

XXIX

this evangelist
 buttons with his big gollywog voice
 the kingdom of heaven up behind and crazily
 skating thither and hither in filthy sawdust
 chucks and rolls
 against the tent his thick joggling fists

he is persuasive

the editor cigarstinking hobgoblin swims
 upward in his swivelchair one fist dangling scandal while
 five other fingers snitch
 rapidly through mist a defunct king as

linotypes gobblehobble

our lightheavy twic twoc ingly attacks
 landing a onetwo
 which doubles up suddenly his bunged hinging
 victim against the
 giving ropes amid
 screams of deeply bulging thousands

i too omit one kelly

in response to howjedooze the candidate's new silk
 lid bounds gently from his baldness
 a smile masturbates softly in the vacant
 lot of his physiognomy
 his scientifically pressed trousers ejaculate spats

a strikingly succulent getup

but
 we knew a muffhunter and he said to us Kid.
 daze nutn like it.