precise veneer light of exact Jan Vermeer! and lest we forget the zeitgeist of the over frenetic gallop glopped texture touchie feelie psychizophrenic speed freak psychedelic color heist, Vincent Van Gogh! Whoaaaaa! A forest of mighty Dutch masters gazed at Schlock religiously from a tacky low-cost box lid as if to clean his clock, leering in dike mud ecstasy goo, beating their swollen tulips faster and faster, humming: "Vee need you! Vee vant you! Vee got you! Like low lands got cow poo!" "Holy shit! Do I need this bit?" Speed Freak Schlock sneered into a sloe moe Europa bullshit snit. "Will I ever find love again? Into cupid's hole will I never mole without the usual, unpretentious rotund bull cyst in and over and out of over-modest, concomitant taste miss? Am I transmuted undiluted into a mock box of cheap creep 5 cent heaven sent leggo the sloe moe, don't grope the El Ropo, lux, calme, et volupté slow, then slower, then slowest, then fast then faster and faster and faster, and faster, and faster, and faster, all lll aboard the alabaster friday disaster dead no sex master into the lean mean glass gleam umber scream of the flaming Dutch Master!"

BLACK Stars shine bright on shatter light CRIMSON  
BLACK Here's a pack of hot tip matches. ORANGE  
BLACK Bright your sense of beauty light. YELLOW  
BLACK Thee. The. The. The. The. That's GREEN  
BLACK Light. Light. Light. Light. Light AZURE  
BLACK Light. Light. Light. Light. A light VIOLET  
BLACK Gently up your upstream, folks. INDIGO