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Rit in one breath - 260307

Rev (punkduration+speling+gramma+syntax error) - 010908

A short childrens bedtime story in three courses (for short and tall children alike who like LanguageSexDrugsViolence) to re:ad while playing a lullaby from the archangle album 'all over the psychedelicatesence'

### **Rabid rabbits choking on more than you can chew**

Sometimes it seems u don't know where to start/jumpstart/kickstart my heart: even when its lying dead broke deadbeat dad beat dead in the gutter, staring at the stars as all us cursed "all yee holy whole" (h)mere (h)mortals be: so to this I turn fever and fret off the back of ingestion of Afghani *Mullah* and Indian Himalayan *Nullah* turned *pukka wallah* pipe fed down me K-Fed gulliver and out, thru be glue right new and too into phantasmagorical realms sprung up from an allergy to analogies, especially and all the moreso by way of what it means to knowingly have bitten off more than u can chew and so thru and thru be choking on more than u can chew. I turn to this by way of illustrious illustration thru the perils of recollection in hope of a lesson 2B learned in yearning for creation and cooking:

#### **Part 1: Antipasta**

So there's this man, lets call him ArcheTypal StereoType. He's fairly non descript: being somewhat like u, like me, wanting to be free, rhyming with time's rapping on the doorknob of expecting dinner guests who are on their way to savour up his savoury delights, for ArcheTypal StereoType likes to cook, and, not only that, he has habit -patterned, engrained and disdained tho it may be- for having too many pots on the stove while patting his grumblin rumblin potbelly with the "Aye that's a good magic cookie rub-a-dub-dub" motion. The only prob (not that its near the only prob but for purposes of illustration lets just say it's the only prob) is that there are too many pots, not enuf furnaces on the stove and not enuf cooks. So he keels over the stirred stove tops, furrowing his brow sweat from the stove top steam back onto the stove pots while frantically working out how to keep alive all the vested interests represented by the distinct culinary delites he's got going.

"Why oh why Delilah and the bad tasteless advertising of early 90s that's got stuck in my tattooed brain causing even more disdain" -ArcheTypal StereoType asks his 'elf - "why oh why didn't I pace myself and not start cooking all the dishes at once?". 4 u c the dishes are of such nature as to

suffer the interminable bouts of sadness and its fellow sister-cousin-inbred hic remorse, if, taken off their precious life sustaining heat to be left by the wayside of life, cooling not on the Sunday afternoon windowsill of Jeremiah Obadiah Jackanory Jones and the long lost forlorn youth of yesterday, but instead sunken sullen jettisoned by the information highway roadside ditch of 90s hyperbolic rhetoric whereby tis too late to abandon various cooking pots that need constant tender love and tender to their fiery coals, lest they be ruined by becoming stagnant swamps of chopped up chop sui/heated thru stew left to cool while its fellow sister-cousin suspects keep cooking away before their destiny becomes fulfilled by way of consumption and freedom thru being processed out the other side into a toilet bowl. There is no choice and no freedom in such a scenario for the stark cold feel-of-steel reality sheen of the steel stovetops has ArcheTypal StereoType take off some of the pots deemed of lesser importance, to make way for other dishes which categorically defy categorisation in their instance that they be fed an uninterrupted supply of energy by way of heat. Without no more than a second thought or glance, the pots go out-of-sight-out-of-mind and fester their way into obscurity, while their sister-cousins bask in the reflected glory of completion and contribution to the gullivers of the dinner guests, who repulsively sit around sipping their sips, nibbling their nibs and eating their eats, without a thought or care for the subtle nuances of flavour that make many a Corkologist besotted with the *charas* stained fingertips of devotions to one craft, however crafty the craft or cryptic the reference is when buried neath a crypt.

