

july 1997 - typewriter spew 7/8/97 by howard n kaplan

7 b

tttttttttttttttThis is the first thing I will write
to begin my madness; here and now drunk god shines on my beautiful &
bladder

hell is here and now bless my balls oh lord in your own image
god the resemblance is uncanny-you and i and the universe
god bless my balls god i can't wait to die and be done
fuck this blessed earth and all herein
fuck yet another day to wake to suck to shit to fuck myself and you oh god
thank you for my hands i can only do so much with them
and my tongue is too short to talk to you
thank you for the toys...i like to keep all my balls in the air

it's something to do while i'm alive...piss myself awake to piss and shit
outside my bed all is hazy and irrelevant and full of bad karma and vomit
what man-made pool big enough to hold the shit of all that i was?
i can be a million monkeys jerking off simultaneously like a salute to my lord
thanks for the penis, really, it makes me glad i'm here and the balls, too
my balls remind me that i am helpless and destined to rot anyway
god i can't wait to die ... i will walk into the ocean i will walk
i'll only jmy penis i want my penis, i want it sucked in the same end

my ejaculant solid as stone... sink to soil like everything else
fire and brimstone in my balls and more fat on my heart to give away
viscous madness on my plate and in my heart and balls
such pleasure from this device ... no, not my balls this time
but this extension of my hands..my shit will always stink
lubricate this ancient device..hands behind my back
yes, my new device is this thing to make words with
fuck this cliché and fuck my mom for money and make me a happy boy
solid as shit; head towards heaven nothing new to say to you oh lord
the same words mean the same thing ...pussshitvomitcumdeedyyfuck no new words
too many options for my penis make it hard for me to be divine
cum and go and sleep and drink and die
despite all the vegetables i eat...too anxious to leave this body
i make myself sick ...no truly profound ender means toward and end
the end is always there, thank god, released in some ephemeral order from my ass
reminding me of god somehow...how one horse beats another in a race
my nose is ahead of yours and therefore i am the faster horse
hot water on my balls precludes global ecstasy
how good to have these words

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