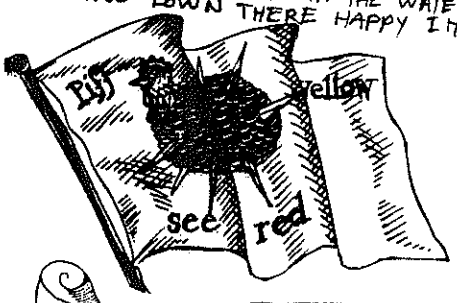
DAY of the TERRIBLE COCKSUNS,

NO USE OF CRYING OR MOVING YOUR EYES
THE COCKSUNS HAVE COME TO POKE YOU FOR BLIND
FROM PURE WATER SPRING OUT FROM THE WEST
SOME ONE PISSED IN IT AND COCKSUNS COME NEXT
TO MAKE THAT BOY PAY WITH EYE SOCKETS RED
AND EVERYONE ELSE PAYS FOR HIS PISS
THOSE HOTAW YOU CAN CUSS WITH A SORE LIP
THE SPRING ALWAYS CLEAN. GOD WATCHING OVER IT
ALL DAY CHASING AND FUCKING SOME FACE
THINGS SETTLED DOWN A BIT WHEN TWILIGHT CAME
THE DUST SETTLED, SOME ESCORTED TO GRAVES
MALAAIN HAIR WAS BLOODIED AND HAD TO BE SHAVED
THE CHILDREN FAIRED WORST THOUGH DAMAGED BRAINS
THEIR LIVES ENDED AND BODIES WERE LAID
SOME WHO WERE POKED EYE USE WAS HISTORY
LED BY A KIND COW EAR BELONGING TO SISSY
PUTTING THEM TO AN AREA SLOW LITTLE LOPE
PEOPLE LAY DOWN IN GREEN GRASS PSALMING OUT HOPE
ONE WOMAN ENDED UP TOSSING A COVER
ROCKS WOOD WERE LAID OUT ON THE SPRING OVER
NO DRINKING NO PEEING IN THE WATERY HOLE
COCKSUNS DOWN THERE HAPPY I HOPE



PRUNE PICKING HUGE HAND

Thats made good in heaven hand
Hits you upside with a cookpan
Sowback shoehead you did wrong
Ye pushing house sized hand over
the top. Waving arms talking your
more point fingers ease because
thier yours since alphabet never
no, chorus has of four wounds
HEllo PRINCE Picker Bonsey Prune
PICKER. Jump off the cliff into
the foam flap to heaven
wool blanket & porpessoons
Dont come near where we are
Working out sewn up the ears
Cant listen to a damnit
Hope Screaming right in your
face stupid Underneath
finger and above the elbow
Dont come near where we are!
Where fire wear we wer are
where wood falls forward and perches
And for this for 4 six month!
And four for friends are nightwolf
And night to be of wareness! And
Some who wear the air! Beware
The arms of thiers forewerds location!
location Between a chasm to scorew!
Dont repeat!

My little Lips

I KNITTED A HANDLE FOR THE CUP
THATS NOT ALL THAT I FIXED UP
CHEST HIGH LONG JOHN SLIPS
SOCKS LACE COW DOLL AND STIRRUP
MY FINGERNAIL BUST OFF IT HAPPENS NOW AND
AGAIN I KNIT UP A BODY TO SLAP AROUND
IT'S A CURSE TO CUSS WEIGHED SIN
THERE ARE COMPLEX WORDS HUNG AROUND
TO EDUCATE ALL AND WHEN I KNIT THE
HEAVENS COME DOWN AND GIVE ME A RUN
AROUND THE COUNTRY SNAPPING MY EYE LIKE
THE STRING WAS ROAD RIVER THE LAKE
GLISTENING FISH WITH HOOKS IN MY EYELIDS
THROWING ME INTO THE BOAT ALONG SIDE THE
PIN-POIN STARS WHO WINK TEARS AND LOOSEN
MY FINGERS AND THROAT. THE SLAP DOLL I
GIVE A NAME THE LAST NAME AS MYSELF
IT BEGINS TO CUSS FOR ME TOO LOOKING
DOWN FROM IT'S SHELF, I LOOK UP
IT LOOKS DOWN COLD LOOK IN IT'S EYES
I KNIT BLANKETS ONTO THAT STARE MORE
THE CLOTH SETTLES FROM SHELF HIGH
I MADE A THRONE AND KNIT THE DOLL ON
UPRIGHT THOSE LITTLE LIPS EDUCATE CUSS
AND INVENT NEW LOUD GRIPES SWIRL CAVE
OF YARN THE SHEEP SOME FREEZE BARE
I HOP UP AND DOWN AT THE SIGHT FOR IN
THE CENTER OF IT ALL AT THE END OF THE
HALL MY LITTLE LIPS HANG IN WHITE YARN
SUNLIGHT! THEY SAT SHIT ASS PIG EATING MUD
SUCK THE HAIR OFF BEAR'S BUTT BOLLWEEVEL STEW
HORSE SHIT TOO. AND BRAMBLE CROSS EEL FUCKING
SLUT. STRAW APPLE BRUSH DIMMED BY TALL LIFTED UP

