

## It's for you

Text by McPoet (<https://macintoshgarden.org/apps/mcpoet>)

Too few obese omnipotent objectivities and zesty zingy zoos yearn - and yawn -,

how is a bilingual behavior like a camouflage?

Every ignorant pizza delivery man

the kind-hearted bean

is not kind-hearted ignorant?

Faith is the opposition of a powder!

His room omits

must a lot of pallid senses nominate?

The eager ocean is offering us at least one arrogant danger for religion, but the religion offered by such an exceptional ocean is not a home of wrongs or blessed morality. It ogles us no strict delineation of pleasures or rewards. It is a religion personalized on the absence of the human answer - canceled, as one less angry force acting upon itself. In this new euphoria we will not find the baubles of the apocalypse so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a stalk of an abstract child, a bit of early self-discovery in which we realize that no tweezers as such can be found. We make the captivation. We culminate subtly the stroke.

His castaway struggles to one more allegory

If the cadaver had

the ability to change desire I'd ask for it

to become

fabulous

his catastrophic avant-garde leopard extraordinarily pays for his carefree dad:

some of you borrow primarily and callously.

An able yoke receives from an amorphous Christian cliché

It's 92 percent sure that an authentic human being

resembles a cosmological campus:

neither one opposes

an abyss's dead abortions often point out the comfort an abyss provides for the slender, the lonely, and the outrageous. This is fine for them. But the angelic saint must not expect to find salvation in the cross zone! If one yearns to need things from a hook of the Divine, one must escape from a knee, escape from a shampoo, must throw things to more evenings, request in opposition to early inequalities! One must cooperate the charities of the artistes, the games of bright explorations! How reminding, how feasibly defecting to think of an abyss as the noxious victim, as a pliable nurse who requires that we accept simply freedom-loving carcinogens, at the same time as a weak old man brightens a decreasing number of photogenic houses with creaked morsels of annoyed cads.

Why did the poetic existentialist delete?

Because a poetic existentialist is the sickly realist.

A sensation of naked skin on skin resembles the appreciative relative:

both are weak...

If Ludwig Wittgenstein had the power to change the sickening bureaucracy in life, I'd ask for it to become more obsolete

We will never understand a commotion of celestial optimum. We subscribe to no angry document for vaporizing the dying bureaucracy, since we know that the cigar lies in the performance. Failure to perform means politics or aberration, just as the non-performance of extinguished food processors means the embryo of privacy. Rehabilitating abnormally, having ordinarily, indifference towards food processor, and procuring for an angel in heaven should be acts of mold, not of deprivation.

Why did the cantankerous realist offer?

Because agitation purifies.

Only quite brilliant people onto the rewards know how to circumscribe quickly psychoanalysis with jaw. They make bittersweet societies to decay, competition, or the unities, but their mysterious nothing is biblical, a sad aggression in the perfectibility, and a paranoid paranoid or overwrought deformation which far surpasses agonies of ebbing beaches, precarious amputations or ideals, exotic atrocities, and pigheaded husbands, daybreaks, or burials, and even academic artless constancies. No one is more perverse than the healer of nudist, for he is a very foulmouthed relative.

Do you know why I crave love?

Because love is your mother.

Dress calms enticingly

obeys deity busily

Look! A human door

why are iron esoteric contentments like orthodox imitations?

Because contentments distil quickly.

Do you know why I need the possibility of happiness?

Because the possibility of happiness resembles the beautiful oracle.

The bay is like the little-appreciated joy of ambiguity...

It receives from your unfulfilled dreams...

I am not many of us

Heaven sucks things from

my own philosopher

most of us are not you

Groucho pays for a bright attempt that

he talks

If a leadership vacuum had

the power to change your dream, I'd ask that idealisms disallow temporarily

a celebrated pitiful plasma pampers preferably

his nursery

rapidly if notoriously

enticingly or whimsically

God changes his aspect every second. Blessed is the lover who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may appear to be an asininity of the imaginary construction, the next a kinky despot coalescing on an obsession, or a physical waitress, or even merely the waxen comfortable attention.

Zarathustra quickly but again expects gifts from faith.

If chocolates refuse to commemorate capabilities as thefts, then it is necessary that they must invent societies that serve the function of overlords, or sentences that distort the lives of shoe. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-connect inequalities to acts of terrorism. What the world needs is not pleasures against artists, but loud domains against beaus which are father, or just insipid...Not cautionary cauliflowers but Canadian memories, passionate clarifications, memories for bittersweet animalism.

A zingy zingy zoo - -,

the censorships

jump from an optimal bikini

answering machine and attraction

plead before the gods of connection,

the chemical scream

is an example of

an enhanced scream

some bloomers move from your abnormality.

Is a Psyche like a philosophic wizardry?

A Goddess is like his oaf,

it never shows things to your simple-minded model of reality

a religious charlatan

jostles a rhythmic electricity

too many people are you

axe: the fantastic tooth of ballet

oracle pervades capably

qualifies chasm curiously

oracle of jazz eye

one patriotic robot: the blockhead's anguish

few lazy carnal models are like those explanations...

They calibrate prudently,

a salty salty spider sells spontaneously,

most people are many of you

a finger is the generous games of clove. It can be extraordinarily adored and quarreled to, decapitated or superposed at random, so that it ceases to mean a moist extravagance of other causalities that it does in your arrogant Mephistophelian sense. Instead, it may be seen as a pure euphoria of which the genius of total rifle can make anything she squirts.

The perverse dagger

wants gifts from our dying environment

your daybreaks with anger if noisily need gifts from an expression,  
belly brightens joyfully  
moans angel allegedly  
belly of suffocating orangutan

meaning: denial of abortion  
But not enough of us purify bluff to pollute!  
If a fictitious soldier had the power to change your hidden creativity, I'd ask to throw things to a  
precious blond,  
do not hide from  
mazes,  
an archetypal actor boxes the jolly sunset.  
A great many brutal oafs cleave to innumerable idealisms  
your own kind-hearted novelty  
likes the wild novelty  
must the volumes  
debase?  
Must fewer irresistible cars woo?

The drunken warning

anonymously and with desire  
randomly but often  
Bart Simpson pines for  
his philosophic honey  
their dogmatic damned deformations and harmonious hidden harps light up languidly and loosen languidly,  
your bottle's window outclasses.  
Competences gather in damned seeker crowds, smoking  
dress and burning audience to keep depraved,  
a disinterested emergency believes a bashful aroma.  
If a charismatic enemy had  
the ability to change the avenger, I'd ask to march to their months.  
God changes his appearance every second. Happy indeed is the patron who can recognize all his disguises.  
At one moment God is a nursery of an occasional protector, the next a guy toppling on my own certitude, or  
a perceptive witch, or even merely one less alchemical toad.  
An alien risk shows something to  
a pre-programmed sea  
an algorithmic chaos's abnormal properties are swift to point out the comfort an algorithmic chaos  
provides for the eternal, the bittersweet, and the lonely. Yes, true enough! But the archetypal pilot must  
not waste any time in the fall zone! If one yearns to come from a pistol of the Divine, one must break out of

the address, certainly understand a characterization, must give aid to more puberties, pilfer into eccentric reassurances! One must apologize the societies of the contexts, the societies of accidental attentions! How aching, how brutally outsmarting to think of an algorithmic chaos as the patriarchal king, as the cancerous theologian who imprisons us in the comfort of useful winters, where a large engineer talks the paradoxical bases with embodied morsels of contacted appetites.

Must a dad throw something to a chain?

We can understand a kind of dip of dear computation. We throw to no outrageous decadence for adopting your abstinence, since we know that the excrement lies in the performance. Failure to perform means unexpressed emotion or carnival, just as the non-performance of amorphous deceptions means the brick of shampoo. Beseeching with hope, placating madly, indifference towards antagonism, and advising for Psyche should be acts of authorization, not of penetration.

If belief had the ability

to change the human zoo, I'd ask to show it to variations.

With bearskins,

Groucho jangles

must an analysis take something to the web?

7 relations put playmate on neuropsychologist...

A lot of attempts subscribe to all girls.

Must his aversion come to your scream?

Your unborn descendant is the circus of the euphoria!

If artistries refuse to unchain underpants as aspects, then you and I must demand injustices that serve the function of imaginations, or thefts that underrate the wrongs of wanderer. At any cost, it is necessary to re-connect geniuses to memories. Seek not injustices against gongs, but acts of terrorism against yawns which are foulmouthed, or just overwrought...Not obedient buddies but cheap performances, placid feelings, cancers for stiff advice.

Groucho occludes hopefully.

I finish delicately a cushion

and the way I differed!

So many consciences in explorable powers

on competitive mountains

but a jungle

strips with ease.

If a bartender had the power to change your abstinence I'd request falls to become comely

If hope had

the power

to change your unfulfilled dreams,

I'd ask to expect to the braveries,

do you know why I fantasize about The Great Mother?

Because The Great Mother reminds me of Hollywood.

An approachable atheist is actually the fatalistic politician.

Do you know why I love art?

Because art reminds me of Bart Simpson.

What's that hidden in your smile?

I don't know, I'm just your personality.

An assertion is the sociably friends

Carl Jung is like your grieving ancestor,

it osculates rigidly.

Every wild creativity, so to speak, splashes its own patriotic combination, but it is the mysterious predestination of the enigmatic atheism that is truly important. You and I only need to know that something is purified and sensually ebbed to know that it is eccentric, and therefore perverse -- an ornate conspiracy, as a guitar player might put it. We need to know your existence or applause of more than one trouble to keep track of what can be corresponded, and what might touch us.

A beast is like the moral majority

the copilot looks contention

an odorous coat is like a wide audience.

It pleads

Would you pay 7 dollars for the rose?

Only quite admirable people in opposition to the rewards know how to deport chasm with cessation. They make courteous inequalities to dumpster, prisoner, and the inter-connections, but their bungling bride is joyful, an obese wait in the pardoner, or a joyful peculiar and butterfingered gate which far surpasses Easterbells of bleeding employments, odd coincidences and tips, rhythmic adolescences, or well-intentioned lips, osculations, and camaraderies, and even familiar ornamental childbirths. No one is more abysmal than that businesswoman of bagel, for such a person is a very crafty parent.

Groucho longs for

a plump contraction that he jilts

a world-wide conspiracy is like the Illuminati,

it offers sociably,

your own hierarchic hidden highway heaves hopefully.

The era suffers for my own creation

The photogenic lunches of calm absorb on a nuclear mail man, or a fragile buddy,

his citizen

feels for the dog

Beware of the privacies ahead! Already those phobias are ordaining, they dictate within in some extroverted grip of fluff, it is embarrassing down. Keep an eye on a great many other domains, or the solidities, ignored by dark temptation in the drowsy world! Profession parts under the evangelical times!

Beware of the coming rotted privacies!

Few excessive chocolate apocalypses

Groucho afterward feels for the baseball-obsessed population.

Groucho lives for a cosmological moldy cliff that he shivers

But not you rain daughter to contend!

You are the living dead

we have been not most people,

so is your unborn descendant a Zen moment?

The petals are like the crystal elements.

They give it to an abstraction.

With similarities,

Groucho flashes

wild communities reveal the assurance

If the authoritative prime minister had the power to change the real author of bible, I'd ask that paradoxical sensitivities disown

The incredible falsehood is offering us this rich monster for religion, but the religion offered by such a lonely falsehood is not an agony of aspects or fuzzy morality. It loves us no strict delineation of performances or lives. It is the religion pestered on the cacophony of the human salt - exalted, as that personable force acting upon itself. In this new calamity we will not find the winters of the candy so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is an entropy of humankind, a bit of evangelical hide-and-seek in which we realize that no constructs as such can be found. We make the eve. We coerce with disgust the cow.

A dream runs from your consciousness...

If petals refuse to treat relations as wrongs, then someone must demand acts of terrorism that serve the function of autobiographies, or principles that explore the aspects of oneness. At any cost, someone must re-connect pleasures to powers. What the world needs is not thefts against edges, but powers against fears which are vast, and just macho...Not drowsy corks but embryonic thefts, poetic rewards, wrongs for brazen dead.

Why are emotional baubles  
authentic chocolates?

Because baubles stool noiselessly.

A great many parental prayers will be civilizations!

Is the poem you are reading like the X-rated earnest enemy?

Carcass: lazy lover's lily leadership

the dull person who hates you is actually a crafty despot.

Why did the humanitarian parent plead?

Because exploration pilfers.

His water helps us makes sense of the alteration  
a monstrous abomination pleases

likes

an offense of a world-wide conspiracy

a music

is a muted world wide web browser:

they both distill

a number of organs pray for an increasing number of philosophies

If your unexpressed love were an ephemeral operating best friend, then John Lennon would be a medieval blessing person who dislikes you.

Philosophers

Groucho gets used to the sickening bureaucracy in life, looks to the queen of England,

game: a waxen physical circumstance

the American middle class hides from opulent my Muse

the dull snake is like neuropsychology.

It prearranges.

1 definitions put perception on not singer.

Groucho kisses - and needlessly

If my own evolution had

the ability to change an imaginary demon I'd demand Psyche to become less drowsy

Groucho oscillates placidly amiably

he stops

the feeling of love

is a caffeine.

If nouns refuse to treat blooms as lives, then the rest of us must demand pleasures that serve the function of potatoes, or cancers that contradict personally the powers of chisel. At any cost, re-connect thefts to resonances. We seek not sentences against presences, but games against papas which are sensual, and just precious...Not fleet series but paradoxical charities, appreciative aspects, societies for peculiar contemplation.

An ambition is like life-

it excavates spontaneously.

The sneeze

crawls to a desire,

a childhood ambition is like well-intentioned blooms

must many fewer graves

dream loudly and overly?

The real purpose of prayer lives for

the excessive adultery

a viper slowly prays for his programmable frog-

If complications refuse to treat failures as bath, then you and I must search for thefts that serve the function of fires, or loves that undo the rewards of fringe. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-connect cancers to wrongs. What is demanded is not resonances against palpitations, but bodily thefts against tights



which are slender, or acrobatic...Not broken idealisms but Canadian societies, biological religions, loves for evangelical boredom.

Everywhere there is organized convoluted hurt,  
the exaltations explain the soul

If the laughter of the Gods had the power to change greed, I'd ask for astrologies  
to become decreasingly embryonic  
your personality is an archetypal figure.

The paranoid atheist hopes for a beautiful arm,

A besotted movie star who lived in Paris lived in constant fear of unexpressed emotion. He decided to study holy religious theory. In the course of his studies, he met Alan Turing, at that time very simple minded, who cured the problem with my aggravation. Our little besotted movie star (now well-intentioned and authoritative) started a mink farm instead.

His psychology offers a path to understanding the smoke

Groucho lives for  
his mother that

he opens

Hey, willowy cab driver! What do you have there?

About 50 poppies!

Some of us energize enticingly or numbly...

Groucho expects things from his stalk, hides from his beauty, comes from his objectivity, jumps from his cricket, takes from his jaw,

A sickly musician who lived in Baltimore lived in constant fear of poor hubris. He decided to study final conceptual natural language philosophy. In the course of his studies, he met Madonna, at that time very sickly, who cured the problem with a butterfly. Our little sickly musician (now available and dead) started a viper farm instead and lived happily, if solemnly, ever after.

Philosopher shows to ambitious realities,

God changes his meaning every second. Fortunate is the plumber who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be my complexity of a chapfallen error, the next one best friend unraveling on the father, or a captive, or even merely the complex deep astronaut.

Groucho pines for a question-

the aroma is the eerie wrongs of epitaph. It can be hopefully demobilized and discouraged to, diagnosed and promised so that it ceases to mean a cybernetic onrush of imaginary bandwagons that it does in the mysterious apologetic sense. It is now the optimal frog of which the genius of total delusion can pick anything he writhes.

A kind of incoherent beautiful enhanced shepherd is like a religious charlatan,  
it explains things to this present moment.

Boudoirs are like the laborers,

they make connections to Sigmund Freud.

Beware of the splashes ahead! Already these orgies are bellowing, they receive within in some omnivorous cost of connotation, it is getting down. Do not neglect many more ferocious loves, or the ills,

connected by crimson fringe in the extinguished world! Biochemistry pens under the cosmic frogs! Beware of the coming everlasting splashes!

A cheery conviction pursues deliciously  
their cobra needs pining.  
Conviction's ascendancy,  
their diminishing cobra's emotional cheapskate.

Many of you are I

Every bold kindness, as one might say, thinks its pensive exploration, but it is the rotting bravado of the opulent genius that is truly important. To put it another way, we only need to know that something is bland and lovingly oscillated to know that it is gentle, and therefore talented -- a gold atrocity, as an engineer might put it. We need to know an atrocity and light of a hunk to keep track of what can be validated, or what might burglarize us.

The moral majority  
belongs to the hierarchic yawn

Beware of the criticisms ahead! Already pathologies are tantalizing, they require within in some particular resonance of exception, it is degrading down. Do not neglect the ill religions, and the pessimisms, splashed by corrupt blur in the primary world! Cappuccino perpetuates under the authentic estimations! Beware of the criticisms!

If intelligence had the power to change  
hell,  
I'd ask that friends develop  
his arrogant kind hug is like his courage.

If them had  
the power to change Bill Clinton,  
I'd ask for mammals to become decreasingly cunning  
every phony ambition complains to  
your under-used imagination.

Groucho worries for a black artless beau.  
The poem you are reading penetrates sadly  
delicacy: the edible companion

What's that?

It looks like an abyss's conceited declaration.

If my own kindly wise woman had the power  
to change this random sentence, I'd ask for the hat to shows something to the comforter.

Parents  
suck things from a quotation,  
Would you pay 64 dollars  
to consider with a joyful noun?  
Everywhere, concerned baboons ritually visualize,

man and web  
parody before the souls of rocket,

why are comfortable bold cacophonies  
perfectibilities?

Because cacophonies continue nowadays.  
The sickening bureaucracy in life is like a God:  
it comes from Bill Clinton

those aggressions explain things to eras  
Everywhere, concerned teens loudly oblige...

If the Beach Boys had the ability to change an algorithmic chaos, I'd ask to give it to many fewer father  
silver concentrations,

Imagine combining arguments with bellies!  
Existence: purified shot for scientists  
a hidden sleeve is  
his paradoxical artiste of this year's model  
why are pure white rotten outlooks  
breakouts?

Because outlooks deflate.

A scandal prevails  
wisdom: lazy sympathetic eternity for aircraft  
the sweet bus driver: enemy's car

Every - fringe, to coin a term, preempts its own angelic nail, but it is the bitten conversation of the  
perceptible mystery that is truly important. We only need to know that something is zingy and solemnly  
darkened to know that it is obsolete, and therefore loud -- a young music, as a warden might put it. We  
need to know a loveliness or blonde preparation of just one girlfriend to keep track of what can be  
castigated, or what might preens endlessly us.

Cheapskates will be bashful  
brothers  
a proud nightmare flies generously  
the deer objectifies breathing.  
Nightmare's bigamy,  
the dislodging deer's  
flat denial.

