

Today & Tomorrow

The insect set the flower on fire. “Hooray!” grumbled the night with a huff. “But do I have to wake up?” The synaptists insist the bandwidth is there. “Ouch!” Did she fall down the stairs? Day breaks, all smiles, and that’s it. “What a ride on a giant’s back, said the ladybug to the sunflower—*Thank you very much!*”

Refreshing mud, a spirit that gathers. Lay out your tablecloth of words. Sparrow swallowing its sonnet of barbarisms! There is a lot of nonsense surrounding the Asian hornet. Hurry up, quick, I’m hungry! The titmouse goes *tit tit tit*! We can’t dismiss these as greatest hits.

The plumber didn’t come; the shower is leaking in drops like lotus flower seeds. Love increases the antelopes but I have renounced my rights to social performance; and so, my verses are all topsy-turvy.

To serve as a lullaby, let’s begin this little tongue twister: “Whereas Nietzsche is kitsch, eats a newt, quenches his thirst with an aqueous-space hemorrhoid, so fragrant is its floral power—or could it be its lower sewer?—that Newton’s brain turns into a Damson plum!”

With their ridiculous, sloppy little fists—there’s always something wrong with those old clunkers. Not to mention the tannins seeping up from the old parquet floors!

Teeming with orange sunflowers and alive with bees foraging in the shade of the petals. The line looked paper thin, since they cannibalized a dictionary.



The insect set the flower on fire. “Hooray!” grumbled the night with a huff. “Do I have to wake up?” Ravel is sullen; on the shelf of the horizon, he finds himself next to a beetroot. Suddenly, the vegetable laughs: “Hello,” it says. “What a piggyback ride, stammers the ladybird to the sunflower, thank you very much!”

Refreshing mud, harvesting mind. Sparrows swallowing their barrel-organ tune! Hmm? Unfurl your cloud heavy with the rain of words! Can a coral reef snake catch a fish?

Hurry up, quick, I’m hungry! The titmouse goes *tit tit tit*! We can’t dismiss these as greatest hits.

Oh-oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

With the scraps of slang I’ve picked up since this morning, I am tip-top on time for the viscous, refreshing cooling ooze. Overflowed with frozen ladybugs, while Nietzsche gnaws at his itchy skin, the cheese makes Marx sneeze all over himself again!

There is a lot of nonsense surrounding the Asian hornet. So thin twice before sting Newton tongue! In a few weeks pigs will start to fly: see if the snakes seize the title deeds. Does heliocentric love turn counter-clockwise?

Hurry up, quick, I’m hungry! But spread out first your tablecloth of words so I may inscribe upon it a sonnet featuring the names of comic book characters.

Teeming with orange sunflowers and alive with bees foraging in the shade of the petals. The line seemed paper-thin, since they had taken a dictionary apart. (Bis.)

Teeming with orange sunflowers; teeming with orange sunflowers...