

* I am light. I am stop. Light runs. (fake bread from sun?)

THE AS YOU CRAVE IT GATE

As you crave it, so shall it come as well as your rather lather indigenous hot fun,
Your hide also rises, Dr. Hide, from a fantastic array of drugs by the ton.
All habits originate, are based on: yes indeed: super seed from one:
Life's sweet touching tip to its Self: Masturbation.

Hail to thee blithe squirt! AIDS thou never wert!
Just old fashioned, high churned butter dirt!
Well oil the engines of wrath to shining air!

Self-love's stunning sugar sweet gentle tear!
Swell knit the sparkle of the fore skin of care!
Thrill lather life's dirty hide delicious fair!

In the other hand, walking drug stores pushing orison sex suns
Of fake foods, fake hormones, fake fruit juice, poison sex guns,
Fake boozes, speeds, acids, smacks, ludes, cokes, everyone's,
Entire sharp intake of ersatz glitz-kink camp concentration,

All their kicky life slivering effects hold onto that red hot:
Come o so cruelly into that tiger brunchèd Self-reproof:

Self-hate's bitter ripped,
Screaming eye tooth:

Self-cast ration.

Ouch! Eeek!

Yuc k!

Ugh.

Or, well before our frie^d hide's short lived pride ride gets us tie died,
Does our wide jived inside "I've" get hide lied dived into a snide tide slide?

* I am salt.

I stop.

Air light begins to sun.

(slake bread from sun?)

From resident Self-abuse to stabled pure reason let us take an expanded vacation:
Why do we castrate our entire Intellect, Emotion, Instinct, and Sensation,
Penis, Vagina, Vision, Intuition, Spontaneity, the entire priceless plantation?
Why do we slice our life down up in pricey buzzed orchestration,
Pretending we're taking in goodness that we need and adore,
And not one light finger star in that old touch door soar!

Why don't we get angry that numb slavery's Self-castration,
Instead of pleasant freedom's sweet hot peppy Masturbation,
Was ever as strong spine goodness made our habitual vocation?

We allow life breaking hackers to scheme deadly inner destruction,
Yet, what perfect pleasurizations would come to us from obstruction
Of swindle of our Life's gift to its Self: Sweet sensation's masturbation?

Then even lush hot erotics we might stoop to dare
With other members of congress, who are
just as hideously frightened of their,
Lucidities electric shadows
as our poor, unfairly
battered, sadly
chemicaled
Self-
care.

Ah!

Or, did that rather piquant mate rial that tides our mind's hide,
Come over billions of years, from beyond the stars, merely to hide?