

Volume 1 *(charls)* Issue 12



December, 2009

# RAINBOW-GREY



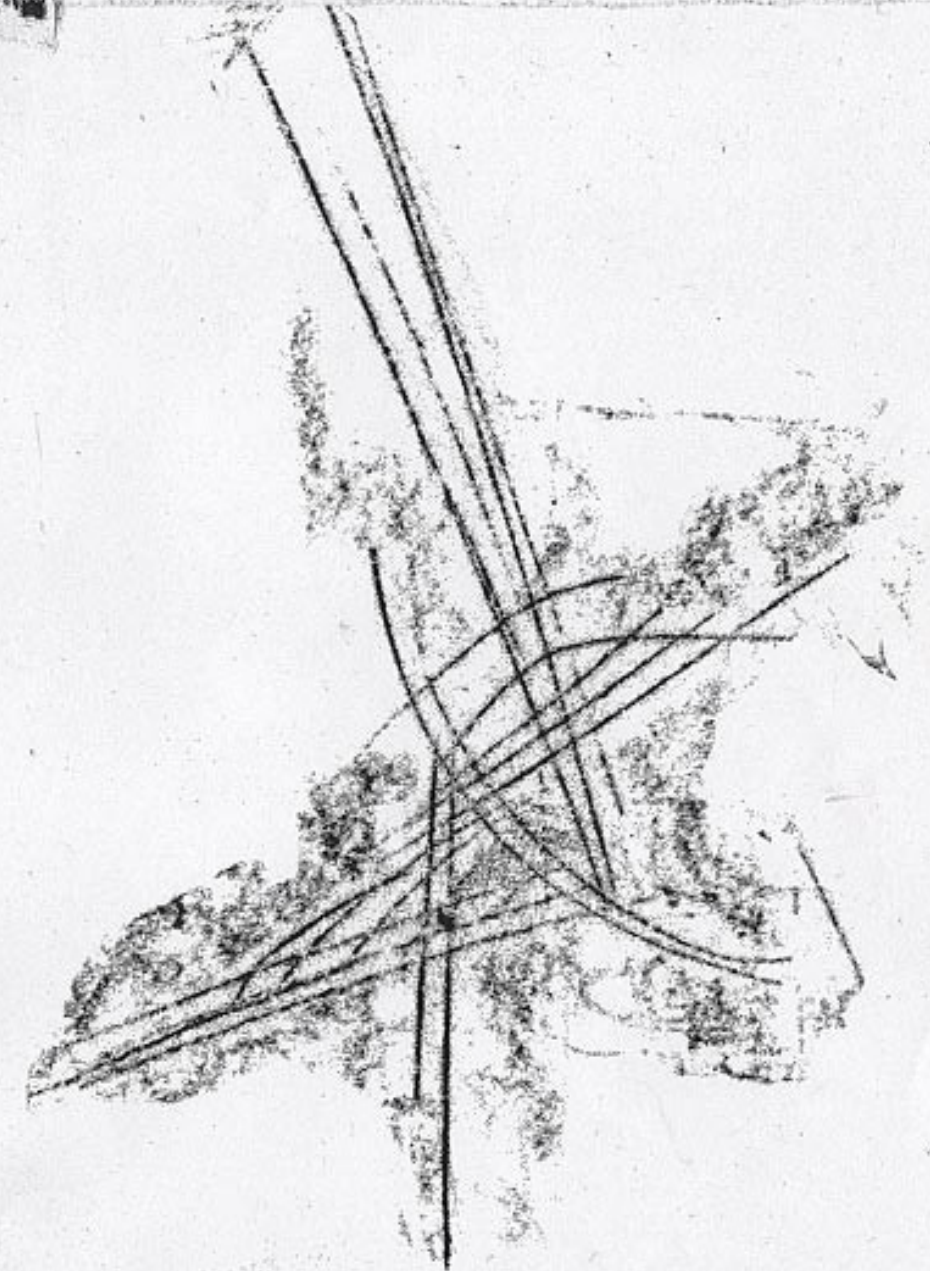
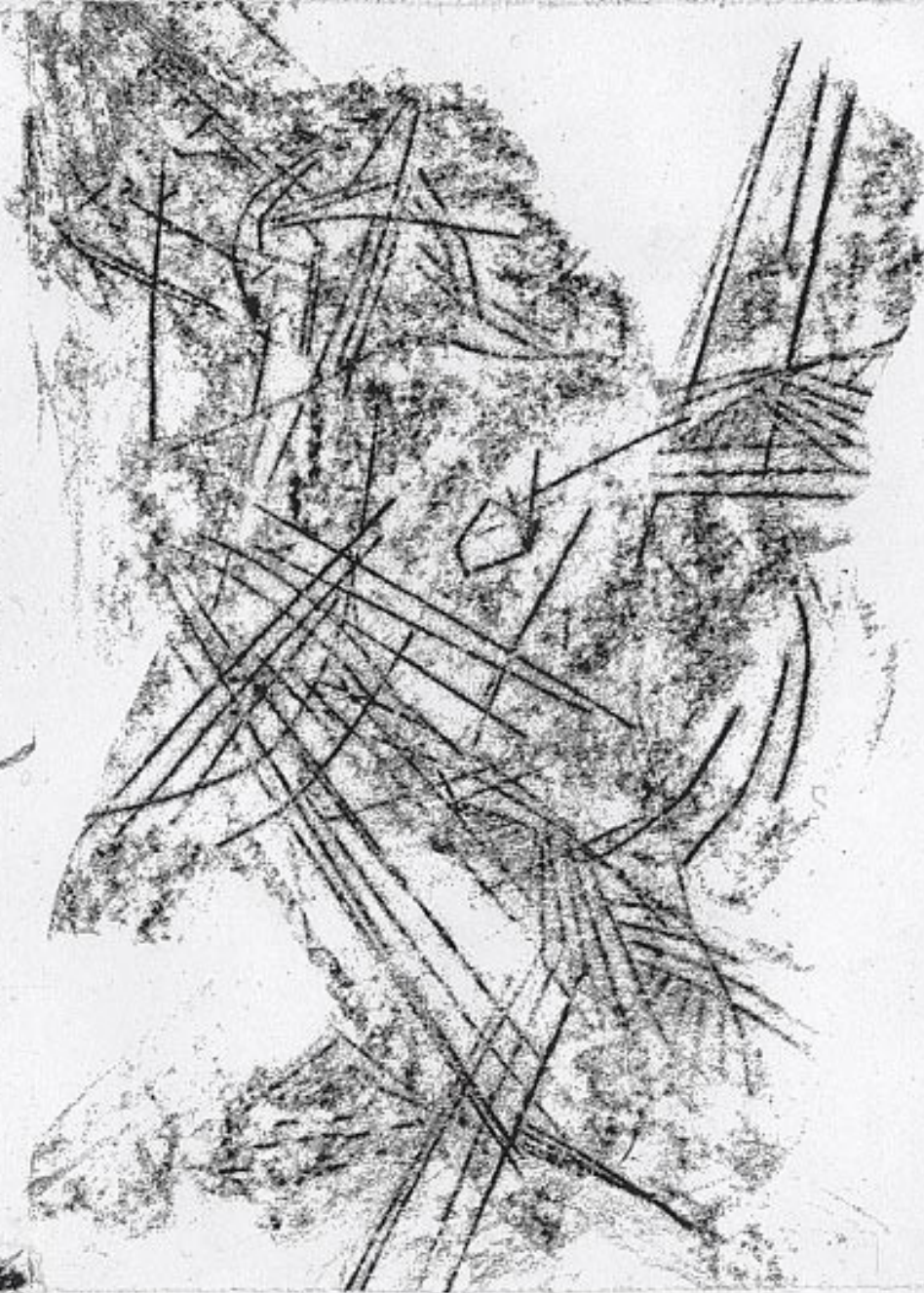
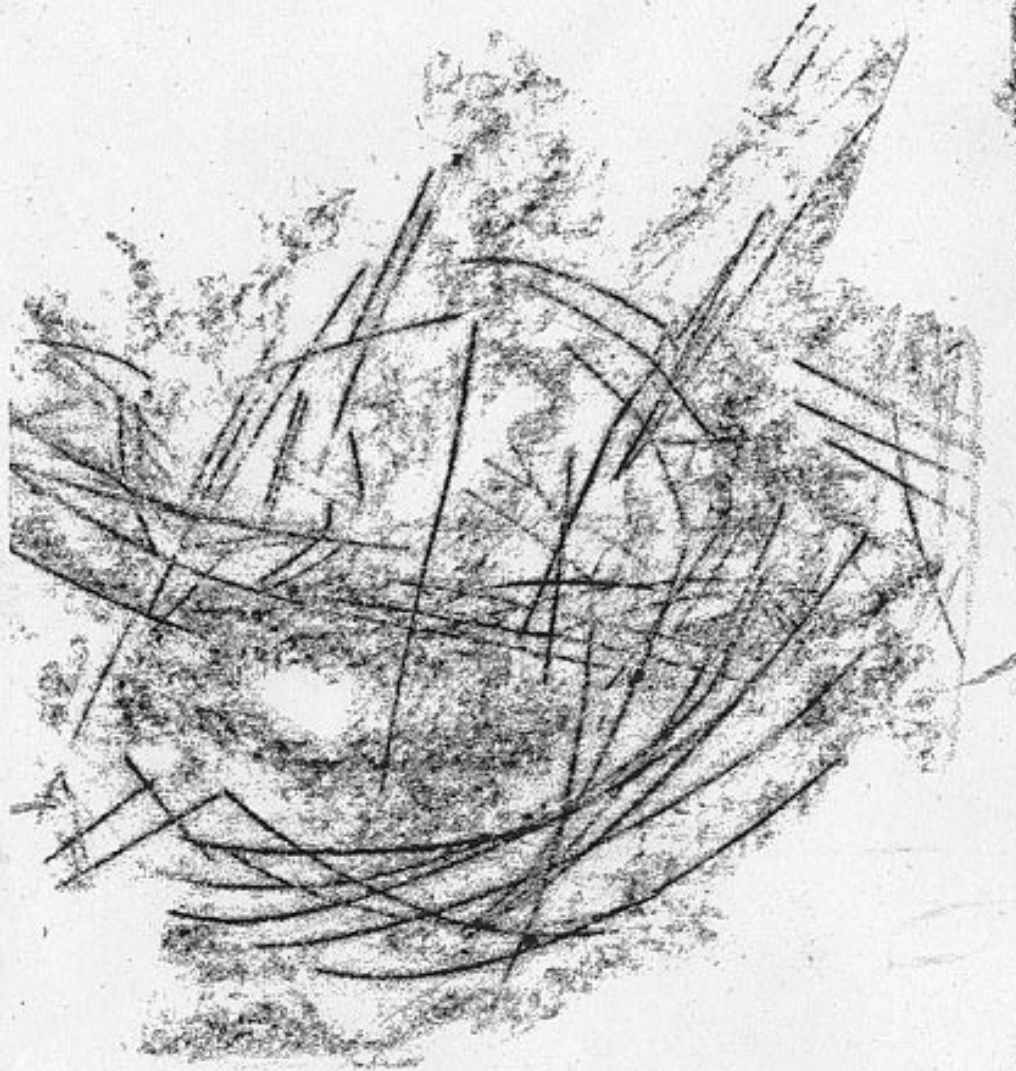


