

# The Murder Mystery

## The Velvet Underground

Candy-screen wrappers of silkscreen fantastic, requiring memories both lovely and guiltfree, lurid and lovely with twilight of ages, luscious and lovely and filthy with laughter, laconic giggles, ennui fort the passions, in order to justify most spurious desires, rectify moments, most serious and urgent to hail upon the face of most odious time, requiring replies most facile and vacuous with words nearly singed, with the heartbeat of passions, spew forth with the grace of a tart going under subject of a great concern, noble or igin

Denigrate obtuse and active, verbs, pronouns, skewer the sieve of the optical sewer, release the handle that holds all the gates up, puncture the eyeballs that seep all the muck up, read all the books and the people worth reading and still see the muck on the sky of the ceiling

Please raise the flag, rosy red carpet envy  
English used here; this messenger is nervous  
It's not fun at all out here in the hall

Mister Moonlight, succulent smooth and gorgeous  
Isn't it nice? We're number one and so forth  
Isn't it sweet being unique

For screeching and yelling and various offenses, lower the queen and bend her over the tub; against the state, the country, the committee; hold her head under the water, please, for an hour, for groveling and spewing and various offenses; puncture the bloat with the wing of a sparrow, the inverse, the obverse, the converse, the reverse, the sharpening wing of the edge of a sparrow, for suitable reckonings too numerous to mention, as the queen is fat, she is devoured by rats; there is one way to skin a cat or poison a rat; it is here forth, hear to three, forthrightly stated

Relent and obverse and inverse and perverse and reverse the inverse of perverse and reverse and reverse and reverse and reverse and reverse and chop it and pluck it and cut it and spit it and sew it to joy on the edge of a cylinder and spin it to rage on the edge of a cylindrical minute

Put down that rag simpering, callow and morose  
Who let you in? If I knew, then I could get out  
The murder you see is a mystery to me

Dear Mister Muse, fellow of wit and gentry  
Medieval ruse filling the shallow and empty  
Fools that duel, duel in pools

To Rembrandt and Oswald, to peanuts and ketchup, sanctimonious sycophants stir in the bushes, up to the stand with your foot on the Bible; as king, I must order and constantly arouse, if you swear to catch up and throw up and up-up, a king full of virgin and kiss me and spin it, excuse to willow and wander, dark wonders divest me of robes, sutures, Harry and pig meat, the fate of a nation, rests hard on your bosoms, the king on his throne, puts his hand down his robe, the torture of inverse and silkscreen and Harry, and set the tongue squealing the reverse and inverse

Tantalize poets with visions of grandeur, their faces turn blue with the reek of the compost, as the living try hard to retain what the dead lost, with double-dead sickness from writing at what cost and business and business and reverse and reverse and set the brain reeling the inverse and perverse

Objections suffice apelike and tactile bassoon  
Oboeing me cordon the virus' section  
Off to the left is what is not right

English arcane, tantamount here to frenzy  
Passing for me, lascivious elder passion  
Corpulent filth disguised as silk

Contempt, contempt, and contempt for the boredom, I shall poison the city and sink it with fire, for cordless and Harry and ape-pig and scissor, the messenger's wig seems fraught with desire, for blueberry picnics and pince-nez and magpies, the messenger's skirt, would you please hook it higher, for children and adults, all those under ninety, how truly disgusting. Would you please put it down? A stray in this fray is no condom worth saving, as king, I'm quite just, but it's just quite impossible, a robe and a robe and a robe and a bat, no double-class inverse could make lying worth dying

With cheap simian melodies, hillbilly outgush, for illiterate ramblings, for cheap understanding, for misunderstanding, the simple, the inverse, the compost, the reverse, the obtuse and stupid, and business and business, and cheap stupid lyrics, and simple mass reverse while the real thing is dying

Exit the pig, enter the owl and gorgeous  
King on the left, it on the right and primping  
Adjusting his nose as he reads from his scroll

Folksy knockwurst, peel back the skin of French  
And what do you find? Follicles intertwining  
Succulent prose wrapped up in robes

Off with his head, take his head from his neck off, requiring memories both lovely and guiltfree, put out his eyes, then cut his nose off, sanctimonious sycophants stir in the bushes, scoop out his brain, put a string where his ears were, all the king's horses and all the king's men, swing the whole mess at the end of the wire, scratch out his eyes with the tip of a razor, let the wire extend from the tip of a rose, Caroline, Caroline, Caroline, oh! but retains the remnants of what once was a nose, pass me my robe, fill my bath up with water

Jumpsuit and pigmeat and making his fortune, while making them happy with the inverse and obverse and making them happy and making them happy with the coy and the stupid, just another dumb lackey who puts out the one thing while singing the other, but the real thing's alone and it is no man's brother

No one knows no nose is good news and senseless  
Extend the wine, drink here a toast to selfless  
Ten-year-old port is perfect in court

Safety is nice, not an unwise word spoken  
Scary bad dreams made safe in lovely songs  
No doom or gloom allowed in this room

