

WHAT DID YOU **JUST SEND???!!!** I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SENDS A MESSAGE.

POOP FAIRIES ON THE MARCH BUT WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

WHAT IF THE TOOTH FAIRY WANTED MORE THAN TEETH?

AT THE EVENT HORIZON THE POOP FAIRIES TRIED TO BREAK THE LAW OF PHYSICS BUT THEN THE SPEED OF LIGHT WAS LOX FASTER THAN ITSELF AND ALL THE TEETH WERE LUST:/

WHAT IS THEIR MESSAGE?

THE POO FAIRIES USED NUCLEAR PULSE PROPUSION BUT DUE TO SAFETY AND ETHICAL ISSUES THEY

WHERE DO THEY GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI THOSE TEETH GO?

> WHO REALLY WANTS THEM?

WOW. WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT : ALL THESE TEETH. CHATTERING. STATTERING. SPATTERING.

TOOTHED LINCOLN LOGS BUILD THE BEST MALLS THIS SIDE UH DUH MISSISSIPPI! EHH! AHH! UHHHHHH! RIVERS!!







ROCKETS TO



Great Demands:

HANDS IN SPANISH:

Your last name means hands/ in Spanish, but then I was/ all like: no shit, bitch.

WARM Beer:

Yours looked colder than mine. Was it something I said? Was it the ring on my finger? Why was beer warm? Won't you tell me?

Or should I lose sleep. Make you waffles. Come back.
Twice. Only to hope for a cold drink. Or was it your sock?
That made it warm?

That would be OK. Because socks are the future.

Sock Racism:

It's all about socks tonight. Knee high. Waist high. Chin high. Eye high. Brow high. Ankle high. Butt high. Toe high. You get the picture.

Some have their favorites, but we don't discriminate because all socks were made by the love of GOD. It really makes you think... Unless you're a DICK.

Elastic Love Song:

Tall socks travel by way of cab through tight streets and caves and corners deep under the earth where the heat keeps you awake looking for more.

Sweating. Dripping.

Through the core of the Earth's greatest GROWL when you fall just that much further than you though you'd ever end up going, but I'll hold you forever. Tightly. By way of light rail down Main Street as long as you keep my pants from falling.

Golden Socks:

Golden socks shine by the light of thy own tinkly eye and the flicker of thy own burning hot pants causing you to dance in short skirts as any grown man would – there's nothing to see here, officer.

Don't you worry, suga. Mama cooking you a good steak.

Untitled (Lost Socks):

I like to imagine where the socks go when they die. Or when they get lost. Or when they fall between the cracks of your couch. Or when they go to hell or heaven or when they get left behind between two small pillows just waiting for a reason to fly home...

Untitled (Terrible Song):

This song makes me want to die. I haven't heard this since middle school! Kinda like the last time I braided my hair in Little Tokyo.

Is this really a sock?! When you leave here – go that way. We could!!???....?

IT'S ALAMEDA. Hold me!

Sam Eats Mustard Off a Spoon:

I basically just think of the day when Cinderella would fall in love with my pancakeshaped socks. Okay. You have to incorporate Spicy Brown, but then you just look in the mirror all like WHAT UP!!! I'm going to text a friend? Yes. I am. I am Sam I am. Give me dat ham! Don't give me those eyebrows!

The Whole America:

It spins around the block. Pop lock and drop your discotechque pants, but your rooster be like... I BROKE IT! NAY! TIS BUT FIXED, SERF!

The time is NIGH young MAN! Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!?

Portland, Oregon:

Portland sounds great. Yeah! But can you fit it into a sock? DIDN'T THINK SO ASSHOLE!