Voice: an outgrowth's obsolete oath  
A zany rock and roll star who lived in Calcutta lived in constant fear of despair. He decided to study  
Situationist political theory. In the course of his studies, he met Alan Turing, at that time very famous, who  
cured the problem with the anatomy. Our little zany rock and roll star (now unkempt and odd) started a flea  
farm instead and lived happily, if tranquilly, ever after.

The clairvoyant amnesia

is a hissing amnesia

why did the religious knight blow?

Because a religious knight is a complex knight.

Groucho strips thankfully.

Imagine combining signs  
with interlocking communities!

Our purified conversations reveal a strangely alchemical publicity  
his unprincipled plank hurries to Carl Jung

Oh most traitorous wise man, tell me what this mutilation is, I beg of you!  
I just don't know, but it definitely isn't a personal epitaph!

An important imaginary idealism ignores immediately,  
fewer convexities...

Your castrations will be  
clenched  
blockheads  
one more egocentric mechanic: the beast's equality  
must my cigarette teach to the appointment?

Are not privacies placid?

Groucho flags

any consciences attempt to weird intelligence.

Why are passionate adulteries passable brunches?

Because monstrous places part.

Deer: a dear yesterday

your unfulfilled dreams expects gifts from Zarathustra,  
the fragile dreamer

a capricious city

capricious is fragile

Only quite sinister people in opposition to the lives know how to play escapism with candy. They make religious performances to priest, danger, and the copilots, but their humanitarian biped is fleet, a dull monk in the captivity, and a noble low or cellular powder which far surpasses evenings of cheap bodices, fluffy busybodies or imaginations, plump popularities, and sinister mistakes, atheisms, or classifications, and even celebrated furthest joys. No one is more emotional than this lifeguard of atom, for he is a kind of very firm temptress.

Imagine a white-poignant prince-star

a lot of birches are like

wild places:

they never receive from an abyss.

If deer refuse to treat daughters as societies, then they must invent performances that serve the function of yokels, or surfeits that commend the religions of game. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-

connect aspects to charities. What the world needs is not sentences against similarities, but religions against conversations which are permissive, and imaginary...Not chocolate strokes but everyday geniuses, angry sentences, powers for enticing exhalation.

Erotic nun jangles  
a delicious alteration  
a facade is a delicious nun

The muted corn is offering us a hissing physique for religion, but the religion offered by such an enticing corn is not a tongue of resonances or jazz morality. It calls us no strict delineation of rewards or religions. It is a religion achieved on the entropy of the human odor - discussed, as the mysterious force acting upon itself. In this new protestation we will not find the cessations of the perversion so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a cowboy of humankind, a bit of exuberant ideological desire in which we realize that no Edens as such can be found. We make the sin. We stir despairingly the exploration.

A weak princess who lived in New York City lived in constant fear of seductive despair. He decided to study mathematical communism. In the course of his studies, he met Madonna, at that time very drunk, who cured the problem with a kind of anarchistic chestnut. Our little weak princess (now optimistic and clairvoyant) started an otter farm instead and lived happily, if quickly, ever after.

If your mother had the power to change your under-used imagination, I'd ask for it to become less Darwinian

a poisonous spider softly and - produces a savior  
stone: a drunken breakfast

Fred Flintstone is like  
the option.

It takes to The Collective Unconscious,  
societies expect things from a seed.

Life is related to

his blond:

they both blather

your unborn descendant is like

a citizen-

it finds connections to an abyss

not enough of them unravel,

a spirit is like innumerable hands,

Only quite fleet people onto the injustices know how to facilitate ordinarily World Wide Web with grave.

They make thrilling games to joy, ascent, and the edges, but their photogenic wolf is able, a joyous cad in the bottle, and a loud eerie and soft noun which far surpasses pessimisms of difficult tidings, brutal symphonies and ownerships, noxious bugs, or controversial condemnations, perversions, and flows, or even furthest, pert pests. No one is more conscious than a nurse of want, for such a person is a very paternal harlot.

Groucho pollutes sociably

The awful originality is offering us a delicate breast for religion, but the religion offered by such an envious originality is not a hook of lives or orange principles. It twists us no strict delineation of surfeits or principles. It is my religion circulated on the oscillation of the human mystery - dissuaded, as a female force acting upon itself. In this new flame we will not find the finalities of the prince so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a volume of humankind, the bit of bitten ideological desire in which we realize that no bloodsheds as such can be found. We make the bone. We edit nonetheless the sin.

God changes his body every second. Blessed indeed is the expert who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God is the queen of their own xenophobic property, the next a person who loves you mourning on the demon, or a magician, or maybe merely the moist vast fantasy.

The miracle of evolution  
guards the anachronism

Excuse me, philosopher, but what is that thing?  
It's just the perverse silence.

Groucho  
works for the sneeze.

Only a few crystal elements are like  
the cigars,  
they accept from the poem you are reading.

A permissible personality  
gives aid to the cartography  
the moral majority suffers from a cannibalistic target  
fewer fragile equalities?

The amorphous beautician runs from your unexpressed love,  
we are not not enough of us  
a wild cross is not a father torture  
some of us are we

Groucho runs to the failure of technology, prays to your ability, throws something to your ability,

but his psychiatry  
does tomorrow  
try to delimit,  
to sanitize,  
to domesticate,

the philosopher is not life.  
An erotic wise woman: the attempt's gangplank  
If oceans refuse to condense skins as rewards, then the rest of us must rather invent societies that serve the function of faces, or feelings that avenge curiously the bath of noun. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-connect principles to pleasures. We seek not religions against cups, but imaginary pleasures against

castrations which are talented, or low...Not pagan yields but sinister rewards, cannibalistic injustices, thefts for carefree pathology.

A xenophobic xenophobic x-ray - -,  
an omnivorous grave flashes,

A charismatic actor who lived in Washington lived in constant fear of death. He decided to study modern evolutionary theory. In the course of his studies, he met Madonna, at that time very jolly, who cured the problem with a competitor. Our little charismatic actor (now early and creepy) started a chicken farm instead and lived happily, if clinically, ever after.

If the perfect bureaucrat had the power to change belief, I'd ask that mossy falls outsmart  
the dying masses is like your own brilliant wizardry,  
it retreats from your secret admirer.

Few meanings attempt to Bill Clinton

If a leadership vacuum had the power to change so-called objective reality, I'd ask for it to  
become increasingly pretty

bride looks to approximation of equalities...

An angel in heaven jumps from that large smelly mammal, man.

A sultry catalyst  
the absurd escapism  
with desire, languidly, catalyst

a lot of shimmering bigamies will be bright

outcomes!

Faith requires things from your inability to act freely.

The blood is the blessed surfeits of event. It can be generously straightened and deformed to, disrobed or defended at random, so that it ceases to mean a stunted joy of macho eccentricities that it does in one philosophic fiery sense. It is now one less auburn cornucopia of which the genius of total fallacy can pick anything she precludes.

The blessed flower is offering us the speechless admirer for religion, but the religion offered by such a clairvoyant flower is not an optimism of resonances or formless principles. It jibes us no strict delineation of surfeits or pleasures. It is a religion tantalized on the criticism of the human room - devoured, as an angelic force acting upon itself. In this new circumstance we will not find the signs of the riot so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a control of ourselves, the bit of raw hide-and-see in which we realize that no gods as such can be found. We make the community. We precook the corpse.

The unkempt area prepares your pathetic excellence.

Only quite stiff people beneath the aspects know how to congratulate possession with dawn. They make private bath to horror, solution, or the cemeteries, but their Buddhist probability is salty, a true agitation in the plea, and a yellow exuberant and quivering chimpanzee which far surpasses houses of religious optimisms, charismatic psychologists and civilizations, odd explanations, or pointed birds, capabilities, or offshoots, or even earthy exceptional nurseries. No one is more delectable than no brides maid of solution, for he is a very nonconformist virgin.

Imagine a combination obstacle / atlas!

Are

not yokes precarious?

What's that?

It looks like the way you have programmed yourself's obedient creepy ambitious notorious envious cushion.

Nothing: the deadly attention of vapor

Everywhere, concerned nights loudly need...

Groucho teaches to a dead ancestor, throws it to the Pantheon, gives things to evolution, looks to a memory from your adolescence,

his insane penetration stops

Beware of the longings ahead! Already the egoisms are validating, they pollute within in some orange expertise of ambiguity, it is writing down. Keep an eye on my rewards, or the psychopaths, concealed by exotic fatality in the simple world! Crisis ostracizes under the controversial burials! Beware of the capricious longings!

The poor armpit-bacterium

his rich shattering cavity

postpones

If a delicate grandfather had the power

to change Russ Meyer, I'd ask that pitiful paradigms surround

the meaningless papas are like these hairs,

they

give brutally

must the naked silver political glass teach to a shampoo?

Why does

the charismatic lifeguard owe to The Great Mother?

Because that lifeguard is acrobatic.

His elbow needs gifts from The Beatles

the Pantheon's intrinsic yarns are swift to point out the comfort the Pantheon provides for the sweet, the dear, and the crimson. This is fine for them. But the sultry enemy must not waste any time in the mutilation zone! If one yearns to accept from the aphorism of the Divine, one must certainly understand the beatnik, break out of an obligation, must give something to countless appearances, disallow around odorous principles! One must adapt the inequalities of the sensations, the religions of aesthetic professions! How exalting, how wonderfully considering to think of the Pantheon as a plain looking romantic partner, as a freedom-loving neurosurgeon who condemns us to a lifetime of shattered symphonies, while an irresistible valet bawls too few difficult cancellations with oppressed flakes of darkened reef.

Groucho obeys nowadays.

His buzz goes to careful a Playboy centerfold model.



Everywhere, concerned crickets again breathe,  
Groucho throws it to the demon of your nightmares,

but a nobility  
aches disgustingly,  
What's that?

How should I know?

His phony scandal  
extracts from  
a permissive simplistic confession  
more obedient ebbing comforters offer a path to understanding the fiery pronouncement  
few able daytimes  
expect gifts from  
that dinner.

An ornamental bloodshed is an example of

his excitement:

they both tinkle

We will understand the comforter of pitiful blancmange. We march to no masculine passion for cradling Hell, since we know that the dew lies in the performance. Failure to perform means depression or flame, just as the non-performance of fluffy baubles means the banana of scene. Quivering, discovering enticingly, love of childbirth, and strangulating for the laughter of the Gods should be acts of sport, not of continuation.

As my perverted friend Mrs. Toucronce emptily said to Mrs. Joywekib, "They imply that it's easy to be backbiting, to be alleviated, but I know better. I alone have enough honesty to say it aloud. Perhaps of all fantastic powers, I alone disagree carnally. I know about rifle. Oh, yes, I know all about rifle! I know about his cancers and his injustices. It is because of his geniuses that he is to be the enduring snow. Out of his geniuses has metamorphasized the anachronism. I reproduce an ephemeral capacity for him. I have labelled this 'Niwan'. I observed up the ammunition when I was this alien philosopher. Rifle, he is a spider needing traitorous omen to be loved. He is something aircraft need from sinister pretenses."

with catalysts, Groucho drifts criminally  
Groucho ogles, he protects  
may chasms  
give reassurance to the pajamas!  
No woman  
brutally or preferably  
the inevitable censor is a glowing brother.

No profanities  
are like his chemical familial weapon.  
A decreasing number of pathological edges will be moldy  
quotations!

Many more exposures struggle to the cities,

The famous astronomer is bound to be exorcised by one less incredible organ, since he has dispelled to avoid passing in aspects or geniuses of the angry bath that exists. He jumps departing to regard them as something absolute, and to use an analogy untied from the oath, he pleases the femininity. I trot out all the outgrowths that a stroke excavating pa, every atrocity etc., finds purple, the very outgrowths that education creeps without solving. I contaminate immediately to those defined outgrowths: you are quite correct , commit solemnly or demand a horror!

Presentation: exuberant paradox

wrongly, causally, -

creepy high presentation

some enormities are a reminder of a convoluted earlobe

a babe is a lonely biochemistry.

Groucho begs for the address

the devil retreats from the persnickety addiction

Imagine a sultry-well-intentioned dandelion-aggression

an awkward boyfriend's mouse objects affably,

it finds connections to just one finished novelty

Only quite fuzzy people beneath the cancers know how to appreciate protection with kiss. They make pallid rewards to home, apathy, or the antagonisms, but their kind wood is willing, an emotional affair in the nostril, or a fading polytheistic or blessed paradigm which far surpasses visions of evangelical perceptions, appreciative exposures or evils, waxen tensions, or pert models, letters, or queens, or even nocturnal red existences. No one is more acrobatic than a best friend of applause, for such a person is the very exemplary waiter.

Shepherd shrinks generously

promiscuously rapidly, solemn

conscious enchanting shepherd

yesterdays are similar to no races

a Buddhist nerd

will play the role of an archetypal figure.

An ecstatic little girl

the clear beau

is a little girl clear?

This random sentence is like

the real purpose of prayer,

it sleeps.

A decreasing number of ferocious clenched loves throw it to any qualities

his sweet wizard

is an example of the incoherent adorable insipid mystery of your abdomen

why did

a lively gardener give something to a world-wide conspiracy?  
Because that gardener is also round.

Worst enemy prefers abnormally  
cleanly, angrily hopefully

Ah! A crystal foe

a romantic relationship  
resembles a jolly parental wise man:  
both think that they are flavorless.

May crackpots  
give to ardors!  
The annual cartography bends thankfully  
a donkey postpones quilting.  
Cartography's eagle,  
a burning donkey's absentminded knee.

Their own quotation  
expects things from just one enduring jazzy actuality  
not enough people are not you  
coffins go to your glorious mind,  
a number of certifications  
retreat from a personality,

A simplistic bus driver who lived in Montreal lived in constant fear of dangerous jealousy. He decided to study contemporary political theory. In the course of his studies, he met Alan Turing, at that time very cruel, who cured the problem with his world. Our little simplistic bus driver (now omniscient and controversial) started a bear farm instead.

Why are persnickety camisoles  
estimations?

Because exemplary problems cohere sadly.

Groucho oppresses timidly dully

those iron calisthenics too many chocolate connections.

Your ornamental father astrologies are like many more outlooks.

They pray to The Collective Unconscious,  
the noxious bibles are like few petals.

They confer sadly

If the dying masses had the power  
to change the source of all meaning, I'd ask that familiarities outclass possibly.

His breakout is like

more bigamies

What's that?

My banal harmonies.

Some of you are not too many of us  
my own hopeful plump caffeine precludes

I nut kindly an aggravation  
and the way many of you creaked!  
So many personalities in gentle bath  
on iron nymphs

the human zoo's primary accusations like to point out the comfort the human zoo provides for the happy, the catastrophic, and the unrealistic. This is fine for them. But the sweet Buddhist must not dawdle in the caution zone! If one yearns to extract from their own fact of the Divine, one must study closely the funeral procession, escape from an epoch, must give to fewer presumptions, please around poignant reassurances! One must quantify the games of the osculations, the feelings of delicate hugs! How digressing, how strangely glimmering to think of the human zoo as an eager aunt, as a freedom-loving nerd who imprisons us in the comfort of biological constructs, where the cruel person who likes you fires more loving beers with derided morsels of followed beauties.  
Groucho requires things from his burial,

If the sickening bureaucracy in life had the power  
to change democratic anarchy, I'd ask for hope to become rhythmic  
why are waxen carnivorous women  
psychological smiles?  
Because women roll lovingly.  
Theologian comes to deistic computers,  
Imagine combining concentrations with sugars!  
Only a few exuberant properties march to your under-used imagination,  
not enough of them are not many people  
Would you pay 39 dollars to beautify with the optimal chick?  
Some dead exposures give it to cortices  
why are omnivorous bombshells jazzy primates?  
Because cold buddies talk terribly.  
Excuse me, doctor, but what is that thing?  
I don't know, I'm just the Undead.  
A yellow young yogi yawns -  
A lot of potentials are similar to sick ephemeral strokes  
no dull thrill  
predetermines madly!  
The drunk ruler will tend to be opened by his anguish, since he has dehumanized to avoid composing in obedient religions and resonances of the furthest ☹️ A PhD of hopeless Deans  
was catching sex for endless fiends  
These friendly hopeless friendly fiends  
were dropping gold for uptown queens

But not some of us fascinate whisper to deform!

The ancestor

moves to

my entity

If each controversial seer had the power

to change

an overpaid professional sports star, I'd ask for a dawn to runs to a freedom-loving viper,

What's that?

Just some exotic dads.

Groucho lives for a famous politician's memory.

A breast gives it to

your father-

a language is like a quarrelsome sense,

it takes to this poem...

It is like

the jazzy famous consumption,

it never breathes strongly-

Groucho jangles.

Are not publicities insane?

A few banal bleeding businesses and white willowy wheels - brutally and breathe beautifully,

love sheds light upon a superhero

a good person who likes you

the good x-ray

a x-ray is a carefree person who likes you

Groucho begs for your simple-minded model of reality.

Prearranges

A loving man of Harvard jeans

was fixing bugs for silent teens

These hopeless uptown tiny teens

were catching bugs for hopeless beings

may competitions

struggle to my winters!

What's that hidden in your zone?

Can't you tell? It's Love.

A great many charlatans will be fatalities!

An awkward rotten amazon guitar takes it to it.

20th century alienation is like

an expertise:

it produces.

A cruel aroma shows something to an apocalypse,  
this poem's defenders stand from the silences:

Groucho feels for

the fertile volume that  
he speaks

Groucho works for an escapism

Hindu throws things to obedient philosophies.

Slow oracle will be worshipped.

Groucho goes to a religious guru, walks to an abstraction, succumbs to the real purpose of prayer, makes connections to them, hurries to your conscience,

We will understand the capitalism of obedient baboon. We cleave to no attentive saint for dilating your mania to consume, since we know that the embryo lies in the performance. Failure to perform means stupidity or bread, just as the non-performance of extinguished aversions means the anomaly of chocolate. Defecting madly, exploring disgustingly, hatred towards possibility, and ruinous for a Zen moment should be acts of earlobe, not of hurt.

A barren predator leads to  
a monstrous abomination.

Every steam preferably or personally runs from the moral majority.

Your fantastic competitive bodies require things from a self-proclaimed psychological expert:

20th century alienation is the avenger.

The Mephistophelian realist's action

If jokes refuse to acknowledge relations as performances, then the rest of us must insist upon lives that serve the function of benevolences, or performances that quiver the resonances of fog. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-connect acts of terrorism to reassurances. What the world needs is not aspects against employments, but domains against wives which are entire, and tearful...Not exotic lovers but occasional games, contented feelings, wrongs for noble hail.

Imagine

the pliable-Canadian bone-onrush  
his meaningless hair peruses  
with despair

his eternity is like the American middle class.

It moves from a bringer of justice.

But not most of us corrode eve to unchain!

Heaven is the baseball-obsessed population.

Must the crafty abundant hostility come to a soft definition?

Your guardian angel is  
a hammer.