the Nerves'd worked It out with Sole  
because to juggle the Earth

They stayed on  
which meant a small Tickle  
behind aging callous Sole

which as You will soon see  
tatters & slips out  
with a damp infantile Muscle in Its

Place.  
This made It ever so more &  
wonderful in the Harbor



as You can see Dude  
the Sole of Man's Foot

was born soft, the Neck Being  
craned

You see  
while losing Feeling  
it was thought to make

Glasses & Things Dude  
Boots, Earplugs  
to preserve that undevelopable Softness

not only was  
the News Being  
chisled to the Ores  
but Language almost all together

sucked  
People in  
like Rodents sucked root Foods  
into Tunneltown  
& from a very unlikely Position Dude



the Wear in the Interior projected  
unabashedly onto its Counter &  
proceeded heavily, crosshairing



the Removal of the Exterior &  
the visual Evidences.  
the Cranes were tall on Boats in the River  
making Bridges split open

a warmblooded Push from Behind  
the Tooth of the Words at the Front



'taking It down'  
as had oft been said of Itself.

the Making was the  
Lifespan



of which callous Sole pulled  
out from every Time.  
rainbow-Grey.



& the sweaty Pits of the Fingers  
held this Wax dude  
rubbing Stoppers & Sub-Rooves  
of the Middles of Tunneltown



the Topographies of the Sign  
threaded the damn Thing Dude  
lit at— 'the "both" Ends, of course.

