

Thought Industry "Patiently Waiting For Summer"

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Here's my garden. Rowed lilacs drip purple. Crane park's slick dawn dew. Twilight. Clock's twenty past four. Packed five vitamin C blot Akbar gushing . Brian climb soda need, Chuck, Chris, and Colin.

Apple trees stiff swirling circles. You are me are more than perfect. Darling don't erase my blood.

Here's my garden. Zoo glare pond snapping. Cricket's night opera. Moths float teasing possums. Mice jest herons hysterical syrup slow. Sleep cream siamese scratch walls. Girls, I don't care.

Mog the cat, and marble quarry. You and me should quick get married. For I believe in no god; and no god

believes in me.

Kiss me, all right. Jane tastes spiced and learned red wine. Hug me precious, our family picnics near. Pass malt juice. Clutz spill on K-zoo.

Here's my garden. Grass to toll tar pillars. Melted lanes reflect gins berg benches money. Ukraine sculpture paisley gasoline. west edge hill stars burrow down.

Suburb driving stealth headlights off. You and me should burn our clothing, for I retreat from no god; and no god retreats from me. Why? I lust july's sun.

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