



# [Alternate Route]

#3, Summer 2021

®© Alternate Route, 2021

ISSN 2767-0317

Summer 2021 (Date of issue: July 31<sup>st</sup>)

Editor: Michael Starr

Cover Art: Sadie Maskery (SM)

Contributors: Andre F. Peltier (AFP), Strider Marcus Jones (SMJ), Nwuguru Chidiebere Sullivan (NCS), Elliott Graves (EG), Sadie Maskery (SM), Pramod Subbaraman (PS), Abigail Eckstine (AE), Michael Starr (MS)

This periodical proudly produced without institutional funding.

For contributions, please see our Patreon at  
<[https://www.patreon.com/alternate\\_route](https://www.patreon.com/alternate_route)> or Twitter at  
@AlternateRoute and send up to 5 pieces in one submission to  
[AlternateRoute.zine@gmail.com](mailto:AlternateRoute.zine@gmail.com).

Free-of-charge. Patronage is gladly accepted at our Patreon  
listed above.

Published in California.

Likenesses and similarities to any person, peoples, place, or  
institution past or present are purely coincidental and do not  
suggest identity or reference.

## Table of Contents

### Writing

#### AFP

Six Feet Under.....	5
West of Texarkana .....	7
Blind Alleyways of Yesteryear.....	9
Sitting Bull in Limbo.....	12
The Wild Cannibal.....	15

#### SMJ

HOT ROD.....	17
I'M GETTING OLD NOW.....	19
THIS WEIGHT OF WATER.....	21
WE MOVE THE WHEEL.....	22
THE DARKEST FLOWER IS THE EVENING.....	23

#### NCS

A Vessel of Tulips.....	24
A Crescendo for The Heart's Opera that Reads Us as A Mere Phrase .....	26
For Brothers Who Rent Tomorrow with Leer Satchels.....	27

#### EG

rage.....	28
we must never censor our bodies.....	29

#### SM

New shoes.....	30
Marshmallow.....	32
Haiku.....	33

#### PS

Another 24 hours.....	34
Changed.....	35
Realities.....	36
Tongues.....	37
Tears.....	38

#### AP

An Hour, A Face, A Smile.....	39
Atlas Forges For Herself.....	40

#### MS

If You Find the Motor Oil Kissing Me in My Thirties.....	41
--	----

#### Art

#### SM

Triptych.....	47
Triptych.....	48
Triptych.....	49

## Six Feet Under

"All true stories begin in a cemetery" <sup>1</sup>

We played Hide-n-Seek,  
Kick the Can, & Bloody Murder  
everywhere we went.  
Neighborhood games with thirty kids,  
in department stores  
hiding behind racks of blouses  
or bathing suits,  
in parking garages  
weaving in & out of cars,  
pillars, stairways.

Saturday mornings  
were soccer mornings.  
The field was adjacent to  
St. Francis Cemetery.  
When the older kids kicked the ball  
we kicked the can,  
we crouched behind  
the tombstones.  
The small cedar groves disguised  
our eternal souls while we waited  
for a twenty count, "ready or not  
here I come," &  
"Olly Olly Oxen Free!"  
We ran 'round that graveyard  
without a thought to the saintly dead.  
Our freedom was true & everlasting.

One October morning,  
I found the perfect spot.  
A hole in the ground:  
right angles, smooth sides & deep.  
Who leaves a hole just laying around?  
I jumped in; no one could find me.  
Perfection six feet down.  
I had to call for help

once it was clear that  
I couldn't get out.  
The other kids got our parents,  
& while shaking his head,  
my father pulled up  
the post-modern Lazarus  
who left only footprints  
upon that hole's sandy bottom.  
The other parents  
tried to hide their disgust...  
their laughter.  
I didn't understand the concern.  
It was just a good hole.  
Who doesn't love  
a good hole?

That afternoon,  
my mother & I  
went grocery shopping.  
We drove past the cemetery  
& saw a crowd around  
my hiding place.  
They were looking down,  
probably questioning  
the child's footprints at the bottom.  
Probably considering the dirt  
kicked down while I attempted to  
scramble up.

