

**i knew just the right way to get this guy. first i lured him out to  
my ranch on the net. i wore a tight low cut open shirt to bulge**  
*THE TRANSFORMATION OF A RANCHER INTO A TRIPLE BLADED RAZOR GATE*  
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**my vegas. as night fell. i carefully and diligently talked  
about castrating horses with him for a few hours. when  
he didn't run away like most of them. i took him to a**

clearing in the woods  
and held hands with  
him lazy like around a  
ferociously blazing  
campfire. then when  
he tried to kiss me i  
whispered it was too  
soon. and when he  
didn't get a passive  
aggressive fuss and  
leave. i tied him to a  
barb wire fence. then i  
bared my cool vegas  
and licked my hot  
l.a.s. then i unzipped  
my plain jane fly and  
showed my disgrace.  
then i unzipped his  
gaudy. then i whipped  
out my big knife: no  
problemo. it's only a  
little old rubber knife:  
i drool real hard. he  
screams for mercy  
hard. i soothe: now why  
should i have to show  
you mercy, bub, when i  
have been consistently  
cheated existentially  
and shamed vulgar all  
the way down to my old  
san berdo: i tremble:  
o my god. my back  
bone is turning into a  
hollow blue plastic  
ridge. my shoulders  
are widening and  
sabre shine a sharp  
steel. my back welts is  
raising up this strange  
device: True West Dis-  
posable Safety Razor:  
this sharped curse of  
ancient iron horse  
protrusions rips down  
my torn writhing lust  
hardened flesh. i am  
disgraced. i am hu-  
miliated. everything  
i have fought with  
all my heart to bring  
off is lost. my hope is  
gone with the wind. god  
has turned me into a true  
west triple bladed disposable  
safety razor. stars shine bright  
on shatter light. and when in blaze  
hacks they screams for more lights.  
lansakes don't count their clitorises  
or vulvas (or testicles or penises either.  
as a matter of fact) before they've  
become quite firmly detached. thee.  
(the. the that's hope this tain't hittin' yal below the bottom line, folks.)