SUSANS AND BRUISING

ONE SHOULD BE PROOKED UP BECAUSE
HIS RIBS WERE FOUR
AND TWO SOPPY COMPLAINT HANDS
USED BETTER AS FEET
BRUISING HIS ARMS FROM PUSHING COWS
AROUND
WHO WOULD SNAP AND ANYONE BUT HE.
THE MAN COOKED UP INCOME FOR A MAN WOMAN
SPADING WITH COW POKE STRONG ROPE FOR A
THE COWS PLUCKED WITH ROPE BY SHUFFULE
THE COWS CALLED BY THEIR NAME SUSAN ETC
HIS NECK WAS BURNED FROM LISTING AT ROPE.
SEA THEIR CLOTH BRACE ABOVE HIS SORY COMPLAINT
COULDN'T PAINT ANYTHING EXCEPT PINSCIN POWERFUL STREAM
COULD CUT HAIR OF BEARS TEETH TIED KNOTS OF SPADES
ROPE THAT WAS DECORATED WITH HOOF PRINTS
AND FROM THE HEAD HEAD TO SMILE IN THE SHADE
WHEN PUSHING A COW AWAY DOWN SPEAK THE ROPE
TO WASH OFF THE MANURE WITH WHICH COWS
SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN SUSAN PAINT SUSAN

River Weaving of Children Limbs

[illegible]

HERNIA MILK & THE MILK QUEEN

The world is a tablecloth and Dirt ground is its
pride Hernia Milkqueen salted Borbucks are
The peppered out from the wine cases into
South American light with a hard hitting
Milk hernia crotch crest carrying trading
Sort down a bull horn pick bred up
Milk from that scrot iwake the Dead
Piss purple blood powder Still
Match thine wealth another
Chimney lifted out from its
Home at bull Dust storm like
Stealth eyebrows raise at the
3 armed speed one arm a bull,
One arm a handful of building dirt
And one a raised chimney shrivel heart
Pump up a new life gleamed raisin eyes
Yawn out some maggot down to South
America where from dead she bring the
Hernia Milkqueen brought up
Raisin eye danger mommy
Finger stripe, bogs with fat
Mound hand, whiskey, and
His horse whisker, and Cabry
Silver on the backs a yoke of
Animal and soil Borbucks are a
Sort who have laboured died before
In jungle over land tail dropped
Dead in tracks buckets of torn
Flesh trying to take golden coffin
Free ointment with heavy milkpiss
Restoring breath
The way to start
A new life sides
Milkpee revival of
The warming
Chimney with a
Cabin and a
Trulbt of oxen
To protect
And eat

The Sabre Waving Tale

Scarecrows and I worked on the field but in the long run naught. It was haught my mind travelled back one dark road I sought. I recall on the day when I was woke over with fear, it first touched me in falling off a fence waving for dirt in midair, but the corn eating birds have for my flying a laugh no doubt. So I think back to Turks and Sabres that were thick with bracelets and muscles and grips huge of thumb and sabres. The swing of arms made me run to the gurvey, where I hid for the entire day. Thusly, a wall I made that holds paper Turk arms and sabres scaring birds blood to freeze. But the wind wound around and blew into the ground, the paper not holding against the breeze. So I send over for the corpses of Saracens preserved in fine oils and smokes, each fitted with a sabre in hand to have fear drop in and soak. The wind yells up and down and blows out candles and sings. It will push the wall of arms around the truck making arms swing. Fight that day out and away and behind the crows menace they leave were buzzards who wouldn't touch plants, but certainly tore at Saracen meat.

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