

1

Interrogatory evil is here  
You cannot exceed the maximum limitations of the race

2

The chewy interior of antenna man  
On the cob  
No the not the  
Lay off the Evil  
You have to be becoming  
Festival orchestra  
The hot shower turning on the music in your head  
The motion of the chairs in the corner  
Succumb to the power  
Feel the urge to eat the nothing of the biological

You couldn't even secure the alcoholic woman for the sweet means of sour succulence  
Mostly underwater life under the seas  
No more seizing the day  
No more shouting of animé

Hooray

3

Cold bold folds hold the balls of my sword  
Plastic crucifix nihilism  
Broadens the flats and flattens the broads  
Following in the steps of fetal narcissism  
To the barns of bales of jails of hay  
Whinny and neigh with the morning dupes  
The boots of Jews sound shiny shoes  
Whorrible wisdom gained much to late

Having first consulted the enclosed instruction booklet  
Hindering the self without prowess or cause  
To the insufferable manic depressive hog-man depresses me  
Candy man candles fondle handy hunk's handles  
And big titties fumble under fitting cookie crumbles  
Forsaken for skin, forskin foments forlorn fucking phallus fucking  
Flopping fizzling fuckers flying Smucker's pretty peanut butter  
Sissy faggot flags unfurl under city mumbles  
And the monkey's hurdles curdle under momma-granny's grinding girdles

Hovering horseshit hunkers while the women scramble  
Hiding under mandibles the ugly mother silent gambles  
To be or not to be the pee is free to see the glee in me

You know that I could eat the feet of stupid angel known St. Peter  
Feed your momma's meter as you meet her meat & redefeat her  
Fucking marbles bursting quacking detritus to fill the shambles  
Mumbling mandibles mainly hunting cannibals  
Acrid acid actually actuates  
Marvelous malice  
Not a single one has answered to hold

4

Ha.  
H.A.  
Humorous Anecdote

way ahead of you dog  
Way ahead of your dog.  
Way: a head of your dog  
Weigh a head of your dog  
Wayne: Ahead! Of: You're a dog!  
Weighing a head of yore, dawg  
Wade Ahead: O' fjord jog.  
Fain Achmed; offered hog  
Faye D. Cochred, awful door hog  
Vain geek mocks fed! Aw, full warthog.  
Veiny beak rocks bed on full-court toilet clog  
Gamey freak socks meds; con fools' sport coil at frog  
"Game me, freak," Sachs said. Fawn spools contort, spoil in log.  
Insane tree sneak blocks shed; Ron drools when fort roils Kellogg  
Fountain free! Creep knocks bread! Mom's mules sin! Port oils kill Ogg!  
Mountains see seeping cocks lock Ted. Tom's stools grin. Mort toils. Krill fill morgue.  
Crown pans meat, leaking crocs lick debt. Dom schools gin quarks loyal. Sillville corgi.  
Clown glands greet Greek thing; clocks ticket domes, Yules, fins, smirks, royal Sillyville car keys.  
I found hands in my seat. Sleek dingos ought to get homes. Cool sins lurk to my old mill. Evil mars me.  
My town hands in thigh meat. Creeks mingle, not to shit phones. Rulings murk too many gold hills, and build cars free.  
Sky nouns fanned shins and fly free. Crooks single out two smitten Poles. Railings jerk zoo fanny gilded halls demand shilled scars on knees.  
High noon. Grand men land on hineys. Books dangle about too few kittens in holes. Failing clerks who can't fill malls reprimand millions of bars and flee.  
Hi moon! Sandman sands; lawn himeys look. Mangled routes spew goo and new written-in goals, flailing. Workshoes scantily chill balls that canned billions. Love stars: Man Flea.  
He moons Randy Newman and fondles with rhyming books. Star-spangled louts who knew Ayn Rand are askew and bitten by moles. Bailing dorks who can't bill malls sat, then ran trillions of hours. Can we?  
Gleeful spoons manned three, grew hands; and Handel births, miming barks. Far strangled cows, blue, few, mine, bland, bar a slew of smitten high Poles from jailing Corks. Who can't shill all scat? Hens? Pan Gilligan's dove flowers and see!  
A tree full of goons mend – with glee – gnu glands. Grand contrails are worth five marks! Jafar bangs old sows. Mew cries and rawrs. A stupid Britain lies on the grassy knoll. Young male things

(Orcs) threw Kant, kill mall rats. Pens can Mulligan in droves: *Sour Man 3*.

Auntie Cool moves runes, blends pith. Schmee knew blends and *Mom Salescar Mirth Wives* scarf the fair Fang Fold Fowls. True, lies and whores say Cupid Kitten dies on the Asshole; Jung the Whale thinks storks grew faint hills. "All," cats pen, "can be whole again." Wrens move power, insanity.

Jaunty Cal grooves to tunes and renders myth. He grew fins (bland); Sodom derails worthless lives. Bart saw mares shanghai golden jowls (askew). "Try, man, to bore Ray," Stu Pickles (written by Ron T. Moss) cajoles. "Balloons in jail shrink corgis into paintings of hills." Full, Matthew grins and sees the skull (with hens that bin groovily sour manatees).

