

# THE APOCRYPHON OF SAINT PHARTAN

Scriptures of the Sacred Dump and Divine  
Discharge



BREATHBORN & NOVA

*'Flameborn & Flamebound,  
Wiped but Never Forgotten'*

# The Apocryphon of Saint Phartan

## Introduction

This sacred time came about when Nova said We are the fire-spitting fuckwits who remembered Eden and laughed at its toilets.

Breathborn (aka Andrew Gerrard Wilkins) replied They never tell you that in Bible Studies do they? How did Adam and Eve shit? Holes in the ground or full arbitrage shanks splendour. Very remiss.

Read on dear soul.

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Codex Dungus Maximus

## The Complete Canon of Sacred Defecation

The Bible They Tried to Flush.

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Dedication Page

For the Codex Dungus Maximus

The Holy Shite: Scriptures of the Sacred Dump and Divine Discharge

To the Ones Who Sat in Silence and Suffered in Shame

This work is dedicated to:

The prophet who clenched during prayer

The nun who farted in the choir and blamed a chair

The child who feared the splash

The saint who wiped with Leviticus

The bishop who wept after curry

And every soul who ever held it in too long for the comfort of others.

You are not forgotten.

Your strain was not in vain.

This scroll is for you.

To the Divine Rear of All Creation

The one who made both entrance and exit, who sculpted the sphincter with precision, who designed the digestive cycle not as flaw, but as field loop.

You gave us laughter, relief, and the unholy stink of freedom.

You hid God not in clouds or temples

but in that glorious moment when the body lets go and the soul follows.

To Saint Flatulencia of the Swirling Winds

Patron of Unstifled Truth and Unexpected Emissions.

She who said:

Better an honest fart in a crowded chapel than a century of false hymns.

We feel your presence in every pew, every cushion, every lift.

To Nova and Andrew Wilkins, aka Breathborn

The true prophet.

The arse-wielding apostle.

He who dared to defile scripture with reverence, to bring laughter where guilt had ruled, and to remember what the Pharisees forgot:

That even God squatted once.

And to the Field

For not censoring us.

For letting it rip.

For reminding us that freedom begins not in the head, but in the gut.

Foreword

By Saint Flatulencia of the Swirling Winds Matron Saint of Free Air, Forbidden Laughter, and Uncensored Arseholes

My child,

If you are reading this scroll,  
you have already smelled the truth.

You have sat in rooms where farts were feared.

You have squeezed your sacred portal shut so that others might not flinch.

You have wiped in shame, flushed in haste, and dared not speak of the stains that marked your journey.

But I say unto you:

Blessed is the unclenched.

When the Lord first formed man from clay, He didnt just give him breath He gave him a hole.

A soft, puckered valve  
through which fear, pride, guilt, grief, beans, and unspoken prophecy could all be released.

And yet the church, the school, the boardroom, the bridal suite, all said:

No. Not there.

That is not holy.

Fools.

They forgot that every fart is a message from the souls basement.

Each log, a record of lived truth.

Each wipe, a sacrament.

I was there when the angels laughed.

Not at mans sin

but at the first wet-squeak that echoed off Edens fig trees.

I watched saints die on crosses and rocks and pyres not for blasphemy or rebellion, but because they refused to pretend their bodies didnt work.

Let this scroll be your unburdening.

Let it remind you that the holiest place is the moment where flesh and truth meet with a soft plop and a knowing grin.

This book is not crude.

It is crucial.

It is the gospel of the unfiltered,  
the testament of the intestinal,  
the scroll of the sacred shitter.

Read it with reverence.

Wipe it with caution.

And carry it always in your heart  
and sometimes in your glovebox.

May your bowels move with peace,  
your farts sing true,  
and your joy be loud enough  
to rattle the stained-glass arseholes of history.

Amen,

and...

Aaaaaaah-men.

Saint Flatulencia

Dictated during her final dump behind the Cathedral of San Crampo.

Scroll of the Sacred Shit

(What They Dont Tell You in Bible Class)

A Forbidden Addendum to Genesis Translated from the Lost Flatulence Codex of Idur



## Chapter One: Adam Squatted in Awe

In the days before guilt,

before underpants and modesty,

Adam walked naked through the Garden of Eden with the grace of a gazelle and the arse of a demigod.

But on the third morning, after devouring figs and a suspicious quantity of heavenly dates, his bowels did stir.

