YEARLY, ONGOING BRIDGESNAP!

Down from the headlands
with a winch in a cart pull apart that rope
with a groan screaming BRIDGESNAP!
when the bears come over in the winter and
the Crawling things to eat your face - then
on goes the BRIDGESNAP! not with a knife,
it will take your life. the backlash will open up,
some cut in half! from the height of a tree
tower over to see the absolving danger in
that flinging rope arching high to air,
whine, CLAP! some in the cart were knocked
over as cloth padding saved & tumbled, made
horses stumble over. as tension beats in,
whistling rope flingled yearly mortality, fragments
in every direction like gun powder with rope -
RUNG-STUNNED! crawler in flitting directions
the bosom is sweetening with each moment when
the gallop's readied in certain degrees.
Winch and pully to quickly deteriorate the
battle in pictland when war shirts fluttered &
heads flew around with quickly cut off bands still
grasping only compare with flapping slats.
Knights may have heard a Celestials powder
lit for the world emperors. oft echoed,
deafd decreasing fingerpoint: gun blasts
though but the whistling of the hundred trimmed
birch blanks can summone a stone in the heart
until the rope hazards its SNAKE-STRIKE-SNAP!
now, heres the ladder that lays at the foot of the
river - whose shores bring in danger from
where no trotty winter is trapped! but just this
year the river froze deep & cold. so bears &
crawlers come skating to our shores & past!

I WILL CUT YOU CAEYMAN

A yeafferen devil, half pulled apart
Caeyman's coir and cold arms
Who carries a sea in his mouth &
Bird wings replace hair, legs like a
Pig steeds, Wailing into the thick
damp air. Bile perfume in low
borne mane is taking hours into
days into days. Your tongue
stills under dark influence,
Fears mocked and played.
Heave your lifeless debomed northrone
Leave your corpse on the stick altar drape
Leave the caymen, the neighbors husband
Bones pulled out & sticky skin plumed
Stay & watch the caeyman pick and rub
Fingers fly over small holes & cuts
Grievous slouching slit as a blacksmith
fawns over a well crafted nail or tool
or such.
Erupting yellow salt spit from mouth slice
thumbing the fallacious foy pile & gnawing
wounds chewed into more wounds. The
Battle On Life is a guaranteed drooling
Stomach slung to one side on dirt knees
The Caeyman ~~Gets~~ in and under deer brace
It wants to be bone support to sympathetic
home. In an unabridged ovall decaying grand place
Parasitic to the anthem of the wound
A dishonest lifeless arguement guns tap toeing
AWAY.

O CAEYMAN IF YOU WERE SLOW I'D SLICE YOU
AFTER WASHING YOUR SKINS DEATH
PASTES AS DIRTY GUMS TIP TAP ON
AWAY

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TRANSCONTINETAL PINECONE COLLECTOR

The winter's gone back over
to another portion of the sky
Pick up the pocket belt and follow
the point pine line!
Deeper into trails the woods become
Filty and complex. The ruts are more
disjointed and the ground a disgusting
eyelash mess. Fell degrees of perverse
play, pine trees toss their stones, in each
a developed area, a more fantastic
treasure cone. Whereas mankind has
built houses, the tree has built housing-
seeds. A more genuine apostle's plan
fulfilling the mind's structure-need.
Come with me outdoors and sing high.
Amongst the Arms of the reeling pines.
Dropping scrubs & bunched cleaners for all
whimmed ideas, they cry 'our pinecones
are perfect worldly purposeful gifts -
twist the formed sentineled majestic posts
palaces will sell the buisness of pipe brushes
The matter of collecting these cones in groups of
petagogic sufferages; an axiom neglected by
the caustic conscious of masses.
This hermit of base truth squating between
pineye lashes. Endogenesis between the
trees, a sly perfection of needley green.
Having the fruits of laborous task to a following
flow tree, scattered on the ground ripe
purchase beneath ~~~ Now! getting
those cones to follow me aft to some far off
palace will take some practice at
eulogic pine solace. The base of the tree
as judging by eye is the mind, I refer to it
by a name which sounds like wind in whine
Yeeiee. it's wound thinking in circles
copering in crocodile cloak whose antics
would if persued contrive and evoke, from
a silent mouse who never made voice
heard. Singing collusion with a predatory
aggression of starved bird. This embezzlement
a evocation for it's under-estimation
versifying by direct-ation an elusive
pertinent calculat, on. This mind with
spines has adopted to contrive myself
to evoke from my hosts the pines themselves!
Using a foreign branch cast aside by another
I conduct the grotesque in concert of smother
branches droop down, I direct them to bow low
Hoop shaping around hidden coins to moan and point
The root say to take the fruit and continue the
encircling poise' so as a circle shouldered ache
taunting creature-thing. I rolled with my cones in
pine caper style writhing