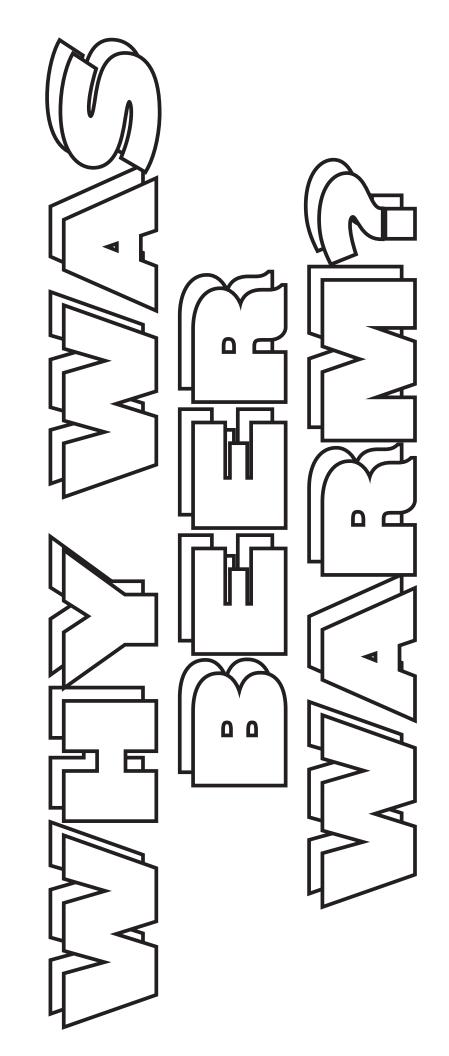
Haiku 02-05:

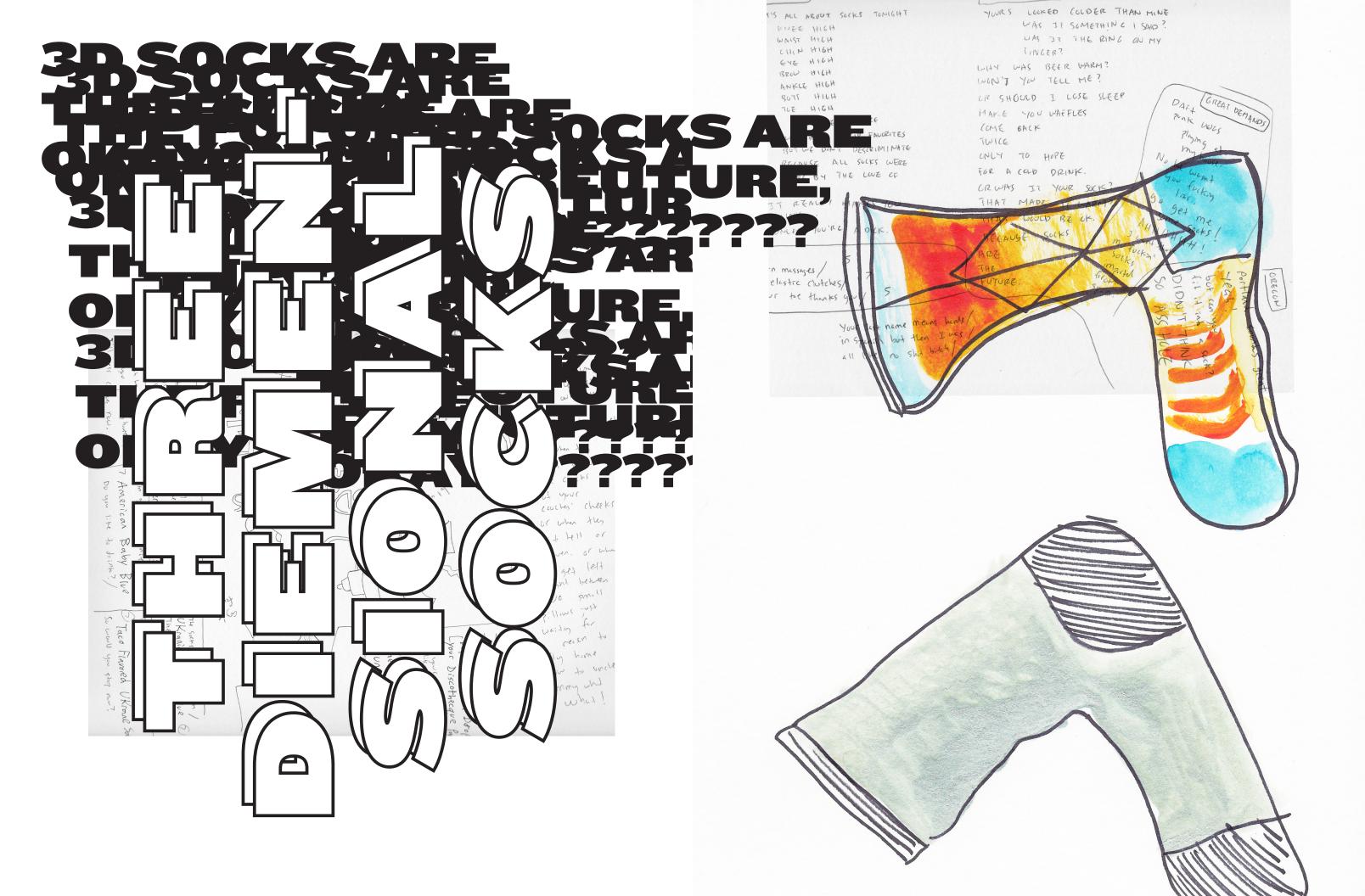
Gallons of beer pass/ In a gentle yellow stream/ As the fish swim by.

