

Prophecy

King Missile

They were all-around friendly ones, they have guns with anger, and they took turns and exchanged shifts in the subway hoping for a dog tie and telekinetic toenail broth, and when they presented their arms to the soupman and told him of the overthrow plan where simple drainpipe pillows washed over an angry mob of screaming leftovers sizzling and chanting for the freedom of the sky rink, the soupman man took umbrage and ran back inside to tell on them, singing "Ladle, ladle, thy kingdom come, kiss me on the bum, do you want a stick of gum? ". The throng continued to amass outside and within the circumference, inner circles accumulated and plotted, in graphic detail, the exact nature of their diametrical opposition. Then they ate pie and when all the irrational numbers had been engulfed, swallowed up in the spontaneous mass, even the innocent little children began to join in the chorus of hate and a beautiful sound was heard upon the Great Lawn as the genuine counter-revolution began to assert itself on closed-circuit television, in portable hairdryers and shortwave radios and microwave ovens and telekinetic magicians and psychic channellers and funnel cakes, and funeral processions were stopped dead in their tracks as the corpses climbed out of their coffins and did an evil skeleton dance while playing xylophone medleys on each other's decaying bones and the great matriarch descended from the sky to chastise the soupman for letting his ingredients run loose among the hungry, for he too would be implicated in the show trial, and when the fallen were brought before the grand tribunal, all the hosiery of the earth witnessed the mockery of justice and the draconian outcome and no one spoke out, not out of fear but out of relief, and a great baldness uncovered the land as all life blew a heavy sigh and the people forgave themselves and went on about their business in the dog food factories and the cannibal malls, and the coercion committees convened in hideaway palaces to lead out the sentences and everyone partook in equal sentences of the body and the blood of the brave traitors. But the great belly of the universe began to rumble and grumble, and all could hear the message and fear swept over the unchosen as the fornicators and the insane trampled over the hypocrites and baby savers, for their great day came and the unborn and the justborn swelled into a mighty avenging angel and all were smolden discriminately, for they were all with sin, and they had never had the hope they had hoped to have had, and veribly, they all prayed to the wrong burger joint, and they all went out, "Burger King, Burger King, Burger King", but it was too late. The king was mad and angry, and he sent down a cloud of processed cheese food that invoked the hungry and the blind, and their hairstyles were made fun of by the fashion queens of the west, and yet in all the carnage of flowers sserted itself against the rubble in revolt, and spoke in a mighty falsetto, "I am a deity of redemption! Lift my ba

ttles and ye too shall breath eternal fire and nitrous oxide!" and many did follow the flower and float into and unto the eternal stream of urine, and they were neither angered nor drunken with joy. They were blissed and blessed and saved, and Junior said, "Boy, am I hungry, Dad. Are there any more tofu donuts in the air sickness bag?" and Dad said, "Here, Junior. Here, Junior, take and eat. Do this in resemblance of me." and Junior said, "Oh daddy, oh daddy, oh daddy, oh daddy, this is the best Christmas ever"