

Spiddletop Knuck Knuck



This is a place to be wary of as smallpox childrenpox and this was called the horse spiddletop knuck knuck. With a love anger enjoyed wall in disfigurement a tall braving male pushed full into a cravice it a hapless rabbit pit with tiny pins placed on it wa growing gutters onto the skin. That old line I love you and turned red punishment on you. The leg shortened by most of its natural length, the mouth weakened the armpit extends to one egg. So its useless to try eating and digesting and to kiss it unthinkable some woman is brushed up and she has a foot long hot pin. This pin is unused because fear holds her face. A banner lady who grins like an animal is left in meanstous downstairs murlaring. To smear on four walls a classmate who kissed digested the dress of smeared because bedwetting has her memories flamed. Pitchforks and torches are staked around the beglorned spiddletop. And inside the piano chops confused eye winks as the so-called house-owner speaks: Notice the carpets are red and lifted with gift of pennies. Then there is paper falling follow confusion complete. Torches raise and scrambling ground I hear despairing cries inside in their sombre dark sleep. And for the what I know the dress was smeared with no blood, but grease and for all I know I have luster, but grease. So we seek and find ye. I have to believe all that this seen and nothing I can't read. I have been concerned before with grief, but I grow empty with thought that can not finish what they state. If you have seen everything as I have wrong mind once been. Your eyes would want a grave! The type of grave that would lid under a mountain and which no shovel would brave. So the wary and knowledgeable can avoid the disease of childrenpox and you will have heard the fate of me and see my charring from knuck knuck. You can blame this on Indians in ignorance! You can blame the King for this in ignorance! You can blame me for my burns in ignorance! But live raced with my skull, a skull nevertheless, the full disturbing distance!

COAL MOUND



Upon a lovely puring stream I found near a holy ground a giggled four legged showboat escorted up a lovely coal mound. A pinny man pulled out of the smokestack he came he had a spiddy dog like kyle's and a face like an open grave. He said over there you find some angel wings in an oak. The witch owl hurt a toe & calling out the angel lowered & broke. Now we need some caretakers who will wear wings and hurl coal since the angels head caved in by distress of that fateful call. Spiddy dog pulled at the mound reigns and droopy jaw reigns to me. The punny man pulled nails out and handed a mirrored hammer for wings. All the while I was eyeing the coal mound, but I still felt dismayed. The wings were nailed on my back nose burn demons had souls bless each lump in god we have anchor and a heavy love filled throw. I saw a young man crawling in & out at a wishing well he dragged his father in & out with one leg hair on his scalp. I knocked that boy silly with a bless & the one leg hair on his scalp. I thanks to heaven a silly son was... The father flung the ear of a said poor rabbit guts... The witch owl gnawing wings ending in my quivering rage. The mound in my reach from the score the witch owl front life. The mound owl was feet for me, he flew right before my eye! On the Coal Mound! I got you once you shit blower like an old ripe plum plucked. I took the coal & flung hard but the witch owl laughed and struck. Down I went & flung hard but the ground rocks & seed. The rabbit he chewed on was away only with the 3 feet, out of seed. With owl ended up eating me up hauled into his bowls I swam before me. The rabbit he chewed on was away only with the 3 feet, out of seed. With owl ended up eating me up hauled into his bowls I swam before me. I drive the owl mad I told you one day I'll make the old owl mad with a show boat in tow shinning up pearls & fish toe. On the coal mound.

YOU CAN WRITE TO CARLINER Rainbow Wire Thin Shapings Baking Exhibit for more lps or for jubilation or:

CARLINER
50 SUB
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RAINBOWS made MEAT

Flag of health unfurled, a plague of git wind to the world!
Throwing my six cents out at the wind A shotgun blast from 'in
Said by dozens an amen I'll be a bedpan. Ceramics made in head shapes
bleed less and less suffering. How considerate to paint the woods and
white invitation compass companies. It's not far you my lamb it's
to pay respectiveness to root & leaf. Flag of health is unfurled, a plague
of git given to the world. Waving first bites skinned around colors
shining files acknowledge so do the dogs filet rainbows made of meat!

SNAKE BITES

In the open space there were some snakes with an eye to slow everyone down, jumped up on to hand disturby all of mans snake bracelet balancing frown, Bi the snake back puckered lemon vesion suck Snake swore, my poison the worst around, snake

Strike Them Hard, Drag Them To Church

The LEVITTS had children that weren't exactly sane; You'd try to ask them questions, their attention would wane. Busted over the head and dragged on by the scruff, Because on Sundays Levitts rested, only then enough.



STRIKE THEM HARD. Drag them to Church.
STRIKE THEM HARD. Pull them to Church.

You could bust them over the heads with gun butts, Canoe and clubs; Nothing seems to sink in or hurt. The CHURCH could calm those fleas with flute, and HYMNAL sound. During the sermons gag those beasts! howling out like hounds, They'd pinch, STAB, hit and poke, 'til each were purple and blue; (Having to supply stronger OAK for the Levitts' personal pew.)

They started storming over something early one morning, The youngest one crawling, looking. He ran four rows, Head bugged down low, before his brow smashed in, wood busting. The mess brought the others laughing and screaming, tearing up the place; The FATHER said, 'Enough of this' and whipped Them outside, driving them out of his Grace. This Open World opened them up to Open Minds Devoid of slumber or peace. The first thing was to climb Up and down, like working ANTS destroying a tall tree. These branches came to waste and want not, Because it helped build a quillotine. The blade was wide enough to chop two HEADS off With edges of books and plates dirty.



By digging a hole that was at the foot of the nearby orchard Taking on an army of plum-laden trees with rocks for ammo. Fingers that pried up rocks and branches - From the pit, a new idea; Spread out branches & rocks to make a picture of MOTHER on a hill-side. Split-wood teeth pointed, just like the bitter wood angry jaw The mouth, a pile of shrubs and kindling fired to make a flaming maw. As Levitts ran CRAZY up and across her terrible storm-wrecked brow. The hill would have burnt up completely Unless their yelps, jumps and leaps contained somehow.



After five days of insanity including: Piggy Drags, Gun Blasts, A broken leg, teeth left in the creek, Cloth burning, rope burn, Dirt war, porch busting; Drowsiness put them to sleep. It's a wonder no one was KILLED, including the onlookers (Who could tolerate yet sustain). Those bruised messes were Tied up and dragged to a stream where snow ran down. Flute-tamed water dropped on pipes and made a somber sound. The river had more life than a corral of horses bucking up forever; Never had such a sound been heard, and never such an AUDIENCE the water.

The years rolled, one meal every day, followed by the other. Young years left the youths, and the WEATHER Honored the Brothers and Sisters. Their minds aging, No longer MISCHIEF were they pursuing, for they had learned To hammer logs and sometimes thumbs in the calm of aging.

HORSE & FLATS

you have colored my singing all water - enjoy myself all I do is shit and think and what I demand is compliments. Looked down in wolf wells were added colors to ourselves. Chewed scream boop at each other, back of an arm (all follow) scream again the butt end of cigarette this is a tar show swing big stuck blaze the route, the route. You have colored my drink, slim not enjoying myself all I do is, sit and letink and what you demand is compliments. Kneel well most likely collide: the horse is 60 yrs. old, the horse is flat on the ground hop on ride ride ride ride ride ride ride ride