

Gopher Guts

MC Lars

Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts; Explain Poolside; 0 for 1 and don't forget spoons twice

Lukewarm folgers; mold on his moonpie

Rooms in his home that dissipate into fruit flies

Suicide lane wide load ride looting in the wake of an amicable marooning

My duty go from moving in packs to sharing food with a cat. (To Moms:) "it's me, I accidentally sawed a woman in half."

She said "i'll keep you in my prayers," I said "i need to hide a body," she said "ok honey, talk to you on friday."

Apparently we share a common plasma so the growing disconnection doesn't matter. according to the blood-and-water chapter. weird

Who wrote the blood-and-water chapter anyway? probably some surly dad; only child, 30 cats. looking for a way to reconnect with an averted past. except it doesn't always work like that

Today I pulled three baby snakes out of moss and dirt; where the wild strawberry vines toss and turn; I told them "you will grow to be something inventive and electric; you are healthy, you are special, you are present." then I let them go

Oh

You were sitting at the gate awaiting spirits and provisions

I was privy to a headache over pirouetting innards

In the mirror sweating pictures; who's there: simian or lizard?

As it were there is a disappearing difference

In ambition and material;

Antiquated gentleman outlaws reduced to a ferris wheel of vitriol

Move as a godless heathen; black gums, tooth gone, bootleg 'Yukon Cornelius'

I'm a...that's better, here we here we go. disenchanted face printed on a zero-dollar bill

Got a little plot of land where authority isn't recognized, contraband keeping the core of his Hyde Jekyll-ized

Check! nevermind a misanthrope vying for affection to the wretched sound of mysticism dying

It is something he must handle on his own; the wind blown way, wanna win? don't play

Today I pulled three green frogs out of leaf and bark where the grape vines climb a convenient barn; I told them "you will grow to be something tenacious and exalted; you are mighty, you are gracious, you are lauded." then I

let them go

Oh

I have been completely unable to maintain any semblance of relationship on any level

I have been a bastard to the people who have actively attempted to deliver me from peril

I have been acutely undeserving of the ear that listen up and lip that kissed me on the temple

I have been accustomed to a stubborn disposition that admits it wish it's history disassembled

I have been a hypocrite in sermonizing tolerance while skimming for a ministry to pretzel

I have been unfairly resentful of those I wish that acted different when the bidding was essential

I have been a terrible communicator prone to isolation over sympathy for devils

I have been my own worse enemy since the very genesis of rebels

Today I pulled three ghost crabs out of rock and sand, where the low tide showcased a promised land. I told them "you will grow to be something dynamic and impressive; you are patient you are gallant you are festive."

Then I let them go

Oh

(On and on and on and on...)

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