

THE	TECHNOPAEGNIA ING	IN THE RAIN	GATE
	OK! Turn on the rain!	The fake pain	
	OK! Is that happiness!	clinging raw silk	
	OK! Is that a penis!	stinging in the rain,	
	OK! Is this Homeric!	her cheek fakes milk.	
	Take off your jock, Praxilla.	His tongue sweats lips.	
	OK! Is this a classic!	Her finger sweats hips.	
	Jiggle your cock, Praxilla!	Her nipples strawberries,	
	OK! This is the good life!	his eyes are big as the Ritz.	
	Take off your bra, Atilla.	Her salivas are slow ferries.	
	Is this the beautiful life!	Her legs make swan twice.	
	Jiggle your tits, Atilla.	Her arms are thinner ice.	
	OK! Is this the true life!	Her laugh is a zeit geist.	
	OK! Is this Platonic?	She moves a sweat sea.	
	OK! What more is there than loveliness to life?	He sucks like wet bee.	
	OK! Is this Euripidean?	She thunders a high C.	
	OK! This is the good life!	Her shoulders are wave.	
	OK! This is Aristotelian.	His elbows crave cave,	
	OK. Turn off the rain.	her knees spread brave.	
	OK. It's in the can!	Her vagina is wet whine,	
	OK! Is this obscene?	his eeeeck! a wetter line of daylight bright spine.	
		Her brain is a rotted walnut.	
		His brain, 2 bit vermin shit with a-half worm bit in it.	
		Paid. Their every mood now a frozen move,	
		they both go home but to Onan shove. They but earn their liv- ing making hetero love.	
		No, Boss. This is Sophoclean.	

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Wetter than all rain. Eye looked for golden grain. Light messengers slake bread from rain. The. The. That's deep in King Solomon's mine. A million lights they flicker there. A million hearts beat quicker there, folks.