

Re-Corrupting Checkerfield

Change at a glance: Wood to Wire fence.
I was more than surprised,
For every bit of History
Discovers a lone philosophy.

Only ones stuck by the River
Knew no Beaded-Curtain Weaver.
Taking Checkerfield asleep instead,
Submerged world in Counterfeit.

Watching one year long
Every Witness charges their song.
Our reaction is the same, knowing
There is no difference showing.

Original History unveiled.
Re-Corrupting Checkerfield.

Climbing Jacob's Ladder Through the Fireplace

Being part of God's Kingdom:
Our blessed House is a Holy domain:
We pray every night to Him,
Piling family away from Sin,
Accepting the Bible as Friend,
The thing to confide and depend in.
None can read, just pray nightly
And sit near fireplace-crafting.

Then a Golden Ladder appeared -
And up the chimney, pointing to Forever,
Fencing with ropes and teeth on them
Climbing it up to Heaven.
The teeth were like horses' hair.
Clattering, Angelic and Holy Prayer
Asking us in Holy Tongue
To climb on up and meet God's Son.

A big fireplace, we yearning,
In the west, Heaven-journeying.
My hair and their's began smoking;
Turning round we ran out Burning!
Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! My finger's wounded
And wife's nose ugly-round.
Kid boy cried for a year.
The Bible wrong, falsely founded Fear.

Hair is not working on parts of me,
The Burns cause the Prigging to flee.
(They don't have melt-scoured skin,
And they don't like what they see.)
Couldn't read the Bible anyway,
Now in compost it Doesay.
I don't not want to ever pray
Even tho I'll speak again one day.

Sullivan's Lower Trunk

Sometimes stinks and Water,
Sometimes a bumbling Drunk,
But the best Dealer of Water was
Thom Sullivan's lower trunk.
We carried Thom to a dirty camp,
There wasn't a man, smelling of grease.
They told me finding water in Summer
Was like growing the Golden Fleace.

Heaven won't rain but Sorrow and Pain,
Tho' fervently they knashed down;
The only bath anyone could take
was wiping knees blood from the ground.
Thom strangled his face, lowering pants;
Out came young brother, Pride,
Eyes loomed in Thom's socks.
Handle on the pride, he snided.

Pride was shoved headfirst into Thom's girth
Only legs and waist stuck out.
Pride divine could find Water fine
And could smoke a cigar with no Mouth.
The legs twitched on easy fit next.
The mince were Dismayed in sooth,
But the way the little legs pointed -
Convincing they were pointing to us.

Then finally the sets of legs halted,
Stopping at a small scrub-brush plant.
Cordily water ran down from
The jitting legs, soaking pants.
We got our Pay, headed our way
But not before we'd filled Flank.
Had to die with the grease a hole
And give Pride a bath.

Brittleback

The tapping of the Roulette wheel
and the shake back-forth cart,
Let's all know Gambler's time here
(Yes, here it are).

The Jay seems to nod to Stinky-shirt,
Giving him a Number coin.
Money out from a coin belt;
T'll take a 20 and 1, and 30 and a 14."

Roundy-round the Spinner go-
Hefty spin from Brittle's teeth.
Out come some stopp'd-up number now:
It's fifteen.

Knocking on doors with his Head;
"Come out here, give me a spin.
People see Brittleback first time,
Hardly hold back a grin.

Leaving a little river, can't get up onto steps
When has to go in the Saloon
and drink with money in jaws.
"Get help. Help me. Help me."

Brittleback may have a weak back,
His eye lozen, and jaws strong as a tree.
When the back & jaw broke on Deady Wagon.
Brittleback chewed it off a chair link.

Brittleback had strong arm,
Brittleback strow hard leg.
Lop-horned Mom birthed him all along;
Stove-pipe's making back frame.

"Come on, here - Greet me
And give this old Wheel a turn."

Victory Arms Fence

That War was a real puncher,
Had dirt all the Summer.
I saw Hell in the arm of a chair.
Follow your blown hand there:
Heaven has forbidden chasing
As my Foot screams, blue-black swellings.
Quotes of the Bible are sounding dumb,
So my Hands+Handshakes each other.

Shaking hands and Cutting Arms -
A Fence, strung together and darned.
The armposts go sick and angle.
Companion them with Leaches to wiggle.
Why, the ground is a Botly complete!
Each blade of grass-hair sweet
Say-eyes scattered and glaring,
A Hog sticking out, yelping.

The rain kicked up, with handstep,
Light karooes gold honey crop ache.
Quickly found my blood Sister
Lay flat on the ground Forever.
Until I woke up later, circling
To find goose-neck-Gulmire.
The rain-yelled out for a Doctor,
So I ran to put a Leach on sleep, Mike.

Buried in the ground,
Entire American legs,
Fingers coars-scooping,
Fugging at Blood in vein.

Mud window-triplets transitioned me.
My stone move through,
The Wind blows breathing.
Happy below, punch like a mule;
Last clouds in half by the Deems.
(Eyes across the land, wildly darting.)
The War changed me new,
Mounted me this Summer.
100 arms, 10 legs and long green-haird.

CAROLINE RAINBOW OPEN WOUND CHORALE may be
contacted in care of these fine Post Office boxes
WRITE

CAROLINE
% SUB
PO Box 2530
Berkeley CA 94702 USA

CAROLINE
% RUTH
Box 591075
SF CA 94159 USA

© AND © Kind Coracts 1983