

They march along a trail of scented earth
In blindness to the dangers they won't glance.
For Queen they boldly risk their lives to chance;
They never stop to ask themselves the worth--
The lives of others always heeded first.
When sacrificed no family looks askance.
The scouts, the soldiers, workers know their dance
While threats and prey are challenged: do your worst!
But,
They make me itchy--never will I shout:
"The ants go marching one by one Hurrah!"
I'll stomp their trail and spray the nasties out,
"To death they all shall go! Hurrah! Hurrah!"
And when they're dead at last, I will forgive--
Rememb'ring not their death but how they lived.

"The Neologist"

*I took the F from phonics
And erased the I from eye,
For I am the great neologist,
And muddling English brings pride.
Don't let the lexicographer's
Phonetic description deride
The enigma behind my creations,
For I will not abide.
Remember that time I decided
To take out shoes's double O's?
Then switched out the U in roof
And added an E to nose?
You may say that I'm masochistic,
That chaos is my repose--
But I just enjoy complication;
It's my little quirk, I suppose.*

“Etymology”

There is a term for scrutinizing every word you see
The languages each started in, their growth and history
The study of the lore behind our terminology
Might seem a bore, but wait there's more to "etymology."

You ever wonder why some words are difficult to spell?
Why silent letters hide in terms like knife, unique, and knell?
How words with different jobs were born from roots that were the same,
Like carnival and carnivore, or corps and corporate claim?

See, English comes from different places all around the globe.
While most are Greek or Latin based, sometimes it pays to probe.
When you can see how English came from all around the world
You feel a kind of kinship to see all our flags unfurled.

Take Alcohol, for instance, it's of Arabic descent.
And noodle comes from Germany, and France gave us regret.
Now take the word erotic and dissect it to its roots.
Its origin is Eros, the god of knocking boots.

But England didn't grab the term from Grecian dudes of old;
it came *ala langue française*—that's French for French, I'm told.
And even "etymology" derives from history.
It started out "etymos," which means truth in Ancient Greek.

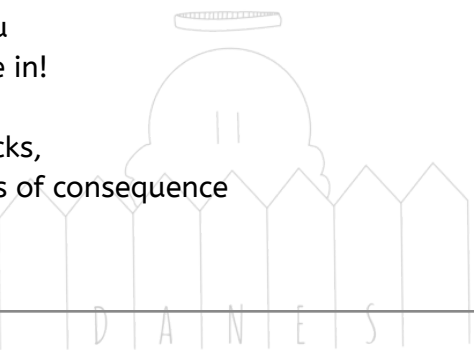
One last point about how words were grown from common seeds:
Once you understand the source you'll know what new words mean.
So investigate your language and break out your fine toothed combs
Now grab your favorite looking glass and be like Sherlock Holmes.



"Vellichor"

*With squeal of hinge from aging weathered door,
The dust and musk and mites from tomes take flight--
Those wisened words of yesterday shelved tight,
Despairing sages loved and then ignored.
Loud creaking boards reveal a stranger's tour.
Old tales await rebirth from spinal touch.
Which lucky scroll departs in scholar's clutch
Imparting history's long forgotten lore?
At keeper's bark, the stranger pulls away
From weary wards forgotten in their womb.
All hope on yellowed pages turns to gray,
Their secrets left to die inside the room.
Some ancient knowledge, hidden from today
Abandoned once again in musty tomb.*

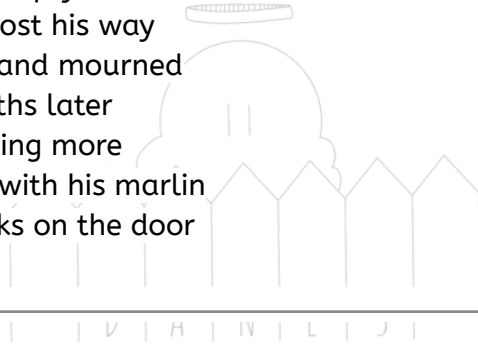
"Sing-A-Long"



When pretentious start to matter,
Your faculties are dim.
If frippery astounds you
Oh, what a mess you're in!
Out with facades
And flashy gewgaw tricks,
Because the only things of consequence
Are wit, vigor, and vim.

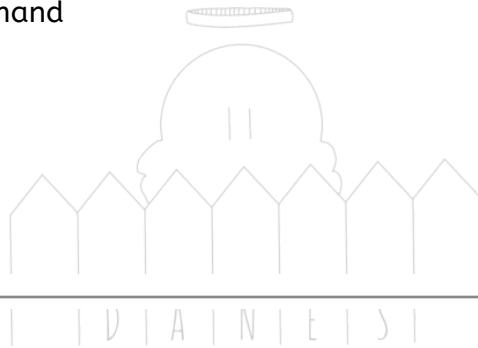
“The Old Man, His Old Lady, and The Sea”

After a long time waiting
She abandoned the empty shore
Certain that he had lost his way
She tore her clothes and mourned
Upon his return months later
With bones and nothing more
She left him outside with his marlin
And changed the locks on the door



“that book”

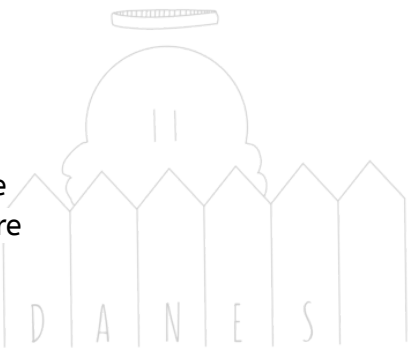
like a well-trained and obedient dog
she stopped at a command
adultery
sin
Jesus
man,
fuck that Book



O Sinful, fleshy fruit
So sweet with sly deceit
That trickles tender tonic
Of candy-laced desire
Thy vanity is venality
Thy succulence seductive

O wicked scandalous sphere
So slaked with ripened allure
That harvests adoration
Of pleasure-packed pulp
They presence is pleasing
Thy luster enchanting

Also, I'm really hungry



The clouds overhead
Tell me I'm dead--
The flesh falling free of my bones.
A king and his dukes
Sent me their nukes,
So I think I'll just stay here at home.

