

Berkeley Stations

by Kog Zadare

or Hamlet, Great Denmark

"No good can come out of this house of Berkeley, not ever, not to strut the great book of the world, or for any other discreet purpose."
- the Upanishads

"What is guile? Who is this Hamlet? Where smarts wounded Denmark? I need cheese." - Pilate

Dramatis personae and whanted nots: Several persons, male or female in manner or unsexed.

A Laboratory of Prologuery and some overtures to a paradoxical bah of imperialism (spoken by whomsoever the fuck is of strong voice, and may be split among several bastard children.): Turn the key

turn the keyAs to our former selves, like annex talk now we seemed, so and forth. Counterbalance ye on a nutshell or a broadcaster eggshell your infinites unbounded? Debacle and then some cognac, yes and then some, oh and this here, and what.

Let the most incongruous of, and backward though, wit tell the fail flown tale, in rich and utterly fair cognitions forest you will get born (I take it you are a moron?), a blue gush of favorably plumb and dehumanized abstraction of Hog (look to the 'strange sisters'), we love thee well!

equivocating
equivocating (wink)

The revulsion of reason's triumph made him to ponderous Elm trees,

turn his gait back on his own back, to trot on, once disclosed the terror and demonic actions of the Tank and Cannon, examined did that sensitive fellow, under lens, quaffed and brought up his lunch, and into words, words, words! - et all - and the rest with apologies.

Faith! here's an ass to the palm tree gone, faith who is the rider on her?

Let the drunken bend take a sober man's bitch barking wee wee wee all the way around and around to home. Let him ask what is worth the shit of great Dane Hamlet on the art market at Milan, arrive at last in places priced unknown? He is so sober that north (by east wicked west.), south (come, come, go, go.), east (hither to.) and west (a young maids mortal wit!) become a single ridiculous direction unknown to perfect science's devices.

Therefore much drink equivocates - quoth Scotland

A man half without sense, they said so of the Dane is his obscurity by Elsinore castle he did plant his fecund wit in good enough soil. Obscurity of a disused thing and something rotten by the ghost. Sunk so low beneath the average level grave overly incontinent for concealment of corpses. Incapable of revealing anything worth revealing by way of play and toy. A busted wit is worse then a half wit, they said, by craft or malice wrought to life. Took offense at everything, and it hunched over until it shattered and it fell into disuse, our straddling youthful maids. Cradling itself in a puddle of venom along the pavement of sleeping hoisted by ones prickly petard. Ostensibly naked it had not always been obsolete in most foul murder. A fairy tale told of promise without plot or character. It admires suicides. The idea of its greatness doesn't appeal to the masses and underscored by a self-obsessed contempt for the sublime.

"That it did, sir, i' the very throat on

me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him." -Porter Macbeth

Now that we are getting to know one so much the another of us, and one hopes that we are on good terms to part, although it is presumptuous to stay the night, I will stay a few words more. Without being asked! Without being told! All on my own like a Toad of the old Baltics like a true Rupuze! Like the dirty stalker Wong!

Sterile dogs are at play, and they are fat and they braaaahhh they. But a great Dane without guile is at least a true wonder like a sterile Jew in old Tyre. on an aside: seventeenth century academics were frightfully obsessed by method - the means for procreating informations.

As a doggie is a doggie. A Hamper a Hamper, a small vine a great one, I will speak clear to you one true workday that never stops like Aristotle's subsystem - that old pierrot of regatta.

Kneel! Dissolve you then your artichoke and get on with it! What then, and who?

Who this, and where, when this and this what? So timeless was timer that Augustine had failed to suffix for jealous and mean disqualifications arise of epaulets foremasts. Shipments gone astridently crashed and then so, if what or of it. you then or are this.

What so and if. You talk in idiot, and then of what? Without ploughman you preacher, and then you dissolve in hollenshead's tear-jerkers, and it was of Denmark you flumed. Like waterfront crashing into the civilization, until managers cub what then, who! Where then of it when or of it whom! When of it then go, come or

stay then when you go then come at least then go.

Yes, I see. The blinded are blip without artichoke, without dodgems, blip to everything, collaborator to meaning. Shivered at happenings, contrived to dissolve meanings and then what of it. It remained the same quantity only then we saw what it was, was happening, under nosegay a screeching nay a barking of beauteous nooks.

As to our former selves, like ankle talk now we seemed, so and forth. Counter ye on a nutshell or a broadcast eggplant your infinites unbounded? Deb and then some cog, yes and then some, oh and this here, and what. As a dog is a dog. A Hamlet a Hamlet, a small village a great one, I will speak clear to you one true word that never stops like Aristotle's substance - that old piece of refuse.

This is how they got to talking about three blip doggies. Along a doggie trainee a great and a mint Dane went to see a fist and to cut out his guy to get at some fishing and madhouse. Prickle thee good sirloin, fanged studs and virginals into my earldom belt. This who and where of the ankle tonne we now see our own as that too. What then we then, to axe then, here soon.

Saying with their piercing teeth for want of happening, want of reassurance calling, increased reassurance, logo brought more evolutionized now. What of who then, of where, and then I tell it of this, of where.

Happenings did not of them concertina greatly, but only in fairy king.

Ploughman could only priest at their naked statesman, as cram against madness doth chaff out the bias participation of it.

For of Shakespeare's Great Dane I speak! For a participation of that myriad I tolerance mightily! Wolf had i a withdrawal like the sunken

bench within Achilles clapper, clapper armor as slack fallen his
worry went black, yet nay of Odysseus the fairy minded round,
beloved of Polyphemus.

Hark, ho ho! Fe fie feign in cram the madness of humen and
doggies. Terry a bitter in the gargle by the well, then with us to the
vanished gargles of Cordoba, and what hence, though this when
here, and so this here, and then you what this?

No, no. In earnest deb greenroom. I then, in deadly, who we and
this.

I am no greenroom, but your motif, sensibility doggie. Stepdaughter
lightly in your then who, what.

I know thee greenroom. How do thy cabinet-makers keep? How is
the humor of thine leveret leaks?

(and to the auditor) I say he will be the debacle of me.

What then, to whom then do you adherent in these most awful
asphalts? Fuck Brecht! Fuck Dostoevsky!

(he speaks in earnest, imparting koala, pleat for understanding.)
What then worst for you, who then of it fishery ordinand. If this why
formal actuary wear, then who of it then there and of more, for thee
then. If then you and so forth then to where of here. Why then it be
though you be there with it Dane for Dane, mad for mad, mailbag for
mash.

Of it, and of it. He speaks a kneels font of witless jettison for they
shall cub green tenpin ballerinas and yellow in jettison nor of
arseholes managers's French airbus, of it and there by. And so I be
preacher-monger leave us at bazooka and get thee hence behind
me!

