

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A HUMAN
BEING INTO A JAR SPECIMEN GATE

I sold
my nose
to buy a
high
place in a fine prostitution
palace for my daughter. It drives in a
Mercedes around Kuwait City. I sold
half my liver to buy a good job in a mercury
smelter for my son. It lives in a big air condi
tioned condominium in Damascus. I had to sell my
left ear to buy gasoline to burn my daughter in law.
I am told it is now running around on a mouse's
back in Harvard Medical School awaiting good
fortune. I sold my left foot to pay rent on our
room. It is under a four hundred pound Bombay
woman's right leg. She writes me letters praising
it all the way here to Madras. I sold my left arm
to pay for my seven year old daughter's wedding.
I am told it is in England rowing for Cambridge
University. I sold my right eyeball to pay for my
wife's funeral. It is in Las Vegas inspecting
many gaming tables. My old mother needed a
blood pressure medicine. I sold both my kidneys.
They thrive in a hashish lord in Beirut. I had to
sell my three youngest daughters to a Bangkok
dogs and girls show bar. As one torches her
breasts, one torches her face, and one torches
her hair as they do it with a dog. At last things
are looking up. I am earning a very good living
in the world's largest laboratory jar here at
Madras Amazing Science Exhibition. I am so
happy to be a success in life, I don't mind the
formaldehyde at all. All I have to do is half
paddle around all day and I can still make a
nice amount of extra rupees selling my nail
clippings to finger or toe amputated biting of
nails addicts. I just sold my genitals last week. A
major motion picture star was looking hard for
a reduction. Sister Theresa told me she shall have
a special irregular shaped sheet made for me to
die in as all that is left of me is a hand, a foot, two
cancer cells, and half a brain lobe. Stars shine
bright on shatter light. Never give up your faith
in life. Thee. The. The. That's dust to dust and
ashes to ashes? As the King of Kings to His tomb,
misfortune into great dignity dashes. We are so lucky
to be living at a time like this. How can doom and
gloom freaks claim life at its pithy core is pitiless,
heartless, callous, barbarous, ruthless, mean, insen
sitive, ferocious, cold blooded, relentless, sanguinary,
nauseating, exobiological, cruel, cheap, and weird? They
must be fearful of third world advancements, folks.