## **Transitions**

Ween

Got aesthetic universal saturation in the grip of the morning s  ${\tt un.}$ 

The creosote that erodes all the odors that lie dormant when the day is done.

Hop the dingle on the ferry takes you back to the dimension that t's just begun.

Riding the crest of the communion to a union, Harry Truman is the holy son.

And he says...