

Blessed be God for the strength of strays.
Great gridded worlds weigh down on them.
And they, committed atlases, like scum, they stay.
They live out their days and days and play, and stray, and spray, and spay, stay.
It is said of strays, strays are staid Gods in reverse.

Glory to god for the strength of strays.
Somebody told me once
the dogs in the guise of strangers from afar
dress up in handbags and visit cities.
One must be kind.
Great chains and hounds in pretty hearses
The sandmen tether sandstones to their teary eyes.
Chain mail the length of quarterlies or spam.
Like trees they bark.
They parkplatz. Their ass is parked.
Jurassic park.

Blessed be dogs.
Some times they wake
With glass rays in their i's.
Life is hard being a shard.
One shouldn't mind.
They raze their own bed heads.
They sing the night is for hunting.
They sing the day is for sleep.
Bless those dead heads.
So much cd be said of strays, or prayed.

by Pablo Larios

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