Kitsch Pastiche

by sean m. poole

Once upon a mind-flight
Leary with the tripping became weary
Of the psychedelic travel
Felt the universe unravel
Saw the Big Bang coming sooner
Like a home boy on a nooner
Landing module on the Lunar
In the tank a drunken crooner
Lifted from a Looney tooner
Daffy in a covered wagon
Quaffing kool aid by the flagon
Puffing on a magic dragon
Quoth Ken Kesey
Deboree!
  Down Fairhaven on the shore
Merry prankster in the door
Stands and with all passion present
Hammers flat the Fertile Crescent
Dances pagan jig around it
Lies about the day he found it
Finds no way to get around it
Spouting mindless psycho babble
Feels the universe unravel
Sees the sawing Big Bang sooner
Frothy suds sipped from a schooner
One more drunken nooner
Quoth Bukowski
  Drink a beer.
  Still the onslaught keeps on coming
Summers in the Village slumming
Buying garments in the shops
Hurling epithets at cops with

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No regard for limb or life
Steal a nooner with a wife
One fine day arrive home early
Pop the top on Moe and Curly
Dancebeat big bang module tuner
Sing a ballad like a crooner
Cancer tropic after Miller
Hey Joe I am not a killer
    Quoth the Doctor
You are here.
    Now it's done and I am finished
Breaking rules with fiendish glee
Borrowing from all and sundry
Certain I shall never see
A more twisted opening than thee
Scrawled on walls by fools like me
Fools whose stroking pens are pressed
Against the paper's clean white breast
Scribbling screeds to pass the time
Bereft of reason and of sense
Mainly lacking recompense
Trippy chippy lines of verse
With no remorse and empty purse.