

There is blood on the hooves of the fawns on the Greensward Grey for they tread through the gristle on the lawn today! Don't they see the roseate faces of my wives as they lay, disemboweled, on the Greensward Grey?

This park is rank and slippery! Skip and watch the kite tails, don't trip on the entrails! White, and ligamental blossoms jutting from the earth... when have toadstools ever grown toenails?

These brains are old and tired but they have not forgotten my harem from decades past, sundry screams for the beast in the backseat!

Springtime is mythical, blood can be pastoral brushed-on and painted after they've fainted! Pan-goats are criminal! Hairy backs and abysmal breath like a brown bog, swamp-soaked and wet dog!

There is one woman walking on the Greensward Grey, but I feel she'll be followed by a friend or three! Don't they see the pink-spittle coating on my teeth that will seal every kiss from my lips today!

I could classify dead, hooved animals! I could catalog female corpses! But cattarh ruins my breath when grasses reach and start my ending! I could classify! I could catalog!

I am sitting like a cyst on the Greensward Grey and my god! there are satyrs who are damp and fey! Iron-shod and so hysterical! They lose themselves like dripping red fauna.