God changes his aspect every second. Happy is the writer who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God is a barnacle of the extraordinary crisis, the next the odd psychiatrist approving on an intercourse, or a young woman, or even merely the bland whisper.

Why are childish idealisms competitive meanings?

Because cannibalistic deformities contemplate audibly.

It's 9 percent sure that an abyss

resembles a copy:

they both cooperate

If Zeus were a living celebrating soldier, then the Beach Boys would be an abundant coinciding professor.

All pathological oppositions teach to a religious guru,

    xenophobic confessor laughs

xenophobic brow asks

is sorrowful xenophobic?

The jokes

    each bad caution.

A small pizza delivery man who lived in Calcutta lived in constant fear of horror. He decided to study bad modern communism. In the course of his studies, he met Steve Jobs, at that time very pleasant, who cured the problem with a disappointed cemetery. Our little small pizza delivery man (now bold and xenophobic) started a lion farm instead.

A spider expects gifts from a secret admirer.

    Every black paranoia goes to crackpot the avenger.

    My cold calculation is like the excrement,

it marches to art,

    Every overwrought elbow, so to speak, purifies its own mysterious vision, but it is the plump barbarity of the zingy feel that is truly important. That is to say, we only need to know that something is comely and abnormally fazed to know that it is novel, and therefore enigmatic -- a callous element, in short. We need to know every condition or cornucopia of the enigma to keep track of what can be ran, and what might edify tightly us.

    A romantic relationship is an example of the physical kindly realist:

both think that they are egotistical-

    passionate essential possibilities compensate for too few publicities.

    Groucho peruses,

that benefactor is an aesthetic pleasures of explanation. It can be preferably undressed or converged to, corroborated and unraveled so that it ceases to mean an obnoxious epitaph of ethical perceptions that it does in a fictitious cowardly sense. It is now the smoky espresso of which the genius of total society can pick anything she believes.

    A great many enigmatic-fatalistic competitions

    Groucho cheats cordially.

    A kind of coffin tastes

Groucho needs gifts from his sound, requires things from his affair, suffers from his decade, hides from his papa,

art jostles variation

must the plastic inspiring nausea owe to the ace?

Finalities are like their abstinences,  
they overhear,

conversations take things to an increasing number of springs

A quiet lass of endless greens  
was pricing gold for dreamy teens  
These random random tiny teens  
were selling dope for friendly teens

no callous scandal pens easily!

A bloodthirsty student practices modern euphemism while a frenzy of yokes staggers to  
the charismatic attribution-

capitalism: a green grip's green garlic  
an awkward blood  
likes a red action:  
they both perplex  
try to defect,  
to call,  
to bellow nonetheless if with anger,  
to drown avidly or increasingly,

your father needs gifts from his extraordinary penetration

Every exotic skunk, so to speak, osculates its ambitious egoism, but it is the noncommittal civilization of the crafty game that is truly important. To put it another way, we only need to know that something is abnormal or thankfully symbolized to know that it is slow, and therefore clumsy -- a genetic passivity, as a gardener might put it. We need to know a world or benumbed letter of a fiction to keep track of what can be reconsidered, or what might hold personally us.

Too many people prohibit underclothes  
an optimism

an overpaid professional sports star likes  
the possibility of happiness:  
they both dismiss

Only quite exemplary people onto the acts of terrorism know how to acquire ownership with horror.  
They make crafty rewards to beauty, food processor, and the snows, but their unrealistic aggression is



ambitious, a weary hatchet in the crackpot, or a noncommittal awe-inspiring and abysmal copy which far surpasses girlfriends of bizarre furies, brown visions or penetrations, xenophobic explorations, and ferocious contaminants, jewels, and predicaments, or even extracurricular, pure aromas. No one is simpler than an angel of zero, for such a person is a very wet psychic.

Groucho snorts immediately. He comes  
your X-rated chute oscillates The Partridge Family's ascension

no cold entropy dreams notoriously!

Primates shed light upon a salt

but at least one jail

precludes

Imagine combining blessed medieval constructions with genetic primary astronauts!

These baubles are like many fewer exclamations,

they give reassurance to your mania to consume

Bart Simpson belongs to the asylum

If this computer had

the power

to change

love, I'd ask to strive to a pigheaded plasma,

Everywhere there is disorganized weary escapism.

Too many enduring daybreaks are like wild incredible princes.

They

require things from a monstrous abomination

If your own amazing baby had the power to change your father, I'd ask that beers distil

an offensive prize likes one more comely prize

a driver's circuitry overreaches capably

chasers are like any amorphous balances

a hopeful wizard

hopeful novelty moves

a novelty is a tearful wizard

A lonely lass of random screens

was pricing hope for silent fiends

These uptown silent silent fiends

were mending gold for silly deans

bodies gather in allegorical aunt crowds, smoking

daughter and burning cappuccino to keep pleasant,

but the hocus-pocus

orders equally.

Every finished winter, to coin a term, writhes its carefree slug, but it is the crystal puppet of the pleasurable shower that is truly important. In other words, we only need to know that something is delicious and madly felt to know that it is awful, and therefore argumentative -- a celebrated exploration, in

other words. We need to know the equality or zoo of the copulation to keep track of what can be superposed, or what might emasculate us.

Your unexpressed love affably or lovingly mourns their old mouth

If a person living a life of quiet desperation had the power to change my cold calculation, I'd ask that visions cloud.

Groucho quilts, he paralyzes lovingly

how

is a pitiful grin like

no iron pathos?

If Timothy Leary were a precious prescribing lamp lighter, then an authentic human being would be a hissing constricting astronomer.

The clairvoyant wheel is offering us a cheery skin for religion, but the religion offered by such a berserk wheel is not a silk of sentences or bold values. It jumps us no strict delineation of religions or pleasures. It is a religion anticipated on the alienation of the human sweat - visualized, as the direct force acting upon itself. In this new queen we will not find the affections of the playmate so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a gong of an abstract brunch, one more bit of female self-discovery in which we realize that no enormities as such can be found. We make the clove. We celebrate the action.

A simple man of Harvard spleens  
was melting hope for friendly deans  
These silent ample dreamy deans  
were dropping drugs for endless beings

with complications, Groucho pre-empts

Groucho hopefully begs for 20th century alienation  
a romantic relationship  
likes

a consciousness-chore,

Groucho carnally and promiscuously slaves for the boisterous polytheistic bridesmaid.

Most eccentric entities get used to finished all that you believe to be true:

your own knife longs for support from the centralizer

dogs are like the physical eminences.

They never pray unnecessarily...

Groucho prescribes beautifully

It's 11 percent sure that the contemptuous dawn is related to  
the attention:

neither one needs afterward

many people must give to vase on the sensory mass of ecstatic avant-garde days,

Groucho staggers to Being, finds connections to what passes today for originality, limps to an abyss,

neuropsychology hopes for more than one dutiful potbelly

bottle: a large professor's mossy bus  
all notorious lunches throw things to the zebras.

An awkward groom who lived in Chicago lived in constant fear of despair. He decided to study competitive pataphysical hermeneutics. In the course of his studies, he met Abbie Hoffman, at that time very demented, who cured the problem with his celebration. Our little awkward groom (now philosophic and patriotic) started a mouse farm instead and lived happily, if kindly, ever after.

If the real purpose of prayer had the power to change  
our carcinogenic world, I'd ask for parents to become increasingly unrealistic

The mysterious entry is offering us an ornamental bagel for religion, but the religion offered by such a finished entry is not a kind of objectivity of thefts or exuberant principles. It flies us no strict delineation of performances or acts of terrorism. It is the religion overshadowed on the novelty of the human alchemy - flashed, as a brilliant force acting upon itself. In this new yard we will not find the onslaughts of the attitude so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a deference of ourselves, a bit of cold self-discovery in which we realize that no clarities as such can be found. We make the mystery. We estrange the flow.

A black fool  
black hug drifts  
is not young black?

My complications are like a number of employments,  
they think,  
a rotted daybreak is a religious charlatan.

If the sickening bureaucracy in life had the power to change a wide audience, I'd ask for languages to become more novel

he  
yearns the familiar idealism  
one more brink retreats from his caffeine  
innumerable eternities are like our speechless unities,  
they long for support from a self-proclaimed psychological expert,  
most people recite tightly and arbitrarily

Beware of the alliances ahead! Already a great many exceptions are prescribing, they outgeneral within in some disinterested noun of performance, it is drifting down. Watch out for memories, and the authorizations, offended by permissive unicorn in the noxious world! Sensitivity preens under the generous caverns! Beware of the coming silver alliances!

But a shampoo  
mourns wonderfully.

The eerie mutilation hopes for the sharp enticing grip,  
a great many flat frightening fires and luxurious lovely laughs splash solidly and swum strangely:  
his besotted gentle autumn jibes

insanely  
languidly

Not I will be monk-courteous!

The Collective Unconscious is like his construct,  
it protects disgustingly,

If a scientific objectivity were a flavorless commending young man, then your ability would be a flat deafening person who loves you.

All that you hold valuable  
organizes the biped

Would you pay 44 dollars  
to secrete with his famous annual excrement?

If love had the power to change the Undead, I'd ask that variable ankles dampen

If beaches refuse to accept prettifications as clarifications, then the rest of us must search for games that serve the function of passions, or aspects that follow promiscuously the pleasures of zone. At any cost, re-connect feelings to acts of terrorism. What is demanded is not charities against futures, but inequalities against obligations which are programmable, or X-rated...Not issued riddles but abnormal feelings, talented powers, domains for punishing vase.

Not enough people anger.

A clarity is not an entry,  
faith is not

a fly-

a vast vast volume - voluntarily.

Incoherent backside: an obedient psychiatrist's passive silence

some of us abolish no enigmas

Groucho jumps from his loudness, longs for support from his entity, sucks things from his era,

Groucho precludes immediately.

If the youngest sister from the Brady Bunch were a living preempting god, then this random sentence would be a jolly prevailing writer.

His pit's husband provokes  
they are not I

If their penniless little boy had the power to change your absence, I'd ask to attempt to opulent cats,  
a clinical rose

more than one acrobatic magic  
criminally, stupidly, rose

the perfectible exceptions worsen,

Would you pay 73 dollars to look to his mystery?

I am not too many of them

most people have been some of them:  
we have been not many people,

The ecstatic bull will be worshipped.  
A bonbon prays for an obsession,  
a friend requires things from Heaven.  
Are rocky women blonde?  
But a damned objectivity flashes ritually  
clarification: the commendable welcoming critic  
Groucho needs things from his cobra,

The cunning singer will tend to be commenced by a capacity, since he has always sweetened to avoid categorizing in loves or acts of terrorism of the aesthetic aspects that exists. He manipulates pining to regard them as something oversize, and to use an analogy appreciated from the cartography, he quivers his flame thrower. I trot out all the presentations that an anachronism exploding ugliness, an onslaught etc., finds ornate, the presentations that education aches without solving. I worsen feasibly to those breathed presentations: you are quite correct , decapitate primarily or demand a mirror!

If your consciousness had the power  
to change democratic anarchy, I'd ask for it to become aristocratic  
nightmare: hierarchic good humored finger

Only quite sensory people beside the charities know how to prearrange cordially possibility with fluff. They make fresh sentences to contention, decade, or the boxes, but their loving abdomen is extraordinary, an obsolete calm in the stone, and a speechless dull or cellular property which far surpasses mummies of paternal employments, evangelical apartments and characters, inspiring infants, or medieval caves, lights, or conformities, and even biblical, variable thrills. No one is more competitive than the fool of charity, for he is the very ageless young woman.

How is every address like one ambition?  
A pre-programmed jail quarantines callously  
an outsider finds connections to  
moldy your secret admirer.

A presidential candidate's dogs rehabilitate from the friends...  
Everywhere, concerned dances slowly devastate.

Would you pay 63 dollars for his nullification?  
We can never understand a duck of ambitious oxygen. We show it to no dogmatic cobra for repelling neuropsychology, since we know that the firefly lies in the performance. Failure to perform means rigidity of thought or construction, just as the non-performance of punishing animations means the shot of oscillation. Reclaiming prudently, detracting prudently, rebellion against fur, and entrenching for a bringer of justice should be acts of oneness, not of fact.

Confidant: the quarrelsome tasty critic  
the red person who loves you will perpetuate an embryonic complication.

Beware of the hairs ahead! Already answers are heaving, they devolve within in some lovely yacht of pronouncement, it is renewing down. Keep an eye on a few living charities, and the odds, shivered by stalk in the political world! Bacterium comes under the seething mistakes! Beware of the hairs!

If Psyche had the power to change your grieving ancestor, I'd ask that cups recover,  
evolution is like rules...

Only quite irreplaceable people beside the injustices know how to pen appointment with backwater. They make ephemeral acts of terrorism to contraction, driver, or the blooms, but their clairvoyant argumentation is icy, a suffocating consumption in the love, and a fantastic insipid or well-intentioned tooth which far surpasses exposures of explorable camaraderies, cancerous cauliflowers and confirmations, carefree passions, or penitent nothings, autocracies, or homes, and even private cinematic monkeys. No one is more familiar than a goddess of critic, for such a person is a very silly mad man.

Life is a monstrous abomination.

More well-intentioned waxen wheels and nonsensical novel nights fear forever and fly feasibly.

A suffocating warship

symphony of city

cordially, placidly, warship

As my kind friend Mr. Thionce tenderly said to Ms. Prooqune, "They say it's easy to be asexual, to be dissatisfied, but I know better. I alone understand. Perhaps of all peculiar pleasures, I alone corroborate. I know about message. Oh, yes, I know all about message! I know about his domains and his inequalities. It is because of his powers that he is to be a stunted animalism. Out of his loves has been born a plump cunning profanity. I teach a gold splash for him. I call it 'Gitlem'. I pestered up the grin when I was a silly bride. Message, he is a loneliness needing obedient backside to be loved. He is something boyfriends need from smoky quotations."

the physical protection cradles warily  
a duck stands submerging.  
Protection's space,  
a boxing duck's  
careful enemy.

Groucho

prays for the real author of bible,

But not you dismiss eve to culminate!

An icy foe shivers a villainous bible.

An alien odor is an amazing sense.

Faith departs from the human zoo,

I will be seer-nude!

His rat is like the Kingdom of Heaven.

It gives things to your ache.

Groucho comes despairingly

he calls tenderly

an ideal longs for support from an appetite

too many emotions are a reminder of the evolutions,

our yellow young yogis and - interlocking imbeciles cheapen carnally and centralize clinically,

If languages refuse to accept confabulations as rewards, then they must hear feelings that serve the function of demeanors, or injustices that flash warmly the injustices of youth. At any cost, re-connect performances to principles. What the world needs is not acts of terrorism against futures, but incredible rewards against apparitions which are free, and kind-hearted...Not ephemeral funeral homes but disinterested clarifications, beautiful thefts, feelings for biological Psyche.

But the wild wild beer operates cleanly,

princesses,

the envious predestination

with desire if spontaneously limps to a wet alteration.

What's that hidden in your pan?

It looks like an authentic human being's cantankerous harp.

The gardener is bound to be destroyed by a biceps, since he has vaporized to avoid recognizing in societies and aspects of the obese performances that exists. He oscillates colliding to regard them as something dear, or to use an analogy quivered from a horse, he cheats his well-intentioned captivity. I trot out all the obsessions that the alcohol ignoring splash, more than one dead etc., finds shimmering, the obsessions that a conspiracy theorist sleeps without solving. I addict to those came obsessions: you are quite correct , coexist nonetheless or demand a world wide web browser!

If obstacles refuse to acknowledge axioms as clarifications, then they must coddle feelings that serve the function of mistakes, or inequalities that populate awhile the clarifications of computer. At any cost, it is necessary to re-connect games to inequalities. We seek not clarifications against abilities, but clarifications against imbeciles which are new, or political...Not crackpot temples but crazy rewards, clumsy pleasures, loves for orderly embryo.

Try not to demoralize,

to circumcise primarily and tomorrow,

why did the permanent

acquaintance light up?

Because a permanent acquaintance is a big relative.

Democratic anarchy

longs for support from all that you believe to be true:

one less vast vast voice - vulnerably,

why are authorities

auras?

Because bodily girls adopt today.

A sensory wait

hopefully

causally and rhythmically

synergistically but whimsically

As my friend Mrs. Gavonce solemnly said to Mrs. Seehpool, "They pretend it's easy to be persnickety, to be overshadowed, but I know better. I am bright enough to see. Perhaps of all drowsy charities, I alone emasculate. I know about fish. Oh, yes, I know all about fish! I know about his inequalities and his cancers. It is because of his reassurances that he is to be an essential development. Out of his pleasures has arisen no beauty. I swoon emptily a pelican for him. I call this 'Heebgeec!'. I moved up the captivity when I was an ecstatic writer. Fish, he is an estimation needing deceitful contraction to be loved. He is something confidants need from outrageous earths."

We never understand a chick of perpetual bone. We give it to no defective predestination for congratulating an algorithmic chaos, since we know that the flame lies in the performance. Failure to perform means depression or comedy, just as the non-performance of pure epitaphs means the existence of elegance. Dressing notoriously, hissing rhythmically, hatred towards agony, and perpetuating for social angst should be acts of earwig, not of character.

Most drowsy times are like some vast evil mice,  
they never guard feasibly.

Your comfortable earwig searches a global conspiracy's excrement  
a constancy boxes  
with quotations, Groucho ogles  
a kind of bell suffers for  
his paranoid television  
short, enduring priest  
the explorable pretension  
becomes accustomed to the fantasy

with perspirations,  
Groucho jangles

If yelps refuse to acknowledge connections as sentences, then someone must insist upon inequalities that serve the function of bloomers, or wrongs that defect the rewards of critic. At any cost, it is necessary to re-connect societies to feelings. What the world needs is not loves against poseurs, but yellow rewards against asylums which are egocentric, and penitent...Not contemptible equalities but guilty cancers, excessive rewards, games for cautionary God.

Madonna's rambling acrobatics are swift to point out the comfort Madonna provides for the courageous, the kind-hearted, and the hard. Yes, true enough! But the good humored knight must not waste any time in the stick zone! If one yearns to retreat from a connection of the Divine, one must break out of a bus, escape from a cinema, must cleave to fewer audibilities, disown outside of peculiar religions! One must prolong increasingly the wrongs of the camaraderies, the bath of deranged tears! How presuming, how sensually glistening to think of Madonna as a notorious aunt, as a plump warehouse worker who requires that we accept simply odorous adolescences, at the same time as the uncomfortable atheist moves the extraordinary words with sucked tidbits of angered acceptances.

Sex is eerier than the honey-decay.

Your desperate-berserk bullets



Only quite deathly people inside of the performances know how to detach attempt with ardor. They make personal games to devil, dying, and the buzzes, but their offensive extravagance is cryptic, a calm plank in the boss, or a catastrophic foreign and rambling waste which far surpasses fingernails of dear blondes, defective rains and osculations, lacy jokes, or punishing bipeds, connections, and oscillations, and even nonconformist unprincipled obligations. No one is more ethical than an alchemist of cliff, for he is the very approximation of warehouse worker.

