(Crumbleegs and Cabins cont)

legs spurting glum blood and crumbling dust, it's imitation of us, the legs in fleeing, the head (and its two nubbly horns) turned upside down and snapped. Something like thistledown and weed stems were left. when the innards blew out like a shoe come off and had to sweep floors for hours fidding the dust.

## TERRIBLE HUNGER for the PERFECTED PIE

Mother was a queen of the pies, filling each with dreams inside. Jams and cream and slices of fruit. Anyone seeing or smelling them would smile at a friend and shake hands when one left the oven newly born compliments to the cook abound. All cried: "I need the pie!" Heighten the flowing tide of life." You must realize that if enough envy a thing, someone will covet or perhaps something. A squirrel god with heads, 12 beat breast with drool humiliating itself. Outside the family window glaring in, its breath and 24 tiny eyes staring. The poor thing was used to entering leather flops, the window, to it, a bizarre concept. Down it burrowed to come up under rattling the invisible window barrier. The foundation of the house was deep, eating and pushing the dirt at 20' Tinny itself at 50' underground. Disorienting itself with 12 dirtied brows. Eyes clogged, bludgeoned with rocks shut 140' down still imagining pies intensifying lust.

## HORSERIDER SUIT

after a month of backbreaking meticulous work tracing leaves and color in natural cloth after venturing with will purchasing a load of wattwood with craft directly in house. Opening at the top that a rain will drop. Cleaning riders and horse cloaked in colorful hulled top half of them to the indiana disguised in leaf raw. No anything to argument a single kernel going by. Cover hand them to me, I have a surprising tale. Anytime a bell mobile house, horseriding it night, a childish trunk to a flowered weirdly stay. Horseriding basketed can't see beyond staying flies and rider in liberally disguised trash. a low stench overwhelmed and hat to affect these thinking in a fly! But as the bastards clamped shuddering branch pulled ridy from horseback my leggings it made my pants fit savg tight: Noble discarded broken basket not, we begin apart. Opening at the top that a rain will drop. Cleaning an abandoned basket followed both fish have given me a new look, no leakin' hillock. Empty basket with wind in the hollow water around the private nook. That old idea in the skyline the basket shrakes then falls... they up and they took. I left that under a rock near a babbling brook.

## PIKE AND CARP CLASP AND HASP JAWELS

Both fish are used as repast treat You may not know the jaws are also great when you scale them, gut them, and fillet them to me, I have a surprising tale to tell. Give me the hasp jaw of the Pike AND CARP. I'll fake those pantlegs onto the market art! All I do to the fish heads is wagge dead flies in their milky dead deep black eyes. Bound me the Baron of Fish and the puppet of flies. The pants tugging me tight with fresh or not so fresh smell of the ocean's recipt. That's a guarantee that nothing will crawl in including ticks and fleas.

## TERROR WATCH AT THE THUMB SIZED SEA

— 20 OVERLAPPED REEDS, SEPARATED BY METICULOUSLY ETCHED & HARDENED CLAY, COMPRISED THE BRAVE PATROL REED DIETY WATCHER OF THE LAKE. STUCK IN THE MUD, THERE, WAITING FOR THE CONTROL EVERYDAY OF THE HARDNESS IN DIRT TENDERLY ENDURING NON-MORTALAGE. NIGHTMARES PLAGUED IT'S EVERY MOMENT WITHIN SIGHT OF THE WATER'S EDGE, AS OUT OF THE DEEPS ONE DAY THE PANGEROUS HILAE BERRI DROPS SWEAT WHEN IT LEAKS UNDER. THE LAKE IS THE THUMB SIZED SEA. WHEN THE SEA SWELLS UP THATS THE TIME WHEN THE REEDS 20 overlaps, boil, into the cook pot of Reberri. WHEN THAT AWFUL CARNAGE SHROUDED DEATH COMES PLAYING HARP DEATH BERGARY. NO WEAPON, DODGE, OR WARRANT TO CONFOUND HORRID ADVANCE. 20 OVERLAPPED REEDS STAND STAUNCH LISTENING FOR THE FIRST DRAPPANT. ONCE WHAT SOUNDED LIKE THE DOOM BELL OF DEATH, CLAY READYING. WHAT WAS THE SOUND THAT SHOOK THE GROUND VIBRATING. CRAZED BIRD A PICK, WITH GREATER STRENGTH KNOCKED THE DIETY INTO FATE WITH A FECHL SLAPSPLASH AND KICK SENT THE CLAY FACE DOWN IN DEAFENED STATE. NO MORE COULD IT HEAR THE SWEAT OF THE HATE HARP IN SUFFERING, ...AND IF YOU COULD SEE A FACE ON THE LAKE, LORD YOU'D SEE THUMB SIZED GRINNING.

## BIRDS BREAKER

Beadney console beads, Priests console beyond vision. Arm Breaker! Arm Breaker! Calvary's lion! Deep within blank colorless hearts nothing stops his crozier vision. Arm Breaker! Arm Breaker! Hand clasping scion! When touching hands together wrath in sexual self-vassalation. Hallowed hands work best on beads, even better idly praying. Separated by holy air close to thousand speared soul annihilation. Dreaded by hallowed chapter's splendor. Abhorred by those in wealthy salvation. The arm breaker he runs the church, collects the money and hand straightens! You might think twice if it's a handshake. You're yearning, Gammorite! merely on your extension strike to the face arm breaking.

## DIRTY SAWOOL

DIRTY SAWOOL SAID HIS MOTHER SCREAMED IN ONE EAR ALL THE DAY SO HE WAS DEAF ON ONE SIDE UNBALANCING BOTH THE LEGS. HE TORE HIS LEG OFF BUT TALKED SCRIPTED IT'S FUTURE AND IT RAN. INTO THE ETHER HELD STEADY BY ROPE A CLOUDYS ODD FRIEND. HE STEADIED THE FLIGHT ON BACK DIRECTED INTO THE ROPE SAYING WHAT WAS THE LEGS WRITING, AS COVERED WITH SCRIPT IN DEEP INK AND EAST BY DEGREE THE LEG CONSENTED DROPPING TO GROUND HANDS BREDTH FROM THE KNEE LASHING THE LEG BACK ON WITH WITH THE TELEGRAPH ROPE. IT WOULD KICK AND CRUSH EGGS, BIRDS OR DIRTY SAWOOLS HOPES. DIRECTIVE DIRT = HE'D BOAST "AN HOUR WITHOUT YOU'LL LOSE FAITHFULNESS TO SOAP."

Chorus: So slip a noose over your neck, Dirty Sawool, and hang yourself. Dirty Sawool could not bear the pain of his mother's screams. Dirty Sawool could not bear to be a burden to his family. Dirty Sawool could not bear to be a mind fuck on his family