

MY OWN STAGE BOSS!

LOOK NOT TO THE DIRE END WHEN WE ATONE
NEAR THE DEPRESSION OF THE WORKMY HOME
Beauty flees! Yet does it now
When my brained rat pushes out to breathy morning!
What is the pretty maiden but a candle wick
Pointing down a lovely path lively & hebbie dread when the
Chivalry departs to backrooms, blood channel stream
dry when candle draws. I forbid those eyes to wet from woe!
The date has come and the tune begins with jingle bones!
You hear the creek of bubbling marrow, music starts
dark summons came hither jingle bones!
The challenge of age dies stark low. Bewmbling-mwim
fighting the jingle bones. A fist went lift as graven agons
Pish on! RATHER REST IN AGONY, the low of undelayed
snub born - too long in tooth & hair wildly grows
Settled inside unclaimed summer: The Jingle Bones
Every step towards a chaining inevitable
World in dirt serene boughing faded glow
Of what there is soft fold over, nought but the clank
in flow. Tis my bive end brow the jingle soaked jingle boune
O, YOU PRIDE AND JOY JINGLE SONG. YOU GARLAND STAMPERING MEAK
So long, so quiet, now loud in seathre - in broquet passing to yours
toly. I search, I listen, search, flet, powder, wonder. Ah!
Here comes my own JINGLE BONES!
Delivering head measure & back croak treasure
When the way was long you were count
What? 2 in a row - this is a final field of shade
Oh, oh you care, oh yes, oh yes I gratefully throw
MY OCEANS OF POOLED MISTFORTUNES
Your double snap passion or vaulted elderly fashion, oh!
shackles are dropping from my ankles, youth slides into
a backdoor cliff dump. I settle into a seat as my
singled spine pumps.

DECAY OF ADMIRING

Why not? and why nearly this farm be what it was.
We had the food and livestock to shut the local scour!
Save wheels about perimeter route to pacify the lost 10
years, unseated grace. Followed Hands feeds the
bone of the cheer morning voice! The ROOSTER
VEN IS COMPANY TO HIM THESE GRAVE OPEN DOORS!
Q Babylon! You huge buildings and picking front
from the bricks. Does this country follow such
growth & cooperation of flaxen limbs?
Another echumed well-dough with horses intact
concern with 10 years of ease in the ground
time to parade shirt. Caloused hands sleep at
the ground pulling weeds instead of wheat
thrown on top of the wagon with grand rope tying.
dying, dry vally wreaths
My word, with all the animals their bones & friends
newish look. I put my break S, table top, and blade
up amongst the lot
This farm with glory in growing, straight to
beat the Crooks whose admirer my work,
side all the merry with uncoronary cheating
looks. The horse dear cheer morning mare
longer than all horses hear, the edge of land
I put wagon to show the fat fourth lumps
Out there as they will see growth in my deer
filled tramp. Keep your fences gates, and
gives close me to your dumps, sentiments
back up with my grinning toothy livestock
& grains whose colors off will color
your green, green sick, sickening wobble
foot disdain

ONE LINE, ONE LUNG,

CAPPER

WHERE CHDS ARE WIVED AROUND
THERE'S A DUMMAYN WITH A SHORTHAND
NO SPARE CARDS AND A HEART
NOT BEATING UNDER ANY COMMAND
ASK THE CPPER TO BLOWOUT
OF GREY BLACK SMOKE LIPS
WHAT HAND TO PLAY IN WHICH ORDER
WHICH SUIT, OR WHAT NEXT
COUGHING AND HEAD CLOUTCHING
WITH MISTCOMING OUT OF THE GREY EARS
ONE BELLOW ONE PUMPS OUT A LINE OF SITS
PERFECT GREEK ORACLE IN A WIGLE CHAIR
ONE LINE! ONE LUNG! I WON'T BOW
SHUDDER STOP AT THE HEART, HEART STOPPING
HAND CLAPPING CAPPER
WHAT GHASTLY WAR WITH CARDS DROP DOWN
WITH THE BATTLE SUNK OVER
THE ARMOR IS OFF AND COOPERATIONS
AS SLEEP MAY BE IN ORDER

KNOCKING THE HEAD UPSIDE WITH
A THOUGHT LIKE A SWINE RAISING CLAYMORE
WHEN ONE INTERPRETS SMOKE YOU MAY
HAVE TO BLINK AT THE SPADE BECAUSE
A CLUB MAY BE A DENTED SPADE
OF WHAT A DIAMONDS HEART MADE.
ONE LINE! ONE LUNG! ONE LINE! I WON...

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DUST STUDY

A LONG CLOSED LIBRARY PREPARES A FEAST
OR A DEEP GRAY MIND BUSHING OUT A PATTERN
FOR IN THIS VETERET DUST COVERED ROOM
LITTLE INSE CARE HAVE BECOME PURSUERS
OF CHANGING KNOWLEDGE OF MANIKIND
INTO SILK TRAILS OF AMPLIFIED CHEWERS FACTOR
DO YOU RECALL THE PATH OF A DOG LED BY
WARMING NOSE ON PURSUIT OF DINNER
The forest of dust and eaten back progress
can be followed into by scholars. A book
might be read yet no words retard
the wisdom and path different eyes
discover!

Impediment single cerebration on
culturing threads need not be cluttered
with filled hankerchief words... A
million tiny minds who each take lives
serious, perhaps even to a degree
considered more undeviated order of
dust & debris can be, thriving with
friendly keys if one can shake the
jangle out!



Let my gold branched adding council majesty growth
The salt off my arms netting heat
I romagn all thoughts of death
Justly enriched my dry mouth
Used in nothing but brines skin
A moth in the waves an ocean ken
The way is bleak I am cold
The weight on the back pants of stone
Peace has its reward: boredom and broke
Life and struggle has its common partners: gold filled goats
On legs stronger than men no I thought
If orship, command the animal, wraith is bought!

Let my license to liberty continue this note
Pearled harvest from the quarry of phorns
I carry into the day plucking the rustled glory
Secret wraith from the ground, better than the berry
The flavor the burden the greater reward or worry
Only a lick of salt, a back/pant/suck of worry
The seams have split now even sitting all but worry
The color changed on me the gold rocks are now grey
Peace has its reward: boredom and broke
Life and struggle has its common partners: gold filled goats
On legs stronger than men no I thought
If orship, command the animal, wraith is bought!

FECUND SECOND

HAND IN DIRECTION?

Young man, young man
Young men wedding virgins
hardcore of the hand. Careful
in paction; from an unbraced
pious man, each hair on the
knuckle examined for nefarious hues
dazzling the eyes with jewelry?
this is a negative clue some women
explain simply sun baking changes hairs
you cant bail in the curl shape too
reluctant to devil air. a well healed woman
with simple hand traits never focused
on abuse ponying the rake
unbearded and cleaned,
unbejeweled and short
the sanctimonious fingers are each
within christ's form
all saints will be calling with a pearled
wise nod
Simple tasks of piety
each second closest to God.

