

the prosodic mornorevenin where i presided over  
prophetic prosody

*Written by Ryan El-Ouardighi*

“psychedelic hallucinogenia”, 2026 January 26, 14:48

he  
rescinded the  
quiet beloved  
in his  
hand

cest la  
vie he  
let  
the words  
fall from  
his  
mouth

his  
monstrous prosodia  
climbed  
in the  
fermented chambers  
of his  
demented  
mind

little  
timed to  
give to  
little  
poor boy  
en africa  
little  
fucktodiefor or

donatefour or  
whatever other  
realistics

“furious”, 2026 January 23, 14:57

furious!!  
in the  
endless lovingly  
disastrous  
times of  
leader  
benezuela is  
that which  
was the  
way his  
hat sat  
on his  
red  
head.  
red from  
gun. red  
from  
gunm.  
gunmy bears  
outlawed.  
his office  
bore  
children offits  
little  
chair

the  
child entered  
child left  
the womb  
the same

fully

way.

what a

scandalous great

job he

possessed

in his right

hand

“wretched from hishandler”, 2026 January 26, 15:08

wretched

devil

wretched from

hishandler

poor

thing with

no munnyer

funnier

anything 2 support

hims elf

wretched

pickaninny cant

pickananny

hell he cant

pickanapple or

pickanappie

wretched

ineptic

septical opticalcuntroll

freak

“moving eyes moving lies”, 2026 January 26, 15:16

watching

boxingup boxes

watching

no thing

watching

wretchedwickednovietcalledmenickhernickylodyontelevisionlesightsaresettedforinfinitywarse  
ndgametokyojapanisagameshowwellitspossibleforwellstobedryillnevercryserialdesignationno  
rvorjaxorremembercharliesgirlvaggieandherlordandsaverlucymorningstarpitsandassociativedi  
ssociativedisordersuddenlycrumblingsmumblingsoothingseethingskeevingshuckingjivingfucki  
ngfightingridingdivingintoheroceanwithoutpropersuitsgetsyouhundredsmonthlyforaneighteen  
yearoldhoneyunlesscourtsbegoodtoyapeacenlove

“farceless distressed forcetress”, 2026 *January 26, 15:36*

farcellousmarvellous

distressedmistressed

fearlessincensebeerloved

forcetress

“loverphilosophisingmaster”, 2026 January 26, 15:51 (rev. Jan. 26, 15:52)

whatf

allelovers

ourphilosophosedoubt

endthé

knead a fillosopherskin g

“unreqwhited love”, 2026 January 26, 15:56

unreqwhited lovey  
whispered to  
these quilts  
esperent  
with no  
parents  
modern marvels  
mighty and marvellous  
yet  
farcellous and  
dorcelless  
porkless muslims listen  
tootee tooth  
fairys fairplay  
no  
hairplay id ont  
serenade  
lovers whith  
barricades and  
barrycanes or  
fairycade

“usps”, 2026 January 26, 16:01

whisps iz

an

ups

whith un

s

deep inside

warm pinks kyes

closed ooh

purple dyes

dyes might

fight bright

lights and

bite

dust mites

right by

like

the taint

and paint

the

tank red

howquaint

“funk”, 2026 January 26, 16:04

a

fun k

whith

fun kate

at

fun kmart

and

funkher slow

but

funkly deft

while

funking funks interrupts

could

funking funk up funkship

no

its just funking

no

loving

“frivolous”, 2026 January 26, 16:17

A quaints loving touch  
Bathed room in sunlight  
My cheeks turned red

And red was her best colour  
Of roses strawberries and blood  
Thats what she feeded on

Pleading with her to  
Take me or not take me  
Forever

At the edge of the universe  
When I do do the deed and die  
Will I be in the by and by

Or the bye and bye  
Or the by and bi  
Bye, I'm bi by the bike

I pedalled to Old Samson Street  
The cement melted an old greeting  
Crackers from big funky bands

I entered the doughnuts hop  
There was a polka dot rug  
Ceiling

I wanted chocolate drizzle with vanilla sauce  
They called me impossible  
I was not offended

It was not off-handed  
She looked up prices  
I divorced my vices

I only wanted ice  
No more ICE  
Blood cold as ice

The hop disappeared  
In came in Dorothy Parker  
The waitress

She waited patiently on the promenade  
It was prom night  
Our promenade

I spoke french  
Bully called it nigrois  
I slapped him swiftdeftingly

He was indebted me  
20 dollars and a cold Coke  
He spent it on coke

He loved coke  
I loved Coke  
We were both broke

Tickets were too expensive  
I didnt go to prom  
Dorothy cheated

I called her a bitch

She said Youse a nigga  
She didnt mean that in no nice way

I vowed to murder her  
Spray her blood on my blade and fingers  
And collect the heart BreakBounty

Goddamn her  
God damned her  
I backhanded her

I mined my craft  
To assassinate my feelings  
I mind my business

And keep myself busy  
For Satan attacks no soul  
With plentiful, surplus, bountiful busyness