

THE UNDISCOVERED JUNGLE MONUMENT TO THE TRANSFORMATION
 OF SENATOR ADOLFO HITLER
 INTO A KISS
 GATE

The fuhrer did not burn at all. He escaped to Paraguay in 1944. Fall. He brooded there in a warehouse filled huge with silver eagles, shining black boots, rally searchlights, legions of banners which he kissed and bit and screamed at with one fist on a gigantic pile of candy stolen from children all over the world by his secret agent submarine discipline governesses. Dressed appropriately in giant brown sombrero, droopy mustache, steel black ice pick sideburns, belt tucked of advanced bolo, he sat on his pile of stolen candy and dreamed of screaming children burning all over the world as he had screamed when his dear father raped him with a steak fork. In 1952, mystical as mauve finger in clear Rhine wine, he shrieked! His fingers had turned to Tootsie Roll, elbows to Parsifal Bar, intestines to one magic mountain long languid Bonamo's Turkish Taffy Bar. His buttocks did a Nestle Krunch. His very product Baby Ruth, his soul became a Mounds Bar. (Sometimes it felt like a nut.) His brain became Nietzsche Bar, his eyes Black Crows, his busy tongue Droste ooze, his ears, Snickers, his angst an Eastern Parkway half-chewed Chunky. His well developed milk gorged breasts turned to Fan Tan perfumed chewing gum, his penis into Butterfinger, his chin zigeunerweisen gazotski Zinger, his chest a Mars Bar with tan freeze flecks, his blood Manhattan theater liquid cherries' ooze. Then, one of his purest aryan bacteria degenerated to co-blitz his pile to begin to smell and shtunk like a bull pasture lump stuck with dead moose hair. The inhuman candy throbbed. The mooncalf sweetmeat pushed. Thus transforming der fuhrer et al into a giant Hershey's shit kiss slimeball. Senor Jitler disappeared in the giant pile of tense dirt. Pataphysically, it smelled of burnt vomit re-swallow in fernam land swan boat stuck in hippo wallow. They rolled it up into a giant steamy oily ball and equi-distant to urban concentrations in Paraguay and Uruguay, slid it in the jungle tall.

Even the local Nazis didn't want it. And somewhere south of Brazil quite isolate in the greenhellsupersmellhard shell heatsteamy prime evil rain jungle, a huge oozy, lump of shit, vapor and forest murmur screams, "Just like when I went into the movies! And put Charlie Chaplin out of style! Sit on me gansa Eva! Like at the Eagle's nest in '36! Squat on my face and do a real Deutches dump!" And poor little Evita Jitler now for all intents and purposes a wand of magic linden with Good Humor flamed upon it, jumps into her Beamer, drives hard for the huge ethereal brown pile, flings open the steel door, lifts her multi-flowered Tyrolean skirt, flies onto the dark giant schmutzic and with a hot squat splurt takes a rhinegold statelymeasurehiddentreasure mysticalcrap right on what were once the fuhrer's nose and eyes and sighs, "Open your sweet little mouth for our traditional liebestodgutenacht

kiss. Nicht in die welt ist as schoen as dineh creamy lips! You are THE Meistersinger von phew! Nurnberg, Dear."

Stars shine bright on shatter light. The fuhrer vuz right? Nein! Nein! Nein! A mere lumpen chocolat mine. Dein.Die.Die.Die.Die. Dat's he vuz a cruel shitstorm dipshiterei full of grotesque kleine konditerei, Volks.