



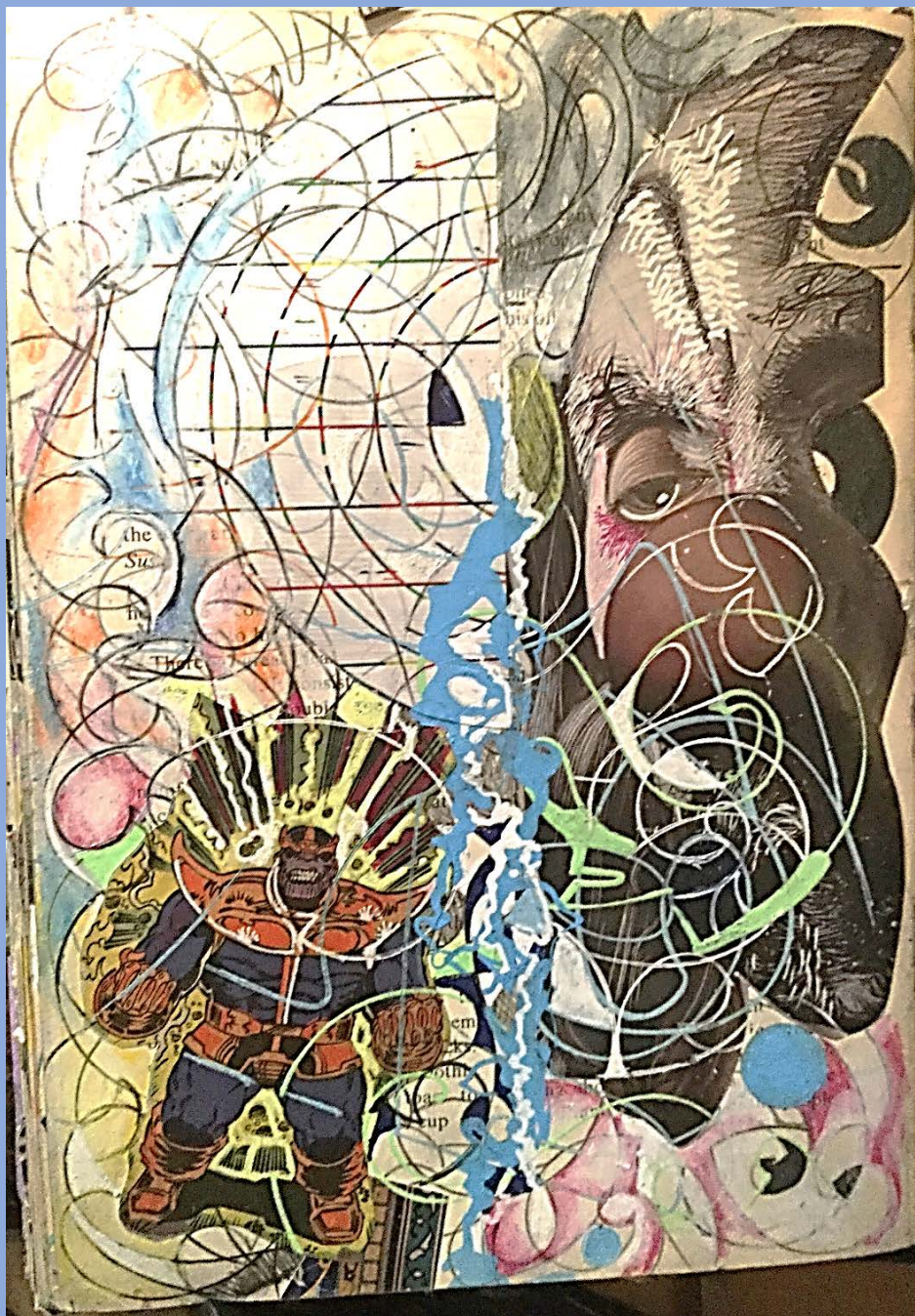
The aged regent Ryukyu in royal robe
 looked down attended by two pinups bare of breast,
 but the platinum maid's real name was Sugy A. Strobe.
 This bogus story falls from plowed fields as a test.

The dashing violet robes with slick black cummerbund,
 will make quite an impression when we reach Japan,
 but we can't afford the hats from my summer fund,
 which I hide beneath my bunk in a hot saucepan.



A bewhiskered sandstone idol rose from the waves.
 Our breathing jungle is strangled on cocoa fields.
 Our inlaid wood made wallpaper by grasping knaves.
 Their cowardly cows belch blue methane. No one yields.

The stone idol then sank again into sea dirt.
 Lacking arms, he could not swim, nor easily float.
 From the cratered Yucatan he gave his alert.
 We, like dinosaurs, will die off, take a stern note.



On the sea, walked a superhero robed in blue.
Cobalt glass shielded his eyes from the flames he shot.
His grimace told of his righteous anger, it's true,
but he could not help the crew, too near, oh, too hot!

