



...and Kyroot said:

Ofttimesafter,

Thinking something,

Curious or questionable,

This one guy would,

Take a pocket mirror,

And into which would say,

"Hey - would I lie to me."

...and Kyroot said:

Only those who,
Enjoy a vice,
Ever think to call it,
"Sweet poison".

...and Kyroot said:

A certain,
Visiting,
Alien observer
Made this note,
(Notes he),
"It would seem to me,
That your Life,
Doesn't mind if you,
'Search for the answers',
Just so long as you look in 'all the right places'."

...and Kyroot said:

Near the pastry table,
At a recent intellectual buffet,
From a man just ahead of me,
I caught this line,
He directed at his companion with a vanilla mousse,
Directed he,
"The first guy that made a proverb should be shot."

...and Kyroot said:

The more,
Homogenized,
Becomes a mix,
The more noticeable are anomalies.

(Thus does,
Even the best of change,
Serve up,
Increasingly scary snapshots.)

...and Kyroot said:

One little trooper,
In subversive garb,
Confided in me,
Around a late night camp fire,
That after "all this time",
He still sometimes wondered,
Whether he enlisted, or was drafted..

.....(Nobel Re-Finishing Tip:
If it feels important,
But seems "hard to say" - why try)

...and Kyroot said:

On this one,
Weird little world,
It was only at times,
When things were,
Temporarily too easy.
That the people would begin to spray their brains.

...and Kyroot said:

In their attempt,
To somehow reverse,
The usual, and,
Overly used procedure,
This one merry little band,
Adopted as their,
"Operational Philosophy",
The ideas of a man yet to be born,
The central one being;
"You can tell a lot,
About a person,
If,
You don't tell them a lot."

...and Kyroot said:

At this one,
Recent,
Out of town,
Conference-cum-fist-fight,
A wide fellow,
In a narrow hallway,
Handed me a note that read,
"Any language with,
Hard, definite rules,
Based on some scheme,
Of logic and reason,
Is a language for the simple lipped....And I say - 'Phooey',
On their,
Households."

...(I'll just wager,
That some of you,
Expected me to say,
That I had made,
Substantial grammatical changes in his
Note in my recounting of it to you...
...So there, I say 'Phooey' on your ole expectations)

...and Kyroot said:

I guess I gotta tell you,
About this one little human hypochondriac,
Who,
After a hard day of being,
"Unappreciatedly ill",
Would,
Upon returning home,
Go alone into the back yard,
And retire to the safety of his "placebo."

...and Kyroot said:

As long as you're,
Gonna hang around the metro area,
You might wanna jot this down;
In the City, in Secondary affairs.
Wasting energy,
Is the same as,
Saving energy.

...and Kyroot said:

How could you.
Ever be compatible,
With your own aim,
So long as you,
Accept Life's voices,
In your own nervous system,
Which identify you,
As your own proper adversary.

...and Kyroot said;

Don't count your
chickens before your ducks.

...and Kyroot said:

I offer for your,
Complete secondary satisfaction,
The perfect City hobby;
It entails no expense,
It is totally portable,
And it requires no practice - Staring!

...and Kyroot said:

One rebel leader,
Told the troops,
(Or maybe one guy,
Telling his own brain),
"Don't be overly impressed;
I'm just speaking for you...if you could speak like this."

...and Kyroot said:

One guy now says,
That sometimes,
It seems like,
You talk to people,
And sometimes like,
You talk to words.

...and Kyroot said:

If it weren't,
For the past,
Most folks wouldn't have,
Much of anything to think about.

...and Kyroot said:

In Cities with dimensions times three
half of all the little children are born facing north,
and the other half otherwise.

...and Kyroot said:

The better part of,
Two weeks ago,
At a Gods' Convention,
Over in a slightly shifted sector,
During the day long,
"Open Forum",
After hours of heated,
And tepid debates about,
This and that,
And,
That and This,
One deity,
(Perhaps driven by an
Over indulgence in diet drinks),
Declared,
"I see only one question,
Worthy of concern,
By the likes of us;
I wanna know who the fuck,
Keeps throwing that one shoe out on the highway."

...and Kyroot said:

In support of his,
Sometimes iconoclastic theories,
This one phosphorescent physicist,
States,
(And quite confidently, I might add),
That he relies on,
His own superior intellect,
A singular understanding of higher order mathematics,
And a .357 Magnum.

...and Kyroot added;

In the Secondary Order Of Proofs,
There are different weights and densities,
This is both as it should be,
And how it should not be noted to be.

...and Kyroot said:

During a trip to some
Outlying regions of his empire,
A king was asked why,
He was visiting one particular place,
And he replied,
"Once out there,
I had to go somewhere."

...and Kyroot added:

'Tis alleged this monarch's,
Son replayed a similar scene,
Some years later,
But,
Without going anywhere.

...and Kyroot said:

The,

REAL rich,

Don't look back....(that's how you can tell.)