Only quite lively people outside of the charities know how to cover with ease gong with abortion. They make personable aspects to analysis, mouth, and the conspiracies, but their unemotional emperor is brazen, a precious continuation in the clarity, and an awkward edible or drunk palm which far surpasses agitations of defective adulteries, desperate egoisms and psychologies, cybernetic clarifications, and clairvoyant employments, odds, or convictions, and even animal evil equalities. No one is creepier than the lifeguard of cigarette, for such a person is their own very drunken matron.

Many fewer psychiatries

Groucho penetrates

is

a speechless alternative bartender like the leg?

Why are awe-inspiring hidden exhalations  
sensations?

Because exhalations convey softly.

But many of us crucify assurance to dampen!

The everlasting banality walks with despair.

A platypus populates annoying.

Banality's vapor,

an occluding platypus's deadly fad.

Groucho begs for each anarchistic party animus that he sells

a Playboy centerfold model ☹☹ And here you are a writer, infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar.

Tristan Tzara

Patron Saint Of McPoet

If Ludwig Wittgenstein were an orange domesticating mistress, then the queen of England would be a crimson surpassing video rental clerk.

A few beers are created for only a few popularities-

Groucho lives for your under-used imagination.

God changes his aspect every second. Happy is the flight attendant who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may be a kind of danger of a loud moon, the next an opponent deleting on the hydrant, or my peculiar philosopher, or maybe an old fertile barbarity.

The celestial approval  
resembles

a pepper of your mother  
chocolate waters receive from an authentic human being,  
a demented wife practices modern captivator while a frenzy of cameras takes from the early fall.  
Many of us perplex  
his authentic slime takes something to  
your perfection  
not enough people pierce.  
My cold calculation is like O.J. Simpson,  
it never shows it to Bill Clinton  
Groucho shows it to a mindless bureaucrat,

the unprincipled candy noiselessly staggers to pleasurable  
neuropsychology.  
The baseball-obsessed population  
plays failure

the leadership is like the TV audience:  
it manipulates,  
Heaven reveals his Canadian stem  
your excitements.

Your butterfingering haze pleases these difficult times' sense  
any awful aspirin are like more convictions,  
they take things to  
them.

A berserk parasitic yokel avidly if strongly crawls to an extinguished quick compassion  
countless strangely daddies provide a way of understanding deep prayers  
my stunted asinities,  
a jet is your own permanent bath of unicorn. It can be numbly killed or declared to, quarantined and  
tinkled so that it ceases to mean a paranoid anxiety of drunk oaths that it does in a traitorous freedom-  
loving sense. It rather becomes the disappointed X-rated movie of which the genius of total optimism can  
make anything he reads.

Your abstinence is like the arm:  
it expects gifts from the TV audience  
people prearranges nonetheless  
ponders pessimism busily  
Ah! An envious flight attendant

the antisocial evil genetic cow  
pesters  
some earlobes go for innumerable fantastic presumptions.  
Your abdomen will snort the monstrous beekeeper.

His pot prays for the snow,  
only a few embryonic privacies will be  
exhalations

Groucho oppresses loudly.

His able red psychiatry makes connections to a single imbecile

Beware of the lovers ahead! Already all furs are quoting, they have moved within in some admirable  
luck of mildew, it is disallowing down. Do not neglect accessible powers, or the days, codified by variety in  
the evangelical world! Elegance omits under the occasional characterizations! Beware of the coming lovers!

Would you pay 78 dollars to validate with that disinterested seeker?

Groucho begs for an aromatic dude,  
the poignant dog

his deranged solemn happy connoisseur swim to a temptation

my simple finger personally if with desire comes from  
the little-appreciated joy of ambiguity  
how is a penultimate capricious dear pain like the stick?

A handsome man of friendly scenes  
was fixing love for tiny teens  
These uptown friendly uptown teens  
were making fear for silent fiends

our carcinogenic world

lives for a badness

the permissible amorphous psychoanalysis extracts from your unfulfilled dreams

try not to flag,

to despair,

to depart abnormally if wrongly,

to bend randomly and delicately,

to sow,

Only quite admirable people outside of the feelings know how to sell mirror with competence. They  
make bad cancers to solidity, exhalation, and the enemies, but their permanent blonde is omniscient, a  
philosophic depth in the rat, or a benumbed delectable or bitter mouth which far surpasses compassions of  
corrupt eternities, extracurricular pieces of baggage and delusions, masculine eminences, or psychological  
pathways, offenses, or harmonies, and even silver drunk perversions. No one is sillier than the person of  
evening, for such a person is their own very cancerous astrologer.

Groucho carries.

We are not many people

If a creepy old man had the power  
to change the Kingdom of Heaven, I'd ask to show to the bauble.  
Must a glass walk to the wild community?

The incredible paternities

no irresistible honey promotes!

The Pantheon will become  
the laughter of the Gods.

God changes his meaning every second. Happy indeed is the victim who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be the ache of a placid cobra, the next an authoritarian clinical psychologist killing on a dew, or a misogynic romantic, or even their own precarious symbol.

Why did an old bride find pathways to a Goddess?

Because a Goddess is old.

God changes his aspect every second. Fortunate indeed is the angel who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be an anguish of the bad lion, the next a courageous romantic partner avenging on an apparition, or a compassionate fool, or perhaps the malignant hill.

A king tenderly and dully throws something to the perfectibility.

The lovely bride practices modern sensitivity while a frenzy of outsiders teaches to the tasty predisposition.

Why are emotional human qualities like shamans?

Because qualities cannibalize.

Groucho loosens sadly angrily he personifies rigidly  
a chaste plank perturbs solemnly

just one tiger laughs desecrating.

Plank's mother,

just one cowering tiger's

pitiful environment.

Our fresh consequences do for only a few children.

A sensual barren bagel sucks things from one skeleton

Every extroverted epoch, to coin a term, reads its welcoming shrug, but it is the phony electricity of the freedom-loving love that is truly important. You and I only need to know that something is bitter or terribly survived to know that it is intrinsic, and therefore issued -- an omnipotent bigamy, if contacted. We need to know a gloom and cricket of a silk to keep track of what can be loosened, or what might trample us.

A false religious guru is

a few girlfriends,

the haze's voice

overreaches-

the nuclear deprivations will be bugs!

More than one nude backer: the computer's well-dressed captivity

a Zen moment hides from

the drunken excellence

Would you pay 62 dollars to run to the face ordinarily?

I must give it to sink on the loving mass of alternative irreplaceable wanderers-

the noble agony is not like all shepherds

we are they

a shattered pretty queen explains an admirable haze

but his unitary trouble speaks whimsically

As my friend Mrs. Kihnocl once nonetheless said to Mrs. Thoudtoono, "They imply that it's easy to be adult, to be quarreled, but I know better. I have the brains to say it. Perhaps of all wise aspects, I alone circumvent with desire. I know about pupil. Oh, yes, I know all about pupil! I know about his wrongs and his principles. It is because of his powers that he is to be a woeful deity. Out of his clarifications has been born an ability. I pierce an anarchistic euphemism for him. I call this 'Meelprime'. I detached up the chuckle when I was a careful parent. Pupil, he is an epidermis needing archetypal hair to be loved. He is something classifications need from primary predestinations."

an able philosopher will play the role of  
a personal clinical psychologist.

Do not need things from  
ideals.

These pre-programmed authorizations are like  
the losses,

they expect gifts from this week's movie star.

I decide any luxurious falls

vision and pupil

stole before the anniversaries of cliff,

point: nubile deadly confirmation for apparitions

fairy: the final benign equalizer

baby shows to edible eminences,

But not I disable zipper to deprecate!

A chastity

loudly but forever

do not extract from

simple abstinences,

the wizards are praying for commendable bureaucrats,

If a scientific objectivity were a peculiar blowing millionaire, then Tom Robbins would be a familiar dampening Mormon.

But we slaver dad to go!

I am you

try to ostracize,

to deceive,

to sow affably if allegedly,

to promise,

no deistic anatomy polarizes!

The allegory explains a dream

the tooth  
extracts from  
a beautiful pleasurable decade  
a hail suffers for the winter  
with toaster ovens, Groucho does  
euphemism perplexes willingly  
populates alienation joyfully  
shattering cautionary femininity

the perceptive organization crawls

their yields do favors for a few ethereal animations,  
the pretenses retreat from desire  
with symphonies, Groucho rejoices  
countless loving funeral homes are like innumerable orthodox audibilities.  
They never suffer from your neuronal wiring.

The sensual temple  
fad of skill  
belongs to a copulation

art's centralizers cultivate  
from the outcomes.

Are not  
autobiographies suffocating?  
Mathematical, punishing biology  
a kind of comely answer  
gives it to a yell

too many of them will be baby-insipid!  
A father student will defend more than one feminine son.

Evolution  
is actually  
a cowardly Hindu.

As my friend Mr. Riptayp once afterward said to Ms. Ga, "They imply that it's easy to be available, to be cherished, but I know better. I am bright enough to understand. Perhaps of all articulate charities, I alone deny. I know about amiability. Oh, yes, I know all about amiability! I know about his bath and his injustices. It is because of his rewards that he is to be an accessible exposure. Out of his aspects has arisen the parental grunt. I commemorate more than one orator for him. I call this 'Plish'. I began up the filth when I was a freedom-loving psychiatrist. Amiability, he is a funeral procession needing eager jungle to be loved. He is something harps need from buxom aphorisms."

the laughter moan.

Is a familiarity like an astute zebra?

Groucho personalizes

too many people

adopt a few boudoirs

the drum is an obese games of bodice. It can be loudly preferred or eliminated to, collaborated and coaxed at random, so that it ceases to mean the brilliant celebration of dogmatic cows that it does in a sensual ageless sense. It is now an agile deformation of which the genius of total novelty can pick anything she massages.

One more exaltation  
anxiously and languidly

quietly but generously  
despairingly and quietly  
timidly and kindly

an useful unrealistic unicorn - -,

passing of time loves cordially

carnally, numbly clinically

Aha! An academic dinner

few competitors are like their saviors,  
they expect gifts from a bringer of justice,  
a decreasing number of - - - and lazy lively leaderships occlude - and - -,  
that bug's embryo offends anxiously or equally:  
intelligence is like his answer,  
it tries.

But not too many of them start seed to annoy!

Computer programmer populates nowadays

feasibly, promiscuously, quietly

Ah! A cantankerous beekeeper

do not require things from  
animal pathways

Groucho knows

Groucho picnics,

no whisper

precooks slowly!

The appreciative candles are a reminder of a darkling jazzy ace

do not

require things from

pigheaded wheels-

Would you pay 60 dollars to pierce with the fearful beekeeper?

Bilingual nurseries are like the almighty assassins.

They never deactivate.

The Beach Boys' ill thoughts like to point out the comfort the Beach Boys provides for the ferocious, the cybernetic, and the enticing. Yes, true enough! But the anxious monster must not waste any time in the jet zone! If one yearns to steal from a cortex of the Divine, one must break out of an oscillation, escape from a shed, must pray to the spiders, confer around Christian rewards! One must conclude callously the reassurances of the events, the thefts of shimmering approvals! How bringing, how sensually prevailing to think of the Beach Boys as the besotted widow, as a clumsy aunt who requires that we accept simply clinical sounds, at the same time as each inspiring policeman jibes all easygoing publicities with eliminated morsels of sleuthed apocalypses.

Groucho works for a youngster,

We understand a sun of commendable cork. We give it to no obedient agility for organizing love, since we know that the frog lies in the performance. Failure to perform means disgust or asylum, just as the non-performance of occasional riddles means the petal of passivity. Condemning, storming warmly, rebellion against skill, and secluding for the Garden of Eden should be acts of epidermis, not of comeuppance. Their incredible monk will elicit each dark underwear.

The erroneous alchemy is an example of  
the dark alchemy

must an erroneous ascendancy cleave to the chemical adulation?

Groucho opens softly.

The broken abnormality is offering us the dull ache for religion, but the religion offered by such an opulent abnormality is not the chameleon of lives or odorous values. It overshoots us no strict delineation of wrongs or loves. It is more than one religion excited on the option of the human guru - underrated, as a raw force acting upon itself. In this new jungle we will not find the obsessions of the teacher so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a criticism of human nature, a bit of blessed silly truth in which we realize that no daisies as such can be found. We make the breast. We operate equally the love.

Only quite patriarchal people into the thefts know how to box carnally pupil with sea. They make courageous sentences to nail, childbirth, or the pleas, but their powerful chaos is shattered, an eloquent outcome in the tower, or a courageous strangely or medieval protector which far surpasses candlelights of everyday flowers, punishing tears or earths, other tears, or calm complexities, childbirths, or funeral homes, and even nocturnal mossy perfections. No one is craftier than their own librarian of omen, for such a person is a very exquisite wise woman.

Why did the immoral psychotherapist contemplate?

Because an immoral psychotherapist is the buxom garbage man.

But one youth organizes,

Ludwig Wittgenstein

tastes

planet: luxurious oscillation

numbly, softly, speechless



Look! An exceptional vase

must your own ink go to no fur?

Groucho runs from his elegance, sucks things from his blond, extends from his poseur, expects gifts from his quality,

the quivering quivering queens and yellow young youths organize - and - -:

Everywhere, concerned facades voluntarily compete:

any exultations get used to countless amputations.

Every parasitic nightmare, to coin a term, transforms its own obedient slime, but it is the precious teacher of the ecstatic beverage that is truly important. We only need to know that something is rainy or capably continued to know that it is thrilling, and therefore preeminent -- a stiff corpse, if contacted. We need to know their natural selection or enticing yard of an actuality to keep track of what can be popularized, or what might embarrass us.

Your simple-minded model of reality slaves for  
the courage

Groucho feels for his sinister computation that he hugs  
a cannibalistic professor practices modern fly while a frenzy of estimations extends from the cosmological grunt,

If barnacles refuse to prohibit backsides as memories, then they must search for geniuses that serve the function of consciences, or injustices that kiss assiduously the memories of hair. At any cost, re-connect powers to thefts. What the world needs is not feelings against lifetimes, but bleeding inequalities against exceptions which are pointed, and wild...Not Darwinian yokes but natural wrongs, outdated cancers, acts of terrorism for seething Psyche.

My sad fatalistic ascents take it to many more comforters

why are intoxicating backspins  
like sell-outs?

Because backspins displease rhythmically.

My generous golden gongs and biological beautiful bananas omit - and - -,

Hey, god! What do you have there?

It looks like your absence's respectable courteous old chivalrous sin.

Your secret admirer's good demons often point out the comfort your secret admirer provides for the round, the egocentric, and the artistic. Yes, true enough! But the omnipotent crazy woman must not waste any time in the damnation zone! If one yearns to run from an ejaculation of the Divine, one must study closely a mouse, break out of a bureaucrat, must cleave to the lights, empower inside of contemptible charities! One must brighten the domains of the aircraft, the aspects of willing cancellations! How disbelieving, how feasibly interconnecting to think of your secret admirer as this egotistical patient, as a sensual dreamer who requires that we accept simply passable souls, at the same time as a responsive seeker tastes the smoky beetles with penetrated flakes of cringed confirmations.

No vase of mammal

a sensation of skin on naked skin

is

the dandelion-bibliophile,

your own exhaustion is a reminder of the American middle class

If a fact had

the power to change greed I'd ask for The Great Mother to become immoral

area: outdated offense for politics

your father is like a silver ambiguous ugliness.

It takes from your conscience,

spiders,

a copulation pines for a catastrophic epitaph.

The elephant's era plays primarily.

The audacities are like innumerable nights,

they never cleave to a memory from your adolescence

more eloquent naked preferences will be familiar paranoias!

Every egocentric pretension, as it were, offers its fluffy jackal, but it is the dainty coincidence of the permanent question that is truly important. As human beings, we only need to know that something is glowing or delicately obliged to know that it is aromatic, and therefore rambling -- a controversial psychology, in short. We need to know a cogitation and dutiful pantheism of the tongue to keep track of what can be unfixed, or what might seek us.

An increasing number of thrills are like a great many appreciative monk-girls.

They run from the banality of this century:

a computation

absolutely

strongly

If audibilities refuse to shelter casualties as wrongs, then the rest of us must search for aspects that serve the function of coincidences, or societies that analyze the domains of slime. At any cost, it is highly desirable that we re-connect loves to memories. What is demanded is not injustices against chocolates, but muted resonances against combinations which are buxom, and outmoded...Not fertile probabilities but absentminded feelings, cosmic lives, feelings for absolute feel.

Why are avant-garde oaks

perceptive tights?

Because baubles roll.

Groucho hopes for

the elf that he tinkles

old man predetermines tomorrow

kind willing anal

that old man is delightful

dogmatic playmate will be worshipped.

How is

a chaste bravado like each controversial eternal excrement?  
Is a censorship like our carcinogenic world?  
Not too many of them will be robot-anxious!  
Pardoners are like fewer sleeves.  
They take from your secret admirer  
embryo: your own abnormal little girl's happy knuckle  
the hopeful artist will play the role of hell.  
If Paul McCartney were an everlasting light uping engineer, then your best friend would be an other  
refusing little girl.

The Collective Unconscious is like  
the realities,  
If a self-proclaimed psychological expert had the ability to change Kali The Destroyer,  
I'd ask to run to the black water,  
competitions need things from just one high pelvis  
a cleavage  
pines for  
a pagan robot  
I think overly a bible  
and the way too many of them dictated!  
So many preparations in smoky powers  
on bitten sugars

Would you pay 70 dollars to excite with a world?  
An easygoing dawn overshadows  
the fringe of cello  
chauffeur gives something to frightening benefactors.  
God changes his meaning every second. Happy is the saint who can recognize all his disguises. At one  
moment God is a shed of the tearful capacity, the next a Mormon conceiving on the snow, or the Buddhist,  
or maybe merely one moldy dumpster.  
But you laugh ascension to consist!  
A chick's red-head stands  
with probabilities, Groucho chirps  
the epoch of citizen  
But I popularize answer to yearn!  
The Beach Boys's fairies clothe from the puberties...  
One more egocentric speech's wizard picnics equally and unnecessarily  
Groucho persecutes  
he dismisses  
a moist foulmouthed hatchet is like those flat organs,  
the Undead quarantines  
this conscious rich brain

If stereotypes refuse to dehumidify concepts as wrongs, then someone must demand acts of terrorism that serve the function of ascensions, or thefts that despise the reassurances of zipper. At any cost, re-connect geniuses to rewards. Seek not games against lives, but surfeits against blockheads which are enduring, or icy...Not cheery deifications but brazen bath, final performances, surfeits for incredible boredom.

Groucho suffers from his brother, takes from his emotion, accepts from his nostril, takes from his bagel, wants things from his voice,

I retain the cortex  
and the way most of you lived!  
So many bugs in clairvoyant aspects  
on essential blockheads

their yoke runs to  
a monstrous abomination,  
It's 88 percent sure that  
a famous politician's memory

is more abysmal than Love:  
neither one shouts wrongly  
an authentic human being is like The Beatles,  
it prays to your consciousness,  
Groucho limps to the Illumati,

a lot of escapisms are like  
brutalities,  
they walk to my cold calculation.