A tired sage looked down from the unraveling gray sky.
Superhero, he mumbled, do not get too close.
You'll melt their sails and torch their tall pine masts, big guy.
Their message is clear. They don't need an extra dose.



An ancient junk sailed out of the curlicue sky.
 Flotsam of a carved harpsichord bumped the pink bow.
 Brooks near a December midnight painted a cry.
 Everything that could happen, happens, it seems, now.

The nautical miles passed beneath the silent ship.
 Many fingered waves reached up and crossed the blunt prow.
 Whales high breached and saluted with stiff upper lip,
 said now is no time a treaty to disavow.



A glove-speckled hand reached the president's letter.
An eye cast its glare upon the steady reader.
The pink ocean twisted past the calm pace setter.
Heavy seas! Hold the handrails of ancient cedar.

Acid water will kill the red, drifting plankton.
Krill will become still as passing whales slowly starve.
Imagine the blankness of our inner sanctum.
Just empty plates with nothing left to sadly carve.



Beneath the local artist offshore the earth shifts,
 as the Silver Surfer thinks his head in his head.
 The bay is calm, despite a string of local grifts.
 St. Elmo's fire leaps to the green algae's bed.

An oil slick, lush with red auburn trapezoids
 pushes semi-circles of ocean and white foam
 toward dull rainbows caught in the bright sun's deltoids
 as the ship nears a harbor where king oil is home.



A poor, speckled girl awaits the boat's arrival.
 The pluribus eagle drags a kite of girl saints,
 but not all are happy to see the festival.
 Behind dark glasses, dictated suspicion paints.

Boca Grande cannot be a safe port of call.
 The speckled one urges Gretaboat to avoid
 rusting refineries, old, leaking ships and all
 that remains of a land, living life paranoid.



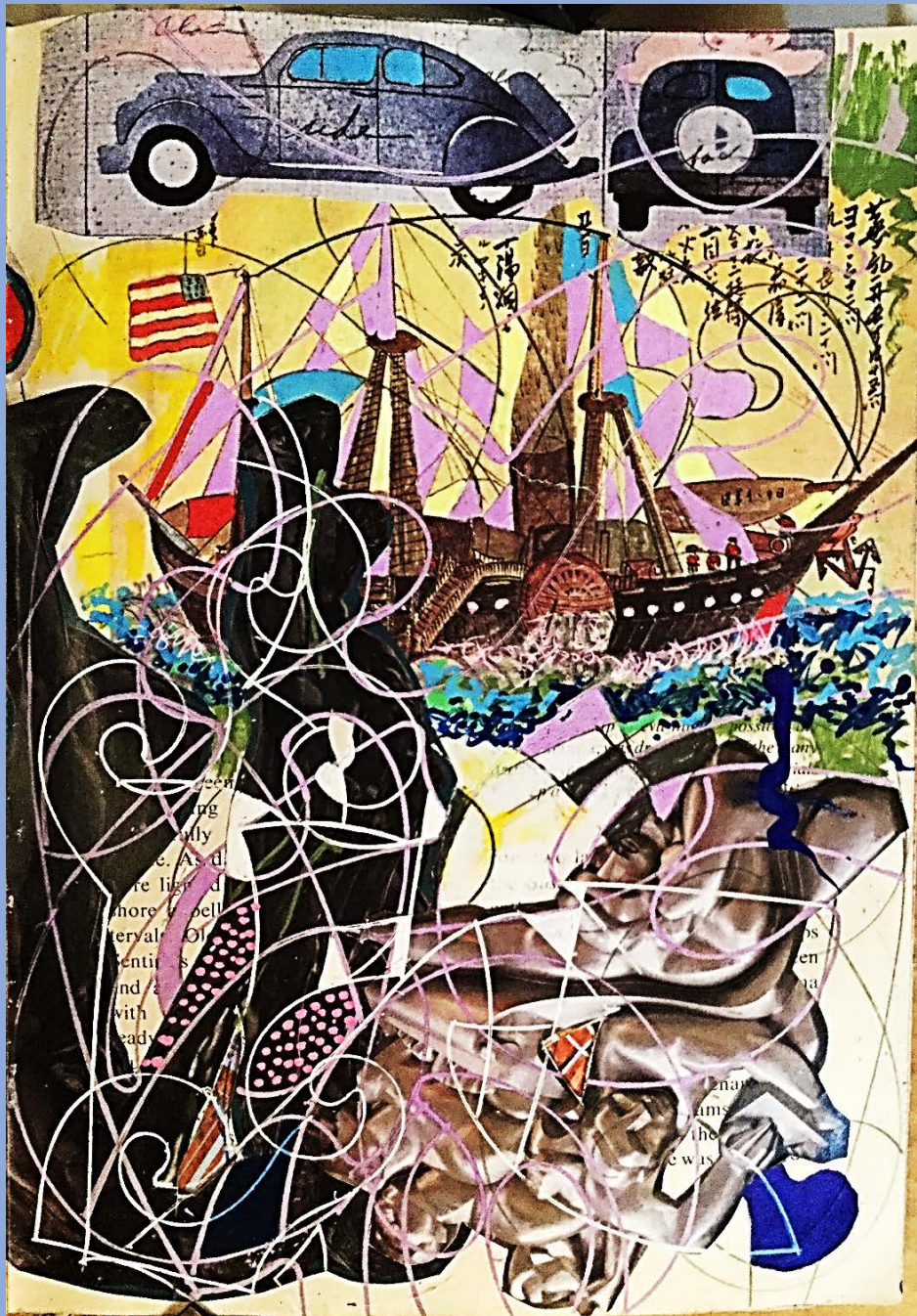
A beauty floats above Uraga, hair afire,
 shore guns await sad Commo Perry's coal black fleet.
 A river of molten gold pours from his pyre.
 A cubist fantasy lulls the blind world to sleep.

