

THE VEGETARIAN PACIFIST WHO GOT SO ANGRY AT ME THAT HE PUNCHED HIS PENIS
INTO A MIDDLE KINGDOM EGYPTIAN COLUMN SHAPED CELESTIAL STALK GATE

His sandals slipped his sole shoes in the rain, her breasts sucked her Klee T shirt wet
On West Fourth Street right near the corner of Sixth Avenue. They met.

He was a New School epistemology major vegetarian Kantian pacifist,
She was an NYU art major hard edge neo-cubist anti-fascist.

Grandiose gold granny glasses glazed upon his beak.

A miniature spiked dog collar grazed on her neck.

"Your place or mine?" she sighed as if we ask,

"I haven't had a profound one all week."

At her place she gave his stalk a tweak,

"I am Excalibur," he imaged, "Ad hoc

My fate is getting stuck in a rock.

O Wow! I will not be chained

As Charles Foster Kane

To a wedding bander

Salary demander."

They did it as breezes

After molasses freezes

In thick heroic squeezes.

"I love it, Man!" he groaned,

As he moved it in Elvis slurs.

"I love it, Man!" she moaned.

As she had seen Tina turn hers.

"Eat it, Man!" his Rhamses roaned.

"Eat it, Man!" her Cleopatra honed.

"Stop it, Man!" his Savonarola pled.

"Stop it, Man!" her Florence bled.

"Do it, Man!" her Aphrodite foamed.

"Do it, Man!" his Apollo boned.

"O! Wow! Man!" he intoned.

"O! Wow! Man!" she zoned,

"I love Soutine steak in heat,"

She cried down to her feet.

He groaned. "I hate meat!

A rotten filthy amoral food."

"Your meat does me good,

My Man," she softly coo-ed.

He screams, "Meat! Man!

It makes you violent, Man!

Cooked, or raw, or in a can!

Don't signify that filth to me,

Man!" He feels a glow pulse,

An eel of a peal of sugar heel.

His penis suspires a little more.

Screaming, "Violence no more!"

He fists to punch upon his penis

As rigorous Mars porcined Venus.

Fury explodes his pressure gauges

In locked a priori pacifist cages.

He punches his penis raging more,

Crying to brake it apart on the floor,

"Unlimited salami of Anaximander!

Supplier of hacky dialectical slander!

Revisionist Stalinist power whore!

I'll hit you more! Despicable bore!

Aristotelean in Macedonian gore!

You filthy Heraclitian flux pour!

Kierkegaardian hope fart!"

In his petit J.P. Sartre,

Shoves as sudden as love

Turned him toward her

As sun pulled flower.

His dark cells shrunk.

His light cells drunk.

His dunk sunk. Klunk.

He roped. He groped.

She soaped. He coped.

He sashed. She laughed

Like a sick flounder lander,

Pointed to his hot demander.

"O! Wow! Man! It's so sick!

So Sick! To flay with your dick!

Man!" she cried at his balker.

Now he stalked to caulk her,

She reached up with sable hush

And flushed his verdant brush,

Growling, "Man! Votre offering

Seems a really tragique, unique

Late middle kingdom influenced

Egyptian temple column shaped

Rousseau jungled tooth brusheé

Shape flayed stalk de celereé."

For his very own member he had

Pummeled to a cylindrical greenery

In mean green pronged leafy array,

A splayed spray of spring celery.

Now she floats him as cubist sea,

Fulled angled and cornered of Gris,

Her boat moats in a, "This is Me!

Mon petit incipient sex vegié."

He auto-muses philosophically,

"This is really deep! Man! Very!

It is. Au fond... a stalk of celery.

In avoidance of a salary demander

I have the sense I have kicked my dander

Up into a really deep Whitehead handler.

She's no a priori scheme of things early Wittgenstein over vocal local reprimander.

I'm into a really deep empirical heavy shit late Wittgenstein total focal motile understander."

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Those days in the old days everything seemed to work out despite zeitgeist yokes.

Thee. Thee. Thee. That's every morning, afternoon, evening and night took flight in different strokes for different folks, folks.