

Gwar

"Je M'appelle J. Cousteau"

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I was there at the cattle fair, where
lump fairies swear at glories far be-
yond the fabric that she wears. He said
"Do ya wanna chair?" I'd join him any-
where! A hole in the ground, in this
theatre I found J.C.'s infernal horde--
they caper, they banter, forming human
pyramids, all to please--their infernal
Lord...Whoa! His name is J. Cousteau!!!
A pussy and I know you know!! I know
you know, and there he goes. He goes and
grows, on gosh, he knows--Aboard the
Calypso!! The foam beside, and a burly
sea to ride, all spell goodness for the

master of the whirling pimple tides.
He tried and fried until the rusted
hinges sighed, and then he stepped
inside! He found her there, swimming
in her seaweed hair, looking vaguely
like a lover who has hung herself with
underwear--Phosphorescent green and
the sex-act made obscene, in Jacques
galleon of hatred--This wrinkled French-
man is a living god!!!
Cousteau, you know, where the dying
dolphins go, and the wasteland ever growing,
never slowing till it's far below--Put it
on your T.V. show--and let the humans
know!!!

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