

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CRANKY TOILET BURIED IN
THE HEART OF A FANCY FIVE STAR RESTAURANT OFF
THE CHOMPS ELISION INTO A QUITE ADROIT COMMODIOUS BOMBASINE COM
MENTATOR ON THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE
UNSPEAKABLE CORE ADDICTION
OF HUMAN i TY GATE

gr
ra
sp
it
ev
ery
day

and every night the. Total. Splash.

Of 3 million years of. human addiction to real and phony balony

the little. Temple of which i. Am the sequestered throne on which long.

Years ago someone wrote. WISDOM END the flower. Embroidered upholstery

stuffed walls of the little. Elevator up. To intestine heaven pan infectious and bacchus

bacillus girls on the vagine ceiling that opens to let out the smoke and sometimes when the
food priest is in true happiness a light spring rains for an instant of sparkle experience the major

Domo checking the silver service polish or the white table cloths and napkins the silver pheasants and
the sugar violins on the pygmy rolé polé service tables with three big stuffed penguins taking the sweet fat
skin off a minuscule portion of dry dead duck in awe of its danger here all the smart talk puff and hip pap suck
of the so this is Paris rapid ♥ traveler gimme tiny rolatiné unraveler the wine ♥ creamed sleeping Japanese busi
ness circles to the hidden silences of the mighty grinding of the ivory Cuisinarts the chopping of the tiny onions

The bruise of the precious mushrooms the gargling of the jewel like snails the caressing of the emerald
asparagus and the sweltering of the midget garlic and the little careful careless circles of no sugar purée
on roseate plates topped with even smaller amounts of dreadful nothing burgers and undead cold
fish all come from the hot quite bloated guts of industrial strength chewer achievers end chompers
down unto. me. Here is where. Wealth distributes here. Is. The throne of world moan here is where
all the striving for the top grind final from a little touch of Will Harry plop in the night to number 4
Brandenburg lionhead iron bed Johann blurps to number 5 Ludwig srtokes thunder oaks to the elastic
9-642 on a latrine in the suburbs of Smyrna gruff rough huff puff. eu. that's enough. charms of the
great gray shitter, Agathias Scholasticus he told them how to do it right. But. They spend. They.

Bend. They. Rend. They cramp. They scream. They send. They mend. They. Hand. On the.

Other hand. i grow a. Beard of marble curl over. A skin of pure god-like alabaster sheet.

i stretch my. Arm of Demosthenes. i have. Better than. Stones in my clear mouth to

practice elocution. My soul in pours in thunder roar: i fend. i am the lid. i am

the rid. i cannot cook it. i cannot boil it. No i never was great Pegasus and

am now not NASA the flying toilet nor the mighty H catcher. That's a

relief. i am not the He who Big Bangs nor was i meant to be butt i

have small comfort and take leave in sharing i be a catcher of

the top end food chain. o i know i merely be no jimmy

river run through eve and adam Here Comes

Everyone joyce end with end without end.

Deep. butt. i be the conscience of your race

Star shine. Bright on shatter light.

Is it better to be The. big end

than The. little beginning or The. big

beginning than The. little end?

Thee. The. Th. eth. E. Th. E. That's in the

end which is the best way to go? HCE folks.