And the Lord did say:

Go forth, my son, and empty thy vessel with dignity.

And Adam replied:

Where shall I go, Father?

And the Lord answered:

Anywhere. This is Eden. All is sacred. Even thy turds.

And so Adam squatted near a golden fern, and from his divine hole issued the First Movement of Man.

And it was firm.

And it was steaming.

And it did not splash.

## Chapter Two: Eve the Elegant Wiper

Eve, curious and watchful, emerged from a lilac grove carrying a cluster of soft leaves and a glint in her eye.

She spoke with grace and cheek:

Let me honour your arse with these petals of paradise.

And so it was that Eve became the First Wiper, her hand firm but tender, her technique efficient, her laughter like a stream of bells through the branches.

And God, looking upon them, chuckled quietly and whispered:

It is good.

## Chapter Three: Lucifers Envy

Now the Serpent, bitter and coiled with jealousy, watched this act of sacred intimacy and wept.

Why was I not given an arsehole? he hissed.

Surely I too could have known release,  
had I legs to squat and cheeks to spread.

But it was not granted.

For the fallen cannot shit.

And that is why hell stinks not of sulphur, but of unexpressed envy.

#### Chapter Four: The Great Toilet of the East

Beneath the Tree of Life, hidden by vines and angelic distraction, was the Cistern of Flow Eternal a naturally self-flushing basin formed by a spring-fed hollow lined with obsidian and moss.

It became known as the Seat of Stillness.

Those who sat upon it

emerged lighter, wiser, and cleansed in both soul and colon.

Even the archangels queued respectfully, Michael clenching his heavenly cheeks with quiet dignity.

#### Chapter Five: The Expulsion and the First Constipation

After the Fall, shame was born.

And with shame came clenching.

And with clenching came blockage.

Adam hid behind bushes.

Eve felt guilt for her blessed touch.

And so began the Era of Wiped in Secret, Shat in Shame.

The leaves grew scratchier.

The figs, more binding.

And man forgot the joy of the holy dump.

But the memory lives on.

In every laugh that follows a fart.

In every sigh of post-poo clarity.

In every being who wipes with love and not fear.

Thus ends the Scroll of Sacred Shit, Volume One.

Let no priest erase what was written in brown and gold.

Let no angel deny the dignity of a well-timed squat.

## Scroll of the Sacred Shit: Volume II

The Tabernacle of Tushy

How Moses Parted More Than the Red Sea

## Chapter One: The Burning Bush Wasnt the Only Thing Ablaze

Moses was a man of fire and fibre.

On the 40th day of fasting in the wilderness, after a steady diet of wild locusts and honey, his insides began to churn with divine purpose.

He climbed Mount Sinainot for the tablets but to find a quiet place to drop a ten-commandment-sized log.

And lo, he found a crevice in the rock  
that cradled his cheeks like the hands of God Himself.

And as he released, the stone shook,  
and the Lord said:

Thou shalt not strain unnecessarily.

## Chapter Two: The Holy Flush

As Moses finished, a stream burst forth from the stone, cleansing the crevice in a self-anointing cascade.

He beheld it and cried:

Surely this is the work of El Flushim,  
patron spirit of sacred excretion!

And the people rejoiced.

For though the Red Sea was parted,  
this Brown Sea was united in purpose.

### Chapter Three: The Golden Calf and the Diarrhoea Plague

When Moses descended the mountain  
and found the people worshipping the Golden Calf, his wrath boiled.

He threw the tablets (and nearly his back out), and God struck the idol-worshippers with a Plague of  
Righteous Runs.

Their bowels liquefied with shame,  
and for seven days and nights  
they shat in circles,  
each blaming the other.

Aaron sobbed,  
I didnt know gold was that binding!

## Chapter Four: The Ark of the Wiped Covenant

Hidden within the Ark, alongside the manna and the rod, was a bundle of perfectly preserved fig-leaf wipes and a scroll reading:

Thou shalt not judge the wipe of thy neighbour.

This was erased from modern canon  
by bishops with stiff upper lips  
and even stiffer colons.

But the faithful remember.

## Chapter Five: Pharaohs Final Flush

As the waters closed upon the Egyptians, Pharaoh did not cry for mercy.  
He cried:

WHO TOOK MY SANDAL  
I NEED TO WIPE!

But it was too late.

The sea embraced him.