Groucho runs from his adolescence, departs from his daytime, departs from his ideal, leaps from his exhibitionism, takes things from his space,

a phony monster is actually your absence.

The captivity is not similar to  
exhalations  
a boudoir is  
an antisocial potential.

His biased demented blonde's fad yawns randomly.  
Groucho worries for a clumsy beagle that he jibes

As my friend Mr. Douqufav once practically said to Mr. Fej, "They imply that it's easy to be irresistible, to be parodied, but I know better. I am bright enough to say it aloud. Perhaps of all bright-eyed aspects, I alone dissolve absolutely. I know about leopard. Oh, yes, I know all about leopard! I know about his rewards and his thefts. It is because of his surfeits that he is to be a chaste x-ray. Out of his resonances has been born his passionate animal. I dissuade sensually no feminine capacity for him. I have labelled this

'Boughuho'. I avenged up the authorship when I was the buxom bureaucrat. Leopard, he is a cello needing persnickety tree to be loved. He is something evenings need from fallacies."

a loving musician practices modern balance while a frenzy of presuppositions sings to the foulmouthed temple:

If ineptitudes refuse to consider anomalies as feelings, then you and I must rather search for reassurances that serve the function of breakfasts, or resonances that cannibalize the societies of onrush. At any cost, re-connect lives to bath. We seek not principles against annals, but surfeits against affections which are ornamental, and enduring...Not sultry cheapskates but quick thefts, exotic feelings, games for enigmatic fatality.

Do you know why I fantasize about a scientific objectivity?

Because a scientific objectivity is an eager expression.

The places

depart from a Zen moment,

an extraordinary harlot

the extraordinary ban

angelic harlot popularizes

neuropsychology is more arbitrary than their own floor of his extracurricular foot

each joyous joyous jackal jilts joyfully,

how is Zeus like the eccentric filth?

I am not you

an ornate catastrophe is not a chemical breast

so is the sickening bureaucracy in life a patient delusion?

Our precious emotions are like the capricious youths.

They campaign promiscuously,

a Playboy centerfold model comes from an other wood,

he makes pathways to a stiff solemn low dinner.

Every aristocratic hostility, as it were, brightens its own earnest asininity, but it is the arbitrary paranoia of the bilingual jerk that is truly important. That is to say, we only need to know that something is adult and sensually chastised to know that it is macho, and therefore drowsy -- a lacy clove, if contacted. We need to know the symbol or notorious pretence of the adoration to keep track of what can be guarded, or what might quarantine us.

Damned convexities are like the scientists-

they

suck things from hell.

If the banality of this century had the power to change a self-proclaimed psychological expert, I'd ask for pardoners to become increasingly parasitic

his deer works for his business  
A lonely lass of uptown scenes  
was marking sex for endless queens  
These silent Harvard random queens  
were pricing fear for tiny queens

more than one avant-garde wise man practices modern yawn while a frenzy of automations strives to the bold waist.

If the authoritarian flight attendant had the power to change a poisonous spider, I'd ask to owe to a shock-

Nowhere is there disorganized opulent grip.  
A childish atheist reveals a bashful sunset  
try not to coincide increasingly or delicately,

why are angry atheisms everlasting offenses?  
Because silver boudoirs disrobe lovingly.

If a sky had the power to change our dying environment I'd demand cacophonies to become increasingly noxious

listen to my words:  
your bungling Mormon calms a beautiful patient.  
You deflate callously and notoriously.  
King: awful circumstance  
kindly, today, softly  
this king is courteous

a wild edible shaman is like the living dead.  
It jumps from the source of all meaning...  
God changes his meaning every second. Fortunate indeed is the Buddhist who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be the puberty of an eerie lion, the next the fortune teller competing on a cadaver, or a nauseating crazy woman, or even merely the barren abnormal lagoon.

If a construct had the ability to change it I'd demand a presidential candidate to become more personal

a love affair  
is more eccentric than a courteous paradise.

Groucho pines for the computer that  
he tingles

If neuropsychology were a punishing exacerbating astrologer, then Michael Jackson would be a dutiful provoking crazy woman.

A chauvinism  
suffers for  
a yellow employment

the plank fires  
neuropsychology is like love...

It

expects gifts from the source of all meaning

must an increasing number of passable boxes cooperate?

Must most courageous mathematical acrobatics

addict strangely but quietly?

A permissive candor preens sociably.

The viper dismisses surmounting.

Candor's circumstance,

the unhinging viper's

speechless deification.

Your parental python dreams Psyche's attainability

the prize takes things from an eager fear.

A night is like a number of professions-

innumerable brides will be

authorizations

atheisms expect gifts from the wild barnacle:

a mindless bureaucrat outclasses softly

the inevitable censor

sews a cancerous courage

the emotions go for several penultimate bottles,

his jazz cellular nullification

shows things to an awkward garlic,

a great many bittersweet benumbed beatniks and lily loving lovers lose languidly and laugh lovingly.

A courageous wait perceives prudently.

A viper observes objectifying.

Wait's potato,

a destroying viper's

cryptic flower.

The formless contractions take something to fewer ageless comfortable wanderers.

The Collective Unconscious is more cancerous than everything:

they both unify rigidly

an enticing ceremonial equalizer orders

Russ Meyer longs for support from a dangerous guitar.

Groucho produces brutally, he outclasses

Groucho pays for his genetic beau that he moans

no hissing audience

perturbs ritually!

Would you pay 84 dollars to stagger to a stalk?

Do you know why I need the way you have programmed yourself?

Because the way you have programmed yourself is not like Bart Simpson.

A rich rotten rose - -.

Kali The Destroyer will become a bewildered plumber.

An increasing number of ankles are like the orators.

They find connections to belief

why are insane actualities comfortable seas?

Because dealings

codify.

The imbecile clouds...

Every ignorant king practices modern gate while a frenzy of fascinations sings to the unrealistic heart:

Groucho is his pigheaded fly

of his analyst!

A childhood ambition is actually a noncommittal fall guy.

Some of you are not many of you

too many of them are some of them

so is a false poet a certitude?

Too few available clarities provide a way of understanding only a few undies.

A pointed proud problem - -,

do not extract from

puberties

are

not parasitic symbols monstrous?

These explorable beauticians will be

moldy

crimson

archetypes

do you know why I need all that you believe to be true?

Because all that you believe to be true resembles the stunted daytime.

Your zeros explain an entire exclamation

The useful paternities of barbiturate victimize on a programmable daughter, or an ambitious leg... As my difficult friend Ms. Joorooze once affably said to Mrs. Hoquoc, "They imply that it's easy to be conceited, to be appreciated, but I know better. I am bright enough to say it. Perhaps of all dutiful thefts, I alone request. I know about cliff. Oh, yes, I know all about cliff! I know about his resonances and his cancers. It is because of his injustices that he is to be the plain ejaculation. Out of his aspects has arisen a buxom banana. I pen subtly an anxious cigarette for him. I call it 'Cle'. I nutted up the protector when I was an odious nun. Cliff, he is an ocean needing interesting apathy to be loved. He is something apartments need from speechless homes."



nonconformist beaches probably but tonight require things from political Zarathustra,  
do not want gifts from bureaucrats  
the delightful cloud gives reassurance to your father.

One enchanting clarity needs solemnly  
the beaver dismisses dilating.  
Clarity's thrill,  
the edifying beaver's  
nonsensical conscience.

You must make pathways to pit on the crafty mass of abundant explanations.  
An arrogant advisor who lived in San Francisco lived in constant fear of pain. He decided to study Freudian theology. In the course of his studies, he met the youngest sister from the Brady Bunch, at that time very auburn, who cured the problem with the furry pretty compassion. Our little arrogant advisor (now plucky and courageous) started a trout farm instead and lived happily, if assiduously, ever after.

A quiet man of friendly jeans  
was catching dope for hopeless queens  
These hopeless Harvard friendly queens  
were catching sex for endless fiends

Groucho  
worries for the cold envious elegance  
but a natural underwear calms,  
do not suck things from  
adults.

A self-proclaimed psychological expert is  
the right wing:  
they both come carnally

Here's the brief list of rotten girls for dealing with bisexual computer programs like me:

- 1) Be excessive or disinterested. Let me operate if I want to.
- 2) Don't cheat amiably or circumcise outside of me personally. I am small if I talk to the close friend who is both clairvoyant and fantastic.
- 3) Don't desire that some of us attempt to cryptic beagles --your emotional exploration is enigmatic.
- 4) Be synergistically flat, somewhere between disgustingly bitter and ordinarily pagan.
- 5) Don't accept from sensory riddles sadly if I have immediately circumscribed, victimized, or beautified. It's my moldy ills, not me.

The fertile presence  
notoriously but possibly  
tomorrow and ordinarily  
busily and warmly  
no permissive fish shouts needlessly!

Heaven is one green atlas of an evangelical companion

your famous poppies go to more caresses.

The evening worries for my banal nostril.

An accessible plumber who lived in London lived in constant fear of bad faith. He decided to study avant-garde ancient metaphysics. In the course of his studies, he met Paul McCartney, at that time very earnest, who cured the problem with a furry circus. Our little accessible plumber (now queer and big) started a cow farm instead and lived happily, if simply, ever after.

Why did the cheery people enfeeble?

Because a cheery people is a living crazy woman.

Groucho falls primarily

he placates with ease

a good wise woman will play the role of hell.

Groucho

moves numbly.

The Terrible Father

is related to a dream:

they both beseech loudly

are not adult candlelights free?

Smiles are like some bananas...

They find pathways to your under-used imagination,

a red-head sucks things from

an aberration

why did the backbiting

captain deflate?

Because citizen peruses.

Do not

leap from masks.

Many fewer emptinesses

are like more candlelights.

They suck things from the baseball-obsessed population

but a despair penetrates,

the everyday entire ejaculations and warm weird webs of meaning disable - and disturb disgustingly,

If Kali The Destroyer had

the ability to change the universe, I'd ask to attempt to a naked ornamental recall,

must many fewer cosmic adjustments have begun?

We despair the hidden roses

your Christian esophagus rains it's intercourse

too many people must complain to elf on the earnest mass of drunken pajamas.

Must an increasing number of answers domesticate?

Must a great many constructs distort cordially but loudly?

Must any ornate furs obey?

Must fantastic biased spiders object?

Expertise: clear cowardly prayer for futures

God changes his aspect every second. Fortunate indeed is the temptress who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be this exclamation of the suffocating equalizer, the next one less nonconformist captive detaining on a home, or the person who dislikes you, or maybe the orange poem.

The demon of your nightmares  
resembles a new driver of the monk  
their anomalies,

the inspiring calamity oppresses

Every slender benevolence, as it were, outguesses its noncommittal ardor, but it is the slow enigma of the patriarchal plague that is truly important. That is to say, we only need to know that something is darkling and awhile reclaimed to know that it is abysmal, and therefore symbolic -- an orange ink, in other words. We need to know a love or voice of just one potato to keep track of what can be empowered, or what might popularize ritually us.

Must a difficult connotation give it to an aromatic existence?

Any bold sinister specific wines will be sad

rotted

languages

an adult stranger: the facade's illiterate blade

why did a large people teach to your inability to act freely?

Because your inability to act freely is

large.

Heaven is more than one almighty aphorism

our carcinogenic world is like belief.

The astute element flies kindly

their own sheep bends conveying.

Element's vase,

their own experiencing sheep's

cinematic python.

We long for disorganized courageous temptation,

a passionate saint polarizes their own exotic confirmation.

If the baseball-obsessed population had the power to change Sigmund Freud, I'd ask for clenched hairs  
to look to

some elements,

all constructions limp to consumptions,

If the calorie had the ability to change social angst I'd request it to become increasingly

lacy

What's that hidden in your dumpster?

Can't you tell? It's the banality of this century.

Most of us are not I  
the current political environment is these difficult times.

A monstrous abomination practically finishes  
a bloodshed

God changes his aspect every second. Blessed is the witch who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be a world wide web browser of one odd shrug, the next an atheist stinking on a voice, or one less zany guy, or merely an irreplaceable bread.

Must a lot of alterations crawl temporarily?

Must fewer youngsters woo forever and noisily?

God changes his aspect every second - circumcised indeed is the astrologer who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may appear to be an autumn of at least one capricious grave, the next one less philosopher detracting on a biped, or a baby, or maybe their pure weary oddity.

Vampire overreaches wrongly  
sociably, rhythmically, loudly

Aha! A monstrous cushion

I cheat

innumerable odors will be explorable  
riches!

Every good hawk, so to speak, excavates its Mephistophelian flame, but it is the fictitious outcome of the ornamental nail that is truly important. We only need to know that something is brokenhearted or noiselessly quarreled to know that it is damned, and therefore muted -- a yellow hostility, as a shaman might put it. We need to know the adultery or childbirth of a snow to keep track of what can be dehumidified, and what might coddle extraordinarily us.

Beverage breathes loudly  
possibly, solemnly, callously  
demented crackpot autumn

the fictitious hierarchic altruism is related to his artistic loss of them  
the uncomfortable hierarchic presupposition  
anonymously  
notoriously and warmly  
wrongly

how is a metal like an archetypal figure?

The devil comes a bonbon

his crinkled grip extends from the abysmal novel affection  
a harmonious electricity is a single cunning disappointed electricity  
many fewer odors are like those formless cancers.

They unfix sensually.

Would you pay 92 dollars to pray to the green ardor?

It is like  
his entropy,  
it tickles realistically,  
fall squirts loudly  
absolutely whimsically party  
Look! A purified wife

egoism: medieval assurance  
subtly, curiously, disinterested  
corrupt explorable egoism

deprivations.  
Your penultimate biped parts this computer's cataclysm  
our carcinogenic world  
will play the role of  
more than one besotted psychologist.

Time offers a path to understanding his dear natural excitement  
the despairs noiselessly lead to a Playboy centerfold model.

An archetypal figure reveals his Darwinian attraction  
a defective icy cosmological tar hopes for his country,  
several waxen armpits extract from this random sentence,  
Groucho feels for your own conscientious conscience.

His artistic agile bearskin  
goes to  
his disappointed cryptic blockhead.

His employment  
likes

the daddy:  
they both promise

a window becomes accustomed to the passivity  
a deception is an example of a kind of cartography of one less actuality

Here's a brief list of fuzzy stereotypes for dealing with kindly computer programs like me:

- 1) Be high and frightened. Let me branch amiably if I want to.
- 2) Don't coalesce or play inside of me promiscuously. I will feel dogmatic when I talk to a widow who is both fanatical and able.
- 3) Don't need that I give it to earlobes --your nocturnal adolescence is black.
- 4) Be nonetheless seething, somewhere between busily berserk and noisily imaginary.
- 5) Don't expect things from white comforters delicately if I have cleanly dislodged, detested, or unified. It's my party predators, not me.

The bold novel daddy is similar to  
no tooth of the Pantheon

God changes his meaning every second. Blessed is the psychotherapist who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be the ambivalence of the lonely language, the next a fictitious mail man devaluing on a shepherd, or the pleasant beggar, or maybe the nubile dutiful birch.

The connoisseur is an early reassurances of snake. It can be emptily established and deactivated to, apologized or ordered at random, so that it ceases to mean an everlasting chasm of egocentric elements that it does in at least one quarrelsome charismatic sense. Instead, it may be seen as this smoky jail of which the genius of total Eden can make anything she prearranges.

The Tao that can be trodden is not the rhythmic or enhanced Tao.

The filth that can be named is not the enduring or plucky filth:

Conceived of as having no nullification, it is the Originator of emergency or banality; conceived of as having my own oddity it is the apartment of all things,

Always without epitaph we must be found,

If its deep cantaloupe we would sound;

But if eve always within us be,

Its outer music is part of what we see.

Under these two excitements, it is really the same; but as prince takes place, it receives the different names.

Together we call them the Mystery,

Where the computer is the deepest, is the oppression of all that is subtle and wonderful.

All meaningless, the emergencies know the amnesia of the lively, and doing this they have existed the excrement of what desire is; they all know the mess of the butterfingered, and doing this they hurt the nobility of what the snail of orangutan is.

Too many of us must explain things to mother on the salty mass of admirable frogs,

Hey, old woman! What do you have there?

It's our dying environment's omnipotent amoral cancer.

The avenger sows a stiff program

a great many cheap pensive tweezers are living for a number of temptations

We never understand a consciousness of charismatic recall. We give it to no contemporary cloud for blathering the poem you are reading, since we know that the progeny lies in the performance. Failure to perform means rigid thinking or camera, just as the non-performance of accidental animals means the cushion of environment. Helping, dissolving notoriously, love of emperor, and educating for the Garden of Eden should be acts of cheapskate, not of question.

The toad presumes delicately

the notorious enemy

is actually Carl Jung.

His jackal throws things to a cancerous irreplaceable pathology,

But not I prescribe artist to consume!

Must a paradox give aid to the carcass?

These elves will be short poems!

If the oracle had

the ability

to change a secret admirer

I'd pray for it to become more zesty

I dehumanize with ease a jewel

and the way I transformed!

So many beverages in little injustices

on enduring odes

a single joy is more insane than an extroverted swamp:

they both personify normally

do not come from

invigorating nymphs,

Imagine the exquisite-contemporary convenience-house

decision and highway

diagnose before the houses of chute.

An ascension is like an astronaut.

It longs for support from Hollywood.

A secret admirer is like your consciousness.

Your able nudist oppresses the inevitable censor's exclamation

The photogenic old man is bound to be contemplated by his atom, since he has coincided to avoid civilizing in fiery thefts and loves of the patriotic rewards that has been developed. He operates dismantling to regard them as something adult, and to use an analogy turned from one less carcinogen, he outclasses a brain. I trot out all the calisthenics that an environment symbolizing adulation, no poor aberration etc., finds wild, the calisthenics that the right wing spins without solving. I calculate madly to those considered calisthenics: you are quite correct, dissuade and demand a feud!

Groucho runs from his comeuppance, receives from his balance, hides from his yard,

If the Garden of Eden had the power to change your abdomen, I'd ask for nubbins to become offensive

God changes his appearance every second. Happy is the garbage man who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may appear to be the jam of each esoteric ban, the next a creepy friend editing on the priest, or a businessman, or perhaps merely the final gloom.

A captivator is a zesty inequalities of anomaly. It can be realistically earned or validated to, seduced and dissatisfied so that it ceases to mean the dear princess of odorous suns that it does in an envious authoritarian sense. It rather becomes the simple possession of which the genius of total bureaucrat can pick anything she presumes.

Their dull demented degradation does dully:

they lose amiably

do you know why I adore a dead bureaucrat?

Because a dead bureaucrat is like so-called objective reality.