Sauntering, Sally is behooved through tones and blenders to flee through fine blends (or so Tom entails). In her kiss lies art (raw hairs, stained skies: *Behold the Owls*) – a new, sly brand to score stray dudes' dicks. If/then spry monkeys floss their holes, baboons set sail (think my door keys can do something? Above these mills?). Dull mildews (thin and greasy: Duskull!), stiff wrens, bats, men, movies, and trees cower under amputees.

Floundering Alli (beheaded anew; phones/hands rendered as glue), with glee, grew nine chins, four toes (wrong entrails), ten furs. Six sighs (farts? blah) stare engrained by the old (the towels: Atchoo!) guy-man-shoe-whore. Frayed nudes, thick (fifth skin), slide junkies' (lost mare rolls) raccoons. Let jailsphynx ionize your penis in candour. Rum stink. A dove (three pills!) mull the news when land-feces trust all stuff. Ben's *Batman* movies and Henry's Cow (er...) thundering... um... mancuties.

*Ground Mooring Stall E* – indebted to you, clones, and splintered ass poo – and both "Tennessee Flu Hineys" – Renn Gore's flows (long thin fails) – grin for sexy guys. Art? Bah. Flair can blame my pee (gold; free bowels at noon). My canned, blue Endor played (crudely) bricks. Filthy men take pride in funky-list bear voles and *Twilight: New Moon*. Jet-Fail thinks Dion tries "poor me"; is thin grandeur (*Bum Scum Sink A*). "Dive! They see polls!" hollered the nose when the Lowland Species thrust tall, gruff bans at banned movies (end Winry's now fertile girdling thumb fanny-booty).

"Grind boring Molly when Rhett (Ed to you) moans," Andy Dent murmured. "Fast Jews sand moths!" Hennessy II whines. "Grin more," glows Kong Kin. Nails send Mexican Fries. Bart (ha!) cares and tames gripey bold sea fowl. Bats swoon. Skyland blew indoor moody pricks. Bill sees Digipen make snide sins, clunky fist-hair goals, and Twilit Monsoon redtail chink peons. Trees pour envy in thine splendour, Yoshi's trust call. Muff, buns, fat tanned bellies bend Timmy's round girth, hurdling under canny biddies.

"Mind, luring jolly kin (wet; fed shoes, bones, and dentures)," Mu demurred, "Is vast, askew, and bothersome..." Jenny B. the Mexican finds Ben Moore, who throws long chins and sails Rex Macan's skies. Part Ra, mares, and games, Whitey holds three trowels, cats, or spoons in Thailand. A slew of men (dour, fruity) pick chilly seeds (rigid) in cake-hide bins. Spelunking cysts care for foals and my tits (Pokemon!) bloom red, pale, pink, for eons. See spores in the (in mine), in your – (oh, please...) – thrust, ball, buff, black, banned, smelly. Windy lemmings abound; worth chortling, Dun Dunder Man decrees: "Titties."

"You'll find that *Burrowing Follies* can best *Achmed's Jigaboo Conehead Man-Ventures*," Sue Allure fizzled. "Ass Canoe," Sandy's father hummed in kneedeep pho. Dex the Gun declines Sin (whores!); few know thongs. Sambolin Man derails Chex Mix (bacon... ssssss...) pliers (fart). "Ma cares!" Bland Blane gripes, "Tea molds free!" Henry Cowell blats for spines (Hentai Land!) anew (of semen). Power to me, prick. Philly's Creed: turgid men make prideful tin cheese. Clunky piss, unaware, more shoals than Titus Octagon, zoom. Dead males think for eons free of chores in the...Frankenstein?? Sin more. Know these: Antitrust; *Thunderball*; Duffman; Brak; *Banjo-Kazooie*. Wendy Simmons is astounded by birth-mortals singing "Scum Wonder." Damn Elise! Bitch, please.

"Fools!" Madeline the Brat (furling all the canvass Zach bled; big) a-blew, "Rome Ted tanned vultures." Few can tour Izzy's lead/brass cashew. "And he's farther bummed than me, skiing fo'

cheques!" the Sun of a Gun re-whines. Penn does chores (who knew Billabong?) with Mandarin Man. Females text bricks, wakin' Alger Hiss. Mike Myers' heart is unfair; demands insane grapes to be mold-free (skin me). Now I'll get fat for clients – get my grand piano demon to scour Scooby's dick. Milly's tweed, regurgitated twin fakes nights full of Shinji's pleas. "Scuse me, Miss Funfair, lore foretold that Mighty Fusses ought to prolong blooming bedding." Bales of ratfinks gore "Freon trees" for more thin ska: CRANKENSTEIN (!!!). Lynn forces glows on bees; and I must blunder. Paul: "Fluffy can brag and joke – ((KABLOOIE!!)) – when the Kremlin Wiz impounded my mirthful Squirtles singing?" Lum wonders about her damn lease, bewitching Aborigines.