Casbah and cascade and rosehip and feeling, cascade and cyanide, Rachaminoff, Beethoven, skull-silly wagon and justice and perverse and reverse the inverse and inverse and inverse, blueberry catalog, questionable earnings, hustler's lament and the rest will in due cry, to battle and scramble and browbeat and hurt while chewing on minstrels and choking on dirt, disease please seems the order of the day, please the king, please the king, please the king day, casbah and cascade and rosehip and feeling, point of order, return the king here to the ceiling

Oh, not to be whistled or studied or hummed or remembered at nights when the

eye is alone, but to skewer and ravage and savage and split with the grace  
of a diamond then bellicose wit, to stun and to stagger with words as such s  
tone, that those who do hear cannot again return home

Razzamatazz, there's nothing on my shoulder  
Lust is a must, shaving my head's made me bolder  
Will you kindly read what it was I brought thee?

Hello to Ray, hello to Godiva and Angel  
Who let you in? Isn't it nice, the party?  
Aren't the lights pretty at night?

Sick leaf and sorrow and pincers not scissors, regard and refrain from the d  
aughters of marriage, regards for the elders and youngest in carriage, regar  
d and regard for the inverse and perverse and obverse, and diverse, of rever  
se and reverse, regard from the sick, the dumb, and the camel from pump's st  
oring water, like brain is too marrow to x-ray and filthy and cutting and th  
en peeling to skin and to skin and to bone and to structure to livid and pal  
lid and turgid and structured and structured and structured and structured a  
nd structured and regard and refrain, the sick and the dumb, inverse, revers  
e and perverse

Contempt, contempt, and contempt for the seething for writhing and reeling a  
nd two-bit reportage, for sick with the body and sinister holy, the drown bu  
rst blue babies now dead on the seashore, the valorous horseman, who hang fr  
om the ceiling, the pig on the carpet, the dusty pale jissom, that has no ef  
fect for the sick with the see-saw, the inverse, obverse converse, reverse o  
f reverse the diverse and converse of reverse and perverse and sweet pyrotec  
hnics, and let's have another of inverse, converse, diverse, perverse and re  
verse, hell's graveyard is damned as they chew on their brains, the slick an  
d the scum, reverse, inverse and perverse

Plowing while it's done away  
Dumb and ready pig meat  
Sick upon the carpet  
Climb into the casket  
Safe within the parapet  
Sack is in the parapet  
Pigs are out and growling  
Slaughter by the seashore  
See the lifeguard drowning  
Sea is full of fishes  
Fishes full of china  
China plates are falling  
All fall down  
Sick and shiny carpet  
Lie before my eyes-eyes  
Lead me to the ceiling  
Walk upon the wall wall  
Tender as the green grass  
Drink the whisky horror  
See the young girls dancing  
Flies upon the beaches  
Beaches are for sailors  
Nuns across the sea-wall  
Black hood horseman raging  
Swordsman eating fire  
Fire on the carpet  
Set the house ablazing  
Seize and bring it flaming  
Gently to the ground ground  
Dizzy Bell Miss Fortune  
Fat and full of love-juice

Drip it on the carpet  
Down below the fire hose  
Weep and whisky fortune  
Sail me to the moon, dear  
Drunken dungeon sailors  
Headless Roman horsemen  
The king and queen are empty  
Their heads are in the outhouse  
Fish upon the water  
Bowl upon the saviour  
Toothless wigged Laureate  
Plain and full of fancy  
Name upon a letterhead  
Impressing all the wheat germ  
Love you for a nickel  
Maul you for a quarter  
Set the casket flaming  
Do not go gentle blazing

Sick upon the staircase  
Sick upon the staircase  
Blood upon the pillow  
Climb into the parapet  
See the church bells gleaming  
Knife that scrapes a sick plate  
Dentures full of air holes  
The tailor couldn't mend straight  
Shoot her full of air holes  
Climbing up the casket  
Take me to the casket  
Teeth upon her red throat  
Screw me in the daisies  
Rip upon her holler  
Snip the seas fantastic  
Treat her like a sailor  
Full and free and nervous  
Out to make his fortune  
Either this or that way  
Sickly or in good health  
Piss upon a building  
Like a dog in training  
Teach to heel or holler  
Yodel on a sing song  
Down upon the carpet  
Tickle polyester  
Sick within the parapet  
Screwing for a dollar  
Sucking on a fire-hose  
Chewing on a rubber line  
Tied to chairs and rare bits  
Pay another player  
Oh you're such a good lad  
Here's another dollar  
Tie him to the bedpost  
Sick with witches' covens  
Craving for a raw meat  
Bones upon the metal  
Sick upon the circle  
Down upon the carpet  
Down upon the carpet  
Down below the parapet  
Waiting for your bidding  
Pig upon the carpet

Tumescenscent railroad  
Neuro-anaesthesia analog  
Ready for a good look  
Drooling at the birches  
Swinging from the birches  
Succulent Nebraska