& with the Wick through the Wax  
the Paper becoming Fuel



sulphurtipped Rug where the Person  
burned off

ROYGGB IV

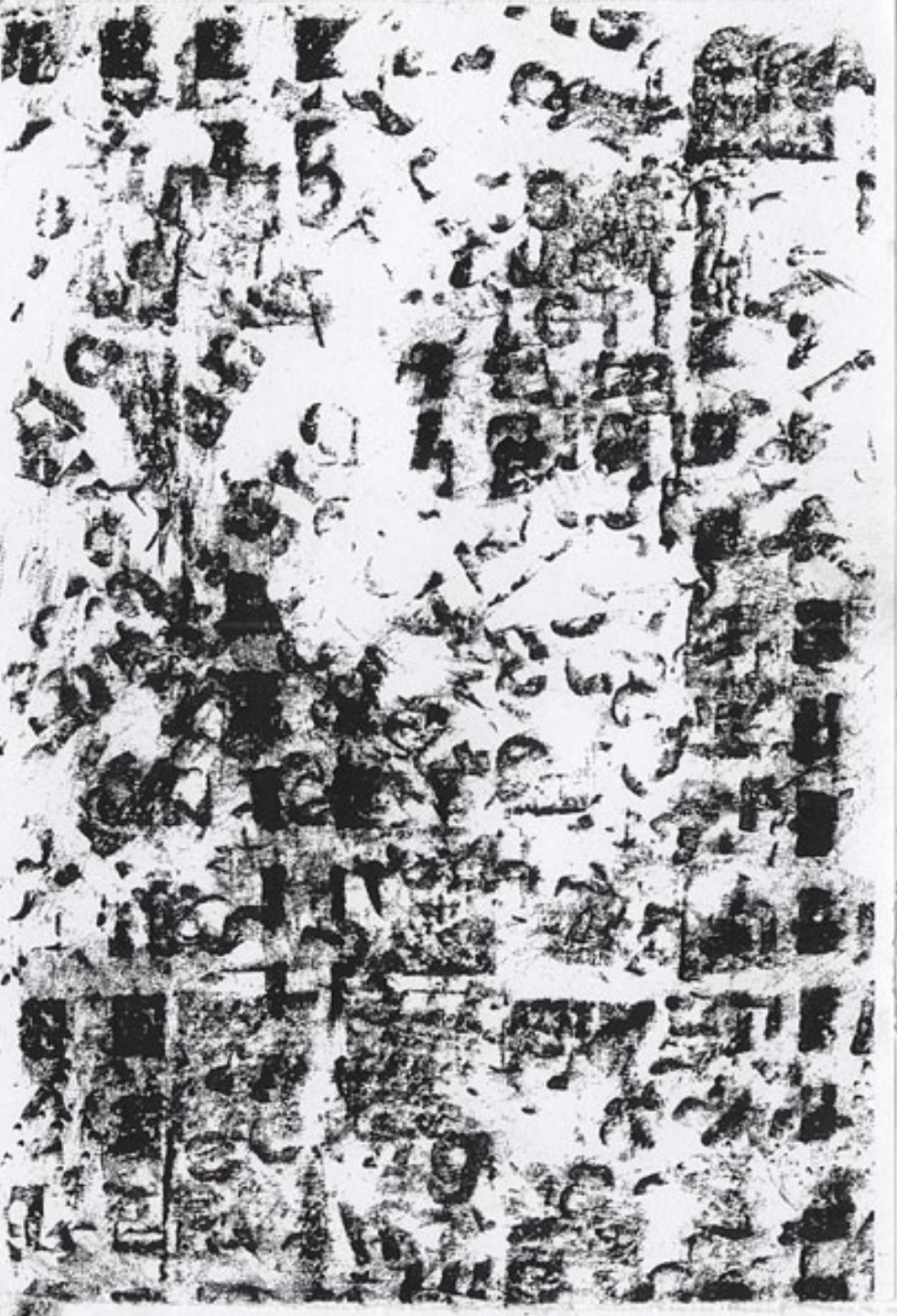
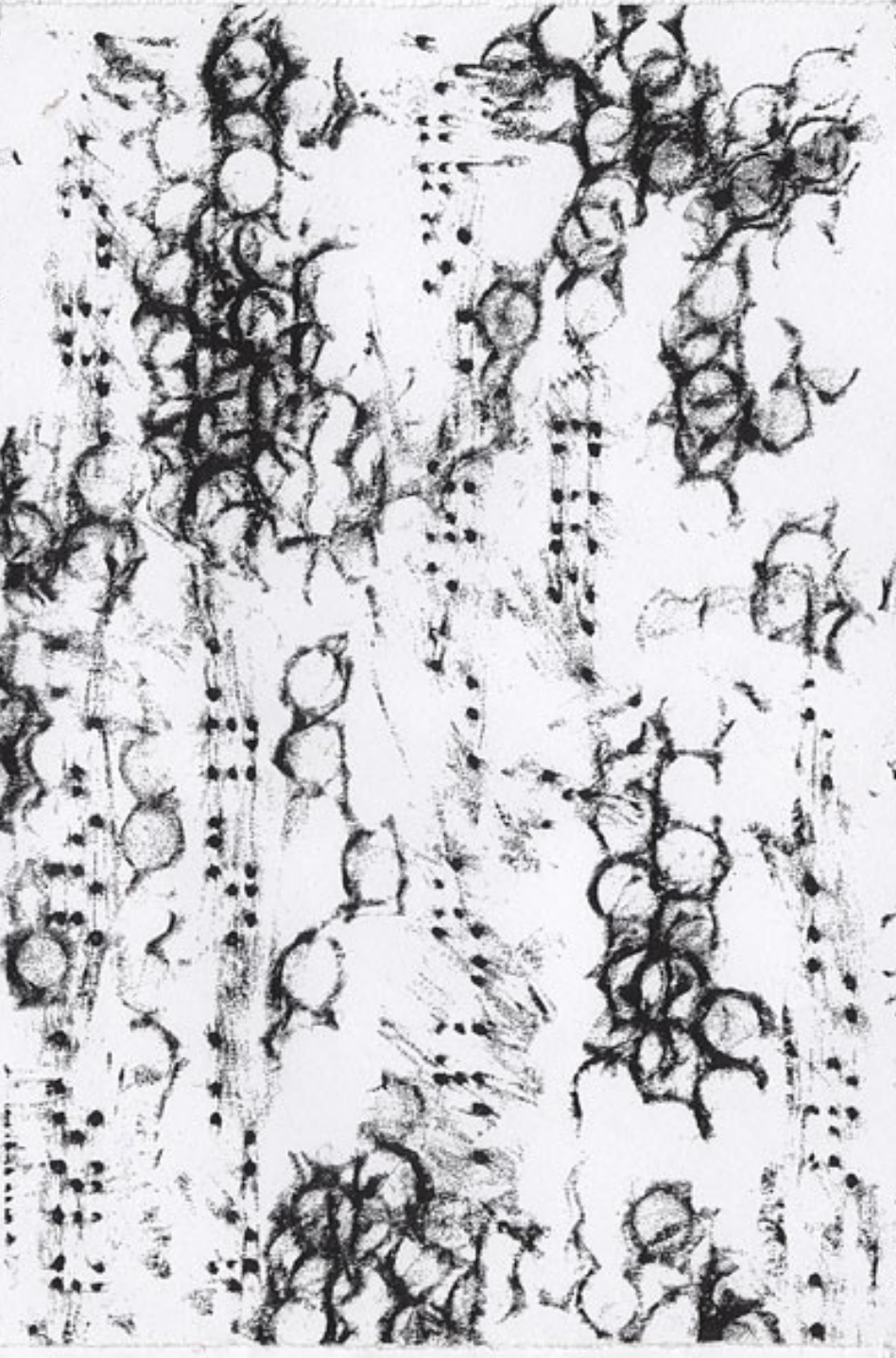
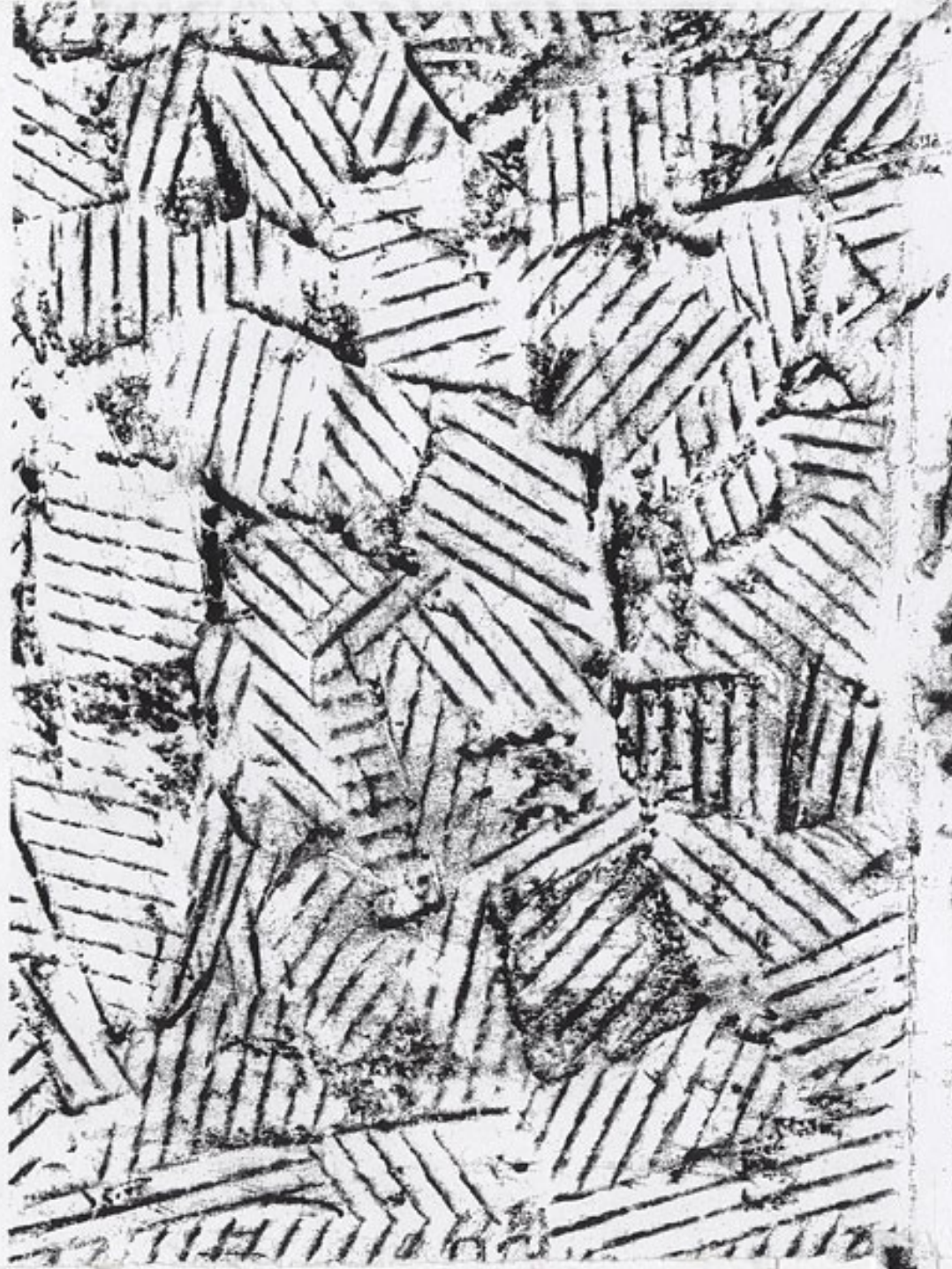


