

Subj: **VACATION IN MAINE a poem for the inept**
Date: 8/11/99 6:27:57 PM Eastern Daylight Time
From: Kunst999
To: Kathisla

Kella and jim Feefee paddled their GMC canoe down the dark waters of the Allagash ,when they heard the cymbals ringing, like Republicans at a Houston Fan-dancer's wedding, which made Jim stop fucking Kella with his Mastercard, and listen to the deer clacking their false teeth as they did outsource bookkeeping for Walgreen Drugs, in HongKong. Around the bend came a strange procession,turning out to be an outing of The American Society for the Inept,complete with chewing gum soaked supermarket check out girls, wearing bras made from chewed toothpicks,chewed by the cast off blind at the Home for Blind Accordion Players, Moline, Illinois, who donated their services in exchange for blowjobs from volunteers from the Junior League Mallwalkers Association, wearing Landsend polo shirts and, below the waist, medieval armor made from brass castings of tampons worn by overweight black women toll-takers on the New Jersey turnpike. The deer looked at jim and kellas nude bodies,leaped over, snatched the quivering Mastercard from Kellas lubricious vagina, and waded towards the procession of the Inept,clacking their Doktor Zagreb false deerteeth at them. The procession halted, took the Mastercard from the grinning deer, and put it in a Leather covered ATM that was being towed by a squad of naked ex-husbands of nursing home supervisors, the ATM belched, emmitted a cloud of lavender smoke, and through a massive bronze door in the side of the ATM leaped several female deer ,clad in fredericks of hollywood blue vinyl crotchless panties, with their dainty deertits quavering in time to a harry belafonte tune, playing over a large fur covered boombox shaped like a bears head, The deer began to copulate, joined by the further-aroused jim and Kella, with the checkout girls catching the semen in brass collection plates stolen from st. patricks cathedral, NYC.....the lights lowered ,went dark ,and the crowd applauded, and the latest show at six flags over Texas was over.....A TALK POEM by JEFF DAVIES