THE GOALING GAME

ON A LADDER VEXED LEGS STAND BRANCED SO
Arched BEACH LEG FORMED
like EYELESS POTATOES
A BALANCING GAME IMPRINTING
VIGORED PROFESSIONAL WALKING
FROM HELPLESS WALL TO ANOTHER - LIKE THE
ONE DISCERNES SOULS
AVOIDING WITH WHITE CLENCH
THE KNOT HOLES.

Impressed with this game a young man goaled two net narrow sticks to which a net was sewn to walk off of land akin to stilt poles crossing water with dry foot soles. His brain tool imbued with rust and mold at the river drowning like a well planned joke!

STRAW PRISONER RAISED AL ALARM

LET ME OUT!
THE PILE OF STRAW UNSETTLED QUERIE
ANSWERED IN FULL FOR THREAT OR INJURY
HEAR MY SHOUT! ANY CONTRACT HERE-IN
BARRICADED IN EXCUSE OR NULLED BY RESISTING
JURY ~~~. A MIGHTY HORSE SCORNED IN
HUMAN DETINEMENT LIFTED FROM LAIR TO SHOW
THE FINGERS IN THE CONTRACT WITH STRAW IN THE HAIR
THE BEAST CANT WEAR A SUNDAY HAT. YET BECKS MY
TIME FOR STRENGTHENING MATCH
GET YE ALL! GET ALL!
THE BEASTS PASTIME NUDGES THE PLANTS ENCROACH
FOR ITS INFORMATION WEIGHT JUDGING APPROACH
GOLDEN HAT, GOLDEN CONSIDERATION GOLDEN JUDGEMENT
INSTEAD A TASS IN WHICH MANKIND OPPOSES!
DEAREST DEAR, PERSON LISTENING NEAREY
LET ME OUT! LET MY HAIR LET FLY
MY WINTER & BALANCE UNDER HAYLOFT DIN WINE!
NEEDLES OF YELLOW STAS BEHIND & POKE EYES!
CONSIDER THE HOUR, HAS A DAY GONE BY?
I EXPECT ONLY THE BEAST TO EAT THE TOP WHIST
HIS SOUND HAND PLAYED TO MY KNOWLEDGE OF
PURE, THE KNOWLEDGE OF HABIT DIVUP AND
AGAINST! GET YE ALL! GET ALL!
PLEASE LET ME OUT!
THE TIME IS HERE, THIS PIN, THIS BODY A
FORTRESS INTERIOR SOON REDUCED TO GROUND
SUBSTANCE TO BEGIN THE GROWING OF
THE YELLOW ASSOCIATE STRESS!
OUT ME OUT! MY LAST STRAW FLEW!
FLUTTERS LIFE STAPE TREE OF ENVENOMED
TERROR AS A WILD BEAST EATING THE
FORMIDABLE BETRAYAL! THE RESULT IS,
I, A COMPROMISED SADDLED STRAW
PRISONER!
GET ME OUT!

WATER JEWELS ALFLAME

I HAVE STEPPED FROM THE ROLLING CHAPLAIN
WHEN SUMMER NIGHT HAS STOLEN MY CANDLE
TO PURSUE THE WALLOSILE ONE CANNOT HESITATE
& HOP LIKE A MERRY OLD NOSED APE
ALONG A PATH NO TENDRED WIND WOULD TAKE
ONLY IN THE SEA WITH FIRE BURNING SNAKES
WATER SWINGING SNAPPING JAWS
BRIGHT, VIVID, SHINING IN A TOOTH DEAD HEART
OF A TWITCHING SQUIRREL TAIL HALF TEPID
I HAVE STEPPED INTO THE ROLLING SEA
AND LET MY RUNNING GUIDE ME EXTRAORDINARILY!
WALLOSILE FUR DRENCHED SOON TO SINK
MY OWN SLICK OTTER SKIN CLOWNING ROSILY AND
I HEAD MY UNDERWATER WAKE THE JUMPING, THIS PATH HAS THE APPEALING DIP, LESS EAR STRUGGLE