RAINBOW GRACE BLOCKS

Used in the placement of the personality

SPRILLOWED SPRAWLING PREDICTIONS ON OUR FUTURE

With a bulk pressure point suit assisting unfocused the mind
The Hebarald suit could spill his sprawling thoughts to future times
The Hebarald pressure point suit was a headache that would
Drive nails & claws through the body with a line betwixt
Points of flesh as applied to a mathematical description of the
Soul allowing blood to hammer at the brain until thoughts
abandoned the skull triumphantly sprillowing to times of
ease current life unbeholden where the sun was dyed
blue and the skies dyed golden & the words he later
Described with words revealed lay onto paper with two
Iron & leather cover concealed. He fortold when a person
Binds themselves with tight & warm clothes that they
are concealing the heat for function in cold. Eventually
the clothes on our earth would allow half of them
Digested on the inside & half of it exposed the various
Fashions related to your size and or taste & several
Included an internal external wheel waist one suit
Much like a train boiler allowed the organs to heat
To a strong functional temperature of 100 degrees this suit
Attached at the neck kept the face at normal temperature
While steam ran through veins allowing speedy traveling
Natures which were rock hardened cut resistant & balzenly
Shrewd. When asked different questions by quill each hand might
Outline the way of working a math to an ability unknown
To the questioner. The people who ran our moon took the elite
to the white castles to work on problems of our frantic
Counsel, & to the fragile body parts that were damaged
By fire accidents a sea water treatment that could
grow like watering plants. When the oceans were
Gathered into columns & blocks. There was a sand
expanse used for parks & cemeteries. Each area
Of sand dyed to make the grass more colorful in
Tiger stripes & hues of gold with palacial ornate
Workings all reflected on blades of grass at the
eyes level, all flowers were in the shapes of medical
Pictoraphy an outlining on each to show human vein
Systems, & when one neatly plucked a petal page lay it beside
The patient for knowledge display the curious inventor Knowles
Hebarald then worked of a catapult to future times to be
Thrown unhurt. The invention built & up he went high & well
He came down tho', the same minute? Hard to tell.

Grave Are The Hairs
in Our Houses

Grave are the eyes of mine
And grave are the wood lines
Chess are masters of the chess
Pieces in Gods game
Often their sings their
Sundament in rain
Mine I saw in the mirrole
The waste that we unkept
Unmade, bar,
As others celebrate with
Manners winning
My oiling and smoothing
Attracts only flies
The sun casts shadows of
Me with Cains Mark
Shivering with a fallsions
Waving near ever by head
Hatch the image we must
Hold ugliness then wed
My fe that in omnipotence
Cannot be seen even
Promises to legs and hips
Kept uncleanliness stay up
and on except in dark because
Grave are the hairs
Grave are the hairs gone

STADDALA KASTA VEIN LOOM

With a little less tightenedly dapperly look
The Staddala Kasta have veins took
And their looms that weave veins pursue
Following them the vein spindle wheels
Whistle tuneless tunes. Faces covered
In heat with gutter trail smoke
The gestures been veins for round loom
Looking through jagged oriel glow
Eyes appealing to the person to live
With dry insides. But the language an
The thoughts of who give whats
To appease dapper simons relax with
Vein "B"

Conquering Gods

As you know some fish in the
food with eating prey
at the table some wait and
extend the prayer all day
But when you suit up the
food with screeu eyes,
all thoughts and reservations
replaced in surprise.
Soon every every vegetable is
like watching a play
forks flash at the plates like
bailing out hay. A smiling face
left at the table a tray, a
small scarecrow with corn
guts & a ray baked that day
large rodent teeth and tail
from roots made a smile
laughing at what one eats
even if completely vile.

RED ROLL BUTTER SHUTTERS

Crumbs hail on a home
Go home to bruise
To bread all red
On an animal kick bull
Ask a skinker
Fill cans with each hard skilled
Butter pans
And wheat dogs soot coal pass
Yell on the roll house red
Pipes drowning and filled in
Old butter deck yellow hall
Brown buttered hay tablets
For work windows
And all hay hammers mixed
With their own hound hands

Land Place

When the land is hardened & sun has baked
Some harvest dust & accept their fate
Some others dreamt of woods & vegetable
An attack ground with fury of a devil
Before the walter family's attack van
Was a spiked war cart to it they sang
"The cart will roll & the pestil will pound
And seeds that couldn't penetrate finally go down"
They'd twist & jump & soften it up
So that the dirt was
warm & soft to touch
Well better than
stuffing seeds in a
barrel or forcing
them down with
bow and arrow