THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CHIMERA INTO A PENTUP SPACE GATE

no
tally air, almost ice
6. To And half goat smirk hair,
7. Lord Jim Skinfear 5. With half snake eye
Was exceedingly queer. 4. Half woman layer -ed
Although he/she/its had 3. But half man and
Hard snakes on their head 2. Not peaches or pear -ed,
They called his/her /its own 1. Gen qui squar
Fur female persona, Chimera, et te ed.
Shaved Male, persono, Chimero, ical
Bald soprano neuter personae, Chimerae. ly
Peter D. Upinthesky's funny son in law Tom Sneak é
Would tell me with Sherwood Forest set that's smart tique glee
That the only nobility in America he knew who used their title
Were Ed ward, Duke Ellington, Nat, King Cole, and Bill, Count Basie,
So why did he/ she/its insist on being called the pre- sent, Lord Pentup-Spacé?
Yes. he/ she/ its glid, Ω did spread wing, but she/ he/its had a strange swing.
Yes. he/ she/ its Self proclaimed mechanical or ganic mach ine mir tired
Yes. he/ she/ its in totality just couldn't get that swing ed re
Yes. he/ she/ its, no matter how hard they ever tried in sis
Yes. she/ Just couldn't dig all that esoteric jive. tan
Yes. ΣTongue-ing he/she/its finger in the air ce
Yes To make the sincerest effort to keep tran
Yes. On trucking way on up to ce.
That ooooooold esoteric stair.
He/she/its always looked puzzled
When he/she/its said something sadistic to me.
I'd smile and say, "Yes, I know, life don't mean a thing,
Massa Lordy, if it aint got that frigid protestant work ethic sting!"
O! Wow! Were he/she/its rule driven! God fodder high food driven! No matter the intend.
No matter what the reality suspend, Really! How could anyones work quite so hard to pretend
That he/she/its were better than others pretend
And then pretend very hard over that pretend H
That he/she/its were only just another p r e t T
Bunch of humble grumble fuck up bumble? e n d U
And he/she/it were so obviously quadrae-genetic! R
Why, about being Zen One, did he/she/its get so frenetic? T
After their 2,500,000,000 heartbeats and 740,000,000 breaths, ϕ.
350,000,000 quarts of blood pumped, 333,000, 000 eye blinks, ϕ.
A man gasps, a woman sighs, a snake laughs and a (3) goat cries ϕ.
First when he/she/its were born, the last when he /she/its dies, ϕ.
First the man, then the woman, then the snake eye then the goat,
Like a baked Alaska sinking like a dead stag in a dry moat.
I still see the light shining on their bald ing dim head.
As the snake eyes lay out ρ. expired on a hard stone bed
Like Hard Ti mes roses in ρ. the garden not on the rug,
A little stone church in ρ. Scotland refusing a hug, ϕ.
Snakes, tears, goat hairs (Work.) fall, lying on the ground (Absurd)
Like absurd Jay Gatsby (Kill joy.) of Long Island sound. (Assinine cry)
Foolish certainty. Foolish wound. (Year old dry)
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Thee. The. The. The. That's he/she/its were on the hole, all in all,
By and large, altogether as warm and clever as a wet matzo in January in northern Vladivostok, Folks