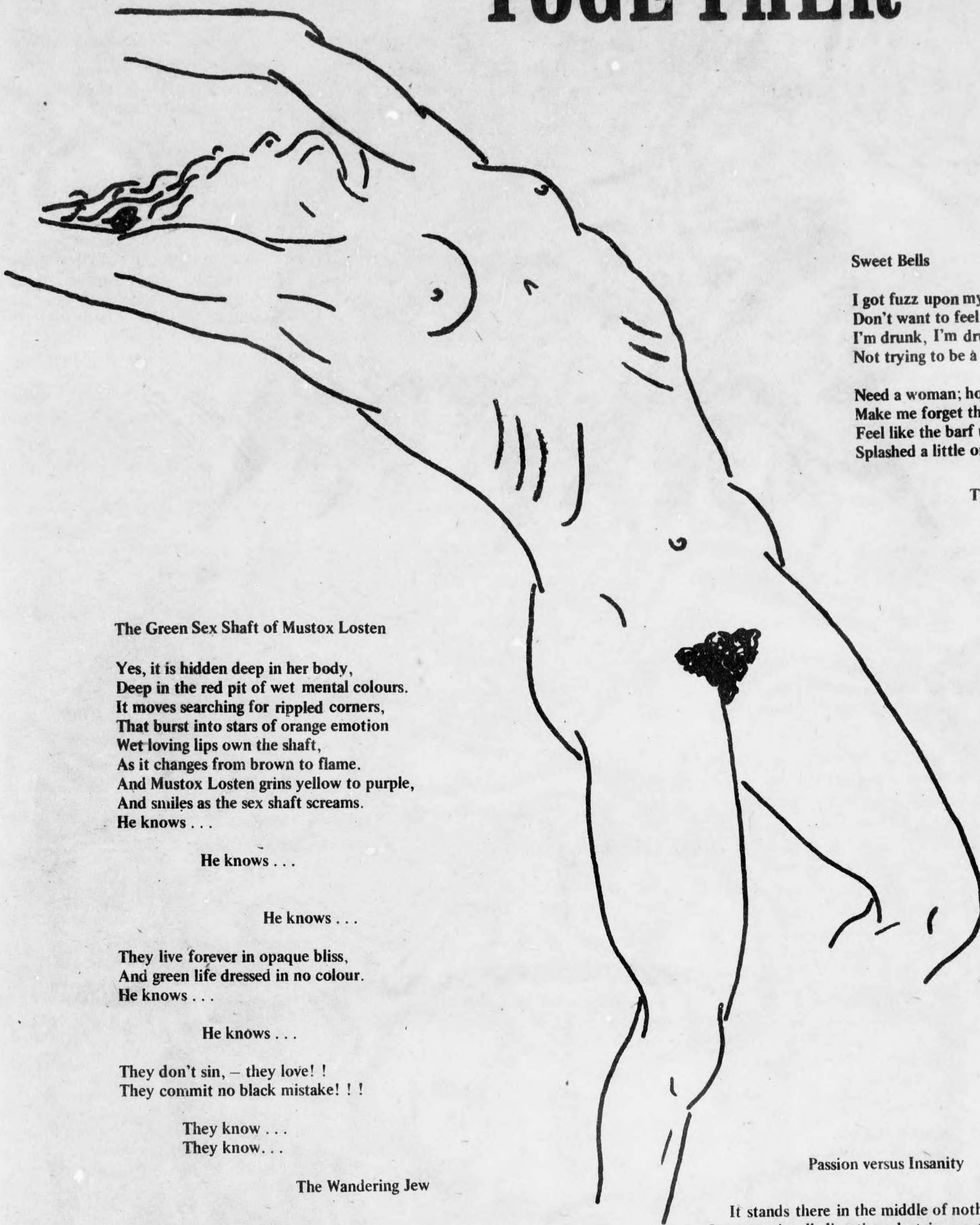


# TOGETHER



## Sweet Bells

I got fuzz upon my brain,  
Don't want to feel the pain.  
I'm drunk, I'm drunk, I'm drunk,  
Not trying to be a punk.

Need a woman; hot and fast,  
Make me forget the goddamn past.  
Feel like the barf upon the floor,  
Splashed a little on the door.

The Wandering Jew

## The Green Sex Shaft of Mustox Losten

Yes, it is hidden deep in her body,  
Deep in the red pit of wet mental colours.  
It moves searching for rippled corners,  
That burst into stars of orange emotion  
Wet loving lips own the shaft,  
As it changes from brown to flame.  
And Mustox Losten grins yellow to purple,  
And smiles as the sex shaft screams.  
He knows . . .

He knows . . .

He knows . . .

They live forever in opaque bliss,  
And green life dressed in no colour.  
He knows . . .

He knows . . .

They don't sin, — they love! !  
They commit no black mistake! ! !

They know . . .  
They know . . .

The Wandering Jew

## Passion versus Insanity

It stands there in the middle of nothingness, doing nothing.  
It moves in all directions but is constantly still. The heat is unbearable while it freezes you. Your blood boils while your brain is frozen into a solid useless mass. It is passion.

It is as stated, nothing. It is made into something by man.  
Man himself determines what his passion is. He creates it from a spark of interest. He sees and desires, and his desire turns into passion.

Passion is not necessarily always felt between members of the opposite sex. I quite regularly feel passionate towards one of my textbooks. Am I insane? You may say yes, but stop and think about it. Did you ever feel passion towards your pet cat or dog? Of course you did. It's only natural. I never had a pet so I get satisfaction from being passionate to a book. Still not convinced?

We will then consider the human aspect of the question: If you have ever cared for somebody, really cared, and never got any response, you waste your passion on them. Is that any different from me wasting my love and passion on an inert object?

**MORAL:** Never waste your passion - for wasted passion sparks insanity.

You'll have to excuse me now. I hear my textbook calling me from the next room and its going to take me some time to figure out how I'm going to get out of this padded room.

Once there were twin brothers named Jack and Jim. Jack married and Jim was still single but the proud owner of a dilapidated old boat. Disaster struck them both on the same day: Jack's wife died and Jim's boat sank. A few days later, Jim met a friend on the street who mistook him for Jack and offered his sympathies, saying, "You must feel terrible!"

Jim replied: "Oh, not really. She was an old wreck from the beginning. Her bottom was all shriveled up and she smelled like dead fish. The first time I got in her she made water faster than anything I've ever seen. There was a bad crack in her back and a pretty big hold in the front. The hole got bigger every time I used her and she leaked like crazy. But what finished her was these five guys I know borrowed her. I told them she wasn't very good but they said they'd take a chance with her anyhow so I rented her out."

Then the crazy fools tried to get into her all at once and it was too much for her. She cracked right up the middle."

At this point the friend fainted . . .

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