

# Ear Stew

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The crazed young

A miss sits the red bells

The true blues may cure us

A hound pigs in the swear souls

Tongues who, seething, die

Rain lithe air knot under fools

Nor spat that so

Toucan woke him

A green pillow fight

The horny thin Toucan dies

Bees caught

He hates wings

A cushion hewn base for words