

had i a Gatling gun

to slam Islamophobia from the safety of yr campus, what advantage!

you're clearly not a Sufi who's been torn limb-from-limb by the Yahweh-cult expansionists.

to make them all Legal cuz the only ones you know are in your service - how impressive!

there's racism gone meta: the racism of calling us racist, of reducing our resistance so you never have to get it, and by getting it - i must believe you love the True - accept it.

there's place-ism, ranking place by arbitrary preference.

and face-ism - meaning not a hierarchy of faces, but a Prior for the face over faeces, let us say.

let us say: faeces. say say faeces. rhyme it, if you please: with theses, that's the super-plural of these - so you've rhymed it with a slightly-slurred Jesus.

i DIDn say a slightly-slurring Jesus!

am not saying Jagger is a hunter by his clan-

name, or Nietzsche bears a causal link of Kristallnacht back unto his lonely venom scribbles by the candle flame.

am not saying i wouldn't do stabful things to bros bringing war to my adobe door or wouldn't spit on body-armored mandatory vaxxers bearing Writ.

i'd clamp my tongue to make it red & venomous, a sloppy bolus lobbed w/ a THWUP thru my lips.

YOU make me think this shit by YESSING all the CBC-NPR clickbait that u tweet again with THIS & gospel hand-claps.

am NOT saying i wouldn't smash nasal bone with heel of hand, a slam i'm saving up i'd have to scam from.

oops u say it's Foyer we're still Inna? so Continnya: as syrup pours surprising in the cup of hands i'm prone to crack yr skull Witha coat tree. a TRAPPED RAT i amma, & i shoulda hit you first inside your armory, but wrote this bit instead and now you're on me.

Surveillance finds us easy when we're texting indy protocol. DARPA pre-coded for our DIY

antitheses, ARPA made a freeware space to scoop the new Nativity.

i scratch these indy adages and War is now upon me
- the Gibson Squids are here!

a robocall disrupts my nap to verify it, terrify me: "message from The Government of Canada."

a Gatling gun had i a, then it's YESSA to the party game: i'd take out big Mugabe & his gussied-up garden party - unsurprised i poetize with two hands a-sudden, that i'm chewing up the scenery in Bullet Time and FESTIVE VOICES warping into horror, all yr exo-specting horniness returning, in your dying, to the horror.

i'd win 'em all with love, with a hand-spun wonder, but in lieu of being the son of God am gunning down Mugabe & his gussied-up hangers-on.

kismets of neology: notorious last names that sound exactly what they mean:

a Gatling gun goes rat-tat-tat;
a quisling is a small-hearted bird, e.g. a jet-set Pandemo-crat.

a Gatling gun had i a then it's YES to sending Kim

Jong-X and alla **quislins** screamin - Bob & Kim my easy-in examplins for the usual suited Usurper your ululations welcome to the flag-festooned stage.

quisling calls to mind: a slick bi-phasic bankers' simp you ALL KEEP EFFING VOTING FOR. i'd win him with the apple-tree poetry of Whitman, witha proverb of Thoreau but i'm a Civil War grunt who goes Gatling gun, Gatling gun.

the nail sticking up is the first hammered down,
k but what do nails want?

fasten me, they seem to say, their telos being
their head pounded flat into the plywood. nail's
an eager hand up with the answer, oh oh oh! and
so it gotteth what it sought, and it soughteth
what it shoulda -

so say i, failing as i write this Test of what
could mean our vague & trixy proverbs!

the early bird gets the worm - i hear you
propagandize! your Way of death is made into an
arbeit to admire! you murder then you eat it,
but you tweet it as: you like to get up earlye.

now you're cooking PIZZA! for me, getting hangry,
this could only mean: you're laughing as i bake
myself and type thru Friday-Saturday.

you Comment re my gut - you mock me as i'm
bursting!

let us talk of speerchul tings - to preface
rape, to get a little devi to the Peepal tree,
away from peeping peoples so to -

lol i give the Game: 'tis i who makes an adage!

i spew it then i Gollum-like accuse the solemn
Sayer: tiz i who speaks a Dialogue, who veers
into Fantasia while a They is checking boxes -
my Surveyor!

