

SUPPOSE TOMORROW

I may hear  
                  that Bulltoven  
is dead

That message  
                  was omnipresent  
always it was

Enclosed free  
                  of charge  
on the house

Neatly printed  
                  as in a Chinese  
fortune cookie

With my  
                  diapers  
there

On the first  
                  day, oh  
they wept

You fatherless  
                  babe, you  
fatherless babe

A MANGLED

Hand  
                  which has now become  
a chromium prosthesis  
                  Bulltoven  
still calls it  
his cunt-scratcher

Well, I understand he was  
an old O.B.

                  I just thought it  
was one of those tools  
                  you make  
a tough delivery with

BULLTOVEN ONCE

Said  
                  for about the  
hundredth

Time  
                  once you've had  
good

Pussy  
                  real pussy  
you can

Forget  
                  about  
pussy

Old  
                  Bulltoven, he  
could

Never  
                  stop talking  
about

Forgetting  
                  about  
pussy