

yossarian hunter
&
newamba flamingo



free enterprise in the
waste management industry

gotta Michael Jordan bobble head on the dash
and a sweaty
 (ass)-flavored pine tree
 hangin'
from a light on the ceiling
 --it used to be a light
 it doesn't come on anymore
 guess it's not really a light--
plus a Key Largo payload of dead ballerinas
fixing to disappear
just as soon as I find
 a chrome plated pitchfork
to unload them bitches with

you just absolutely would not believe what dead ballerinas command
on the open market these days I mean if you dress them up in wedding
dresses with pink slippers and make it so they lactate when you give
them the old butt rape then oh my god in just a little while like a week or
three you'd have enough to help Uncle Frank pay the Thai Lady Boy's
ransom and then, man, talk about the poems we'd read ...

her gonorrhea reflections *sparkle*
from the clip-on vanity
 mirror shades
 I wear

My friends...

I

****AM****

gonna be
the new Billy-The-Goddamn-Kid!
amongst big
NASTY (**ass**)
garbage truck drivers

*<<-- I put two stars
'cuz this is
the second
time we've
been over this shit.*

I'll pull up in your front yard
spit ya a pearl diver
wipe my (**ass**) with my hand
give ya a high fiver

FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS

This bright (**ass**) green demon
needs no gasoline to get around
the block my good friend Glen
has a still makes the best moon
shine around you could fly to
fuckin mars on that shit put a
gallon in and it's ballerinas for
a week

first day on the job:

bicycles

second day on the job:

televisions

third day on the job:

assorted bits of

scraps of

pieces of

torn paper and used condoms

and moldy loafs of

bread that we

use for-

*[shut the fuck up man,
you'll ruin the market!!]*

{what market man chill the fuck out

we got 'em in every stop-n- rob

from NE Mississippi to

Alligator Alley

it's cool}

FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS

bet your (**ass**) we make the best

FUCKBOTS

in town we make 'em

out of all that stuff

them other schmucks threw away

*{step right up folks and catch your self a
glimpse yes that's right folks you heard
right what we have here is the amaing back-
wards walking *FUCKBOT* it dances the
Macarena it talks like Richard Simmons
it has a white boy afro and doesn't mind if
you share it with your friends}*

The trick to making a quality

FUCKBOT

is twisting the hypothalamus

into an introverted

logarithmic diaper

[it took me ten thousand
tries to get the thing right
(during the movie, a seven
year old girl punched her
grandpa in the face)]

the testicle milk of

a healthy baboon

is an effective lubricant

and gives the

FUCKBOT

minty fresh breathe

to boot

I

AM

mendacious about my
penis size to
a hairy plastic vagina
on the phone sex hotline

<<<--- don't be makin' me
go over this again
or no more
FUCKBOT
for you

[you'd think with the ***FUCKBOT*** market booming I could
take a day off but with bum wine, Florida drivers, open heart
surgery, George W. Bush, beasts of savage sea-turtle pussy and
the bad (**ass**) case of diarrhea I got from eatin' the beans them Texas
motherfuckers served me I can't find no damn body to drive the
truck the bright (**ass**) **green** truck and we gotta keep the spare parts
rolling you see we're all addicted there's this lady from Scotland
she sells us words on the cheap and we're all junkies now that's
why we keep dancing naked through the flames across the page]

please

no

more

I can't

breathe

twin dildos attached to a chain twirl like nunchucks stirring up terrible clouds
of dust causing a collapse an uncertain arrival flippant fistfucks the rain dry

{we interrupt your regularly
scheduled programming
to bring you an update
Chris Reeves was discovered
alive today he was locked
in a phone booth with a man
in a dolphin suit the dolphin
claimed to know some long
forgotten truth but he won't
cough it up until the booth
is open and the tacos are free
and normal scheduled routes
of roadside pick up resume
he looked like the zig-zag man
Reeves that is the dolphin
man looked rather like a dolphin
in an unrelated incident
diseased flaming emu dicks prick the purple-(ass)ed Elvis
who was skydiving into a tornado clutching a teddy bear
and now a word from
our sponsor:
***FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS* }**

“yes, I’ll have a strawberry flavored
chocolate chip spam-burger and the
taco flavored cookie and a monster
sized Vanilla shake...”

*[you’ll take your (ass) back
to work is what you’ll
do we got parts
to collect *FUCKBOTS*
to engineer you schmuck]*

*{quit calling me
a schmuck damn you
I ain’t thrown
away nothin’ we could use
and besides I done built three
FUCKBOTS
and tested another two}*

<we have a ballerina incident on
aisle four could somebody get the
garbage man on the line **now**>

**I am thank you!
say please drive thru-
to the Mr. Garbage Man:
Ta-Ta!**

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