

3/15/95--Stinger's Pre-Purim Spew (hand-written)

My heart is a crazy-haired animal blurred by its own ambition to free itself
From my body nasty inside underskin flesh cooked by smoke insaneinsideoutman
Not in body, not in mind, not in the mood to be outside, heart-twisted blind
And beating pulse above all brain delivered truth on signing meat of the month
Unflavored, dry and pale redundant flesh denies love at all costs, monumental
Insignificant pound of flesh this heart this mind this reversable tent of soul.

Aboveaway and beyond garmentflesh remains in the grave fertilizing concrete flowers
Pretentiousflesh defies primal instinct to communicate but still hold this spot
On earth as my own intense fear of independent living painandpatience waiting
For the next life to take meagain redundant consciousnessbargodbless
My beer and the liquids of my lifelike all the pisspassing throughme
Fuefutilefleshforfivemoreyears

Blacksky Alaska Evergreen Sniffing
Grandmaster FlashinthePan