

HE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE BREAKS ON A WHITE PAINTED BLACK FOLK JOCKEY GAT
 hite Jockey Black Jockey White Jockey Black Jockey White Jockey
 ey Mr. Pharmacologist order me a vegetable moon on a loony toon on a quaalude beer on a funeral bie
 ith a copied leer and a crooked chee
 nd a choppy veer and a pinched in ea
 nd a death dread tear and a little nervous nea
 nd a good half ton of fear. Like a Japanese 5th gea
 have a cleaner pristine rear. I'm so glad I'm not a quee
 Just like Shelley, Keats and you, Leadbelly and Blind Lemon, to
 'm so very glad I'm not a Jew wing. I'm over life's barrel to be a pew thin
 ake me on a trip on your tragic finger tip in the linger finger morning, I'll be riding on yo
 tars shine bright on shatter light, Behind is a banal dark in back of simple foolish fact
 any white star call itself black dwarf and squeak song to death on a folk rock, folk.

THE MUSCLE GATE

Suck it OOF in
 Your OOF has got to fall off!
 If you eat wrong you start OOF to cough!
 Don't play with your hate OOF and don't be innate!
 Watch out OOF for negativity! It's sin! OOF Now do not hesitate
 To kiss the world's ass! OOF To really be all right! OOF You got to go to the gym!
 You got to work your hate off! Fix God's mistakes. OOF Respect your body! Exercise your legs!
 To beat death OOF Be more OOF than you are! OOF You got to eat the right stuff! OOF Go to the gym!
 All that wierdo wop Michelangiolo Buonarotti ever ate OOF every day for 89 years was OOF hard boiled eggs.
 He never exercised regularly. OOF He just wasted his life with no wife taking shit in cost ineffective stone begs.
 OK, once in a while he got into wierd non-productive OOF stone age exercise modes that were healthwise dim
 But he sat around for weeks dreaming and building up hate OOF do you want to end up a sick nerd like him?
 Stars shine bright on shatter light
 Deep in back of that is star wracks,
 Behind that total dark in back
 Screams my body is my temple:
 Dead stars all out on their back
 Lift nonexistent flour sacks stone
 Thee. The. The. That's some people's hammers
 Are smarter than other people's brains,
 folks.

THE CHIVERS GATE

*In the music of the morns,
 Blown through Conchimaritan horns,
 Down the dark vistas of the repoantic Norms*
 Moan the vista cruisers of the repoantic loan warns
 Slown down by sexual animation's retroantic groan porns:
 Four feet on the windshield better watch out for gearshift thorns.
 Stars shine bright on shatter light
 Deep in back of Thanks, Donald. that is star wrack,
 Behind that is total dark in back
 Of that elaborate invisible fact:
 Animal stars flat on their back
 Squeak on a vacant rack:
 Thee. The
 That feels
 Kicky Mickey.