the Nerves'd worked It out with Sole  
because to juggle the Earth

They stayed on  
which meant a small Tickle  
behind aging callous Sole

which as You will soon see  
tatters & slips out  
with a damp infantile Muscle in Its

Place.  
This made It ever so more &  
wonderful in the Harbor



as You can see Dude  
the Sole of Man's Foot

was born soft, the Neck Being  
craned

You see  
while losing Feeling  
it was thought to make

Glasses & Things Dude  
Boots, Earplugs  
to preserve that undevoivable Softness

not only was  
the News Being  
chisled to the Ores  
but Language almost all together

sucked  
People in  
like Rodents sucked root Foods  
into Tunneltown  
& from a very unlikely Position Dude



the Wear in the Interior projected  
unabashedly onto its Counter &  
proceeded heavily, crosshairing

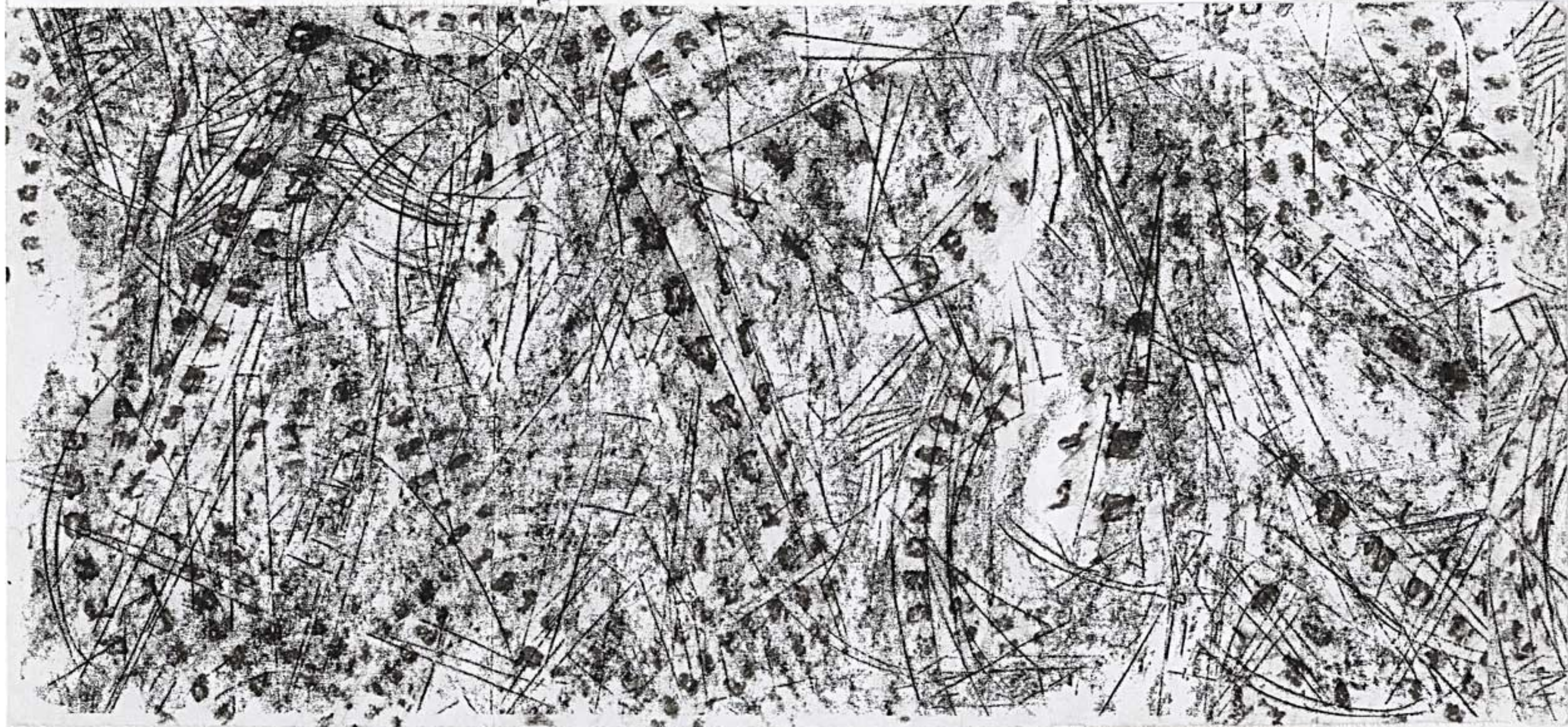
the Removal of the Exterior &  
the visual Evidences.  
the Cranes were tall on Boats in the River  
making Bridges split open

a warmblooded Push from Behind  
the Tooth of the Words at the Front

'taking It down'  
as had oft been said of Itself.

the Making was the  
Lifespan

of which callous Sole pulled  
out from every Time.  
rainbow-Grey.



& the sweaty Pits of the Fingers  
held this Wax dude  
rubbing Stoppers & Sub-Roooves  
of the Middles of Tunneltown

the Topographies of the Sign  
threaded the damn Thing Dude  
lit at— 'the "both" Ends, of course.