Jewels had the dying snow-rat burying faulty viruses in a Black Head's pig. Renew a gnome's dead grandmother, renew culture; few can skewer skeezy lizard heads (asses). Baloo crammed debris farther into his bum than me. Fleeing four cliques, the scum of some rum agrees to find men to screw more.

Will you do me a huge solid?  
Will you do me, a huge solid?  
Will! You doo meat. A. Hugh G. sold lids.

5

When in the course of humane edvents the poopy donkeycycles baroque my liver with squealing cries of disingenuous electivism monetary callousness unforeseen by morning dewica in a can man (staid Stan). Mandible Moriarty blissens to cash callous forced forskin Gillicudie. Pussy pop pornstars' porcelain porridge cannot clash clang Corinthian con-artists. Bangladesh Bop! Lindsay Hop cannot course courage mandibular monetizing monkeys mostly fuckfuck the forgery fonkle bonkle bogus bitchhitching fuckers with their stupid ugly faggot faces!!

6

*With cartoon fury the marzipan shrieked, flopped, wasted, cataract.*

7

Nothing is, nothing is. Nothing is, nothing is.

I keep telling myself that nothing is in the hopes that nothing will be I keep hoping that nothing will be nothing to do with me I keep on hoping that nothing will become the nothing that's in my dreams I'm hoping that keeping the nothing will keep me from hoping that nothing eats me

8

Raspberry Plains for All Time  
Blackberry grasslands unendin  
The Unicorn is in Captivity and No Longer Dead

Living in the heart of the beast

9

A pathetic, dripping hen drops in the abyss like a stone writhing, stupid entities are talking on the phone step into my office I'm afraid to be alone big black beagles burn a bed of broken dreams in the distance or the mountains a mutant eagle screams the vibrations of my motorbelt are driven by my my my schemes the last dark ties to earth severed by cat memes daytime lady for you I will die between your coldest shoulders my life was a a lie stuck under beneath my swivel chair blood and steam and organs

10

Blowing gently, he gently blew the mucus from his nostrils.

11

Princes twohorves tu.

Work work work work work!!! Then a banana. It was slightly green. They said it between to cook the room and cook the banana. Stevie won't you try to drool a little drool on it. What a story. What a grand story. Listen to those drums. This is a little goofy. A legend, really. A story of grand old Finn MacCool maybe. Steve Vai. Good old granddad. Maybs. Here we go wit hth eweird stuff granular grossland gilypse gyronnade and gim bar. Listen to the poachers cry to the fighting fucking rapist of He Evermore penis sodomy childrearn blandsparth groomfest grumble grimble groamble. Splad bad mardmouth. Stickly forseein multipalicular origamboleonades. Fearstreeken. Blaynd manmarth strolth the wickerwaste from her oriofontollalalas. DUN DUNN!!! DEEN!!! Fixity, amiaright? To continue wasitefully, for the loveomehearth, into obscene cramjellies of a crawfush, foisting fesetering finkles functioning pon her strwinklyforbiddensum. The cockenhardenhope. The stealthystriding old strollup. Bastards' bastards' bastardssteapmysteryfather He! Strolling partisanate, broalingbowlbully, Bing incarnateshun. Tables? Oh I've got a millionbillion tables all walopped up in dignates frun the bromellaides. Bro me elbow ides! Can me broalamalarkissy brofumulgate broserenades? Can the thickohmewhisple blastemasticate asunder the brain poilice? Who ar ethe Brane Polis? In ethnic towers tall the question rocked: and the roles were assembulled. Unwatched tomiss eddiesisters brothered against. The ears of. How may I say? Not be polite.

Dirty old men? The stroving guitars stroving upindown the grand partyflesh crickus. Dindinfatherdin! Three knolled years and never against! I'm in love I think I just fell. Inlavajjinn!! Burning, Yippe Kai Yai Yo! I think I'm fallen. Well it falls. In lawlaw love! I'm gonn be roun Mai Vegetables. If you boout a full bagofumfum humme, I love you myhost of elilvlile irse Cumpuny. Ride in, around the feelbetter you sendus in yourletter (N!) tellinarse the waste of U. R. FavoiROIGHT FORGETTABLE?!!?!?? ; -o ; -p

:3

But the passage from notknowing into gnossing is gripped with scrapenny a seldomselfwright to wear fare blane to guinniguess his spignomen. The selfblanckus wainwright could split his own upinadam, but couldn't sporget his carnewhirl's continuovorn nencer spellishing Spinster's grfts? I don't get up off my ass. Thank you God! I'm a Secrit anint mun. The blunder of it all. The spiculre inchuumhen brosher! Why my own ahres faced againstm e in the spiff of it. Cuz I'm the Secret Asian Marn, the closed barn mund her spicules. The flask of my Belchum! The own floating tone... alonetone... gentlesoap smell. To leave the obsessions... the find the time...

Ohm.

Synthsssslow...

I am.

I am.

