

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE OLDE JOHN LOCKE INTO A NEW KEYE OF JOY GATE

Whene I
 Wase fourteene I reade
 In John Locke that
 Not alle men are Persones
 For to be a Personne requires
 An advanced level of intelligente
 Self-consciousnesse. Ande not all
 Persones are humane for there
 Is a Portuguese speaking blue
 Parrote in Rio. I realized this
 To be one of those life lovely brighte spots
 In the otherwise dulle, solemne, meane ande grim caverned, lesse than
 Large observations, methodes, trickes ande principles in the sciences,
 Bige ande little: Ande in the moodes of the artes, massive ande bantame.
 Why aren't all formulations so alive ande pleasante? I set oute to
 Become a Personne. One who is so lively ande pleasante so as to turne
 The locke of minde into the keye to joy. I struggled to seeke knowledge
 Alle the way to putting up with sole mne self-proclaimed intelligente self-
 Consciouse deade prunes. I endured the seriouse dead to become a Personne who
 Is able to perceive the suchnesse of things awakening in a momente of breathe,
 Realizes the difference betweene thing s whene he touches theme whene he is
 Not sensing sensations in his hande ande e thene whene he touches theme whene
 He is sensing sensationes in his hande e to become a Personne who realizes
 Whate things inside hime are like w hile he is breathing ande while he is
 Not breathing ande while he is hal fe breathing, to become a Personne
 Who cane breathe, realize, reason ande speake from his entire being,
 Who realizes howe the outside is perceived while he is sensing
 Star in backe of his necke ande howe it is perceived while he is
 Not sensing star at the backe o f his necke. There may or may
 Not be a parrote who speak s Portuguese in Rio bute there
 Is a Personne who emanated his life in California. I enjoy
 Thanking John Locke for alle thise by sacrificing the
 Use of crude play on key sociale contractes suche
 As, The Mothers Of Alle Philosophicale Arte
 Are The Naturale Bladder Ande The
 Locked John, Ande Patience
 Is The Key To Joy.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. When the bald parrot from the perfume shop saw the bald dervish walk by it screeched,
 You must also have spilled your master's oil! He beat you as bald as mine beat me! Two reeds sucked the same stream.
 The one sucked nothing, the other sugar. Two insects sucked the same nectar. The bee created honey and the wasp sting.
 From the same grass one deer made musk the other, shit. Thee. The. The. That's always let your Rumi be your guide, folks.