

Ian why don't you say grace
"dear god thanks, and if you loved me vegetables would
be extinct"
Now I'm looking down the barrel of a string-bean side
like an exodus of biblical proportion redefined
Rectangle seat 4, squeeze 5, each one
May not be excused from the table 'til the green gone
Stomach revvin' up an episodic rerun
Where's a dissipating plume of smoke when you need one?
Chris and Graham hate 'em too but advocate a braver
chew invented for the code red, cola chaser, nose held,
gulp!
Moments later 2 have been released
Leaving me the legroom and the legume police
Going "freeze, you with the pretzeled arms
Send your fabricated nausea my best regards
And know this kitchen as a prison 'til the pea pods die
I could sit here all night"
So could I

Who was at the doorjust now?
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the
curbsides Really?
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green
beans being a total pussy"

Who was at the doorjust now?
Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the
claymores Really?
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting
and terrified of a plant"

Blink Twice if you are being held hostage
I speak and spell of a sleeper cell in the hospice
Woke, impersonating busy little helpers
That intimately purr between the hiccuping up of
feathers
Pick a porcelain dish
A single portion canned
Frozen or fresh
Defies the glory of the Poultry or fish
Via communal bloodletting that rupture spud levy
No '87 supper-scape was truly flood-friendly, ever
Including at your basic cemetery for contaminated
textures 60 minutes into never
Where room temp heirlooms emanate a crude black mist
To a rendition of "dude, dad's pissed"
Tell dad dude's pissed too
Not to mention genuinely brandishing a the new gill hue
Still out-mule any last strafing watchmen
'til the lord taketh waiting as an option

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Less like toes in a tide pool
More like, left, right, poached from notable giant
Kaiju
Fat neck, fine tooth, rock and lean, yelling
"this ends now eat the god damn beans!" ah!
Hangdog mouth talk slang wrong and that there's
flatware exhumed by a crane arm
Time for some action
Stab one ripe for a swipe and extraction
Brined in malpractice
Carried to the cavernous yap and obliged access
If only in compliance with a deep-fried fascist, peep
Literally bite down once
And my tongue get a flooding from my uninvited guts
Pointer finger plug a hole in the damn
Ma notice, "ok gross, dinner's over, go spit", pop call
"bullshit"
Both of my brothers break in, like "he's on his Davie
Hogan no mistaken", by the way

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