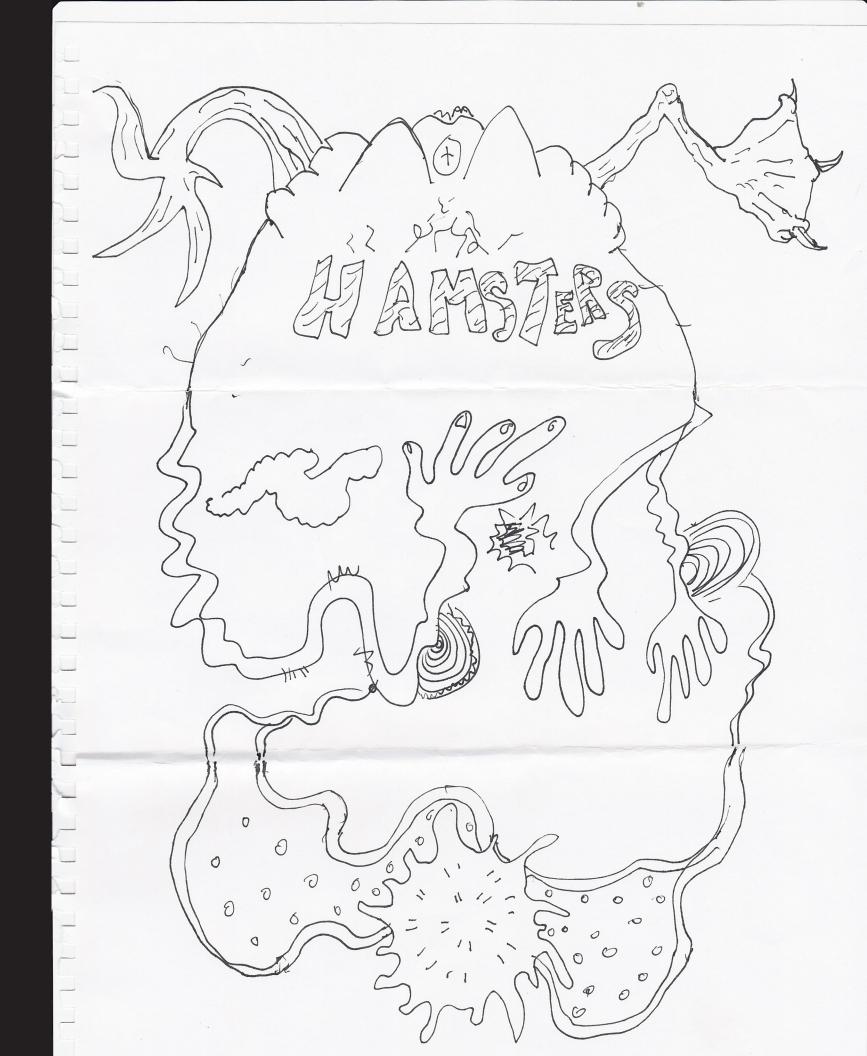
But the fish be like/ Yo! Why u piss on my house?/ I'll press charges now.

