```
There ith no
                                     Thuch thing ath time.
                                   For there ith only bweath.
                                I think you k
                                                 now the wreath:
                              The kith of p eath thath death.
Plathe your TIME tongue between
         THE
                                                                                     GATE
                              Your bottom
                                                   gum and lip: Talk:
                              Thith ith the very beth known way
                                 To get your louthy mitherable
                                       Thelf-hatewed thath
                                           killing you
Γο take
                                          То
                                                walk.
                                        Α
                                    It t
                                               aketh
                                                er but
                               Long-
                            It ith
                                                 muth
                        Thtro-
                                                  nger
                                                    thoth
                      Than
                  Etho-
                                                       terith
                                                          thithes
              Exther-
     Thuffuthed of
                                                               ecthaticth
                                                                  monk air hunger<sub>th.</sub>
Monathtic funkth
```

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Behind that is oceans of air in back of big intuitive fact: Almost everything you learned about Self-hatred You learned after you learned the right way to talk. Thee. The. The. That'th the way to the beth plathe to live from inthide your Thelf, folkth.

```
THE I,
SIDE-
WALK
DWARF
JESUS
GATE
Always think
Ing about what
My mother fed me,
The thunder gruels,
The lightning fools
At home, Sadly
I roam,
That's where they live for pay.
OH HOW THE big ones grows weary with all those sinks and kinks AND DRINKS,
CHAIRS AND Stairs and TVs and toilets and telephones. Why'd they PUT BELLS
On my fingers and bells on my toes?
I got to hear these lousy stinking
Clinking noises wherever I goes.
What the hell. It's Christmas, ain't it?
What the hell. I aint got it so bad, does I?
We will drink one slice of burnt toast
To my old DWARF abuse home
My old dwarf ABUSE home far away.
STARS
SHINE
BRIGHT
On shatter light. Deep IN BACK of that is star wrack.
Behind that is an ocean of STUNT FOOD. IN back, is a heart frozen fact:
A compressed little star flat on its back screams endless churlish dirge curses on a vacant rack:
Thee. The. The. That's the way the little mind squashed live like little Jesuses and die like Jesuses, folks.
```