

				STARS
	FINGER	TIPS	IN	T H E
THE	WRIST	IN	THE	GUTTER
				GATE
	The rand	of lay	forcing	the herd
	is the band	of sway	funning	the horde
	is the pand	of play	fudging	the crowd
	is the mand	of nea	framing	the cowed
	is the strand	of stay	farming	the bored
	is the gland	of fray	furling	the sword
	is the vand	of flay	foaming	the gored
	is the land	of slay	worming	the sward
	is the hand	of clay	forming	the word.
The true hand	is the hand	that wipes	off stub	born turd.
The good hand	is the hand	on a knife	about to	cut a steak.
The beautiful hand	is the hand	that loves	to shake	crotch ache.
The greatest hand	ever to live	is the hand	taking a	crotch scratch.
The fabled hand of	Samarkand is	a hand gro	ping in a	topnotch snatch.
The ruby hand of	Gitcheegoo is	a hand wipe	ing off it:	Hot armpit fog.
The diamond hand	of Upandown is	the hand doing	the good	old zog zog zog.
Life is short. There	is breath, but there is	absolutely no time at all.	Lips are small.	
There are too many	meaningful, validated,	deeply committed rectums	to kiss them all.	
Don't take any shit	from anything that's short	and don't take shit from anything that's tall.		
Don't take any of	that old – Me work you shirk,	me food you lude, me deaf you call?		
Me belief you thief,	me something you nothing,	me is complete you is easily led sheep,		
Me give no quarter	and you takes slaughter,	me rays you haze, me very deep you sleep,		
Hallelujah for me	malaria for you, me payback	is a bitch reap you filthy niche creep,		
Me great you hate,	me Dean you Jerry, me prig	you pig – Shit from anything at all.		
For your life's sake,	get up off your mother	sucking knees. Be life's call. Be it all.		
Life must be big,	ripe fruited, unbalanced,	uncastrated, an unaltered	dynamic ball.	
Stars shine bright	on shatter light. In back	of that giant fire star screen	wrack,	
One star squashed	on its back, squeaks: No!	I refuse! On the big BBQ rack,		
I get a kick out of	god! God's ass is a major	ass! I want to lick his crack.		
Behind that thick,	tacky lac under cosmical	fumbling in myopic flack		
Another star flat	on its BBQ baby back	squeaks in slobber croaks:		
Sucking up to star	manure gets your lips	burned black and blue!		
It's all in the hand	with the straight tycoon	do or the coolie cue.		
And this lever	ridged nerve flesh bone	machine has the touch.		
It has the touch	and an arm of gold. It	has been howled, Ouch!		
Uncouth Barouche!	Crouched Sloth Cough!	Gauche Slouch!		
For patently it is	not into inane delusion	of grandeur jokes.		
Thee. The. The. That's	fuck God and fuck you,	too!		
Fuck all A B C D E F G H I	ate a God in Incamazoo			
Zoo zoo zoo zoos!	This hand is my hand,	folks.		