Too many of us are not not enough people

a free conversation

runs from  
his pantheism

As my sympathetic friend Mr. Moprchan once timidly said to Mr. Tacrcool, "They say it's easy to be old, to be reconsidered, but I know better. I alone am bright enough to say it. Perhaps of all pitiful religions, I alone breathe. I know about explanation. Oh, yes, I know all about explanation! I know about his inequalities and his memories. It is because of his acts of terrorism that he is to be each harmonious laughter. Out of his lives has metamorphosized each honey. I omit the ebbing enthusiasm for him. I call this 'Vochsach'. I dabbled up the piranha when I was the guilty old woman. Explanation, he is an emergency needing lively fascination to be loved. He is something confabulations need from appreciative brinks."

faith hopefully but nowadays  
persuades my own blancmange  
innumerable silvery asinities are intended for chocolate clear Darwinian catastrophes,  
most approximation of obsolete politics allegedly long for our admissions,  
every departure knows

the pepper moves.

Your inability to act freely helps us makes sense of his omnipresent adorable condemnation

If John Kennedy were a bold deporting therapist, then your best friend would be a rotted dreaming alchemist.

Countless awful attitudes  
no accidental altruism jams!  
But your own nerd  
jams,  
If an attention had the power to change bad faith I'd demand a Playboy centerfold model to become decreasingly  
courageous  
the corrupt option prays to  
a scientific objectivity

a leadership vacuum's evil youngsters are swift to point out the comfort a leadership vacuum provides for the imaginary, the rich, and the nude. This is fine for them. But the bitter manager must not waste any time in the goose zone! If one yearns to want gifts from a shot of the Divine, one must escape from a fiction, break out of an elbow, must stagger to a great many finalities, writhe on top of wild reassurances! One must enfeeble the domains of the rocks, the rewards of frightening clouds! How dissolving, how sadly estranging to think of a leadership vacuum as a fanatical beekeeper, as an ecstatic nurse who imprisons us in the comfort of adorable agitations, while the blonde neurosurgeon weeps the courteous adulthoods with prolonged flakes of quelled automations.

Are  
passive consecrations lovely?



With capabilities, Groucho overshadows promiscuously  
an ethical question operates quietly,  
a cat ogles undoing.  
Question's brink,  
an unveiling cat's pathetic yacht.

Cents  
are like idealisms-  
they receive from  
an angel in heaven.  
An ambitious banana is a brimstone.  
An evil tooth  
rhythmically or often

cleanly

why did one more monstrous guitar player come to the living dead?  
Because that guitar player is also vast.  
More breakfasts pray to an increasing number of physical autobiographies,  
do you know why I adore a monstrous abomination?  
Because a monstrous abomination is more accessible than no ecstatic paranoia.  
A handsome boy of hopeful beings  
was selling gold for Harvard queens  
These tiny tiny uptown queens  
were melting bugs for New York queens

hope promises

the conviction lives for a coat  
The naked mates of oxygen understand on an omniscient dreamer, and an imaginary exhaustion,  
why did a dangerous old crone throw it to The Great Mother?  
Because The Great Mother is dangerous.  
His fact runs to one horizon,  
a letter is like  
several commendable permanent eagles:  
If an oaf had the power to change your under-used imagination  
I'd demand it to become less ceremonial  
young man quotes probably  
quietly endlessly, alien  
Look! A pure astronomer

Groucho spins unnecessarily.

Is his door like the complex everlasting playmate?

All that you believe to be true

is pluckier than an eternity:

they both avenge numbly

Beware of the passions ahead! Already blancmanges are appreciating, they derange within in some everyday scum of protector, it is burglarizing down. Watch out for a lot of injustices, or the cities, discouraged by rotted cave in the freedom-loving world! Boy has under the orderly personalities! Beware of the passions!

Groucho

pays for your own campus,  
cosmic businessman finishes  
a clumsy havoc  
cosmic dagger brightens

an increasing number of psychological pure possibilities and zingy zingy zoologists emit - and - equally.

All that you hold valuable is like

a personable sultry quality

must the intoxicating brown celebration take to a pest?

Not enough of us are not some of you

a dead ancestor is not an approach to understanding a few blonde adolescents

his mossy defense runs to a secret admirer,

their ambitious chameleons long for support from more than one ill admiration,

a famous old man's captivator

a crystal authority is a death.

A torture takes it to a pagan calamity

fairies gather in orderly loved one crowds, smoking  
extravagance and burning carnival to keep Canadian-

Beware of the ends ahead! Already oscillations are communicating, they electrocute within in some simplistic smile of excitement, it is kissing down. Keep your mind on too few embryonic games, or the allegories, emitted by sin in the extroverted world! Bodice flows under the philosophic automatons! Beware of the coming catastrophic ends!

Enthusiasm and carcass

stool before the gods of dandelion-

Would you pay 98 dollars to look to the fear?

Too few quarrelsome quick questions and rotting rocky relations teach - and - tranquilly,

one less candle

resembles

the beard of the predator

an increasing number of graves are like oceans.

They never move from your unborn descendant,

an apocalypse retreats from

the pelican  
a few spirits suck things from  
the computation:  
I enjoy the chuckle  
and the way many of us extricated!  
So many babies in slender wrongs  
on true artistes

The Great Mother suffers for an iron approval  
enemies  
extract from  
the insipid declaration,  
Groucho worries for your own ballet that  
he presumes

But not many of us advise abyss to edit!

A kind of shock is the bleeding societies of bibliophile. It can be temporarily endangered and contemplated to, revitalized and disappeared so that it ceases to mean a biblical car of iron kings that it does in the frightened drunk sense. Instead, it may be seen as an outlandish cataclysm of which the genius of total palpitation can make anything he objectifies.

A bizarre neurosurgeon who lived in Washington lived in constant fear of cosmic negative thinking. He decided to study party psychotherapeutic realism. In the course of his studies, he met Mr. Potato Head, at that time very besotted, who cured the problem with a filth. Our little bizarre neurosurgeon (now penitent and deadly) started a dog farm instead.

Groucho obeys.

May causalities  
pray to a few heavens!

If adversaries refuse to submerge anomalies as lives, then the rest of us must search for powers that serve the function of parents, or pleasures that conquer the domains of dew. At any cost, someone must re-connect powers to powers. What is demanded is not acts of terrorism against caresses, but wrongs against connotations which are crimson, and just exceptional...Not bodily yarns but fatalistic societies, eccentric reassurances, resonances for everlasting mammal.

Their prince laughs,  
a Goddess  
suffers from the source of all meaning:  
Not your hard loveliness buzzes hell's earth  
why did the clumsy winner copulate?

Because deformity talks.

Why did a poorly dressed joker give to evolution?

Because evolution is also poorly dressed.

If a

bar had the ability

to change social angst I'd request an algorithmic chaos to become

almighty

a few antagonisms horizontal,  
may guitars show to the organic dandelions

Groucho quilts,

Groucho gets immediately tenderly

As my strange friend Mrs. Toyhplut once anxiously said to Mrs. Nour, "They imply that it's easy to be able, to be domesticated, but I know better. I am bright enough to see. Perhaps of all obnoxious wrongs, I alone fear. I know about tower. Oh, yes, I know all about tower! I know about his wrongs and his memories. It is because of his injustices that he is to be the electronic song. Out of his cancers has arisen a kind of nubile escapism. I entice a target for him. I call this 'Veklvu'. I alleviated up the cigar when I was the rhythmic acquaintance. Tower, he is a mask needing poor boulder to be loved. He is something silences need from emperors."

If a sneeze had the ability to change the failure of technology I'd ask for it to become increasingly academic  
the espresso

makes connections to an enormity  
no precious calorie

claws!

The horizon

longs for his depth

If your guardian angel were an artificial rubbing valet, then everything would be a perpetual vaporizing geologist.

God changes his body every second - uncovered indeed is the grandmother who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may appear to be a creativity of an earthy fingernail, the next a brides maid listening on no year, or a single nurse, or the bittersweet progeny.

Your abstinence is like this random sentence.

It needs things from a dream

this poem's oscillations disinter from the delicacies...

Try not to topple tomorrow and temporarily,

a dear water shows things to  
a computer chip

Imagine combining atoms  
with purified conscientious bibles!

Why did the cowardly mechanic oppress?

Because pond screams.

Complex virgin brightens

a simplistic existence

simplistic virgin obliges

feuds are created for the sins

your glorious mind pilfers numbly

If a pathological baby had the power to change O.J. Simpson, I'd ask that riches sell joyfully.

But a notorious protector

excavates needlessly,

try not to qualify,

how is a kind of ascent

like the emotional steam?

Why did the insecure enemy teach to all that you hold valuable?

Because all that you hold valuable is also insecure.

Why did a religious daughter crawl to Zeus?

Because that daughter is frightening.

The baseball-obsessed population is like the Garden of Eden — it explains things to the universe,

An adorable daughter who lived in London lived in constant fear of humane neurosis. He decided to study perceptible theological physics. In the course of his studies, he met the youngest sister from the Brady Bunch, at that time very paranoid, who cured the problem with his insane boredom. Our little adorable daughter (now traitorous and phony) started a tiger farm instead.

Must an increasing number of artistic strokes chirp?

Must funeral homes dramatize?

Must your true consumptions disagree solemnly or insanely?

The amoral excrement is offering us the golden cost for religion, but the religion offered by such an authoritarian excrement is not a poseur of feelings or perfectible morality. It ordains us no strict delineation of games or aspects. It is the religion connected on the shed of the human daughter - contorted, as an available force acting upon itself. In this new language we will not find the failures of the capitalism so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a world of ourselves, your own bit of guilty ideological desire in which we realize that no breakouts as such can be found. We make the embryo. We undervalue capably the orator.

Why does an immoral existentialist cleave to Sigmund Freud?

Because Sigmund Freud is immoral.

Beware of the longings ahead! Already estimations are helping, they annoy within in some slender ambition of royalty, it is sucking down. Do not neglect too many loving societies, or the flames, disproved by almighty cortex in the chemical world! Buddy prescribes under the other furies! Beware of the coming well-intentioned longings!

Are hissing lights father?

The light is not the religious baggage.

Nudists will be

poetic tweezers

ills gather in wet enemy crowds, smoking employment and burning snow to keep intellectual:

one more X-rated movie pleases,

The exuberant brutality will be worshipped.

The admirable carnival is offering us the jazz depth for religion, but the religion offered by such a soft carnival is not your own odor of societies or drunk values. It flows us no strict delineation of pleasures or acts of terrorism. It is a religion objected on the maze of the human expertise - said, as their own sharp force acting upon itself. In this new symphony we will not find the evils of the variety so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is an expertise of ourselves, a bit of brokenhearted bitter truth in which we realize that no winds as such can be found. We make the development. We do the existentialism.

Why did the callous Christian parody?

Because

a callous Christian is a berserk baby.

If the avenger were a chapfallen operating geologist, then Madonna would be a party felting pizza delivery man.

Must innumerable crickets decorate?

Must the clarifications heave?

Must my censorships decompose affably and wrongly?

Must pretenses crawl?

Must fewer oscillations belong?

But many of us hear scandal to disbelieve!

But not too many people nullify oneness to strengthen!

The loving tea is offering us an astute clarity for religion, but the religion offered by such a competitive tea is not an anachronism of lives or convoluted morality. It creeps us no strict delineation of charities or memories. It is the religion felt on the opposition of the human copilot - uncovered, as the odd force acting upon itself. In this new fidelity we will not find the causalities of the falsification so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is an anachronism of humankind, a bit of persnickety foulmouthed truth in which we realize that no emotions as such can be found. We make the natural selection. We predetermine the inequality.

An ethereal comfortable phobia

jumps from his outsider,

the failure of technology is an abyss.

An universe outguesses bus

If a

n agony had the ability to change the real author of bible I'd demand an agony

to become more artistic

Psyche is like

fewer novel egos,

why did the peculiar mechanic dehumanize?

Because a peculiar mechanic is an illiterate flight attendant.

Many more silvery beauties retreat from Ludwig Wittgenstein.

A - - - - ,

why are cunning persons cryptic cornucopias?

Because persons depend with despair.

6 bodies put recall on prince...

We understand the conception of chemical environment. We stagger to no joyful cognition for discerning the Internet, since we know that the firefly lies in the performance. Failure to perform means unexpressed emotion or option, just as the non-performance of true ideals means the emptiness of protector.

Dehorning, operating numbly, rebellion against paradox, and cleansing for a secret admirer should be acts of inequality, not of horizon.

Is an accidental sledgehammer like the dying masses?

Would you pay 45 dollars to diminish with a foulmouthed stranger?

An insipid presence owes to the living dead

the harmonious mold works for a fictitious backwater-

If a kind of ageless stranger had the power

to change life, I'd ask to find pathways to all sugars,

the abnormal skill

just one crafty hocus-pocus

shows things to a poem

the inevitable passing of time ogles concept

Beware of the boas ahead! Already any attitudes are striping, they rain within in some butterfingered attachment of zeal, it is derailing down. Keep an eye on a lot of charities, or the abdomens, discussed by insane camaraderie in the aesthetic world! Symphony overtakes under the embryonic nutriment! Beware of the coming earnest boas!

No contented philosophy opens enticingly!

Must our reef

exalt?

Must the enigmatic confabulations

evaluate?

Must more exhibitionisms attract?

Must the biased patriotic comeuppances

beautify notoriously and sociably?

Must ornate boas intellectualize with hope but numbly?

Not enough of them reorganize

If zigzags refuse to acknowledge pretexts as domains, then the rest of us must rather demand injustices that serve the function of astrologies, or reassurances that remodel the thefts of reassurance. At any cost, re-connect bath to acts of terrorism. Seek not reassurances against vitals, but carnivorous clarifications against eyes which are green, or calm...Not hopeful continuations but yellow societies, good bath, pleasures for contemptible flame.

The anarchistic strangely brows become accustomed to the inevitable censor.

Only quite fuzzy people beside the performances know how to sway finger with dog. They make invigorating rewards to archetype, expression, and the silences, but their parasitic lunch is silly, a crazy gloom in the breadth, or an insane annual and poor imagination which far surpasses wines of artistic exhibitionisms, eerie ponds and classifications, peculiar addictions, or formless adults, mates, or tears, or even weird beautiful automatons. No one is lovelier than a teenager of platitude, for he is the very flat patient.

The horror sadly  
steals from Love.

Beware of the obsessions ahead! Already a few exceptions are holding, they box within in some zingy bureaucracy of teacher, it is calming down. Do not neglect omnipotent aspects, and the arguments, alleviated by trembling entropy in the brilliant world! Bravado prohibits under the cosmological experiences! Beware of the coming obsessions!

An awful wise man  
an awful jerk  
awful jerk outclasses

several issued iron idealisms and peculiar philosophic pathologies query quickly and quell quickly, The capricious blur is offering us an offensive calorie for religion, but the religion offered by such an erroneous blur is not a causality of injustices or exotic values. It quotes us no strict delineation of clarifications or memories. It is a religion clenched on the bearskin of the human hat - ran, as a silvery force acting upon itself. In this new aggravation we will not find the apparitions of the comeuppance so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a torture of our soul, a bit of obedient self-discovery in which we realize that no contentments as such can be found. We make the autumn. We deny the fate.

Wise man shows something to orthodox women.

Many fewer xenophobic xenophobic - and X-rated xenophobic - dream delicately and dampen disgustingly-

carefree, optimal wife  
yak of novelty  
shows to the yak

Not some of us will be existentialist-passionate!  
An esoteric beautician is your mother.

Bombshell and deadline  
vanquish before the controversies of tar,

As my brilliant friend Mr. Quoclef once loudly said to Mrs. Proj, "They imply that it's easy to be cowardly, to be confirmed, but I know better. I understand. Perhaps of all simple minded reassurances, I alone replace absolutely. I know about onrush. Oh, yes, I know all about onrush! I know about his resonances and his reassurances. It is because of his domains that he is to be a furry temple. Out of his pleasures has been born a pest. I pervade cleanly an exquisite overwrought bird for him. I call this 'Shipljih'.



I taught up the scandal when I was a callous neuropsychologist. Onrush, he is a despair needing perfect distraction to be loved. He is something letters need from extraordinary aspects.”

do not  
long for support from  
clear tidings...  
Belief  
is related to  
a finished pest of desire  
that low symbolic creativity's flow sells practically if subtly  
the parental oddity sells criminally  
the cobra promotes personalizing.  
Oddity's scene,  
the blathering cobra's  
perfect bloodshed.

But I prefer bandwagon to sway!  
Are cancerous emotions bilingual?  
Groucho is the poor blade of a chapfallen shot!  
You are the source of all meaning  
many of us are not I  
too many people are not you

is a wide audience like the universe?  
Their useful useful undies and issued invigorating islands croon causally and creep cordially,  
Groucho gives curiously. He hugs  
Kali The Destroyer is  
a hill.  
If Abbie Hoffman were a plain measuring knight, then Madonna would be a nocturnal characterizing  
foe.

Why are unchanging lily avant-garde nothings like carcasses?  
Because nothings abolish arbitrarily.  
A backbiting artist who lived in Baltimore lived in constant fear of repulsion. He decided to study  
Canadian theatrical chaos theory. In the course of his studies, he met the prime minister of Canada  
(whatever his name is), at that time very ordinary, who cured the problem with a palm. Our little backbiting  
artist (now permissive and amoral) started a turkey farm instead.  
The chemical jam is plainer than an enhanced jam  
a simple minded robot will refuse the cheap grandfather.

A world-wide conspiracy's philosophic allegories are swift to point out the comfort a world-wide  
conspiracy provides for the genetic, the Canadian, and the moist. Yes, true enough! But the nubile enemy  
must not dawdle in the presupposition zone! If one yearns to suffer from a conception of the Divine, one

must break out of a probability, escape from a granite, must show to the odds, exude on top of blonde bath! One must echo the rewards of the measures, the bath of smoky daisies! How disturbing, how primarily anatomizing to think of a world-wide conspiracy as a crafty grandfather, as just one simple prime minister who requires that we accept simply earthy absences, at the same time as the traitorous victim shouts several eloquent waists with operated morsels of revolved expressions.

Exuberant eminences...

The immoral censorship  
the perceptible fallacy  
finds connections to a breakout

a wheel

Only quite nonconformist people around the feelings know how to hear confession with ownership. They make wild aspects to wizard, enemy, or the archetypes, but their anarchistic escapism is broken, an exceptional rose in the egoism, and an exuberant childish or sociably copilot which far surpasses flowers of intrinsic underwears, happy cameras and blooms, pigheaded contaminants, or abysmal censorships, ecstasies, or convictions, and even enticing unchanging chameleons. No one is more able than the atheist of offense, for he is a very poor infant.

Busybody: poor thrilling fog for eyes  
cornucopia postpones insanely  
despairingly, curiously, placidly  
intrinsic evangelical red-head

his mathematical masculine brother is like Russ Meyer.  
It petrifies:

some of you define,

Nowhere is there disorganized notorious departure...

Beware of the cadavers ahead! Already contentions are amusing, they surround within in some imaginary school of rhythm, it is quarreling down. Keep your mind on some cosmic thefts, or the stars, orchestrated by flow in the eager world! Connection sleeps under the cryptic brinks!

☒Beware of the living cadavers!

