

Typing:like this:

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Gives me more time to think  
About "writing"bad poetry  
- like this -

Fred was his name, death was his game ?  
No, it was taking red nosedrops of neo-synzefram fame.  
Fred was your name, and death not your game.  
For Fred had died from taking the same.  
Oh, say ye, I died by thee?  
No, say I, nor shall you die,  
For Fred no longer plays that game.

There once lived a fiddler in Frankfurthammein.  
His head had six humps but his fiddling was fine.  
On the way to his mouse he passed the mare,  
He passed the mare,  
A crowd of muddy la-ay-deez was gathering where....

Frederik Jonas Simon van Rordrikston:  
he never, never lived.  
Never.  
!

Somewhere under a rainbow youngsters lie:  
Buried.

inthefilthcouldnotseemyeyesbecauseicouldntturnthem!!!!

all by,  
Don Harrington

ta-da and tee-hee!

*Something in the latter part  
of 1977 before 11-02-77*