

THE TRANSFO
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 MISSIONAR

As all Kowloon fried
Reverend Frank Incense Luce
retired next to the husky boiling iron
pot with a foot, an elbow, and a rectum hanging
out. He rubbed his enormous belly. He thanked God for
his gift of a life of unpretentious good taste faithfully
serving the moral improvement of poor little yellow people who sit
in darkness. Then he had a sudden zest of rumination: "It's funny but three
hours after you've eaten a Chinese you're still hungry," Suddenly
white pieces of paper appeared in his soul. They seemed to be pure crisp yet curled
up little white pieces of paper floating like angel wings. Each whispered a different little
portentous sign in his soul suchly: You will swallow. But Fu Manchu. You will fool around
with woman at wrong period in your life. You will get caught red handed. You will go to bed
with severe sexual problems. You will wake up with their solution in hand. Your butcher will back
into your meat grinder. He will get a little behind in his orders. You will become fly on toilet seat. You
will get pissed off. You will masturbate above cash register. You will come into money. You will stand on
toilet seat. You will be high on pot. You will sniff coke. You will not drown. You will squabble with women
all day. You will get no peace at night. You will drop new watch in the toilet. You will have shitty time. You will
eat photo of your father. You will become his spitting image. You will fart in church. You will sit in your own pew.
You will shove red rooster in the freezer. You will have frozen cock. You will run behind car. You will get exhausted.
You will sneeze without kleenex. You will have to take matters into your own hands. You will walk through big airport
gateway sideways. You are going to Bangkok. You will sit on jockey's lap. You will get hot tip. You will sit on judge's
lap. You will get your honorable discharge. You will eat everything that flies but airplane. You will eat everything with
four legs but table. You will rest in extremes gracefully. "Why these paper angels are impure," Frank sneered. "They
are beneath my level of existence. I cannot allow them to pollute my immortal soul! Why is my prayer turning
into cheap paste rolling out thinner and thinner now being curled up and folded over all these crammed
little white devils? My God! My God! My hair is gone! My skin is brittle! I am folded into a
crispèd toasted creamèd rhomboid! A tiny white slip of paper hangeth out down my bowel
unto my very mouth! It sayeth: Thine hast been wheyed in the cheese of
love and found panting. Verily thine hast been stuffed into
a Chinese fortune cookie.

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Stars shine bright on shatter light all time singing tiny cries on deep mysterious thin white paper: Help! we prisoners in Chinese fortune cookie Manufactory. Thee. The. The. That's all time all seem like seamy little seamless homage to late great semi-steamy W.S. "Willie Maugham," folks.