

THE
IF THE CRAP IN THE SACRA –

MENTO RIVER COULD TALK

GATE

*The two swans
are game, glug
in gag to snag
raw petro rose.*

All doubleswan beautiful flat foot fuji species suck core fire scream
Glide hard down the solidwaste chevron of wet realtime stream.
Since the primal ooze politicians became drugged clean air crooks
Since catfood diet poor are eat lastdiefirstgodfodderschnooks
And since the illiterate rich are geneticluckfirstcomefirstooks,
Float solid sweet Snackermomento. Gurgle feces till I end my dump.

*The two swans
are lame, crawl
by cauliflower
in tumor rows.*

Slide solid sideways rubber s necks, swill used rubbers in cold acid rain,
Cry reamed of cheez whiz flowing kellogged down baby ruth drain
Past syringe needles recycled in deep ken and barbie cerebro cementos,
Crying sears in diehard swamp gas under hershey dark frog toes:
Will the last two floating ivory snow swans of the world come again?
Float solid sweet Snackermomento. Glug prell till I end my dump.

*The two swans
are inflame,
suck singed
river vein.*

Even sold up the river in the sparkling schwepeffluence of no.5 red
All dye rip ammonia weepings have double hydrochloric eye shred.
Since the less filled bud crude beer can evil are toyotajerkfakeglad,
Since the health food dead puritanical good are exxonforessofake sad,
While the mitsubishi intensive big foot rest are übermengelefake dead,
Float solid sweet Snackermomento. Burp urine till I end my dump.

*The two swans
are insane, suck
on Fed fucked
marryane.*

Even down cleansed sewers of major realtime turquoise chlorines
Puritan oil slime of shelf life strife ooze pool cleaner schemes.
So since the joyanoid clandestine agents are paraquat pot fed
While quiet chesterfield simplicities are hot melt down bled cinnabar red,
While liver more jerks amana manna bread, then bitramined lead,
Float solid sweet Snackermomento. Gulp mgm till I end my dump.

*The two swans
are dead.*

Stars shine bright on shatter light and they ain't afraid to eat swan raw.
Tao flow will crap flush swan heart to caw. Our God knows how to awe:
Concoct some more. But this dump will never get one dead swan maw.
Thee. The. That's though furnaced stars may be very hard to pollute,
Sure as death at star kill we shall all soon become super galoot astute.
Don't hold your breath. Sluggish often in lead velveeta sled strokes,
Float solid sweet Snackermomento. Gargle lymph till I end my dump,

folks.