

Subj: **POEM FOR THE ASYLUM**  
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She had weedy lapzolas...down there.....Granny fought with the hired man, to get him to put in breast implants....they compromised by putting them in the goat....ah bulletproof pussies are used by convicts, to rob Germanic businessmen of their swastika underwear....and leave them at the grave of Edith Piaf, who was never dead, but working as a motorwoman of the Paris subway, where late at nite she would open her window and sing" je ne regrette rien " to cripples selling copies of the Inez Daily, To stoned Danish transvestites . World leaders appeared from the gloom as Edith stopped her train, got down from her dusty motorwoman's position, and sucked their cocks. They even dragged out the dead body of Francois Mitterrand. and she got him hard. Hard as a divorcee trying to fuck her lawyer.in a sleetstorm on mt. Kilimanjaro. Yes, the new york air has blown backwards to california, and new jersey hair-grease factories all have their employees taking body-shaving and yoga-on the half-shell. California asian babes now have bikinis made from mimeograph paper that announces that there willl be a cunt-contest at a diner on route 3, bergen county, new jersey. And Amerika rolls on, making toilet paper out of discarded cum-soaked car seats, and puppydog tails. Alicia Bandergrasp is president, because she fucked every man in the Republican Party, and some of the women. Though the Republican women ate pussy in secret. In a room at the ?Mark Hopkins Hotel? How can you fail to love a country where the LA county coroner opens a drive-in fast food joint, with the parking lot paved with severed Rotarian dicks. Milkshakes served in severed Debutante tits, hollowed out, with little parasols, handed to you by one-eyed pimps from Surabaya, in for a weekend of child-molesting, on pay TV!!! And, dumbass hippies-manque stand inaked in piss-warm hot springs with their water-wrinkled little winkies dragging down the pale skinny shanks of vacant eyed girl love childrenwith no knowledge of what their nipples are for, so they put dogbones through them, and bark for the return of Amerika. POEM BY JEFF DAVIES