

The Living Beings

The living beings
Are parts and parcels of the Lord,

And He impregnates the vast material creation

With seeds
Of spiritual sparks,

And thus the creative energies are
Set in motion

To enact so many
Wonderful creations.

What's the Big Deal?

Some people say that this
Material existence is filled to the

Brim
With miseries, that nothing lasts here,

That it's a bad investment.

But I say they're just not
Doing it right. I can

Exact from the material energies
Whatever sense gratification I desire.

The Supreme Gulab Jamun

The holy name of Krishna
Is the supreme gulab jamun.

The taste of this name, Krishna,
Is paralyzingly delicious,

And the volume of its sweet, sweet juice
Makes the Pacific Ocean seem like a speck of spit.

The name Krishna is the most incredible tasting thing ever, in fact.

And how do you acquire such a taste?
Put it in your mouth, prabhu.

From Far Away

From far away
You are blurry.

Up close, it is clear:
You are not worth it.

Nobody's worth it.

I am happy keeping people
At a distance from me,

Though
This rarely happens.

Trew Never False

I have been outsourced
By a devout force.

Trew never false

Till you can't feel my pulse.
I'm straight stayin' lifted

Like Bernoulli. Motherfuckin'
Harvard couldn't school me.

Modern academic institutions
Are intellectual slaughterhouses.

Why I Write

As my brain dissolves slowly away,
I will record its decay.

I write

Because it's what I'm good at.
Don't believe me?

Read some of my writing, though
It's really not for everybody.

I write because I have no choice.
I do other things, too.

The Poems I Lost

I recently lost I think three poems.
They were great.

They were about love and sex and God.

They would have become classics.
I told the girl I halfway wrote them about

I lost them. I told her:
“It doesn’t matter.

I’ve got 700 other poems
Just like them.”

Like

Liking someone's
Status update

On Facebook
Is like

When dogs pee
On stuff outside.

I like that.

I wish I could
Double-like that.

My Life

My life flies by
In chunks of three weeks.

Let's see how many nuts
I can stuff in my cheeks.

Hey, you guys.

1989 was the best year. 2004 was
The best year. 2009 was the best year.

Fire. Ice. Wind. Earthquake. Heart. Machine.
Who knows where I'll be in 2015.

Occupy My Cock

Where were you gay ass motherfuckers fifteen years ago?
Probably watching *Friends* or some shit.

The system's been corrupt for a long, long time.
But I don't recall you bitching about it when the economy was good.

That's what this is really about.

Now you can't gratify your senses
As much as you'd like to,

And you're all screaming and whining like
Fucking babies about it.

What's Up?

Fools blindly say that only
Those things

That are empirically verifiable can
Be accepted as true,

Even though

The truth
Of this philosophical principle

Is not
Empirically verifiable.

The Shopping Mall

These cars are
Packed in like sardines.

Look at that
Stylish haircut.

Fuck my chicken.

Why can't we be friends,
Motherfucker?

And beautiful mountains overlooking
The shopping mall.

How Does My Pussy Taste?

How fortunate you are
To be in my presence.

I see your face.

I will never show this
To anyone.

I'm sorry for
When I was an asshole!

I ask you with anger:
"How does my pussy taste?"

The Broken Glass

Do you want to
Keep being a jerk to me?

We're a ragtag band of charlatans.

I'd better take another spin
Around the tulsi plant.

The passion in me isn't doing you
Or me any good.

I don't want the diamonds,
I want the broken glass.