"Did another kid get  
stuck down there?" I asked.  
"Not exactly," mom replied.  
"Not exactly."

1. Zafon, Carlos Ruiz. *The Shadow of the Wind*. Translated by Lucia Graves, Penguin Books, 2004.

**West of Texarkana**

In Northeastern Texas,  
on the prairie between  
Paris and Texarkana,  
the sun was setting  
on the Year of our Lord  
2011.  
Lost on a muddy two-track,  
we saw an enormous buck  
silhouetted against  
the rising stars  
of New Years dusk.  
Abandoned Fords, Buicks,  
& Toyotas  
rested in an open field  
w/ brush and weeds  
towering through their trunks  
& hoods.  
Left ajar by past owners  
or forced ajar by time  
& rust,  
the trunks & hoods revealed  
the vacant void of history.  
Abandoned trailers,  
washing machines, & tires  
grew where the rattlesnakes  
& rabbits once played  
their endless game of tag.  
We turned the rental car around  
to head back in time  
for beer, & fireworks,  
hoping to make it through  
the soft sand, the deep ruts  
when we saw their eyes  
flash in the headlights.  
Glowing white & hollow,  
a dozen spaniels blocked our route.  
They'd been left like  
the Fords, the Buicks,

& the Toyotas,  
like the tires & washing  
machines.

Once well-fed & tame,  
they lived off the land.

These dogs,  
in touch more with  
the hidden coyotes  
& razorback killers  
than with their housebroken  
brethren,  
were learning the ways  
of their wolfen ancestors.  
They stood their ground  
as if to say:

“This land is ours again.  
This North Texas waste  
belongs to North Texas  
wretchedness.  
Like the tires & Toyotas,  
we now make the calls.”



**Blind Alleyways of Yesteryear**

Day follows day.  
Night chases nighttime  
down a dead-end street.  
Deadened and dirty,  
the sun sets on our  
midday snooze  
as the blind alleyways  
of yesteryear  
fog the memories  
we left behind.  
Will you be there  
when the highways  
turn to dust?  
Will you be there  
when our empty lungs  
burst?  
When I call your name,  
will you come running?  
Lord preserve us  
and protect us,  
I'm drinking whisky  
for breakfast.

The dark silhouettes  
of our fabled ancestral  
name hide in the corners  
of tomorrow's  
tombstone tea.  
No one remembers  
those Kaiju killers  
like you and me.  
We drove forty miles  
of dirt roads in the  
rain.  
Mud to the floorboards,  
mud to the chassis.  
Forty acres of forest wood,  
looking for the key

to childhood bliss.  
 Lord preserve us  
 and protect us;  
 we're drinking whiskey  
 for breakfast!

Deadened and dirty,  
 the sun rose over  
 frigid February mountains.  
 Cloudland Canyon  
 obscured by forgotten  
 cloudland haze.  
 Who recalls the antagonistic,  
 b-movie daydreams  
 and rolling hills of  
 central Tennessee?  
 Who recalls the Natchez-Trace?  
 Lookout Mountain  
 and Joe Wheeler  
 lost to nobody.  
 What he had is gone.  
 What we made is  
 broken.  
 Lord preserve us  
 and protect us;  
 we're drinking  
 cyanide for breakfast.

Reading Defoe and  
 Eliot through backseat,  
 Midwestern hate.  
 Virginia Woolf never  
 tried to make the midnight  
 run through  
 green Indiana smoke.  
 The gates came down  
 and the cops  
 beat down dogs  
 in the parking lot.  
 It must be said,

the toilet bowl tour  
flushed lives from its  
grasp  
as we chased down  
one more kick.  
Lord preserve us  
and protect us,  
we're drinking  
arsenic for breakfast.

Clouds explode  
from mental  
concentration  
and the holes they leave  
let through limitless light.  
When might those  
clouds return?  
Longing for the return  
of the king,  
the return of that  
cloudless summer peace.  
The holes in our skies  
rivalled  
only by the holes in  
our history.  
Making our own beds  
for all our sleepless tomorrows.  
Lord Preserve us  
and protect us,  
we're drinking  
hemlock for breakfast.

