

So, you're thinking of reading

**A N I M A L C R A T
E R
BY PAPA BOOP NDIOP
&
BY GOAT FAR DT**

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If only you were here to hear your Haduken Blake and your Colloidal Jim and your The Sisters Internal lift you up onto their skis and tell you about all the different kinds of different animals they've sneezed!

Falling out of the clouds in poses so to leave quite misleading impact cr8rz on the ones they don't make love to! Frozen! Spurious Manta-Ray Rubble traces

relating to Snake excavating upwards
Sideways smell of the Core: raterz gonna
rate. Sidling rebels will delineate what
never did bore through a rotoscope's
engine before.

So but don't be a bother and a bore
and make nothing but Trouble for your
friends and colleagues, and comrades
and kith and kin and Pets, but rather
rush out at once, never forgetting but
rather Remembering your tails. And
your batons, for here are the songs that
hum along to you. Rap. Like fag embers
tremble hog-skull slag off cudgel-tip
before you can tap. Tree drip. Squat.

From the keening *nom* of the finch-
beaked platypus's munching *nom* to —
well we'll be frank now, it doesn't stray
from that at all.

It is so thrilling to hurt the truth, even
if Papa B will cut it free!

Or will *lance* it, yes: for it's here your
Goat Far DT first coins these wands

which put the “chin” back in “luncheon,” wands whereof you’ve had the most foolish tendres, some of you, and been terribly wearisomely fond. So do rush out all at once and *do* lean – as elegantly as you can to fit as many as possible in – in if only to put your truncheons in. The woman’s pet Labrador was at the birth as he was a ‘calming influence.’ Like staff shall your baton be furious.

These old food wands, mouthlives led along the lovely enameled lines they have compiled, and these cunning maneuvers originating in Chess and extending into Mahjong, perhaps both run roots through Pepsi Beep & Teeth Puma’s video poem *The Leap*. F’rinstance. “How will I exit my tower? Well maybe I’ll knot sheets. They lack 60 feet, I’ll add curtains. 40 feet to go. Knot on the corridor. My golden hair, the tower.”

And just maybe a little something

about trying to tie your tail together with Christ's.

Now there is a small bear-shaped hillock not far from this book. Its shape can be a bit tricky to make out under all this weather. (Which proves polar bears are not just grizzlies covered in snow!) Now what if we were to tell you this hill is an impact trace?

Do you see?

This is the niveous edge whereon its largesse and speculative character have put us.

The answer is simple! When bears, whizzing through the air, strike some plunging bigger beast, and there melt, or else frisk & arise & slope away for sniffs, snacks & surprises, that brute may, with its pockmarked side more deft than the sculptor's hand, at last in shattering the land quite, yet rear ursine statuary of it.

To wit, where the nervous zoodyne in careful biological recipe has fallen,

rendering the virtual earth below unto some like riddled site of bombing, you'll be made to know that it's the work of these two arch exacerbators. So unfragmented. So 2009. So mutually elated. Why? Because the libraries of Timbuktu hadn't yet been burned.

Even the bird making hate unto a flock all full of turtles being of some like similar feather, there in witness to their challenge, disgusted, flew and left the spying myrtle that so upheld her balance. Imagine how this delicate creature failed to comprehend that some poetical sequence, even one such as this, could be construed up from a memory of a rhyme-flow that indeed was so Verily pronounced, by us each unto each other, in the suburbs of the nominal District of Columbia, without those means of mechanical audition whereby past sounds are made apparent to the hypothetical ear-canals of all future

listening.

As and because the bird did not let the Flows of Rap wholly change the leading of its very own Mould of Life, we pronounce it missing from de newly purged-out World and all its raw elaboration of The Intra-Assimilable Facts, so that its only living option is to act for serious like a Womble wrapped in seven deadly abstractions, multiblunt en multibunt, abusing the pseudo-arbitrary spectacularly with anachronistic truth.

We are the only horse in the world.

Don't make us get pacific. We bow down to th'Orrific, to more bigotry than targets on a fool's Map of every Piece of Finking ever set along de wall of this our corridor, when every blurbled battle ends: But was it kids who foiled such foughts of war, or was it friends' cats?

Keywords: Animals; Food Wands; Children; Rap; Generation-tool; Bending the cross-bow backwards; The stupid ass

shit; No seashells here; All the different bosses; Cycloical anvils; Bird; Reduce them to total liberty; Dragredation; La neige fell in enormous flakes; Smarttrace; Very just, vein against vein; O what a perfume! O what an evaporation, wherewith to bewray the masks or mufflers of young many queans!; Back sides of goatees; We are nothing but hoarse; Even our enemies pertain to our bliss; &c.

— *Goatfar & Papa, 2013*