

U^D LAOC SSALC WOL A FONITAMROFSNAR^TE
S^T NOSE GLOB INTO A HIGH CLASS SNOT GATE T^HI

When I was little
life was earnest. Life was real and
poor, broth of a sad,
“I” was a real earnest dirty, humble, quality really should’ve
a mere “I” in quotation marks, not what my individuality really should’ve
been. “I” had not earned the right to call myself an I without quotation marks
and saw the gray Mong Valley humbly but through grayish coal smoked grayed
lace curtains grayly. Now “I” am a big good humble whiter than white no ring around
the halo esoteric spiritual cleanness expert. But in the gray Mong valley, “I” was a coal poor
humble God loving believer in washday miracle wanting all and everything to be cleaner than
clean. “I” wanted all to think the same clean. “I” wanted everyone to feel the same clean. “I” wanted
everyone to be the same clean. Absolute clean is what is right. And “I” have not swerved from my sacred
quest for cleanness sworn before the Fecal Penal Totem in the Antediluvian Floor men’s room in the Heights of Ignor
ance! But a humble few are privileged and principled to see what is clean (“I”) and what is gross God hating difference!
God wants everything to be the cleaner than clean that turns out to be what only my humble higher mind can comprehend in
bright moments of humble razor sharp profound comprehension. “I” am not only an humble intestinally struggled dirt destroyer
into cleanness heights. “I” am the flailer of dirty difference rights. “I” want everyone to be squeaky clean. If God got dirty “I”’d slap
His coarse penis. If mother of God came on too strong “I”’d slap Her rotten vagina. “I” don’t take dirt from anyone. If anyone
says something unhumble to me like, I know something that might help you to live better, “I” slap their dirty mouth and say, what
right do you have to help any one? If anyone dares to have any kind of unhumble free bright cheerful idea, “I” deride them in as
kind and humble a way as possible. “I” am an humble student of Count Duke Mr. Jelly Lord Johnmerdé-Pentup originator
of the saying, Sit On It. Hold On To What You Have. Don’t Let Anyone Take It Away From You! Don’t Waste A Drop
Of The Effluence Of Truth. O he is the goodest, cleanest, smartest spiritual teacher of cleanest sameness in the world. He
knows how to wipe his mind’s excrement just right and the same way everyday and “I” see no reason why all shouldn’t do
his work. And this is why “I,” born so humble of west wind temperature IQ stock in the low humble poor gray Mong Valley
am so humbly unpretentious and others are so vainglorious for when Count Duke Mr. Jelly Lord Johnmerdé-Pentup asks,
“Pay attention to details. Wipe!” “I” wipe. When he says, “Wipe again,” “I” wipe again. When he says “Eat it,” “I” eat it and
when he says, “Lick elusive brown off of my lower frown,” “I” lick it. He is my master. It’s not that “I” have known the high
clean principal and the lofty privilege of sitting on his sacred lap on his sacred crapper. It’s not that this humble warm rich
exclusive spiritual experience has me feeling a great poor humble gelatinity. It’s not that my arms blob into short humble
gummies. It’s not that my toes are gray humble jellies. It’s not that “I” feel so humbly bumpy lumpy humpy plumpy
watery dumpy leany meany cleany weany squiggly. It’s not that “I” have arrived in my spiritual quest! “I” know that the
penis of the face of my soul has come to perfection to will the colloidal pineapple of regulation snot all must come to
to save the world from dark difference filth. Stars shine bright on shatter light. Does all and everything have to
be the same? Cannot the quantum gravity of our quick atoms and the relativity gravity of our thick meat
and the constant of our light, if any, be different? Why must it be they have to be the same? They are.
Do we have to be the same? We are. Thee. The. The. The. That’s why do so many little things have
to be the same as big things? Why do fat things have to be the same as thin things?
What’s wrong with difference? Everything is. The crooked want everything
to be straight. The small want every thing to be big. The more different
someone thinks that they are the more they always want to think
that all and everything and it’s mother have to be the same.
And in the end as everyone gets the same thing does
everyone have to be of the same smooth solidly
elegant pearly harmoni ous glob when the nose
of everyone’s soul gets picked in the
end, folks?