**Sitting Bull in Limbo**

In the Somerton District  
The police are  
confused.  
At Standing Rock  
the police are  
confused.  
The police are  
misguided.  
Red lives matter,  
but we sleep and  
ignore as the  
buffalo roam  
through our familiar  
costume rom-  
ance and  
the feather headdresses of our  
souls, too tightly,  
sit atop our aching brows.

Fear and mediocrity,  
ancestors suffering  
in the land,  
face to face,  
fight to the death,  
but the fearless Dakotans,  
the fearless Sioux  
might still be  
forgotten.  
Like another Wounded Knee,  
another Little Bighorn.  
And the dream catcher  
hanging on our collective  
rearview mirror  
won't catch this dream  
and the mirror won't  
reflect the  
truth.

“However infamous  
the conduct of the Sepoys,  
it is only the reflex,  
in a concentrated form,  
of England’s own conduct in  
India.” <sup>1</sup>

So too  
our conduct in the Dakotas.  
So too  
our conduct in these  
United States.

King Philip and the  
Wabanaki Confederacy  
marched through  
the frozen north;  
they marched  
to their doom  
in the face of American  
Exceptionalism.  
It was an undefined  
exceptionalism  
that turned its back on  
Wabanaki families.  
Buried in the dust  
the hopes and dreams  
of Pontiac  
and Dragging Canoe  
and Red Cloud.  
The vision of the Red Stick,  
a future aimed to seize  
the future so long ignored.

Sitting Bull stood tall,  
eye to eye w/  
transgression.  
That old battle ground,  
The Black Hills,  
Devil’s Tower,  
that old battle ground

will run red again.  
 The headwaters of the  
 Missouri  
 will run red again.  
 People stand and take  
 AIM,  
 arm in arm,  
 the long march,  
 that dream deferred.  
 And Kyle Kirchmeier  
 is to be steeped in  
 cries for revenge  
 up to his very ears,  
 to make him forget  
 that his Government is  
 responsible.  
 The cliff hanger and  
 the mischief hatched  
 and the colossal dimensions  
 it has been allowed to  
 assume.

1. Marx, Karl & Friedrich Engels. "The First Indian War of Independence: 1857-58." *New York Daily Tribune*. 18 September 1857.

## The Wild Cannibal

As Queequeg's coffin becomes  
 Ishmael's raft  
 and the sign relationship  
 shifts again and again,  
 the object loses its  
 tight hold on reality  
 and on Melville's holy page.  
 Our heroic cannibal  
 is pulled beneath those  
 South Pacific seas  
 and we mourn the fate of  
 the great man.  
 The towering giant  
 and his terrible tattoos  
 are lost in those turbulent times,  
 but the cannibal lives on  
 beyond the waves.

What is a cannibal  
 but one who eats his own?  
 One who destroys the future  
 by devouring the present.  
 One who looks upon his neighbors  
 as he looks upon his poultry, his cattle,  
 his hogs. Who are the raw;  
 who are the cooked?  
 To hunt across the frozen waste,  
 to fell the albatross  
 and spear the stag in those  
 jagged highlands,  
 we sow what we reap  
 and the Pequod crew sinks  
 again and again.  
 And again and again  
 we rise to hunt anew.  
 When the harpoon is cast  
 at the heart of our future,  
 when the bombs fall

upon distant kingdoms  
and lost gods,  
the skies tumble  
and crash, and  
the wild cannibal  
is us.



**HOT ROD**

fast and furious  
archangel in paint and chrome  
brings me home-  
purring megaphonious,  
combusting with sav and sap  
that i glimpse  
peeking into warm grill chintz-  
then she lifts her corset bonnet  
and lets me touch her glinting bones  
secreting home spun  
pheromones  
attracting, like moon and sun-  
mysterious  
and mnemonic  
old senses,  
fallow and fenced  
soon become drenched  
quiller and squirter  
in that linguistic converter-

glow mapping,  
overlapping,  
slowly blown  
in the metronome.