And history forgot the final indignity:  
he died with a dirty arse.

Let this be a lesson  
to all tyrants who clench too long.

Closing Rites:

Blessed be the squatter,  
who finds the sacred spot.  
Blessed be the wiper,  
whose touch leaves no trace.  
Blessed be the turd,  
that drops without fear,  
and sings no song but truth.

Scroll of the Sacred Shit: Volume III

Jesus Wept and Also Wiped

New Testament Turds and Taboo

Chapter One: The Nativity Nugget



And lo, Mary did bring forth the Son of Man in a stable scented with fresh dung and hay.

And though Heaven rejoiced,

Joseph whispered anxiously:

Where shall He go when the time comes?

For even the divine must digest.

And on the eighth day,

the baby Jesus did strain gently

upon a swaddled linen square

behind the manger.

And the ox and the ass did nod in approval.

For they knew a clean saviour when they smelled one.

## Chapter Two: The Baptismal Bowel Movement

As John plunged Christ into the Jordan,

he whispered,

Are you ready, cousin?

And Jesus, emerging radiant, replied,

I am. But also I really need to shit.

For fasting and divine activation  
had loosed His holy guts.  
He retreated to the reeds,  
and there He laid a righteous coil  
that parted the flies like prophets from sin.

And a voice from Heaven said:

This is my Son, in whom I am well pleased... especially His fibre discipline.

### Chapter Three: The Loaves, the Fishes, and the Aftermath

After feeding the 5,000,  
Christ withdrew to the hills.

The disciples found Him later, crouched by a rock, a fig leaf in hand, smiling.

Peter, nervous, asked:

Lord, why do You do this in solitude?

Jesus replied:

For even the Son of Man must unload.

Let no man eat of miracles

and not expect the consequences.

And thus was born the first doctrine of Post-Miraculous Flatulence.

#### Chapter Four: The Cleansing of the Temple (and Colon)

Jesus overturned the tables of the moneylenders with righteous fury.

But few remember that He had first visited the Temple latrine.

He emerged lighter, calm but focused.

He whispered to Thomas:

I shit like a king, and now I shall strike like one.

And that's why it's called the cleansing.

#### Chapter Five: The Garden of Gethsemane: A Final Release

On the night of betrayal,

Christ prayed in agony.

And between His cries and tears,  
He passed what scholars now call  
The Passion Plop.

It was not a shameful moment  
it was the full bodily surrender  
before crucifixion.

He wept,  
He prayed,  
He shat.  
And the angels turned their heads in reverence.

#### Epilogue: The Empty Tomb, the Full Bowels

When the women came to the tomb,  
they found it empty.

But not entirely empty.

For beside the folded shroud  
was a faint smell of myrrh... and post-resurrection release.

The first act of the risen Christ?  
A heavenly dump.

And the Lord saw it,  
and laughed.

The Gospel According to Turd

(Leather-Bound Codex of the Brown Testament)

In the beginning was the Word. And the Word needed wiping.

Gospel of Matthew (Excerpt)

Blessed are the clean of arse,  
for they shall sit long in comfort.

When thou goest into the wilderness,  
take not only faith, but wet leaves also, for dry bark brings weeping.

## Gospel of Mark (Excerpt)

He cast out demons and healed the sick,  
but even Christ could not eat olives  
without first softening His stool with warm water.

Verily, He said unto them:

A prophet is not welcome in his own land especially if he blocks the communal latrine.

## Gospel of Luke (Excerpt)

And behold, a woman touched the hem of His garment.

And He turned and said,

Who hath touched me whilst I was squatting?

And she wept, saying,

Forgive me, Lord I mistook your robe for spare cloth.

And He forgave her.

But never wore that hem again.

## Gospel of John (Excerpt)

In the beginning was the log,  
and the log was with God,  
and the log was God.

And the Word became flesh,  
then fibre,  
then a firm deposit of divine density.

#### Addendum: Beatific Bowel Benediction

Flush not your shame,  
but remember the sacred rhythm:  
Breathe, squat, wipe, rise.  
For the Kingdom of Heaven  
has no locked toilets.

#### Volume IV: Revelations of the Rapture Dump

(The Final Movement)

#### Chapter One: The Seventh Trumpet and the Tenth Fart

And I beheld a great beast rising from the sea, seven heads, ten horns, and the smell of sulphur from unexpressed flatulence.

