

THE  
IF THE CRAP IN THE SACRA –

MENTO RIVER COULD TALK

GATE

*The two swans  
are game, glug  
in gag to snag  
raw petro rose.*

All doubleswan beautiful flat foot                      fuji species suck core fire scream  
Glide hard down the solidwaste                      chevron of wet realtime stream.  
Since the primal ooze politicians                      became drugged clean air crooks  
Since catfood diet poor are eat                      lastdiefirstgodfodderschnooks  
And since the illiterate rich are                      geneticluckfirstcomefirstooks,  
Float solid sweet Snackermomento.                      Gurgle feces till I end my dump.

*The two swans  
are lame, crawl  
by cauliflower  
in tumor rows.*

Slide solid sideways rubber s necks,                      swill used rubbers in cold acid rain,  
Cry reamed of cheez whiz flowing kellogged down baby ruth drain  
Past syringe needles recycled in deep ken and barbie cerebro cementos,  
Crying sears in diehard swamp gas under hershey dark frog toes:  
Will the last two floating ivory snow swans of the world come again?  
Float solid sweet Snackermomento.                      Glug prell till I end my dump.

*The two swans  
are inflame,  
suck singed  
river vein.*

Even sold up the river in the sparkling schwepeffluence of no.5 red  
All dye rip ammonia weepings have double hydrochloric eye shred.  
Since the less filled bud crude beer can                      evil are toyotajerkfakeglad,  
Since the health food dead puritanical                      good are exxonforessofake sad,  
While the mitsubishi intensive big foot rest                      are übermengelefake dead,  
Float solid sweet Snackermomento.                      Burp urine till I end my dump.

*The two swans  
are insane, suck  
on Fed fucked  
marryane.*

Even down cleansed sewers of major                      realtime turquoise chlorines  
Puritan oil slime of shelf life strife                      ooze pool cleaner schemes.  
So since the joyanoid clandestine                      agents are paraquat pot fed  
While quiet chesterfield simplicities are                      hot melt down bled cinnabar red,  
While liver more jerks amana manna                      bread, then bitramined lead,  
Float solid sweet Snackermomento.                      Gulp mgm till I end my dump.

*The two swans  
are dead.*

Stars shine bright on shatter light and                      they ain't afraid to eat swan raw.  
Tao flow will crap flush swan heart to                      caw. Our God knows how to awe:  
Concoct some more. But this dump will never get one dead swan maw.  
Thee. The. That's though furnaced stars may be very hard to pollute,  
Sure as death at star kill we shall all                      soon become super galoot astute.  
Don't hold your breath. Sluggish                      often in lead velveeta sled strokes,  
Float solid sweet Snackermomento.                      Gargle lymph till I end my dump,

folks.