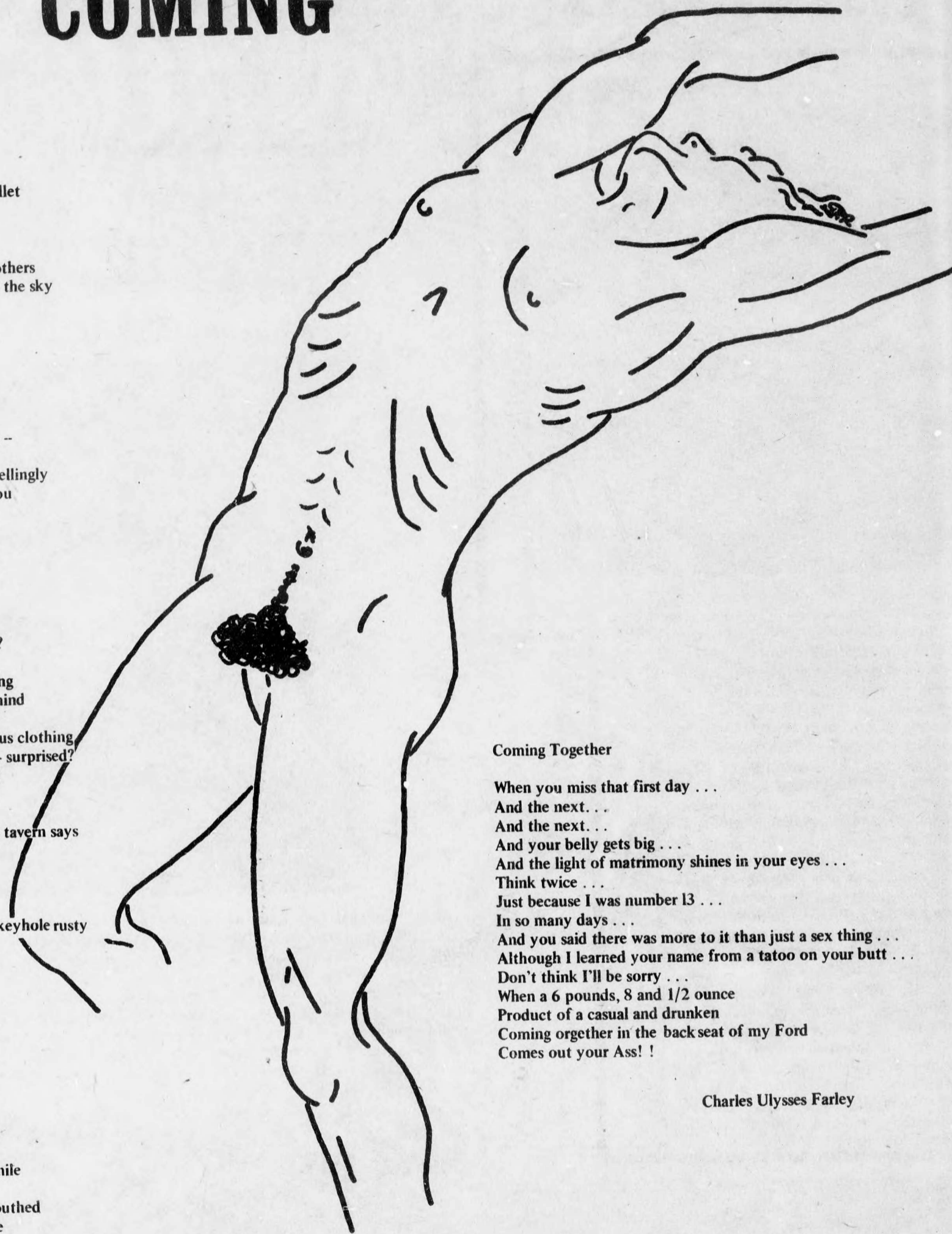


COMING

You poverty stricken wench—
 Sorrow for the heart
 of women,
 Stricken with the weight
 Seeking not, like a beggars wallet
 for money
 Find only sorrow in spite
 of Love.
 Blind, blind go the hearts of others
 Until reaching, untelling, into the sky
 of their soul
 They pull down a dill pickle
 instead of a star
 God bless them
 You! (of all people) look to
 the noise of a farting pig
 sending no thought of love
 other than to self-infatuation --
 Worry on your shoulders?
 They slope under duress, untellingly
 like so many others -- seen you
 somewhere before -- take
 a prophalactic
 Fill it -- like a nether soul
 with false grief -- you live!
 Eureka.
 Be happy -- you are sad
 and will be so, dill pickle
 star of conviction -- thought?
 Never mind, no never,
 Go like a beggar, pride beating
 the heels of a prophalactic mind
 Know you no more.
 Rip off your mind's fastidious clothing
 Look -- nipple naked cloth -- surprised?
 You are the same as the rest
 Beauty in age will rust
 I trust to see you yet
 'Old Maid' -- the sign on the tavern says
 "Don't want to drink?"
 Bitter in loss but
 knowing it was what
 it was
 The tavern door is locked, keyhole rusty
 yet trusty still
 To the beggars knock.
 vs
 So raving on in madness
 Frothing at thirst of heart
 The pig will far a song
 the lock destroyed
 Beggar's knock no more
 without a door
 Sweet bloody mist of hell
 What is it all about
 get off on power? Wow.
 --Measured in a kilowatt smile
 of plasticity.
 Damnation and marble mouthed
 cursings of upright courage
 Where is the blessed
 Mother Mary now?
 Wonder if she forgot
 How.
 The angel laid her out
 without a kiss
 But blew a bugle in kisses stead
 Deserve you not a womb?
 We are dead but alive.
 Afraid? Seek the
 Arrow's hair parting flight
 William Tell, Mother Mary
 Fairy tales, Frodo's grief
 Mist of hell, bible thief
 suck the earth, yes such
 We are here to Love, without
 whose madness we are fraught
 with the quiet doom
 of living death
 --Humanity.

D. Hinchey



Coming Together

When you miss that first day . . .
 And the next . . .
 And the next . . .
 And your belly gets big . . .
 And the light of matrimony shines in your eyes . . .
 Think twice . . .
 Just because I was number 13 . . .
 In so many days . . .
 And you said there was more to it than just a sex thing . . .
 Although I learned your name from a tatoo on your butt . . .
 Don't think I'll be sorry . . .
 When a 6 pounds, 8 and 1/2 ounce
 Product of a casual and drunken
 Coming together in the backseat of my Ford
 Comes out your Ass! !

Charles Ulysses Farley

Children of God
 playing in the sand,
 playing in the dust.
 That's plays with yourself.

Leni Masspon

Pornography is right,
 I see the light!
 God!
 Budha!
 Alla!
 Shit!
 There is no sin in life,
 Only life is sin.
 Pose as a cheat and whore
 The world is blind to these.

The Wandering Jew

Clean Men Are Dirty

Man keeps his eyes on girls legs,
 One hand in his pocket to play.
 Falls down on his knees to pray,
 Fucks the girl in the front row.

Speak of morals, goddess and peace,
 While watching the legs in front.
 He cant stand the sight of nigger and jew
 "Lets blow Mao to hell", he screams.

He believes in helping the retarded,
 While he ain't got a clue in hell.
 "Put them in safe padded cells", he yells.
 While pushing the button to blow us to hell.

Heads a group to kill pornography,
 Writes fuck, shit, piss on subway walls.
 Can't have a loose woman running around,
 While picking up twenty cent slut.

The Wandering Jew