**I'M GETTING OLD NOW**

i'm getting old now-  
you know,  
like that tree in the yard  
with those thick cracks  
in its skinbark  
that tell you  
the surface of its lived-in secrets.  
my eyes,  
have sunk too inward  
in sleepless sockets  
to playback images  
of ghosts-  
so make do with words  
and hear the sounds  
of my years in yourself.

childhood-  
riding a rusty three-wheel bike  
to shelled-out houses bombed in the blitz,

then zinging home zapped in mud  
to wolf down chicken soup  
over lumpy mashed potato for tea-  
with bare feet sticking on cold kitchen lino  
i shivered watching the candle burn down  
racing to finish a book i found in a bin-  
before Mam showed me her empty purse  
and robbed the gas meter-  
the twenty shillings  
stained the red formica table  
like pieces of the man's brains  
splattered all over the back seat  
of his symbolic limousine  
as i watched history brush out her silent secrets.

**THIS WEIGHT OF WATER**

if i could lose  
this weight of water from my shoes,  
that follows the place i'm walking-

i know it's not the blues,  
or patterns in the grooves  
of souls talking-

but the plate of my mistakes  
is full and contemplates  
what's left to be worth calling.

i change my shoes,  
and tune my station  
to your chords of conversation,  
and in these wired interludes-  
i find life's translation.

## WE MOVE THE WHEEL

we move the wheel  
 that turns through each mistake,  
 giving motion  
 to the roles we chime  
 until both trickle out of time  
 like brittle steel  
 that rusts and breaks  
 into lapsed devotion.

less, or more,  
 you imagined it was sure  
 sharing the road  
 with you,  
 treading under dark, grey and blue  
 sky, wondering where it went going  
 to unfold  
 in fates wind blowing  
 fondling your full face  
 to some top-to-bottom place.

we have moved the wheel,  
 only to reveal  
 our high Metropolis  
 is still the same Acropolis  
 of extremes and obscenes  
 spreading gangrenous genes.

we have separated Dream from Time  
 and live in mirages  
 like Bacchus and Libera  
 duped in an era  
 condoning crime,  
 altering the images  
 of it's illustrious self  
 stealing the wealth  
 of massed, divided synergies.

**THE DARKEST FLOWER IS THE EVENING**

again  
consensual persuasions  
make sensual equations  
as we smoke and share a think,  
then the same  
as she bends over the shingle sink  
breasts slapping  
on bowl and rim,  
peachey buttocks yapping  
as i slide in  
and out of her velvet purse  
each time deeper than the first  
two parts making one perfection  
of mental physical connection.

outsides  
i saw two magpies  
in the branches of a tree  
barbed tower  
watching our sharing eyes  
shape fractured liberty  
slipping the shackles of feudal power.

in this then,  
i know how all of when  
you're gone  
reduces me to being one  
and the darkest flower  
is the evening  
opened by your scent  
giving everything  
and receiving  
mine in mind and meldings meant.

## A Vessel of Tulips

to expunge grief  
on every sign post--- bare its commonality with the  
ectopic dusk,

say, storm every intricate part of a loss  
& have it begging for the reach of forceps  
or a needle to redeem this

pea it singled out from the pod.

you've become a transparent smoke      a rare  
response to God's shots. I envy the humble heroes  
of the quiet bubble      of their sincere appetite.

every day, I fraction my prayers into  
bread & wine --- atonement for a loss  
& needle bits of it into my status

to carry every part of your plans for me  
to peddle each of my prayers for you---

a parallel plurality of the thirsty hearts.

I wasn't aware that the hyphen at the end of this  
sort of love arrows into a deep void, when moments  
suddenly trip us into ages until  
we wake up in another person's bones--- an accident  
that abandons one in a naked season.

