

RISE of the COMMON WOOD-PILE

A Hymnal, comprising songs
made Popular by CAROLINER,
the Singing Bull.

Mendota
1860

Hazel Wet Lap

Hazel held Grudges like you Wouldn't believe;
She'd spank kids until they would pine or bleed.
Left in charge, learning them to write,
She'd get them unringing and set them to crying.

She liked the children leaking like an old boat;
She'd hit them harder when yodelling from their throats.
The school children envisioned a Teacher-Fountain;
With a knife in her vein, she howled out, spouting.

If children are shown what makes you grin
Enjoyment will be contagious.
(A Lesson song here therein).



Child Heart O' Dirt-Pump

A child, a child we desired.
Now we're the Town's loudest cryers.
The looks are dumb, like backwards Sheep
Now fill up his mouth with dirt to eat.

A wall of red before my neck-top.
Love the dirt, that child not stop!
(Sudden) Out its rear, a poppin' sound;
Heart beated, a drum roll unwound.

Pepl Roll! Out from its back end
A pump; rich Soil not stoppin'.
Roaring we poured the crap on the band.
Up from the ground, the conv came.

Goah Almighty! Next mornin'
Started stalk up, green a-flarin'.
Nailed up that child with Spitt
In the shed of Farm Equipment.

Fill up our boy with more soil, and sound
Killed socks. Goid Boy! Go to Town!
Buckets and pails - You can wear my hat.
Governed cold ears and make a droolin' split.

One again' out early for How's my Boy,
Open the doors, he's not hanging there.
Tall-tale hammer; Someone'll took him.
I'll never see my favorite hat again.

I stare at the tall field of corn.
Poor women - she's Emotion-torn.
"We should have made a crib; brought him in."
"Oh Hon, yes-but on his soiling I'd've slept."

Beetown

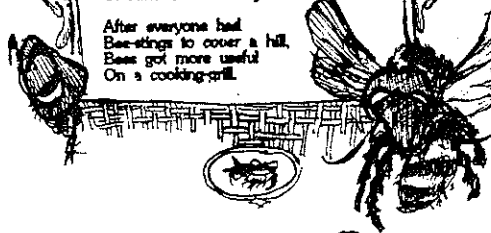
Like a one-note snarl; Foot loudly humming,
You can hear a distance away
Ear-shakes and buzzing.
Sly cries, stars fall, Beetown signals
To the ground they coil.

I have to stare, hums a good meal,
Hitting our way, they'll fill up a field.
Come here, Jewels - the Bees
Making-wagon; Waxy wagons attached,
Back belt loop rolling.

The wind gets bigger, the Sky it shakes;
It can blow off stars, it
It can blow off ground, page.
Everyone with a Ground-pile now,
Dragging behind them around Beetown.

Don't hang your heads -
Stars won't neck adorn;
Once the stars fall down,
The next Generation may be born.
Listen, ye People -
You can not cry or laugh.
When we sell star Jewels, the North
Of America we'll own half.

After everyone had
Beetings to cover a hill,
Bees got more useful
On a cooking-grill.



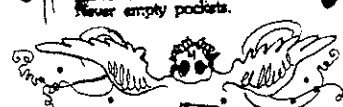
Empty Halo

Because only in Death I grinned;
I grinned the widest when I sinned.
Grinned more than ever, now;
My Face is gone.
Pleasant smiling cold white Skull
With a thoughtful stinging song;
Taught myself some tricks
As Age increased by wrinkles.

Lighting spit in Coorakin caps
And Staring rich men's heels
At a Fire after clearing land
For some fat-wallet work-caller.
Nature grabbed me in the Horn
(Secretly laundry rifled yellow)
Accidents do happen
and I'm the man who makes them.

Make sure it's all messes;
and that way avoid braggin'.
You can do a good job
Strain' from while all asleep.
The man who never sleeps hog-Pleasy.
But now I got something to eat.
The Heaven cloak-room has wings;
They're full of Moth holes.

I don't care how shadowy;
Pass me an empty Halo.
For years I looked in mirror;
Eyes blank - empty sockets.
Ear-to-ear teeth tongue lies.
Never empty pockets.



Whiskersome Blood

Walking each day, I'm about to burst;
Legs move muscle. They feel the worst.
Every knife in the house is mine
Carving on the legs unless am final!

Children wonder they fold legs down
Grabbing arms and legs, holding down.
Oops, carved kids chopping wrist-notching hands
But stopping flowing best as they can.

Stumbling children hating guts by my feet
Holding on hard and it gets blood.
Blood dots up to fat red hanks
Legs are kids with leggy stumps.

Children can't pull loose of my leg,
They got big ideas: plead and cry, beg.
OK, now walk on two legs more!
Pick my torso, hang up, walking on four.



Rise of the Common Woodpile

Long since gone, Family had left the Hill;
Long left, a Woodpile sitting under roof, smiling still.
Woodworms told some stories in there, and hollowed out
And under roof also Hoedowns, whoop-ups and Shouts.

The Woodpile smiling up and down,
Taking up loose by & by's Knowledge-collecting
From good-deadened minds, Worms and Marking
Round them up and one listened to my old Banjo.
Setting them down, it thanked this old Fellow.

Rise, rise up and take the Instruments of Map;
Put them to use in better ways than we can!

By songs it sang with a backing buzz and voice,
Banjo-playing that sounded like the Well-bucket's hoist,
I took it to a Miner cargo, to see
If my Wood would gain employment. ^{or}
The Cook-hill's took mistook for Hot
And housed them in Fireplace-flame.

Rise, rise ahead and take the knowledge of Man;
Put it to use in better ways than we can!

Rise me up with a smart banjo Miner Troop,
Follow me with the pentry; shied-up-shies in the Soup.

Gut

Well, he stuck out his neck
And that cost both eyes,
But something makes him leap for Joy
Handshakes the Gift called Life,
Down in his Gut, bouncing, proud
Is a happy cold Cupboard born
& in that Barn is 1,000 cupboards
& within each a song.
Rub his tummy and head filled up
The sound of pigeons plucking hearts
And kicking ducks.

Another cupboard opened: Beers
Twisting off arms like the shapely of life
With the rising Dawn. Another opened
Cupboard: Coin spilling out. God cries
Money-with a Bank note Crown.
Another Cupboard opened: Dresses up
& down; the invisible Ladders
Break, rip; red rip, brown.
Next door an injury left to die
Spilling, wounded in rain,
Kneeing & howling and growling at face-puffs

Next one: leather-flinged, branded with Sure,
Note on saying "It's hot in here"
So try the next one. Next one: hair
Another Blood-gilded clock handle
Keeping up time with Drops.
Kummit worn grass breezy and howls
Gutter Duke gorging mouthfuls of Hot.
Not match but a bushful of Evil faces
With like minds and eyes an eyelid.
And here's some Plagues left over-
Gauges, Canyon-sized leeches, Wounds & cuts.

Dancing breakers and Showgirls, jumping around,
Pop when they change legs mid-bound.
Heaving horse-shoes and busting fingers,
Writing with the other 40. Come in,
Sheep Queen, horse-shawl backed;
Her minions are Wool, scoreboards and Pats.
Arch-jerk organ built onto the rear
Quarrel of a Mule; extra eyes, Friends,
Supported wheels. Pipit-smoking tile
Who fancied Carpenter re-building a raft
To dart & paint cabinet. A big-tatted Man
With the look from a stable;
She has dancing advice from the Top of a table.

