

Disgustipated

Tool

And the angel of the Lord came unto me,
snatching me up from my
place of slumber,
and took me on high,
and higher still until we
moved in the spaces betwixt the air itself.
and he bore me unto a
vast farmland of our own midwest,
and as we descended cries of
impending doom rose from the soil.
one thousand, nay, a million
voices full of fear.
and terror possessed me then.
and I begged,

"Angel of the Lord, what are these tortured screams?"

And the angel said unto me,

"These are the cries of the carrots,

the cries of the carrots.

You see, reverend Maynard, tomorrow is harvest day

and to them it is the holocaust."

And I sprang from my slumber drenched in sweat
like the tears of one millions terrified brothers
and roared,

"Hear me now,

I have seen the light,

they have a consciousness,

they have a life,

they have a soul.

damn you!

let the rabbits wear glasses,

save our brothers...can I get an amen?

can I get a hallelujah? thank you, Jesus.

life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on life feeds on...

this is necessary

it was daylight when you woke up in your ditch.

you looked up at your sky.

that made blue be your color.

you had your knife with you there too.

when you stood up there was goo all over your clothes.

your hands were sticky.

you wiped them on your grass,

so now your color was green.

oh Lord, why did everything always have
to keep changing like this?

you were already getting nervous again.

your head hurt and it rang when you stood up.

your head was almost empty.

it always hurt you when you woke up like this.

you crawled up out of your ditch unto your gravel road

and you began to walk

and waited for the rest of your mind to come back to you.

you could see the car parked far down the road

and you walked toward it.

if God is our father, you though,

then Satan must be our cousin.
why didn't anyone else understand these important things?
when you got to your car,
you tried all the doors,
but they were locked.
it was a red car and it was new.
there was an expensive leather camera case lying on the seat.
out across your field
you could see two tiny people walking by your woods.
you began to walk towards them.
now red was your color and of course,
those little people out there were yours too