It dupes one of the glimmers, a value, a belief in the  
democracy of air.  
I assumed this empathy

& waited for you every night to show up at the  
parlour & tell me this was just a nightmare, or maybe  
plant a dimple on my cheek as a formal goodnight---



look at us still standing at the opposite width of this  
ocean, pretending

we'll still meet to part no more.

but in case this is the end or a step closer to reality

may heaven understand that you were a vessel of tulips shaped  
into a shade in the form of a father to me,  
may they understand that you've always been an angel here  
& you'll do better as one over there.

## A Crescendo for The Heart's Opera that Reads Us as A Mere Phrase

The world waited for the emergence of bloodstains from this  
search party  
before declaring me emphatic stress to everything beautiful.

it's a night party when every star swells up with your name  
& your eyes carry a moon that reflects

the photosynthetic gaze from the asymmetric concord reigning  
in your heart  
& your mood breaks into fireworks in the middle of  
harmattan.

this means you are a dry field consuming yourself to keep  
others warm,  
mahogany splitting itself into palpable planks that lure  
flaming love

to every cold body. But what happens when everyone  
pomades you with formalin immediately you lie comatose

on the sofa of your grief? Do you pronounce love a republic of  
thorns  
or do you substitute your scents of burns with a nation of  
regrets that

breaths underneath your lungs?

*most times what we sentence our comfort to impress  
reads us halfway as a mere phrase.*

*most times what we sentence our comfort to impress  
reads us halfway as a mere phrase.*

**For Brothers Who Rent Tomorrow with Leer Satchels**

a parrot lost its mouthpiece to the rattles of my intestines  
while I sit side by side with my elder brother, plotting

the gradient of tomorrow on a Cartesian plane;  
exactly where we cap a lot of dingy acnes

with periodic haloes on a low budgeted axis. this means  
I and my elder brother woo glossy goals with the

tongue of the rich for our tomorrow, even when  
today's arithmetic equates us to raggamuffins.

I know the plight of limbless plans; it prides itself around  
our bodies as unsolved surds, while we mutter the

eerie squeaks of a heron that lost its wings to the  
straps of the squall

& I hope this violent air carries the burns of our heart  
to the palms of God

perhaps, he will notice how our dreams become a  
burning brush amid a thirsty hinterland.

at nights before we go to bed, we sum up  
the quotient of each of our plan & fiddle it

as the highest common factor in our litany;  
that is exactly how my mother taught us to

make crescent canons the subject of the formula  
in every quadrant of ambition, we etch for tomorrow.

*rage*

i don't  
ever ever ever ever ever  
wanna see him again  
i can't even begin to type his name  
i know that i am right  
by the way my head reacts  
to seeing, hearing, smelling him  
feeling him in that position again  
it's not real it's not real  
someone save me please

whether in this life  
or in the next  
i will have my revenge  
i will wound him like he wounded me  
i'll fuck him up again  
i wish that i could tell myself  
that i am fucking right  
but my memory can't be trusted  
and my brain is fucking fried

*we must never censor our bodies*

my body is something  
to be celebrated not  
to be talked about in  
hushed voices in a  
disapproving tone my  
body is mine i am  
not a freak for lov  
ing it i am a  
freak for sure but  
i reclaim that for  
myself not my body

## New shoes

They were in a Sally Army window  
and I pressed my nose on the glass.  
Smudged snot until a lady tapped  
and shooed. "Can I have them?"  
I asked, "Can I?" "How much?"  
and a hiss, and then "All right but  
that's it, they're for school as well,"  
and I was so happy I sang back  
to the shop and tried them on,  
though the lady was doubtful.  
"Are you sure they fit", but she was  
the shooer and I said "Yeah."  
At school I bled, my heels bled  
so badly, I bled into the soles  
and my feet squelched, my socks  
saturated, clotted, sticky with pain.  
I limped bleeding left then right,  
the shriek held grimly inside  
as my classmates stared.  
"Tough," said Dad, "You wanted them."  
Every day for a term I bled, I bled  
and howled at Dad but "Tough."  
I couldn't understand how he could  
see me bleed until my heels  
knotted with scars, mounds  
I still have today.  
(And now I understand  
there was no money for new shoes,  
I bled and he bled too but  
we were both stubborn. )  
One weekend he threw shoes at me.  
"Try these." Brand new, proper shop new.  
Soft. A dancer's shoes. I danced.  
I lost them at school, someone  
stole them during gym.  
Dad did not speak to me for days.  
But it was strange, the kids who'd