East and south and east till Cape Branco is sighted.
 From there the Atlantic narrows for swift crossing.
 Have those who love the land fled Brazil far righted?
 The rain forest flows mud as the boat goes tossing.



Poor Commo Perry was green with chipmunk scurvy.
 A black gutted red wiggly arose from the depths.
 One hundred ten Yen buys four stamps, topsy turvy.
 But pasted stamps don't stop pink-red-green lightening deaths.

The great ocean swam with horrid plastic litter,
 violet strings, red tabs, blue tank tops and bubble wrap
 surrounded Far-seeking Greta's swift sea knitter.
 So much junk in the ocean seemed the boat to trap.



An aerodynamic car floated low over
 Commo Perry's pink-sheeted ship, belching hot smoke.
 Four red, three yellow stripes flew rear, hardly sober.
 The ghost vessel of the Commo came to provoke.

The sea twisted with silver figures, black blobs,
 red-spotted symptoms of sea measles and far worse.
 Indigo grew in wormy squiggles and hard gobs.
 Characters descended like rain. Praise or a curse?



A seaman mops blue. A stern soldier faces pink.
 Sweet Bessie, a giant sixteen pounder bolted.
 Perpendicular, concentric rings made a stink.
 A hairy apparition appeared revolted.

Does old Commo's ghost not want poor us to succeed?
 His destiny was manifest, wrapped around earth.
 Though th'old man fretted, Far-seeing Greta indeed
 saw no point in gainsaying the last ghost's thin worth.



The old man stood straight and touched the bill of his cap.
 I don't mind the soggy ephemeral old ghouls.
 It's the ringed psychedelic polygons and crap
 that drive me mad like a dinghy of shaking fools.

The sea whipped into French curves of yellow and blue.
 All violet were the tangy grapes of wrath up stirred.
 Green seizures irrupted through a porthole or two.
 All that ignore the cause can be badly injured.



A great wave of silver and black o'ertopped the masts
 carrying a flint brick engraved in white circles.
 The orange and yellow dotted wheel spun, horn blasts.
 Driftwood crashed down and badly scared two rare gerbils.

The angry, pounding storm tore sails to striped ribbons.
 The low sky shattered into blue and white pieces.
 Water came fast, but the pumps were manned by gibbons.
 The strong ship would not sink with all these brave species.



A spotted Egyptian turned over in his wrap,
 while other, less brave sailors rowed to the far shore.
 A mauve wind blew in from the west with a dance slap.
 Black tendrils were tossed askew to even the score.

Roger Bannister raced in to beat a green plague.
 A white cometfish spun from the turbaned mummy.
 A vet's pink tear was shed by whom was much too vague.
 Plastic trash raised up and made the panels gummy.



The storm blew in a parade of court officials.
Imperial, they were spotted with pink faces.
Superheroes looked on with dismal, grim facials.
A silvery ballooning ghost death embraces.

The ship turned purple cartwheels in the spinning air.
As the blind cursing ghost curve-surfed his black board near.
All sails down, the Amur tiger yelled from her lair.
As porpoises pulled those overboard without fear.



The old man sat calm thinking in his measles coat,
 I guess I'm a very flawed person he first thought.
 Then his yellow brain pushed a spark through his small throat.
 What would the silver surfer do that we now ought?

The checkered floor rose and fell as the band played on.
 The spotted coat parade followed Commo Perry,
 guns bristling and ready to keep the boat's raid on.
 A red-caped figure provoked the surfer very.



The silver surfer would elbow the mauve ape's mouth.
 Full power from storage to the east we must go.
 A carved lyre threw out fresh flowers from the south.
 Next to a black canon, the governor sat low.

The ship sped from under the intemperate storm.
 J. C. Schleip played upright piano in Berlin,
 while tamarins played Columbia's Hail Reform.
 All hands and feet accounted for after the whirlin'.



A few books had spilled, including Allen Ginsburg's.
 The flag of PR sat in a salsa red dress.
 Brass ants marched over boated marines in homburgs.
 Violet cutout bilge was pumped from the low mess.

The yellow storm's teeth moved to clay mounded Brazil.
 Campbell Soup and Washington Bridge lay on the floor.
 A red lighthouse was seen on the BB easel.
 Spare solar white sails replaced those that were no more.