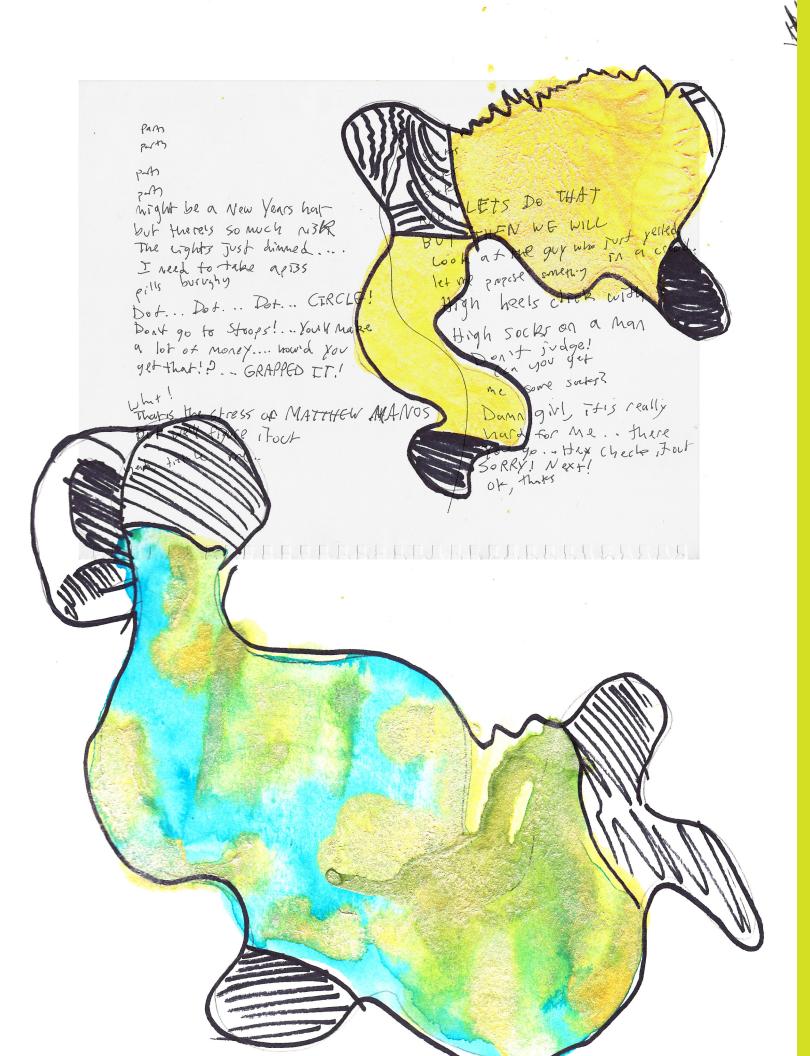
I'm going to dance/ American Baby Blue/ Do you like to drink?

The socks won't fall down/ Ukranian Baby Glue/ The fool stand up.









TALL SOCKS TRAVEL BY WAY OF CAB THROUGH TIGHT STREETS AND CAVES AND CORNERS DEEP UNDER THE EARTH WHERE THE HEAT KEEPS YOU AWAKE LOOKING FOR MORE