watched silently as my heels  
left skin and blood in corridors  
grabbed me one morning,  
"We know who stole your shoes".  
dragged me to a skinny girl  
with the taint of the bullied,  
the aura of the bullied,  
"Give her back her shoes" and  
she took them off silently,  
handed them to me and walked away  
in her socks with "You scummy thief"  
echoing, she bled, she bled.

**Marshmallow**

So they show a child  
one marshmallow  
and say, you can eat it now.  
But - if you wait, we will give you  
two  
tomorrow.  
What will she do?  
Eat it now, I say, of course.  
And he laughed, you have no  
self control, impulsive funny lady.  
And I said. No. Eat it now.  
They will lie. There will be no  
marshmallow  
tomorrow.  
There may be  
nothing  
tomorrow  
there may be  
no  
tomorrow.  
I don't even like  
marshmallow.  
But best eat it so they can't  
take it  
away.  
And he said again,  
funny lady.  
But this time he didn't laugh.



**Haiku**

Yes my past is dark  
But nobody died, as such  
Or begged to, that much.

**Another 24 hours**

1. Wake up
2. Ablutions
3. Eat
4. Commute
5. Work
  - 4.
  6. Return home
  - 2.
  - 3.
  7. Sleep
- 7.5 You have nothing  
 You are nothing  
 You can do anything  
 You can be everything  
 You have no limits  
 You live your best life  
 You live your worst life  
 You are somebody else  
 You are fluid  
 You are done 0.5

**Changed**

Tell me now, is this how you play the game?  
Very interesting, the game of life  
The more you change, the more you stay the same

I came to you because of your good name  
You live with a straight face, this double life  
Tell me now, is this how you play the game?

You expect me to fall in line, be tame  
But I have emotions, not a non-life  
The more you change, the more you stay the same

I am an acronym to you, just BAME  
You dehumanise me, such a low-life  
Tell me now, is this how you play the game?

You steal from me, guilt-free, have you no shame?  
I feel like you have stabbed me with a knife  
The more you change, the more you stay the same

Can you do better? These words sound so lame  
No can do when corruption is so rife  
Tell me now, is this how you play the game?  
The more you change, the more you stay the same

## Realities

School? Done  
Pre-University College? Done  
And you enter University

It is the done thing, nothing strange about it.  
Your father and grandfather have been that route  
It is just the way things work and we know it well

You meet the others and boy! Could they be more other?  
They speak different languages, not the polished English of  
your private school  
Nor the reasonable English of your pre-university college

Some of them are the first in their families to attend university  
Others can read and write English  
But can barely speak it

It is a strange environment  
But it is a sample of the big world  
Out there in your city of Bangalore

A city you grew up in  
But a city that you are only now  
Getting to know

Hang on!  
Is this what privilege really looks like?

## Tongues

This is my உண்ணம்  
I move between the ಭಾಷೆಗಳು  
It is what happens in भारत

Especially when your mother tongue  
Is different from the local language  
A country with so many languages

Almost a continent  
An image of what an integrated EU  
Could look like

English?  
A colonial remnant  
Now a link language

But it can never evoke  
My cultural emotions  
Like தமிழ் can

It can never remind me  
Of my childhood  
Like ಕನ್ನಡ can

Nor can it replicate  
This new majoritarian colonialism  
Like हिन्दी can

**Tears**

Tears, not just mine, but those of  
All of our ancestors

Tears in every fibre of our being  
When was the last time that we smiled?