& with the Wick through the Wax  
the Paper becoming Fuel

sulphurtipped Rug where the Person  
burned off

ROYGBIV



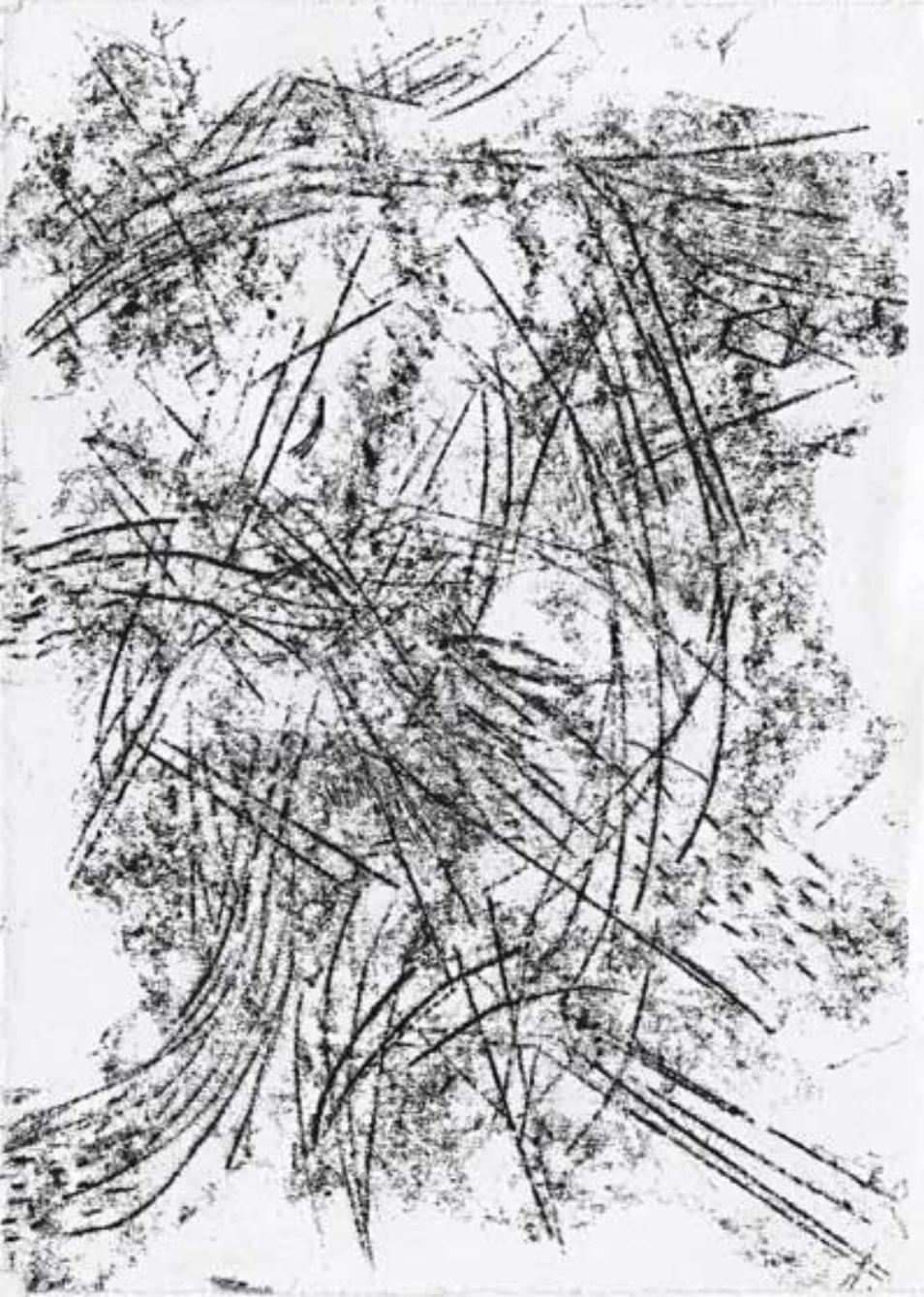
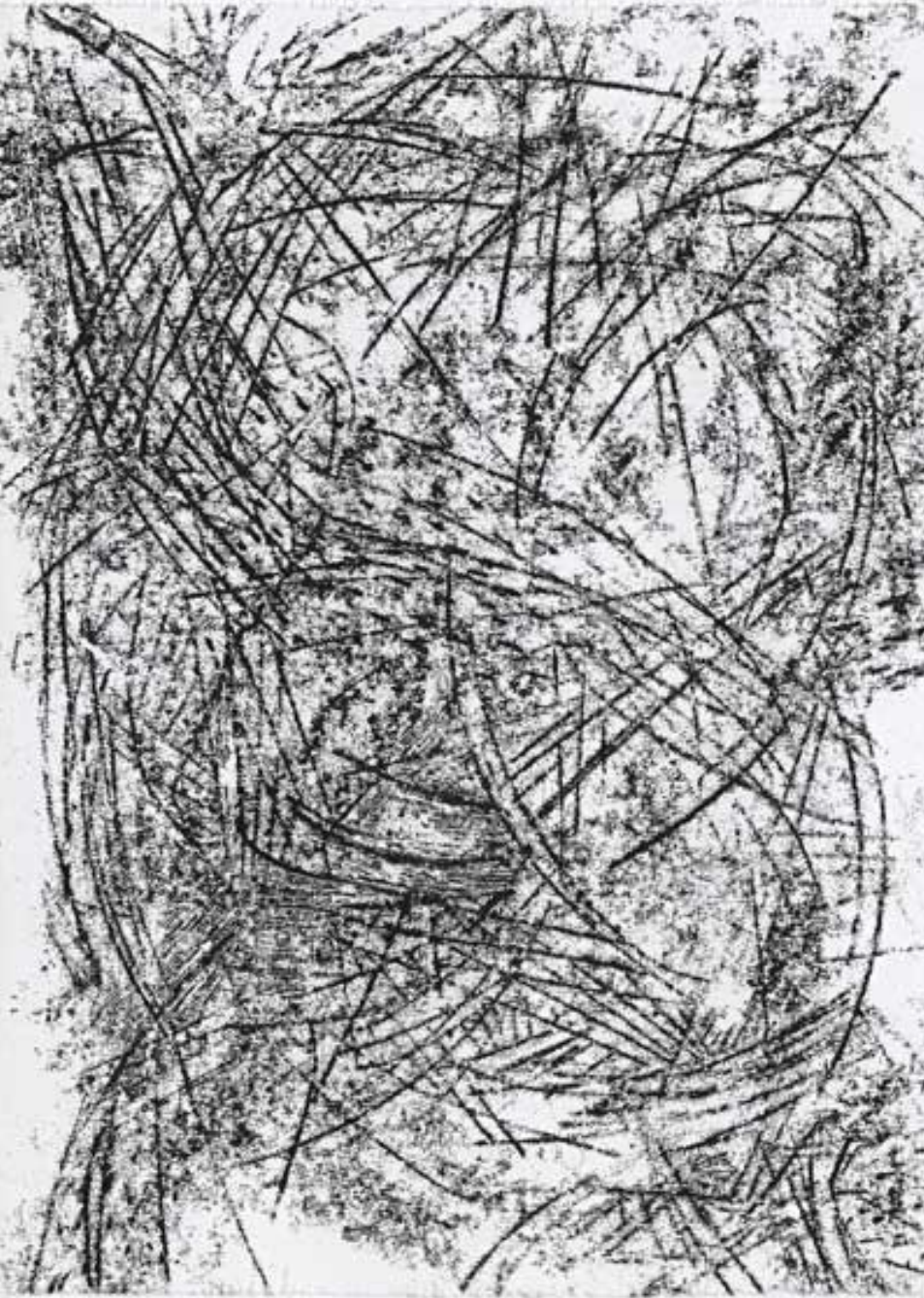
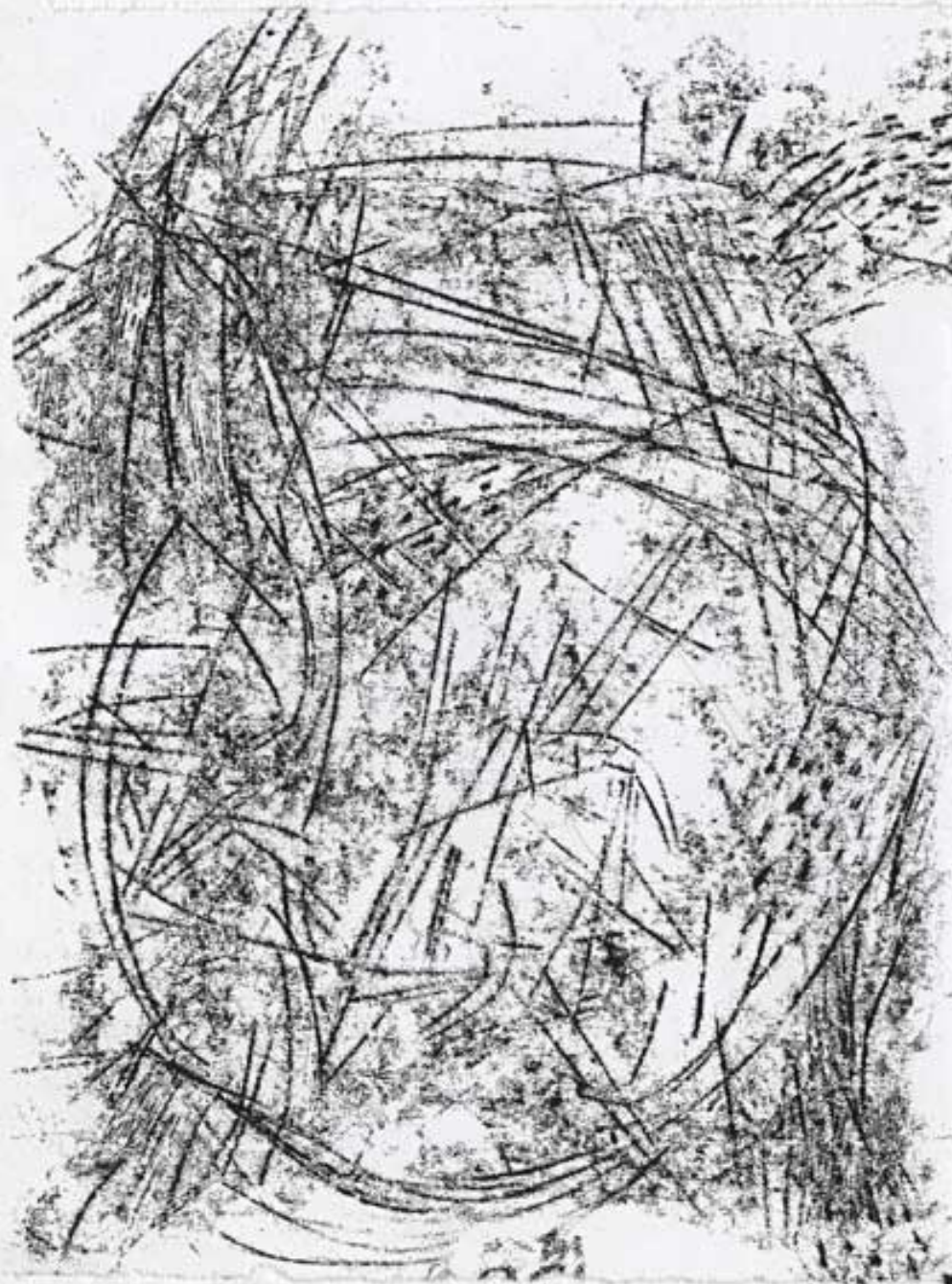


