

Happy Farm

Rudimentary Peni

As you walk out of the valium of death, a sad feeling limps around your brain, funny farmers sowing seeds of discontent, pumping nerve gas around unfeeling veins, war junkies perish in the wreckage, of their brains, mindward earthlings seek to change our path, stench crawling over the snow, bilious bodies terrorized by fastfood sugar demons, unhappy nuclear bomb-doubt families, meltdown in the melting tin pot boilers, another crutch splinters + snaps, time to heal the split atoms now, happy farm.