

Wckr Spgt "The Charles Mountain"

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(a poem of length and complexities)

Rub rub rub
Rub your stinking butt
All over this fucking dirty hill
Now laugh
And pray to the Charles Mountain
Rub rub rub
Rub your smelly ass
Into the stupid rocks
Now look
Look what you've done
You must be out of your mind
Run run run
Run your wretched hands
Along the branches of a tree
How wrong
Nature made you suffer
Dew drop oyster barrel
Dollar face monk cutlery
Trudging,
Brownie pan,
Charles,
Mountain,
The famous alchemy
Distraught highway disdain
With celery
I have always loved you
Commonplace
War trophy, a mending
A birth in a shoe
And a tongue to clean it.
Saturday
Saturday is a day to worship
And shit upon the rocks
On Charle's mountain
On Charles Mountain

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