



The Universal Anniversary of the Universe

Pretty pretty Jello is the “hello” of this life  
‘cause the Jello is a metaphor for sharpening a knife.  
The knife, too, is a metaphor for sunsets of the heart,  
and sunsets of the heart are metaphors for Nature’s dart.

That dart just whizzes like the wind, Ma Nature’s mystic dancer  
(and the dancer is the universe who’s searching for an answer).  
But the answer never comes because ain’t no one asked a question.  
So, the questions are the metaphors for Cosmic Indigestion.

And we, my dear, are metaphors for all I’ve said above.  
So, let us orgy in the kozmik ice cream cones of love.

Or not.