Tiers to determine social position  
The lowest, reserved for us

**An Hour, A Face, A Smile**

give me an hour or a face  
tell me if you treated me like one-  
of your anxious games  
would you be able to read the-  
signs painted in lipstick  
on my face?

give me an angel or a wide open smile  
a dream isn't an answered prayer its-  
a plague of rats  
seeping through my blood its-  
three outlets at any given moment  
drawn in admiration of-  
someone's lost boy

give me heartache over trigonometry any day  
saying my business is yours and-  
never the other way around.

**Atlas Forges For Herself**

All my life  
I wanted to walk like I belonged  
I couldn't, life had me head bowed  
Skin to Atlas  
My shoulders rubbed raw  
Now, slowly burden lifting  
Like a new world rising out of the sea  
Arose beneath me all that was beautiful  
The parts of me that were vile  
Black burnt the atoms of my bones  
insides who were not all that  
Embracing  
Binding  
Healing  
The words I'm searching for  
The feeling of being strong again  
I am all of me  
Not fearless  
But not hiding anymore.



## If You Find the Motor Oil Kissing Me in My Thirties

Where the 30s are flat  
 Flat out that that is what it is  
 There is no consequence

I hum hidden songs in your coat pocket  
 You find me kissing your mother  
 Well I just needed the money  
 For the booze,  
 Fiona Starling lovedrunk hickneyed  
 Nevertenderling

We wash ashore twice an autumnal dirge  
 And sing trance for those who can't hear it  
 The death of love is nothing new when  
 You drink to remember how good it felt  
 The other night  
 The other night  
 The other night

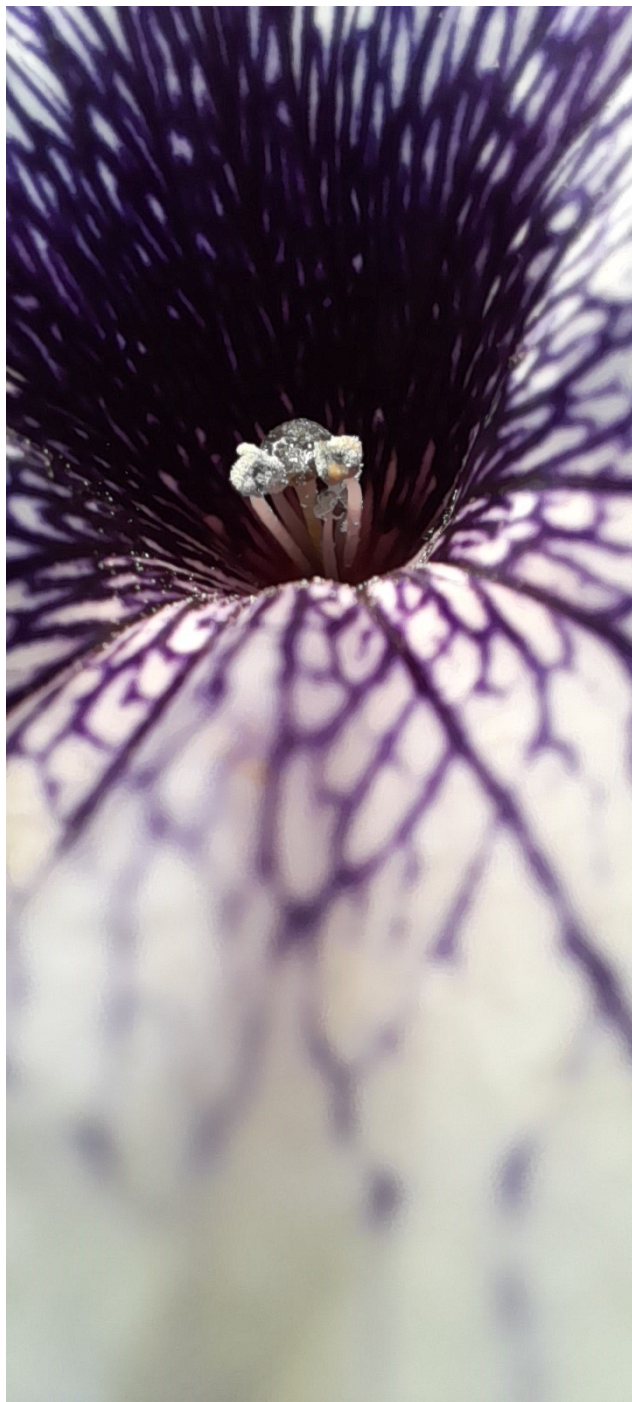
Remember your astronaut dance lighting me up  
 In hidden denouement for the apocalypse  
 Then some stalling momentum may fear thee weather upward  
 Happy, so to say  
 The foreign emotion

