Sublime o give me,
Goddess© of itch, a nice warm niche.
Give me a loam where sleep sheep get rich.
O give me a home where catholic profliigates roam.
O give me that olden sand Kitsch© special and then full
Sigh silence o instable Rose© of Shiraz© or Istanbul©
Forego them closed cries of old gul gul and bul bul,
Unwrap me up knot in the mystical rosegold of old,
Foreplay me schmaltz simple seventy gold
White plastic violin pour a million neon wine
Sing: Whine whine nur du alein two align.
To maintain Beauty©: A disaster vane
On a leg longer than a mile high crane.
Simmering deeper: Wet Summer© rain.
Shove was the ke eper of resolute Pain©
Though not like wet scentifolia kettle.
We lay like silk twitch: Not metal.©
Crunched bronze is not Petal.©
Petal© is slick dropped
Wet spot topped
Flesh© which
Soft settle
Sun© rich
Witch©
Liquid
Did in
Tine
Line
Mine
Sine
Fine
Nettle.
Non-
Stop
Death©
Grew
Inane.©
At the
Drop of
Beauty©
Cken fa t, folks. We Rose©
Salami dip ped in chi Insane.© Stars©
Thee. The. The. That's a Shine bright
Wagner© on a vacant rack. On shatter light
Squeak Brahms© Rips Off Behind that:
Laid out on their back Dead in back
Violet violin Stars© Of elaborate
Violated violent Fake Love©
Vapid viper Facts©:
Vile Dark
Disney©

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THE KITSCH© GATE
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