## **Part 2: Main Course**

Hungover, ArcheTypal StereoType wakes up the next morning to the aftermath of the orgying ogres and he sees as clear as a cloudy hungover azure sky the neglected pots of yesteryear by the side of the stove, now fit only for a dogs breakfast as they have become half a page of scribbled lines in the backburner queue of limited resources. Scrups, the loveable Stock Standard Faithful dog, wags her tail at the prospect of a dogs breakfast, as, being a dog, she likes dogs breakfasts, for her culinary appreciation is not of a par with an unpardonable art critic: she knows what she likes and she knows what she don't like and she eats what she likes and she eats everything. Now although Scrups is a run of the mill one-in-a-million dog she has about her a certain curse of consciousness as to the suspicious lingering odours of the dogs breakfast, and despite her willingness to down pretty much any produced product, her stomach acids have a discretionary faculty worthy of Webster's and the way thru a dogs stomach is to punch ur hand thru their rib cage and pull out their insides as way of simultaneously disciplining them for minor infraction and also killing them without having to make that tedious trip the vet: kind of like killing a bird with one stone, but more like killing a dog with one bare hand. Anywho up comes the dogs breakfast, out and onto and into the pet carpet of ArcheTypal StereoType who himself is a little queasy with the way last nite's wine whinges about having to get along with its currently more semi-solid

decomposing compatriots, but faithfully he heads to the heelers of his blue heeler and goes down doggy style onto hands and knees to bury his muzzle in the clean up of his half page scribbled lines gone asunder while all the while thinking to himself that if he'd just managed to keep alive the balanced proportion of stove tops and stove pots that he would have finished cooking all the dishes and the food that his dog has vomited which he is now mopping up by bare hand would instead be in his gulliver giving the whinging wine its way asunder inside.

### **Part 3: Dessert**

Now, as mentioned previously, Scrups is no ordinary dog, despite her ordinariness. She sees thru the psychedeliciousness of the irony and the ineptitude of her owner and trundles off outside into the carfree care free worlds that dogs inhabit in their infinite trouble free ways, to spread the message to her fellow canines about how to better handle a dogs inbox and outbox in the modern world of decrepit information superhighways. Having done the obligatory mutual but sniffs she comes upon, in manner platonic and ever so respectable, Scruffs, one of her less endowed compatriots, who makes up for the lesser instincts of his critical faculty with might and muscle of his scruffed but buffed body. Scrups tells the story to Scruffs in the clearest possible language she has (knowing Scruffs to not be a fan of rhetorical embellishments and stewpead word play/games for May): "Woof *Woof!!*....woof?...*woof woof*". Scruffs cocks his cockeyed head to the side as symbol of his failure to understand, so Scrups re-iterates her insights in manner more slowly: "w o o f *W o o f!!*...w o o f?...*w o o f w o o f*". At this slowed down repeat Scruffs gets mad coz, unable to appreciate subtle nuances of flavour, he interprets that Scrups is self-righteously making mockery of his might, although he doesn't question how he was able to come to this conclusion given the delicious ironing of his less-than-sub-standard critical faculties. Responding as only a car free dog can in this dog-eat-dog world, Scruffs turns on Scrups and bites her in the neck, going for the jugular in a way befitting the less-than-romantic realities of being in a state of nature. Scrups resists with all her weekly miniscule might but is beaten black and blue, so much so that gaping holes form in her neck where flows out from her gulliver onto the gutter roadside ditch her innards, including the remaining vestibules of her dogs breakfast, which has not only seen sunken eyes deprived of happiness in her owner still bent back tuliped over his pet carpet floor, but now has her watching her blood, sweat and tears cascade down the crevasses running along the gutter, floating upon her gooey gooey rich and chewy insides, which evaporate into the azure sky as if ArcheTypal StereoType had reached in with his bare hands and picked out her insides, which he may as well have done in this round about world of roundabout stories that have nothing to offer any of us as we all lie in the gutter gazing up at the stars, wondering, wishfully, listlessly and without lessening To Do lists of future endeavours of bigger wilder dinner parties where the fabric of creation will come asunder for another morns mourn of a dogs breakfast...