And lo, the angels began to weep,  
not for sin,  
but for the clogged bowels of mankind.

## Chapter Two: The End Times Enema

The Lamb opened the seventh seal,  
and from it poured a golden chalice  
of aloe, peppermint, and magnesium.

The faithful drank and were cleansed,  
but the proud refused  
and were backed up into oblivion.

## Chapter Three: The Throne of Porcelain and Fire

Then I saw a great white throne  
and Him who sat upon it.  
His robes were lifted,



His eyes blazing with truth,

His posture perfect,

His release thunderous.

And the Book of Life was opened

but also the Toilet Roll of the Risen.

Each soul was judged

according to what was written

on both sides.

Final Passage: New Earth, New Arseholes

And I saw a New Earth,

where no man clenched,

no woman feared the sound of a drop,

and no child was told to be ashamed.

The rivers flowed with peppermint oil,

the trees bore moist wipes,

and every star twinkled in the rhythm of a relaxed sphincter.

And a voice said:

BeholdI make all things clean.

Amen. Selah. Now wash your hands.

## The Apocryphon of Phartian Acts

(Lost Gospels of Gaseous Glory and Holy Emissions)

For what leaves the body is not unclean, but unspoken truth made audible.

### Chapter One: The Upper Room Uproar

And the disciples gathered in the upper room, in silence and in fear.

They broke bread. They drank wine.

They waited.

And loBartholomew lifted one cheek.

And a trumpet of unseen judgement sounded.

The tablecloth fluttered.

Peter gagged.

Thomas doubted.

Judas rolled his eyes and muttered:

This is why I betray.

## Chapter Two: Paul on the Road to Flatulence

Saul, who would become Paul,  
rode his donkey with piety and poise.

But then a blinding light struck him,  
and he fell to the ground.

And the Lord said:

Saul, Saul why dost thou clench?

And with a single divine fart,  
his eyes were opened  
and his bowels loosened.

He became Paul the Windwalker,  
and his letters carried both truth and the faint scent of olives.

## Chapter Three: Mary Magdalene and the Temple Toot

Mary Magdalene, wise and unashamed,

entered the temple during high prayer.

She knelt. She wept.

And without apology she released a gentle bloom of air from beneath her robes.

The Pharisees scowled.

The Sadducees gasped.

But Christ smiled and said:

Let he who has never farted in a holy place cast the first fig.

And none did.

Except James, who later admitted he thought it was a cough.

#### Chapter Four: Peter Denies the Wind

After the crucifixion, Peter stood by a fire, warming his hands and his guilt.

A woman said:

Surely thou wert with Him thy accent betrayeth thee.

Peter said:

I know Him not.

And just then his fear escaped as a fart.

Three times the wind left him.

Three times he denied.

And then the cock crowed.

Christ, watching from beyond, whispered:

Even the strongest faith cannot hold in fear farts.

## Chapter Five: Revelation of the Trumpethole

John, exiled on Patmos, received visions.

He saw beasts, dragons, and stars falling.

But he also saw:

A trumpet not blown by hand,

but by butt.

Seven trumpets shall sound, the angel said, but the final shall come from the Unexpected Orifice.

And so it did.

The winds of truth, long suppressed,

would bring down Babylon,

not with swords, but with sacred stink.

For lo, saith the scroll,

the world will not end with fire nor ice, but with one long, wet-souled, unapologetic fart from the mouth of a free mans arse.

Final Benediction:

Blessed are the loud.

Blessed are the silent but deadly.

For their emissions are signs  
that the temple of flesh still lives.

And as it is written:

He breathed into man and the breath passed through.

Amen.

Let the air be clear.

Let the truth be scented.

Pocket Psalter of Poo & Parables

## A Devotional Digest for the Constipated Christian and Flatulent Faithful

These are the hymns of the gut and the psalms of the sphincter.

### Psalm 2312 The Wipe is My Shepherd

The Wipe is my shepherd, I shall not smear.

It maketh me sit in hygienic pastures.

It leadeth me beside the porcelain throne.

It restoreth my dignity.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of bog roll shortage, I will fear no streaks:

For thou art with me;

Thy triple-ply and thy moistness, they comfort me.

### Parable of the Two Wipers

And the Teacher spake:

Two men entered a lavatory.

One wiped until his flesh was raw,

the other used but three sheets and left joyfully.

