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CUUM CLE
VA AN ER
GA TE
Mary's a
      BII
                                       Mary's a baldy
     RY F
                                       Little ravenous man
 F MA
ON O
                                         Who has to try to suck
                                         Up every little thing she can.
 ATI
                                          In, or out, or way up in the can,
ORM
                                          All Mary wore was a blacklace dress,
                                          An English maid's apron and whip mess,
                                          A chineses contortionist's sphinctre press,
TRA
THE
                                          A Twenties syphilitic architect's more is less
                                          Or a Mae West double breasted He Man vest.
                                         He was the very fastest hard suck nort heast or west.
                                         Mary sucked off telegraphers', Marconi's and Morses'.
                                      He sucked off east and west coast long hard r ace horses.
                                  Mary sucked off Tommy guns, and pistols out an d holstered
And phaeton seats hot lead bullet sprayed so newly u pholstered.
                            He sucked off plush velour movie seats of Fan Tan lav ender gum. His entire weltanschaung is summed up in a lavatory w all wisdom: In the begining was the suck. And the suck was with mum.
                          Due to the treacherous sources in government keep yaw s uck mum!
Every morning he rose and viewed the Washington mo nument
                          And sighed as if a fearless movie Federal agent in a d aunt,
                            Sucking off that. Judy. Judy. Judy. would be paramount!
                           To enforce off any communist he would never do
                            Unless it was to trick him to give up his evil goo.
Perhaps Mary would suck a jew electrick or two.
Cohns can be stubborn when it comes to Sodom.
Though a few reformed Rabbis remark at random,
                               "Do it through a sheet, dear Roy or use a condom."
                                 One fine day he saw a piece of shine on the floor,
Before Mary knew it, he fell down on his knees
                                     In a weird Cologne fire storm reverse suck sneeze,
Mary tried to sluck up every last bite of the sleeze.
                                      Was it not hot sperm from Pretty Boy Floyd's tum,
Mad Dog Coll's come into Tail Gunner Joe's bum,
                                    Or his last hold up into John Dillenger's scrotum,
In his collection? Was it all serious evidence in totum,
                                    Of lubricous commie Atomic Energy Plant infiltration
                               Into heavy hydrogen, uranium, plutonium administration? He changed with the times, the old Alcibiades. But in his gut
                                 Mary tried to be good and moral, a regular Woody Allen. But His eyes drooled. His conscience stooled. His tongue fooled.
                                     But like male whore on Stork Club men's room marble floor.
                                           Suddenly Mary's industrial strength mouth turned hose.
                                                   Her eyes turned into a pink plastic headlight,
                            Her eyes turned into a pink plastic headlight,
His tongue into a monster hog hot bristle brush,
Her body inhaled into a big maroon velvet bag.

Mary's spine Ginsberg arched as if a mishuganah slippery long curved steel shark shank.

"Jesus Kwist stuck in a gwory hole down in the nitty gwitty of the Wadio City doo doo tank!

Awe up in the Pwaza Hotel's pissoir swank! Awe in the big nellie Men's Woomb in the Louvre!

I am become the Anti-Cwime! The fiwst weealy cweaner than cwean mowal impwoover,"

Mary screamed, "I am turned into a vacuum cweaner! O! A gweat big sucky Hoover!"

Stars shine bright Th ee. Th e. Th at's a real
on shatter confidential fact
light. of life, folks
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