

THE REPETITIOUS TRANSFORMATIONS OF A SELF-PROCLAIMED
OVER-USED MAN INTO A HAND-OPERATED CAN OPENER GATE

(they get me near)
(whenever i'm in gear)
to say they love me
all they want is cram
it's not my liability
i am what i am

(says hot dan the over used lover man) when they say i am mustard i am roll you are the hot dog of my soul or i am devout
fire hydrant you are big dog in sky grunt or i am pipe polluter you are roto rooter or i am mouse dropping powder sucker you
are rodent mucker or i am drano sore you are smooth dinosaur or i am comet cleanser you are vomit tenor or i am junk funk
overall you are n *ew impr* oved armorall or I am fruit beach you are brute peach or I am tease squeeze you are petit peas
or ich bin *rhine teeth* du bist sardine breath

or io sono *Pr^osc^uto* tu é can't elope death
or i am pickled *herring you* are onion fearing? or i am whipped nuts you are peanut butter fever putz or i am hello dali you
are lama salami o *r i am gre* en sin ache you are spinach or i am stash you are hash or i am druid tomato soup you are sacre de
goop or i am hot wok pleine de goeey you are c hop suey or i am bean dip you are ridge chip or i am meatball case you are tomato paste
or i am artichoke you are power choke or i am no kick chowder you are garlic powder my arms plastic handles my eyes wire
mangles my head turns in steel wheels^s my legs are spike i spread scream in teeth a transmogrification tide daze as far as

they've opened
my eyes in meta
morphinial metal
flying prying metallic
slow motion slide phase
from gush to lid to splays
i am become the old easy
operated tin can opener
(slide a ways sideways)
(s'il vous plait)

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Your sealed can or your
Occasional open door may constitute for some totality of amore.
Thee.The.The.The. That's there are miles of elbow grease be-
Tween slight je t'adore and a might get a foot in a door, folks.