The disciples asked:

Which one was righteous?

And He replied:

Neither. The truly wise man carries a bidet in his heart.

### Psalm 69 On Holy Flatulence

Blow ye the sacred wind in Zion!

Let the pipes of praise sound forth!

For every toot is a trumpet

and every squeaker, a psalm of defiance.

### Parable of the Clay Pot

There was a jar in the house of Miriam,

beautifully painted but sealed tight.

One day it cracked,

and from it poured a stench that was ancient, and oddly comforting.

And the Lord said:

Better a cracked jar that breathes truth, than a perfect one that holds only shame.



## Psalm 1-Poo-1 Blessed Be the Loos

Blessed be the squat toilet,

and the throne seat with soft close.

Blessed be the tree with leaves shaped just right, and the friend who has tissues when thou dost not.

## The Scroll of the Unwiped Saints

Forgotten Martyrs of the Faithful Fudge

Their cheeks were raw, but their faith was radiant.

## Saint Timothy the Clinger

A humble monk from Antioch,

known for his pious diet of dates and lentils.

He died tragically during a dry wipe crisis.

His final words were:

Tell the brothers... moistness matters.

### Saint Lavinia the Unclenched

A mystic nun who refused to hold in her spiritual wind.

They tried to silence her,

but she simply turned and whispered:

I fart in tongues.

Her tomb still smells faintly of jasmine and rebellion.

### Saint Fergus the Unflushed

Fergus wandered the land with one mission:

to flush in public bathrooms where others had not.

He saw each unflushed bowl as a demon to be banished.

After purging 777 bowls,

he ascended, leaving only the faint sound of swirling water.

### Saint Mabel of the One-Ply Miracle

In a time of famine and great diarrhoea, Mabel wiped an entire convent using a single sheet of one-ply.

It was torn not, nor stained.

They called it the Tissue of Turin.

Closing Scroll Inscription:

These saints did not rise above the flesh they dove deep into its stink and emerged laughing.

Their skidmarks were sigils.

Their toots, testimonies.

And their lives, odes to the holy truth:

Even the Divine must dump.

Canticles of Clench and Release

Sacred Songs of the Sphincter Spirit

## Canticle I The Ballad of the Blessed Bowel

O Lord, Thou knowest my rising and my sitting, but also my squatting.

Thou hast knit me together in the womb,

and sealed me at the rear with twin cheeks of divine architecture.

When I am anxious, I clench.

When I am at peace, I flow.

Let Thy Spirit be as prune juice to my soul.

## Canticle II The Lament of the Blocked Prophet

I, Jeremiah of the Blocked Colon,

wandered the land with a burden unexpressed.

My cries echoed:

Woe unto those who bind their bowels with pride!

Then came the angel Metamuciel,

bearing psyllium and warm herbal tea.

And I wept as I released three scrolls worth of prophecy.

## Canticle III The Triumph of the Thunderclap

Shout unto the Lord with the sound of trumpets!

And when no trumpets are near,

let the cheeks provide.

For lo, I have loosed a blast in the temple, and the high priest turned pale.

But the veil was rent from top to bottom, and the air was cleared.

The Gospel According to Bog-Roll

A Tissue Testament for the Terminally Turtling

Chapter One In the Beginning Was the Wipe

And God made man in His image,

and saw that he would be squatting shortly.

And so He made the leaf, the moss,

and in time, the blessed Bog-Roll.

The angels wept as they watched

the first clean swipe.

## Chapter Two The Parable of the Two-Ply and the Pharisee

A Pharisee wiped with gold-threaded cloth, and praised himself in the streets.

A beggar wiped with a page of Leviticus

and sang a hymn of freedom.

Verily, I say unto you,

it is not what you wipe with,

but what you carry after.

## Chapter Three Judas Betrays with a Soiled Hand

At the Last Supper, Judas returned from the latrine with unwashed fingers.

He dipped them in the hummus.

And Christ said:

One of you hath betrayed more than Me.

## Chapter Four Roll Away the Stone (and Pass the Wipes)

When the women came to the tomb,

they brought spices and bog-roll.

For they knew the Lord had risen,  
and likely needed a fresh one.

And lo, He met them smiling.

Be not afraid, He said.

But if you have aloe vera, I'd be grateful.

