

## Tour Diary: Louisville

### King Missile

The fire leaped and licked, lapping up our pink and happy flesh

Dogs chirped like monkeys and ate each other's heads

Satan slinked down the runway in a sassy blue gown made entirely of rotten fruit

Minivans circled the sky, sending messages below the earth to the Lasagna King

A flying carpet farted on the prostrate pilgrims, who were eternally grateful

A giant testicle rolled over a Waffle House, killing several clowns

Telephone poles hopped around like pogo sticks, and Jimmy helped himself to another serving of yams

A small child with a submachine gun led the faithful in a rousing rendition of "Moses, You Is My Woman Now."

Many of my internal organs jumped out of my mouth and danced a jig of gratitude to this marvelous city for entertaining me so robustly