

J. D. Nelson

sock scythe crane

the first worm is a lift
it's a pollen monster

today is the day of the grapes
a pirate of the chock

the night of the glowing sandal
the worm of the broken door

the stamina of the cloud
a glass of the orange wolf

the nectar of the wolf suit was a flea
skip the skiff because I am the clay

the dolphin of the chin
in the lake of the coins

sun of the scramble

the head is the island
we hear that measure of the socks to wick and tick

that melon of the clue
the claw of the sun to see thru that change of the dollar

we are the winter sun
the heart of the sun is the free feature of the claw

the clean rabbit of the front door
the sparrow of the fruit

the sun of the triangle of the dough
brain one, the clinical front of the dollar

word gets the sideways lenny

bath was a crock of the rooster
the seen seven of the comma

that beat is the curtain
not the royal ace of the continued hand

walmart is the snake!

the morning of the night
to glow with that peanut is the stripe of the fixed altar

a feather to glow with the turtle
that voice of the dollar is the nothing in my socks

that burning hum to winter in the eggland
to be an insect about it

the charger head and that neon
could be the purple

a glass osiris

the water of jones, the dang hum, of course
roy was an old ray

the clean scoop of the dry answer, of course
to be the secret eye

I was the apple of the wolf, of course
shout was a helmet of dog food

that gamble is the clorox of the rose, of course
that grain is the gram to be the sleeping hand of the light

sleep to that grape number, of course
we are here with the doctor of the wooden brain

nothing is the same as the light, of course
the rocking lone wolf is the busting brain

could be a french sky of the marble, of course
the lucky rise of the pirate brain morning

world is the mike of the frosting

would you like a milk of the dud to dudley
the jumble of denim fleas

glue is the brief person of the night
the fantastic four of the earth to show the children

the plastic of the green moon
that law of the *nothingfeather*

that leonard of the people
we are here in the fun garden

the soup of the ladder
that laugh landing is the heart of bread

one extra is the layover claw
all right in the denver mud

the normal leaner
in the cave of the dentist

that good feather is the tree of the future flute

to speak at that level of pears
we are the cream and we cook the rope

it could be the country monster
that bustle of the burial gourd

the lack of a meteor is the coke of the sunshine
anderson is the law for slow closeness

the shining huck of the world
in winter we are the lemons

the good world of the planet
the earth is closed

I heave that standard trash and we are keeping the kettle

nothing is the game of the glass to win a sheep
march was like a puppet

the hammer of yellow
one more balloon of the cheese

the dallas bird, that radio
water and walter

saturn in the box
bucker is the light of puppy

the volume of the vole
slack locker was a corporal stomach

a hurried face
the bright blue bread