

THE TRANSFORMATION
 OF JOSEF STALIN INTO
 A BALALAIKA URINAL
 AND TWO INLAID TILE
 BOOT PLACEMENT
 INDICATORS

GATE

Sucking

Alcohol

In iron

Spite.

Killing

Humans.

Each day.

And each night.

Josef Stalin belched,

“I kill some mad dog tools!

All dumb stupid trusting fools!

Give them bullets in the brain sure!

Big Joe Stalin drink a wine every night

A Red and a Rose and a Pink and a White

And he drink a vodka too, a Purple or a Green

And a Blue.” Then he swallows the blood of a poet

And then wouldn’t you know it? some cannon cleaning

Machine alcohol too. Then he tried to drink something new,

A gnarled peasant named Svolich in an oily vulture bile brew

With that air of the frisky Joe called a real Ukrainian

Stew. So he drink and he drank and he drunk. And he slobbered,

“This moderation is the bunk. I can drink an arm easily but that leg

Is not feasibly quite the right thing to do.” He slurped a lot of floor gore.

After a gallon and a half or more, a big sign, MEN, appeared on his heart.

His shoulders turned to porcelain, his feet turned to tile. He drank and he

Drank Tundra Thunder by the mile. His hand turned into a cool chromium

Lever, his penis into a blue hockey puck in a wire cage. He fell into a mighty

Red neck gnash gush. Urine rushed down his spine with a splash. His feet got stuck.

And turned into two tile boot guides facing a burning sunrise over Red Square.

“Has a god run by splashing nectar in my face?” Stalin grunted sardonically,

As before his eyes, on the pure white porcelain of his perfect mind,

Appeared the faint blue word, KOHLER. “Maybe I could

Take a try to

Drink some Koker Kohler

To get down this monstrous Volger,

Ay Eeeeeeee Yuch numb,” he moaned.

“Great Lenin’s nose Drano,” he groaned,

“I’ve never seen so much piss go down

So long, so strong. Pavlov! It’s all true!

I have turned from siph to gon

Into a giant over-flushed

Men’s J o h n .”

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Down here on the hard wet tile floor of life, we must watch out for the piss knife
 Droppings from the potatoes and cabbages of the clever and good always ready to save us up a really good slice.
 Thee. The. The. That’s let’s watch out for benefactors of the collective good even if they don’t drink, folks