THE LAST RUSE OF SUMER GATE

Fin
Gers
Slush
To mud Slip gutter
Kiss her soft eyelash flutter
On one ear lick of earthen butter,
A slow liquor up into each liquid toe,
A kiss up a spine to a back star and blow,
Then slow eyelid quiver lick a shiver river god.
Glow a sand wand to play it and spray it. Don't rake it.
Slake it. Wake it. Easy. Take it. Easy. Now let me bake it.
You used to be so clean you dirty little jew boy you.
If you were a god, Lumppa O, could do much more to you.
Do you think I talk too dirty Sun when we do it? O no no no no.
Do you want tongue in your Clay mouth with four wet fingers
Squirming in magic gentles Lay can of long, thin, soft sentimentals,
Arms of milk and hair of So much grass? I hold it to be a blast.
Yessss. It's elemental. Go easy, low It's liquid mental. Yesss.
Winter, summer, Glow squeezy, no in spring and fall
Yes. I do it all. Pain, delicate slow rain, I do it all. Yes.
O Come from one three pound brain? Yes.
Yes. The only thing I don't like about her
Is the way she never shaves her moustache burr.
Her eyes green, her cheeks so ivory, her lips grape,
She does it to the boys, and the girls do it to her.
She ever tells Gog and Magog that they are comic,
Smelling of a bull underwing, snorting of a gold cow ring;
She makes you feel good, invents on an Onanic harmonic.
Lumppa had never made her hot love from her heart.
She made it on the fever clever neo-intuitive dart part
Sliding two fingers from each soft hand plus a tongue
To shovel seam gentle snakes to sing her wet linger
In the take it easy, make your mouth mine of the
Night spray to all day give away, her long body
Comes up and bees move slow below leady
Sear in the here comes liquid earth gear.
Is that blood dark jewy clay steady?
O! Slippppy. Ohhh. Sweatty.
Ooooo. It's. Sledddy.
O, Ivory
green
grape
peal
my
U
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iqq
Stars shine bright on shatter light. That's wet or dry, blue or gold, clay o r mud, slip or bisque, slag or slab, come up and zig zag my urat sometime, z
aqa
ruse.
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