

T  
 HE  
 SLICE  
 OF THE TREE  
 OF LIFE GATE  
 I would  
 If I could  
 But I can't  
 Forget a cant:  
 The song of an aunt  
 With the brain of an ant.  
 "When sex raised its ugly head,"  
 She said, "The light of the world was dead."  
 I fled.  
 I would  
 If I could  
 But I can't  
 Quite recant  
 The tong of a want  
 With the haunt of a taunt.  
 "When sex showed its ugly head,"  
 She said, "The hope of the world was dread."  
 I fled.  
 I would  
 If I could  
 But I can't  
 Quite decant  
 A gong of a chant  
 With a flaunt of a daunt.  
 "When sex exploded its ugly head,"  
 She said, "The faith of the world was lead."  
 She wed.  
 She would.  
 If she could  
 But she can't  
 Quite remember  
 The gong of a member  
 With a wish for dismember.  
 "I wed. Sex lowered its ugly head,"  
 She said. "In bed the charity of the world was dead."  
 So I spread?  
 So I bled?  
 No. Instead,"  
 She said,  
 "I sliced bread.  
 Perhaps, David, you read  
 In the paper how the pathetic little red  
 Lead putz head sped dead off the dread ill fed bedstead?"  
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. Vagina: Tight. Penis: Eiffel.  
 Thee. The.  
 The. That's:  
 Boy meets  
 Life: Nice:  
 Slice: Bite:  
 Fright: Stifle: Folks.