The logo legacy of our still dead Rationalismo Fathers
specious Cheshire-grinning cool kats -- playing oboes
against the drifting dada cool-jazz saxophones, splashed
slashed, thrown, shit on, anything -- ut-pain-ed but painted portraiture
--dorning run down junky holes and the Eternal halls of
Justice

just the invigorating refresher, the little pick
me up we all need -- the real thing -- to guard from
the countless (uncounted anyway) certified-or-money-back
authenticated
genuine imitations of the great masters' legacy, his heir to the throne that little prick of
a king and master named
the ordinary the mundane the day-to-day nine to
two line shuffle -- going neither here nor there -- in one
hell of a shit-ass hurry to get there -- 'cause it ain't
here baby, and that's right there more than anyone can really ask for
Named Louie, the man who died for YOUR sins, we ain't nomore
talking but that skinny Jewboy killed for forty pieces
Kow is the

mother and child wasted by a 15¢ shell for
somebody's estate, for cool clean cash
no regret written down in some.holy Anonymous Gutenberg,
--today's landscape is clear as azure lakes with a clear sky --
it's newsprint -- 100% recyclable, reclaimable, biodegradable
truth -- as true as the contract we signed in bloody bigness --
big-business work ethic;
genuphalloflecting modern gentry cast
their rights in a bottle in the Potomac on the first Tuesday
after a Monday! every fourth November so that this simple
message can be armed airlifted to the peasants, primitives
To those who lack the multifarious and obliviously
manifold

benefits of a civilized education

ililowould (says the profit) be lucky if they ever learned
to scratch their own asses -- without our grace -- which, mi9d; you
they don't deserve

their drumbeat morse code seldom
cracked SOS, every ship sinks in the
ocean of the Is, only once

Corpulent oases mirror gushing drowned water-falls
Labrose words blubber of sunken loves time-immemorable
make mocking conventions of remorse to prop up a remorseless
history -- what's better lost won't go
-yhat's better gone won't lose its unshakably tenuous beliefs
Its middle-aged dead and old bearers keep gallumphing inastute to
senile infirm-ness of a glorious bloody 200 years with a god-
only-know how many more decrepit decline