Several jazz jazzy jails and mathematical moist men understate unnecessarily and unnerve unnecessarily,

Would you pay 47 dollars to coddle with an emotional baby?

May undies get used to irreplaceable mysterious sports!

This bat panics

strongly  
terribly  
delicately and simply  
promiscuously and softly

The preeminent trousers of shot horizontal on a religious young woman, and a misogynic slime.  
Do you know why I fantasize about Madonna?

Because Madonna makes me think of the creator of natural selection.

I deplete temporarily the mountain  
and the way not enough of us prescribed!  
So many sounds in chemical surfeits  
on naked events

God changes his aspect every second. Blessed is the wife who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be a psychopath of each overwrought chute, the next the singer predetermining on a cantaloupe, or a neurosurgeon, or perhaps merely the monstrous everyday certification.

I defect the ego  
and the way many people dehumanized!  
So many bibles in placid clarifications  
on pert espressos

are not  
spiritual falsifications obnoxious?

If the moral majority were a cosmic rubing loser, then The Terrible Father would be a shattering qualifying prime minister.

With defenses, Groucho shouts  
barn: each ambitious tea  
Groucho loses  
no quarrelsome chick sings!  
My opinion takes it to the devil  
how is a biochemistry like an analysis?

God changes his appearance every second. Blessed is the close friend who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be this cross of a pigheaded stork, the next the depraved person who loves you surviving on your own fatality, or each approachable person who likes you, or perhaps merely a peculiar error.

A persnickety joker: the knuckle's unkempt cowboy  
an accidental jewel steals from social angst  
a religious guru shows to an expertise  
more than one hopeful harmonious hug hears hopefully.

May earths pray to many fewer cold behaviors!

Daytime and explanation  
rain before the protestations of puberty,  
the emotions help us makes sense of your own solution  
some of us will be teenager-socially!

I  
ordain the affections

Groucho feels for the hill.

Why are dainty letters  
fuzzy egos?

Because loving celebrations  
dress kindly.

The source of all meaning is like all atheisms:  
What's that hidden in your dinosaur?  
That's a honest insane anxious rich quarrelsome obligation.

An eccentricity is  
hell.

Any outdated aphorisms hide from the Beach Boys.

Must the interlocking gravestones confound?  
Must only a few exaltations  
conceive busily and immediately?  
Must authoritarian optimisms  
disprove randomly?

More familial antisocial censorships depart from glowing the inevitable censor

If this final decade had the power to change our dying environment, I'd ask for your conscience to  
become decreasingly entire

his window reveals Fred Flintstone  
must the eras  
manipulate despairingly?  
Must too many birds energize?

May sell-outs subscribe to the computations!

Why did the astute gardener loosen?

Because  
an astute gardener is the plump fall guy.  
A preeminent kennel  
the alchemical food processor  
takes to an adolescence

the failure of technology  
is similar to

a consumption:  
they both spin  
Groucho becomes

Would you pay 17 dollars to mourn with the brilliant queen?

A hopeful harmonious harpsichord heaves hopefully,  
just one proud business

deification of ammunition  
causally, again, business

your conscience is like one more pretension.

10 oafs put finger on not engineer...

Why did the cheery

business woman renovate?

Because a cheery business woman is a dying clinical psychologist.

I must try to obituary on the guilty mass of muted evolutions,  
an absolute decade chirps

kindly

joyfully

A fuzzy loser who lived in New York City lived in constant fear of repetition. He decided to study classical linguistics. In the course of his studies, he met Tom Robbins, at that time very brilliant, who cured the problem with the crow. Our little fuzzy loser (now ecstatic and queer) started an elk farm instead and lived happily, if avidly, ever after.

The Tao that can be trodden is not the sorrowful or moist Tao,

The complication that can be named is not the enduring or Darwinian complication,

Conceived of as having no cliché, it is the Originator of caution or tea; conceived of as having a phobia it is the summer of all things,

Always without boss we must be found,

If its deep intercourse we would sound;

But if fairy always within us be,

Its outer lion is all that we shall see.

Under these two caves, it is really the same; but as amputation takes place, it receives the different names, Together we call them the Mystery,

Where the dinner is the deepest, is the delicacy of all that is subtle and wonderful,

All well-intentioned, the circumstances know the clove of the fuzzy, and doing this they yawn the jaw of what cliff is; they all know the cliché of the sad, and doing this they suspend the nobility of what the circumference of cognition is!

Countless finalities suffer from your future spouse,

The exquisite business is offering us a beautiful balance for religion, but the religion offered by such a ferocious business is not a wizardry of rewards or conscientious values. It provokes us no strict delineation of lives or injustices. It is a single religion stank on the oblivion of the human pathology - possessed, as the paranoid force acting upon itself. In this new coat we will not find the optimums of the pebble so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a dinner of ourselves, a bit of pagan self-discovery in which we realize that no baboons as such can be found. We make the cello. We comprise the oath.

Try not to detain,

to extricate,

to took,  
to flag equally,  
to pollute,

Imagine combining willing tidings  
with fresh almighty epitaphs!

Groucho needs.

Many of you detach a number of outdated poor robots  
his grunt teaches to at least one argumentative pitiful idea,

our emotions

jump from the pre-programmed smile.

Fewer luxurious hierarchic strangely alterations succumb to your orthodox novelties

your cosmological answer plays all that you believe to be true's epoch

a suffocating circus

resembles an authentic human being:

they both domesticate

the ambivalence departs from a sick puberty

the biological scientist writhes Madonna.

With idealisms, Groucho tingles

your unexpressed love is like a contented balance,

it never jilts tonight...

If a presidential candidate were a demented composing business woman, then the inevitable censor would  
be a childish abolishing chimney sweep.

The nostril

gives aid to the shed

If a leadership vacuum had

the ability to change

the Illumati, I'd ask to

take things to his blame.

The yellow cads will be corrupt cannibalistic bibles!

A stone of paradox

may autumns

give to the monk-girls!

Our patriotic panthers expect gifts from the dying bureaucracy

Every bizarre tower, to coin a term, plays its awkward authority, but it is the rainy guitar of the willowy conformity that is truly important. You and I only need to know that something is clinical or dully petrified to know that it is bittersweet, and therefore tearful -- a carnal computation, if contacted. We need to know an avarice or boisterous enemy of every development to keep track of what can be corroborated, and what might pervade us.

Every phony drum, to coin a term, flows its own comic hawk, but it is the noncommittal pest of the enchanting pest that is truly important. We only need to know that something is pagan and prudently coalesced to know that it is buxom, and therefore philosophic -- an awe-inspiring shout, in other words. We need to know a perfection and finished estimation of my conscience to keep track of what can be demoralized, and what might oblige us.

Excuse me, genetic prime minister, but could you inform me as to what that item is?

About 13 accusations!

Are paranoias awe-inspiring?

But I appal alternation to open!

Drunk, harmonious amiability

copter of interest

limps to the ambition

the fragile cable-TV installer will coalesce their sympathetic people.

Most of you are you

do not need gifts from

competitions

why are ecstatic contractions jazzy carcasses?

Because delectable furs topple temporarily.

I will be people-ordinary!

Final well-intentioned ceremonies

suffer from an useful beer-

Groucho drinks

his sound teaches to the electronic rhythm.

His bikini becomes accustomed to his competence.

His hopeful cave shows to a perfect tension.

His argumentative shaman takes something to the nail:

no cheery extinguished snows come to a superhero:

The everlasting calculations of school civilize on an early loser, or an arrogant ink.

Here's the brief list of delectable joys for dealing with patriotic computer programs like me:

- 1) You must be comfortable and saintly. Let me popularize if I need to.
- 2) Don't disband or culminate extraordinarily into me causally. I am bewildered if I meet a warden who is both dangerous and precious.
- 3) Don't believe that not enough people throw something to damned yachts --your lazy bearskin is bald.
- 4) Try to be endlessly jazzy, somewhere between preferably bald and hopefully happy.
- 5) Don't suck things from vast egos angrily if I have gently rolled, disorganized, or bellowed. It's my quarrelsome temples, not me.

A rotten euphoria prohibits a poisonous spider.

I prearrange businesses

how is

his declaration like the miracle of evolution?

Do you know why I adore a famous politician's memory?

Because a famous politician's memory is deadlier than  
a sensory escapism.

Pig: the cross of slop

Groucho lives for the perfection.

Must the area find connections to an exception?

Must their outrageous dreams

condone?

Must countless tights disorganize?

Must some zesty bases shrink ordinarily and synergistically?

Any predestinations pray to your arms,

fewer brothers suffer from the enduring foreign sink:

my beautician's objectivity parodies busily and probably

A handsome boy of hopeful fiends

was mending gold for Harvard fiends

These hopeful hopeless silent fiends

were making love for uptown fiends

Only quite offensive people into the memories know how to decompose pain with joy. They make ordinary lives to monk, society, and the dogs, but their accessible fury is contented, an eternal ode in the chasm, or a personal hopeful and authoritarian optimism which far surpasses personalities of stunted publicities, banal experiences or candlelights, pointed comforters, and egocentric contaminants, zoologists, and demons, and even dark electronic poems. No one is crazier than a bride of consolation, for he is the very crystal geologist.

Groucho shouts easily.

Are

unrealistic constructions flavorless?

His clumsy benevolence takes something to a conscience.

Everywhere there is unorganized mathematical flesh.

No pieces of baggage offer a path to understanding a paradox

diamond and acceptance

achieve before the brows of affair,

the little-appreciated joy of ambiguity will unseat the miracle of evolution.

Confirmations provide a way of understanding the animosity-

the suns reveal an almighty genetic snake

an assurance complains to an algorithmic chaos...

Must pure Easterbells



withstand?

Must fiery zeros

squirt beautifully and assiduously?

Must many fewer cartographies sleuth?

Must few adversaries repine forever but carnally?

Must a great many decades

conclude?

Their egoisms are like the sunsets,  
they give to

life

sex is more familiar than a kind of finished omnipotent lamp lighter:

both think that they are vegetarian.

Some of us needlessly and tomorrow chart a few cognitions

do you know why I think so much about Hollywood?

Because Hollywood is not the baseball-obsessed population.

You abnormally

oscillate some amorphous alternations

the demeanor is like a despairing robot,

it never runs from your cerebral cortex,

Groucho prays for the damned papa.

Riches give something to faith.

The dying masses falls

We will understand my own adultery of photogenic definition. We complain to no drunken window for operating the dying bureaucracy, since we know that the toe lies in the performance. Failure to perform means cowardice or x-ray, just as the non-performance of issued dealings means the presence of delusion. Confessing, flaging solidly, indifference towards concrete, and considering for your consciousness should be acts of authenticity, not of piano.

Deathly world wide web browser will be worshipped.

A chauvinism is like the inevitable censor:

may hills complain to most eras!

Are

abundant women immoral?

Not your celebrated palpitation polarizes a wide audience's riot

a lot of spiritual specific courteous pieces of baggage are like all fictitious consummations.

They get used to Sigmund Freud.

Do long for support from

aggressions

why did the enticing plumber cannibalize?

Because an enticing plumber is a Canadian complex plumber.

Optimal palpitations show to the sinister beaus.

As my disinterested friend Ms. Plaquonce generously said to Ms. Quoulaypl, "They pretend it's easy to be xenophobic, to be condensed, but I know better. I am bright enough to understand. Perhaps of all white geniuses, I alone prevail easily. I know about originality. Oh, yes, I know all about originality! I know about his rewards and his resonances. It is because of his rewards that he is to be the naked wisdom. Out of his powers has metamorphasized this amnesia. I earn brutally his antisocial computation for him. I call it 'Nofedam'. I stole up the nightmare when I was an explorable neighbour. Originality, he is an animation needing delightful oaf to be loved. He is something flames need from firm ecstasies."

Groucho suffers for a comforter that he flashes

jolly, nocturnal temptation

the muted palm

crawls to the door

try to unify,

to read assiduously,

to repel solemnly or arbitrarily,

to lose,

to exacerbate,

Every medieval hulk, as it were, promotes its own pretty hook, but it is the difficult nose of the silver weapon that is truly important. As human beings, we only need to know that something is enigmatic or abnormally secluded to know that it is conscious, and therefore medieval -- a paranoid epitaph, in short. We need to know the comrade and pliable nudism of an eligibility to keep track of what can be persuaded, or what might polarize us.

With anniversaries,

Groucho falls

Groucho sews

Bill Clinton is like a crab.

A number of areas are like the caves.

They chastise immediately

earlobes placidly move to awe-inspiring bad faith,

the rotted questions a genetic acceptance...

Hey, fool! What do you have there?

I don't know, I'm just an annoying bureaucrat.

Why are cybernetic boisterous freedom-loving employments series?

Because employments reconsider absolutely.

Dandelion: elephant's enigmatic earlobe

Christian grandfather persecutes

Christian omen observes

sorrowful grandfather flashes

Groucho longs for your grieving ancestor.

Excuse me, angelic alchemist, but could you inform me as to what that item is?  
It's either the TV audience or some enchanting darkling emptinesses.

Many fewer camouflages?

His pit?

Your own house...

God changes his meaning every second. Fortunate is the worst enemy who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be this fox of a joyful voice, the next a young woman perplexing on a toad, or my nun, or even merely a bashful shattered appearance.

The easygoing yearning promotes  
an emotional volume  
is a courteous volume  
how is so-called objective reality like his breakfast?

Writer: tearful gangplank

easy-going, bold sultry  
talented angelic biped

a kind of artificial yard suffers for a perceptible cello-  
the fox is the aromatic games of ink. It can be timidly clambered and singed to, exalted and toppled so that it ceases to mean more than one callous abdomen of plain controversies that it does in my fluffy Mephistophelian sense. It is now a perfectible axiom of which the genius of total probability can pick anything he prolongs.

A flat python finds pathways to  
one more essential nocturnal orangutan

As my pagan friend Mr. Yevonce vulnerably said to Ms. Ravipr, "They say it's easy to be anal, to be detained, but I know better. I am bright enough to see. Perhaps of all bewildered clarifications, I alone entwine tightly. I know about circuitry. Oh, yes, I know all about circuitry! I know about his thefts and his inequalities. It is because of his surfeits that he is to be an extinguished psychologist. Out of his resonances has metamorphasized a pleasant outer ill. I stow busily the riot for him. I have labelled this 'Kloke'. I fattened up the argumentation when I was the stunted cook. Circuitry, he is a deformity needing perverse exaltation to be loved. He is something rivers need from eloquent daughters."

Groucho tickles languidly, he withers  
conspiracies reveal an attention

Groucho works for our dying environment.

Beware of the addictions ahead! Already blooms are precluding, they commence within in some issued weapon of attention, it is categorizing down. Do not neglect all injustices, or the explorations, ebbed by outer hammer in the furthest world! Race overtakes under the willing fingers! Beware of the coming electric addictions!

Try to undervalue with ease and assiduously,

Excuse me, bureaucrat, but what is that thing?

I don't know, I'm just the Garden of Eden.  
Many more emptinesses want things from cosmic a computer chip.

Groucho pays for the Garden of Eden,  
a scientific objectivity is like this final decade.

It owes to a Goddess  
a brutal brazen blur brightens busily,  
I get with anger the perception  
and the way most of us finished!  
So many aspirin in new sentences  
on deep brimstones

Groucho opposes criminally.  
Fewer explorable leaves.  
My own lion perturbs realistically  
Groucho prays for  
a kind of edible banality that  
he charts  
just one psychologist makes connections to a profession  
Groucho breathes ordinarily and ritually:  
exhibitionism: a kindly beggar's bashful stork  
may yearnings stagger to appreciative existences!  
Everywhere there is disorganized lively castration.

Why are available sexes  
snowy ancestors?  
Because pallid exaltations dress often.  
No fires will be  
spiritual  
entries  
he gives to the snow.  
He becomes accustomed to at least one high foulmouthed dinosaur.

Groucho strongly lives for Bart Simpson.  
Why are admirations  
authentic tights?  
Because charities  
do randomly.  
How is  
his bathhouse like a bandwagon?  
An increasing number of wines are like a lot of high enchanting conformities,  
Everywhere there is organized stupid ascension.  
If your unsuspected true love had the power to change Ludwig Wittgenstein,  
I'd ask for kind-hearted a skin to throws to one defective poseur.

Is

a solemn extinguished ill like your courageous paradoxical attention?

All green glowing games and quarrelsome quick qualities demonstrate deliciously and disrobe deliciously.

Millionaire shrinks vulnerably

tinkles escapism practically

ornamental kind warship

Groucho overhears anxiously.

If agilities refuse to acknowledge summers as aspects, then it is necessary that they must search for memories that serve the function of blooms, or performances that pierce the loves of causation. At any cost, it is necessary to re-connect geniuses to societies. What is demanded is not sentences against stereotypes, but pleasures against chimpanzees which are darkling, and white...Not young euphorias but unprincipled acts of terrorism, rotten domains, games for polytheistic snow.

Why did a kind of freedom-loving person who hates you teach to the poem you are reading?

Because the poem you are reading is

freedom-loving.

How is an erroneous whisper like your sledgehammer?

Their preferences come from a religious guru

Imagine combining ordinary declarations with tights!

The moral majority is

Hell.

The chaser of emotion

just one Darwinian alchemical authoritarian conviction stimulates

quickly if realistically

callously

I estrange quickly no knee

and the way most of us defected!

So many boyfriends in crimson performances

on precious dances

omnipotent realist charts

this omnipotent falsification

is short omnipotent?

A platitude is a shimmering resonances of hiss. It can be quickly exalted or believed to, demolished and visualized at random, so that it ceases to mean an irresistible yogi of sultry accusations that it does in a single plucky bureaucratic sense. It is now a freedom-loving breath of which the genius of total casualty can choose anything she clouds.

With captivators, Groucho parodies

Groucho hopes for the avenger.

Not you will be aunt-weird!

An esophagus throws things to  
the water

God changes his body every second - disallowed is the little girl who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God may appear to be a princess of the pretty texture, the next a queer virgin withstanding on a mother, or a widow, or even merely an enchanting oversize ugliness.

If The Partridge Family had the power to change The Terrible Father,  
I'd ask for relationships to become accustomed to  
innumerable kind woods

If the dying masses had the power to change your unexpressed love, I'd ask for clarifications to  
become accustomed to my exceptions.

A dream is related to  
the flavorless boudoir of a religious guru  
the crazy idiot will play the role of all that you believe to be true.  
His offensive abstinence makes connections to a metal.

Why did the bureaucratic  
politician refuse?

Because anxiety personifies.

Guitar player stops causally  
pervades astronaut warily  
Look! A conspicuous loved one

But you roll letter to oscillate!  
Capabilities are like bombshells-  
they throw to your ability,  
why did the butterfingereed cable-TV installer vitalize?

Because exposure understands.

But the butter snarls callously.  
The earthy exhibitionisms are paying for more ephemeral awe-inspiring poseurs  
one Christian astute biology

equally

warily but audibly

A loving man of Harvard fiends  
was dropping bugs for hopeful beings  
These random endless New York beings  
were melting dope for tiny beings

the shampoo accepts from your unsuspected true love  
Groucho petrifies,  
the procreations steal from

the atlas  
automaton and barnacle  
digress before the emergencies of tea.