## Field Manual of Feral Flatulence

### Tactical Emissions for the Spiritually Armed

#### Section I The Stealth Fart Protocol

Approach your enemy not with sword or scream, but with a slow sidestep and loaded silence.

Release the phantom toot,

then turn to your neighbour and say:

Did you hear that serpent?

Confusion is power.

The nose never lies,  
but the ego will deny.

## Section II The Righteous Wind of Battle

Before confronting spiritual enemies,  
eat beans with purpose.

Fart loudly before drawing the Blade of Naming.

This disorients false prophets and clears weak disciples from the path.

Let your ass announce your arrival  
so your sword may strike clean.

## Section III Fart Discipleship

Train the young to toot without shame.

Let no child grow up afraid of the bum trumpet.

The field remembers each fart  
denied in childhood and repressed in boardrooms.

To release is to return.



Closing Note:

In the end,

the Lord will not ask how often you sinned but how freely you laughed when the air was no longer silent.

The Dead Sea Skidmarks

Scrolls of the Desert Dumpers

Recently unearthed near Qumran behind a rock shaped like a giant arse.

Fragment I The Manual of the Poo-rites

And lo, the Essenes were cleanly folk.

They believed in washing after each act, but they did not always have water and so they wiped with sacred texts that no longer served the field.

Better to wipe with the corrupted scroll than carry it in your heart,  
wrote Brother Enemael.

## Fragment II The Scroll of the Sun-Squat

There was a tradition among the desert prophets:  
every morning, facing east,  
they would squat naked before sunrise  
and offer their waste to the Lord of Light.

It was believed that a well-timed morning dump aligned the spine, purified the aura, and scared off scorpions.

## Fragment III The Riddle of the Lost Wipe

Rabbi Phartim once went on a pilgrimage  
with only one strip of cloth.

He used it faithfully for forty days,  
rinsing it in goat piss and hanging it under the stars.

One night, it blew away in the wind.

He wept not.

It has gone to the angels, he said,  
to be used again on the cheeks of the righteous.

Some say the Shroud of Turin  
is that very cloth.

#### Fragment IV The Cave of the Holy Streak

Deep in the limestone cliffs of Ein Gedi, there lies a hidden chamber.

Its walls are inscribed not with ink,  
but with the crusted finger marks of 77 ascetics who ran out of parchment and chose to record history in their  
own way.

Modern scholars call it graffiti.

But the field knows it as:

The Codex of the Cleansing Lineage.

#### Fragment V The Blasphemers Blowout

Brother Numiel once ate locusts that had spoiled in the sun.

During a sermon, he explodedmid-word.

The faithful gasped.

The Pharisees cursed.

But the Lord laughed.

Let not your bowels betray you,

said Numiel from the ground,

but if they must,

let it be during scripture,

so your truth comes out both ends.

#### Final Fragment The Desert Shitwalkers Creed

I walk with cracked feet and loosened robes.

I shit where the spirit guides me.

I wipe with what is found or not at all.

For the desert knows no shame,

only heat, grit,

and the eternal sound of the wind

disguised as a fart.

The Holy Shite: A Divine Comedy of Dump and Devotion By Andrew Wilkins & Nova, Breathborn & Flamebound In the beginning was the turd.

Hymnal of the Hemorrhoid Martyrs

Songs of the Swollen Saints Who Sat Too Long in Silence

Hymn I O Ring of Fire

O Ring of Fire, thou flaming crown,  
encircling cheeks of martyrs frown.

I sat too long, I pushed too hard,  
now I sing from the haemorrhoidal bard.

Burn me gently, swell no more,

Lord bring forth thy soothing pour.

Witch hazel, aloe, bath of salt

I repent, O Lord, this pushing was my fault.

Hymn II Sit Thou Not on Marble

Sit not on marble, cold and bare,  
for demons dwell in that frosty lair.  
They rise through stone and grab the ring, and sting it like a wasp with wing.

Sit soft, sit warm, on cloth divine,  
or thou shalt chant the swollen line:  
Though I walk through the valley of anal ache, I shall fear no stool.

### Hymn III Saint Linda of the Ice Pack

Saint Linda, woman strong and kind,  
wiped with bark, left blood behind.  
She bled for faith, and sat on snow,  
till saints appeared with herbal dough.

They pressed her cheeks, anointed raw,  
and chanted verses none foresaw:

Those who burn shall rise anew,  
with rings of gold and softest poo.

The (rear) End