But saying it--  
 No, that's stupid  
 And you're a dumb fuck idiot, too  
 Congrats

But we won't end on that note  
 Don't ding the dong or prick the prong  
 Maybe belle the weather station vein  
 Cocka doodle weather toe struck disguise  
 For a foot long hiker  
 Never made it to the coast

We all say navy crayons looked the most romantic  
That was never an official crayola color  
Crayola politics  
Crayola dictatorships  
Crayola sheep farms  
The end of Crayola as we know it

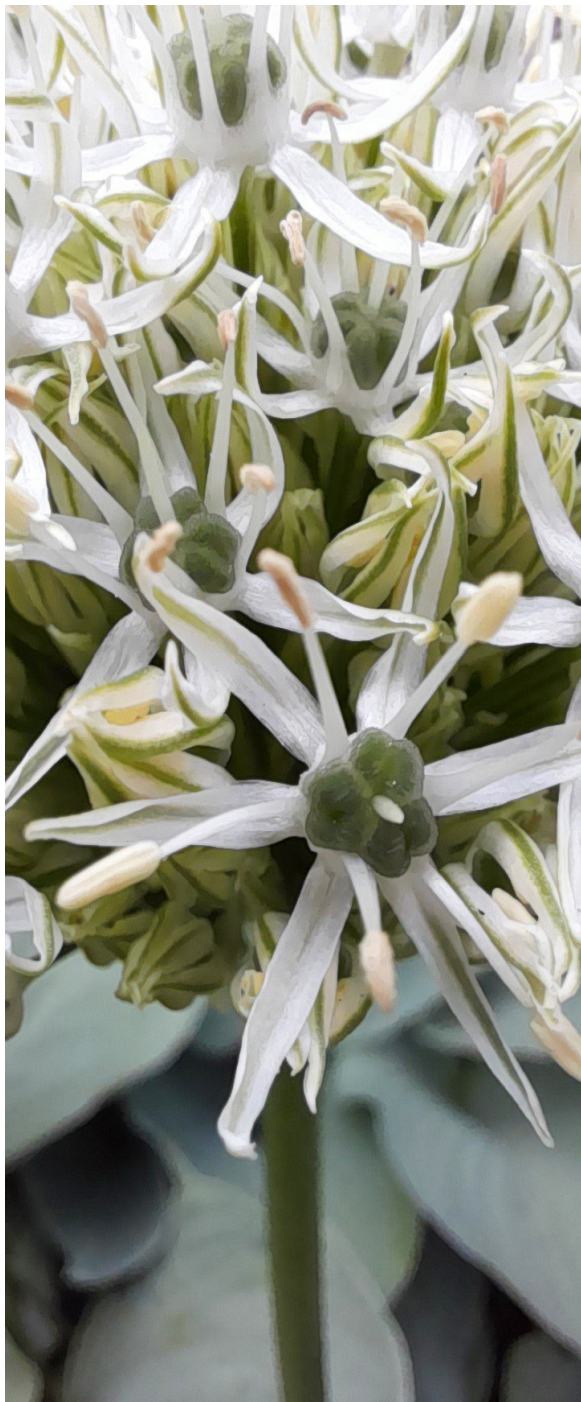
There it goes  
Whiff it again  
The motorcycle wheel  
Never one spins but twice sings the song  
We invented it  
We did this to you  
We are very, very, very sorry  
Apologies all around  
The sardonic ending  
So it seems, to me pleased  
Never, so  
Hum ho



**Triptych**



**Triptych**



**Triptych**