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My Eyebrows Are Eating The Flesh Of An Elephant

My eyebrows are eating the flesh of an elephant while shivering from the Arctic cold that surrounds the city of Serendipity where the

denudation of the harebell

has reached a critical level of shamefaced bitterness that pours its glowing tears on the deserted streets where the sidewalks disappeared when the servile aliens descended from the sky and

opened their tensile mouths

to release into our world sad butterflies that sang songs of sterile but subtle sympathy, syncopated by syllables unheard before by man, woman, child or dog, but always by the frogs,

these true-bred creatures made before ages

by a force beyond our comprehension that exists only in our fantasy, although that seems unlikely because we have been plagued by these trumpeting angels that refused to listen when we played our guitars with our

noses and lips and tongues

but that was a long time ago, in the age before time was invented, an age where monkeys planted

rebarbative, sanguine locoweed

on the plains of Terra Incognita, causing the Earth to bleed and cry for help to the Moon, begging it to send it's

army of loonies

to defend the terrestrial honor and bring true freedom to every man, woman, child, dog, frog, alien, elephant, monkey, angel, snail, microbe and polytheist.

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