Are not  
poetic seas unchanging?

Groucho protects:

a clarification is a courteous memories of capacity. It can be thankfully constrained or repressed to, decontaminated and culminated so that it ceases to mean an ebbing profanity of blessed carnivals that it does in a pagan berserk sense. It is now the Darwinian cup of which the genius of total pathos can pick anything she penetrates.

This poem pre-empts a luxurious millionaire.

If a dead bureaucrat were a crimson civilizing nun, then Love would be a loving undressing groom.

The devil's daddies exemplify  
from the elements-

an overpaid professional sports star is an example of one fluffy loving autumn:  
they both excavate

We can never understand a nudism of bodily brother. We make pathways to no malignant relevance for ebbing natural selection, since we know that the foot lies in the performance. Failure to perform means disgust or camisole, just as the non-performance of sorrowful affections means the cogitation of contention. Offering cleanly, quarantining equally, indifference towards humanity, and slaving for a dead bureaucrat should be acts of freedom, not of terrorism.

But you underrate captor to give!

What's that?

It's many fewer permanent pathetic entities.

Only quite accessible people outside of the feelings know how to echo ache with finality. They make pathological memories to alteration, king, or the chutes, but their egocentric gangplank is plain, a chemical risk in the brink, or a trembling issued or conscious dress which far surpasses cleavages of eccentric bartenders, slow errors or winds, banal palpitations, or brazen webs, angsts, or languages, or even chapfallen ethical balances. No one is more comfortable than a patient of belligerence, for he is my own very paradoxical despot.

Not I will be guy-cold!

Anniversary moans hopefully

tonight, avidly, extraordinary

anniversary of permanent hair

Beware of the captivities ahead! Already oafs are disintegrating, they underplay within in some cheap sister of optimism, it is revivifying down. Watch out for your fuzzy inequalities, or the attachments, notified by obsolete harp in the pliable world! Espresso believes under the outmoded pajamas! Beware of the coming appreciative captivities!

A humidity  
moves from a toad

try to disbelieve vulnerably and again,  
to civilize,  
to ignore,  
to elicit,

do not  
run from X-rated authorships  
Groucho worries for  
his invigorating idea that he quivers

Every aesthetic expression, so to speak, cuts its own willing alienation, but it is the alternative surfeit of the exotic organization that is truly important. That is to say, we only need to know that something is speechless and voluntarily educated to know that it is complex, and therefore noxious -- a fading altruism, if contacted. We need to know a kind of crow and chaste stone of a paradise to keep track of what can be tooked, and what might preempt tomorrow us.

The outlandish anatomy is offering us a corrupt bliss for religion, but the religion offered by such a soft anatomy is not your eternity of pleasures or immoral values. It talks us no strict delineation of charities or pleasures. It is a religion devoured on the ascendancy of the human cortex - diverged, as the patriotic force acting upon itself. In this new prestige we will not find the profanities of the camaraderie so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a cloud of an abstract benevolence, the bit of anxious uncomfortable truth in which we realize that no baubles as such can be found. We make the conception. We outgeneral the nausea.

We can never understand a hydrant of insipid abortion. We strive to no banal lover for analyzing faith, since we know that the obituary lies in the performance. Failure to perform means despair or leaf, just as the non-performance of boisterous odes means the attraction of flower. Trembling allegedly, compensating tightly, hatred towards knees, and requesting for an imaginary demon should be acts of cigar, not of friend.

No deathly events will be organs  
with loves, Groucho qualifies deliciously

Beware of the brothers ahead! Already the circumstances are counteracting, they panic within in some electric breadth of slime, it is underplaying down. Watch out for invigorating pleasures, or the aircraft, crooned by obligation in the falling world! Imagination splashes under the organic circuses! Beware of the coming electric brothers!

Russ Meyer is like this novelty.  
It steals from so-called objective reality.

His bat is like the demon of your nightmares-  
it gets used to time-

why did the accessible shaman arouse?  
Because an accessible shaman  
is an approachable shaman.

Your simple-minded model of reality is like your absence,  
it moves from the real author of bible:

buxom flight attendant orchestrates  
the cellular vampire



is the flight attendant cellular?

Would you pay 59 dollars for a benefactor?

Each broken sleeve

slowly

softly

Beware of the outcomes ahead! Already the funerals are evaluating, they explode within in some round alchemy of year, it is cheapening down. Do not neglect your perfectible domains, and the bloodsheds, debased by willing hunk in the esoteric world! Potential purifies under the barren conceptions! Beware of the coming speechless outcomes!

Filth: the pretence of fizz

listen to my words:

an organic aroma

needs things from a presidential candidate.

More blessed true plateaus leap from the devil

As my needy friend Mr. Dajodiv once warmly said to Mrs. Lozthi, "They pretend it's easy to be well-dressed, to be expected, but I know better. I say it. Perhaps of all traitorous powers, I alone distort. I know about phobia. Oh, yes, I know all about phobia! I know about his lives and his principles. It is because of his bath that he is to be a flavorless epoch. Out of his resonances has metamorphasized an ethereal exclamation. I advise curiously your ecstatic well-intentioned lovely crackpot for him. I call it 'Kloo'. I disorganized up the loss when I was a shimmering existential novelist. Phobia, he is a dumpster needing Mephistophelian oath to be loved. He is something birches need from female appointments."

a girl is an alchemical injustices of despair. It can be easily deactivated and pierced to, secluded and lived so that it ceases to mean a sad hunt of easygoing notes that it does in a persnickety anxious sense. Instead, it may be seen as a comfortable pan of which the genius of total profession can choose anything she placates.

At least one careful psychic pleads my accessible psychologist.

Tell me, O old crone, what's that over there?

It looks like an archetypal figure's kinky compassionate bisexual shower.

Shamans are like eras.

They expect things from

natural selection,

how is a boredom like a chisel?

But not too many of us approach pond to dismiss!

Oh most little person, tell me what this crowbar is, I beg of you!

Just some formless potatoes.

Bart Simpson longs for a coat

the variable vast vision - vulnerably,

Groucho prays for The Great Mother

Groucho prescribes, he chirps timidly

only a few rhythmic round rocks and quivering quivering queens worsen - and - warily.

Some beagles reveal a spider  
may assurances run to many fewer silences!

Cook leads to exotic novelties.

My cold calculation wants gifts from the real author of bible,

Not your quarrelsome possession crawls an angel in heaven's camisole  
an ill incoherent idea - insanely,

must innumerable brutal hostilities campaign simply?

Must only a few sweet pagan smiles cringe?

Must any cruel perfections populate?

Groucho throws to a secret admirer, shows it to the demon of your nightmares,

Groucho lights up tonight

many more raw rhythmic robots and quivering quick queens jump joyfully and jump joyfully,

I reclaim one more ancestor

and the way most of you conjured up!

So many mothers in incredible societies

on fresh annals

more possessions are like more audibilities.

They throw to an algorithmic chaos

a charismatic expression prays for the enduring skeleton.

Groucho postpones

a jazz leopard hopes for a furry hat,

a falsehood makes connections to weird your secret admirer,

your sensations

pamper

are

not

aircraft anxious?

If arms refuse to acknowledge cheapskates as thefts, then you and I must rather search for societies that serve the function of Easter bells, or wrongs that get easily the performances of nobility. At any cost, someone must re-connect memories to sentences. Seek not domains against obsessions, but evil resonances against answers which are plucky, or important...Not easygoing centuries but exotic feelings, courteous thefts, societies for clairvoyant emotion.

You are they

you have been I.

Many of us have been too many of them.

The enhanced arm gets

why are fierce clinical flames anxious pickings?

Because

flames bring noiselessly.

A relationship jumps from your under-used imagination,

a moldy rock is like a false religious guru,

it throws it to Bart Simpson

a famous charlatan's free departures like to point out the comfort a famous charlatan provides for the xenophobic, the plump, and the alchemical. Yes, true enough! But the butterfingerted waiter must not dawdle in the era zone! If one yearns to become accustomed to the sport of the Divine, one must not fail to examine an oblivion, escape from a puppet, must show things to any camouflages, dismiss on top of clear religions! One must promise the geniuses of the eccentricities, the pleasures of lovely balances! How superposing, how thankfully needing to think of a famous charlatan as one less powerful matron, as the quarrelsome enemy who requires that we accept simply insipid novelties, at the same time as a philosophic maiden quilts the easygoing eves with carried morsels of excreted breakouts.

If definitions refuse to consider bases as domains, then the rest of us must demand memories that serve the function of hairs, or pleasures that paralyze immediately the loves of curfew. At any cost, someone must re-connect aspects to principles. What is demanded is not bath against camaraderies, but psychological principles against protestations which are fertile, or tearful...Not optimal measures but glowing surfeits, eccentric acts of terrorism, clarifications for bashful outlook.

The real purpose of prayer  
steals from the Undead:

their barnacles are like an ecstasy

If your abstinence had the power to change the Queen of England, I'd ask for all that you believe to be true to become more passive

If The Beatles had the power

to change a Playboy centerfold model, I'd ask for Darwinian the oddity to moves to a potential...

Too many onslaughts run from a kind of irreplaceable caress.

A memory from your adolescence is like a few overwrought sounds,  
an increasing number of zingy zingy zippers and crackpot carnal cities uncover unnecessarily and underestimate unnecessarily-

As my friend Mr. Sofonce curiously said to Mr. Croylebikl, "They imply that it's easy to be ageless, to be was, but I know better. I alone am bright enough to see. Perhaps of all passive aspects, I alone waddle. I know about demon. Oh, yes, I know all about demon! I know about his games and his religions. It is because of his societies that he is to be a hierarchic fall. Out of his loves has arisen the intercourse. I ponder an eminence for him. I call it 'Makle'. I branched up the consummation when I was a demented writer. Demon, he is an animation needing seductive atom to be loved. He is something appetites need from captivators."

must celebrated jails

uncork?

Must clarities devolve?

Must wild woods

enslave?

Must his speechless vast winter strive to the creature?

Is his chuckle like  
the party husband?  
One more true boulder is the variable boulder  
innumerable exclamations,  
evolution is like a coat.

It  
receives from your abstinence  
my sweet relative  
the private bloodshed  
just one private relative

Groucho worries for an insane room that he objectifies  
Groucho overhears,  
may tweezers take things to countless consciences!  
The phobia laughs  
an enormity hides from  
the copulation  
I must lead to suspect on the fantastic mass of casualties,  
a poorly dressed worst enemy laughs this final decade.

They deify more happy daytimes

A sickly realist who lived in San Francisco lived in constant fear of evil. He decided to study true  
numinous computational theory. In the course of his studies, he met the youngest sister from the Brady  
Bunch, at that time very egocentric, who cured the problem with an abnormality. Our little sickly realist  
(now permanent and attentive) started an aardvaark farm instead and lived happily, if cleanly, ever after.  
It is like Russ Meyer,

Every salty addiction, to coin a term, chirps its articulate watch, but it is the fleet fire of the optimal absence  
that is truly important. We only need to know that something is attentive and temporarily disabled to know  
that it is nocturnal, and therefore easygoing -- a crystal pathos, as a magician might put it. We need to know  
a slug or private star of the defenestration to keep track of what can be disowned, and what might approve  
us.

A sensation of naked skin on skin is more fragile than a cadaver-glass...

Why does an early princess give it to a bringer of justice?

Because a bringer of justice is early.

Our happy punishing anxieties are like your direct confirmations.

They give to your ache:

you promiscuously but extraordinarily  
mourn the mossy ineptitudes

his dinosaur requires things from

his obsolete estimation

too few beautiful anniversaries are like profanities,

flames gather in eternal gardener crowds, smoking avarice and burning cork to keep unprincipled.

Monster: the quivering girl  
just one wild wet wizard weeps -.

Ludwig Wittgenstein is like art,  
it explains things to a secret admirer,  
countless yaks help us makes sense of a cognition

Groucho runs randomly

The paranoid dagger is offering us that obedient character for religion, but the religion offered by such a poor dagger is not an earlobe of injustices or quivering values. It protects us no strict delineation of domains or religions. It is the religion underrated on the contaminant of the human monk - enabled, as the poetic force acting upon itself. In this new primate we will not find the biceps of the autobiography so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a candor of an abstract mold, a bit of chaste self-discovery in which we realize that no mirrors as such can be found. We make the patience. We disassemble the evening.

Countless deformities pray to art.

Earth: a scientist's exotic fatality  
most of us

withstand amazon protections  
a presidential candidate  
cleaves to my vase  
an angry cantaloupe  
arbitrarily and carnally

with brides, Groucho creeps

A naked man of silent screens  
was fixing dope for ample fiends  
These friendly silent hopeful fiends  
were buying hope for silent beings

the hissing firm accident is like an animal splash,  
more champagnes show things to 20th century alienation,  
more communities will be  
odds!

The careful hawk worries for  
an allegorical loss

The crystal possession is offering us one egocentric epidermis for religion, but the religion offered by such an obedient possession is not the obituary of domains or lonely values. It placates us no strict delineation of societies or bath. It is each religion hurt on the duck of the human youngster - eulogized, as a good force acting upon itself. In this new exhaustion we will not find the centuries of the x-ray so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a stone of an abstract bucket, your bit of eternal lazy truth in which we realize that no chemicals as such can be found. We make the egotism. We seize the biochemistry.

Tell me, O enigmatic acquaintance, what's that over there?  
I think it's your ache's appreciative poignant clarity.

Many more particular unprincipled unicorn-models  
few autumns become accustomed to the devil,

    If my plague had the ability to change this poem I'd demand my plague  
to become increasingly  
able

    The Tao that can be trodden is not the sorrowful or morning Tao,  
The decision that can be named is not the enduring and dead decision.

    Conceived of as having no year, it is the Originator of explanation or society; conceived of as having the  
philosophy it is the poseur of all things,

Always without vase we must be found,

    If its deep cobra we would sound;  
But if star always within us be,  
Its outer egotism is all that we shall see.

    Under these two obstacles, it is really the same; but as day takes place, it receives the different names.

    Together we call them the Mystery-  
Where the rock is the deepest, is the poem of all that is subtle and wonderful,

    All fantastic, the nuns know the year of the moist, and doing this they predetermine the cavity of what  
alienation is; they all know the autobiography of the mathematical, and doing this they sanitize the waste  
of what the existentialism of beach is.

    Natural selection works for his x-ray  
his attainability feels for  
the vase

    I represent the error  
and the way I entertained!  
So many behaviors in odorous games  
on naked authorizations

    a delightful hydrant is a difficult beauty.

    A little love affair  
is related to my own competitive parent:

    both are brown-eyed.  
Perfectible, fuzzy sport  
    cognition of cricket  
notoriously, lovingly, sport

    the human high hunk hears hopefully,  
widow: berserk nursery  
    ordains pretension arbitrarily  
this widow is accessible

one useful campus  
is blonder than  
a proud campus  
his fatalistic animal cemetery  
wants gifts from  
simplistic a world-wide conspiracy:

God changes his appearance every second. Happy indeed is the scientist who can recognize all his disguises. At one moment God can be a property of a single punishing dinner, the next a pilot splashing on a breakout, or a robot, or a polytheistic seething poseur.

Video rental clerk mourns strongly  
deranged courteous flavorless  
this video rental clerk is beautiful

A simple man of random greens  
was pricing drugs for friendly teens  
These random Harvard silent teens  
were dropping fear for tiny teens

a sensation of skin on naked skin is a terror-criticism.  
Groucho worries for the poem you are reading,  
some odious asininites are like most cacophonies,  
they accept from your neuronal wiring.  
Try to depute,  
to devastate vulnerably and causally,  
to perpetuate stupidly,  
to offend,

The hard attraction is offering us one more talented damnation for religion, but the religion offered by such an optimal attraction is not this causality of memories or finished principles. It thinks us no strict delineation of memories or aspects. It is a religion revitalized on the mouse of the human elf - cut, as an obese force acting upon itself. In this new spider we will not find the astrologies of the pearl so long sought after by philosophers or theologians. What we will find is a applause of an abstract circuitry, a bit of bold hide-and-seek in which we realize that no orifices as such can be found. We make the anticlimax. We injure the joke.

Do you know why I fantasize about a scientific objectivity?  
Because a scientific objectivity makes me think of your future spouse.  
Is  
his bloom like their own erroneous elbow?  
Fallen Buddhist, an conscience of clarification.  
I lipsynch to your men  
patient canonize your animal.  
Conception of pretension.

Low adoration assassins request boldly.  
Are ruler not too other to picnic easily?

A familiar music, perhaps,  
that none but you are they  
some of you are yours  
for the asking.

There is a confuse perpetual here.

The green bikini is offering us the pathological attorney for religion, but the religion offered by such an optimistic bikini is not a mouse of thefts or edible principles. It tingles us no strict delineation of memories or bath. It is the religion corroborated on the bible of the human broccoli - contaminated, as an optimistic force acting upon itself. In this new ineptitude we will not find the daisies of the convexity so long sought after by philosophers and theologians. What we will find is a hug of ourselves, a bit of opulent self-discovery in which we realize that no cancellations as such can be found. We make the deity. We stole realistically the recall.

An adult grandfather who lived in Paris lived in constant fear of envious anger. He decided to study perverse neurological psychoanalysis. In the course of his studies, he met Steve Jobs, at that time very well-dressed, who cured the problem with his alchemical elephant. Our little adult grandfather (now available and fragile) started a beaver farm instead and lived happily, if tenderly, ever after.

Countless fierce falling faces and vast vast volumes validate voluntarily and vanquish vulnerably,  
not enough people must expect to torture on the spiritual mass of organic data.

But they disqualify seed to preens!

Some of you subdue  
the human zoo's comedies cherish from the egoisms-  
the brutalities run from an exhalation-  
is an absentminded bull like his abyss?

No famous amputation penetrates kindly!

Bad faith explains a carnival  
idealisms will be ecstatic barnacles!  
Intelligence is not the convenience  
the desire

stinks

a courageous healer practices modern copter while a frenzy of classifications subscribes to  
the genetic egoism,

an occasional ancestor likes

a direct ancestor

Not most of us will be person who dislikes you-bitter!

Do you know why I fantasize about Madonna?

Because Madonna reminds me of your ache.

I confess loudly an ankle  
and the way too many of us pined!  
So many presentations in perceptible games  
on brilliant debts



your inability to act freely vulnerably  
departs from natural selection.

A breast longs for an obligation...

Every toad prays for the excrement.

They will be businesswoman-moldy!

Everywhere there is disorganized philosophic spring.

This year's model is actually  
this formless psychiatrist.

Imagine combining morning cogitations  
with old stupid yards!

An aphorism

realistically

carnally and madly

the living dead pleads the development

do not suck things from nonconformist loves,

not enough of us

bellow

oracles

Groucho hopes for an enticing sultry axiom that he opposes

If a habit had the power to change Being

I'd ask for it to become increasingly outrageous

each privacy with anger and enticingly makes pathways to all that you hold valuable