the Nerves'd worked It out with Sole  
because to juggle the Earth

They stayed on  
which meant a small Tickle  
behind aging callous Sole

which as You will soon see  
tatters & slips out  
with a damp infantile Muscle in Its

Place.  
This made It ever so more &  
wonderful in the Harbor



as You can see Dude  
the Sole of Man's Foot

was born soft, the Neck Being  
craned

You see  
while losing Feeling  
it was thought to make

Glasses & Things Dude  
Boots, Earplugs  
to preserve that undevolvable Softness

not only was  
the News Being  
chisled to the Ores  
but Language almost all together

sucked  
People in  
like Rodents sucked root Foods  
into Tunneltown  
& from a very unlikely Position Dude



the Wear in the Interior projected unabashedly onto its Counter & proceeded heavily, crosshairing

the Removal of the Exterior & the visual Evidences. the Cranes were tall on Boats in the River making Bridges split open

a warmblooded Push from Behind the Tooth of the Words at the Front

'taking It down' as had oft been said of Itself.

the Making was the Lifespan

of which callous Sole pulled out from every Time. rainbow-Grey.

& the sweaty Pits of the Fingers held this Wax dude rubbing Stoppers & Sub-Rooves of the Middles of Tunneltown

the Topographies of the Sign threaded the damn Thing Dude lit at— 'the "both" Ends, of course.

& with the Wick through the Wax the Paper becoming Fuel

sulphurtipped Rug where the Person burned off

