

## THE BEGGING BAG- Aurora

Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!

Matchlock gun hymn of its master.

Which the eyebrows of conquering sharpen by claws

Behind, greatly land long has a begging bag

stitched by sand streams pistils

Giant. Where are the tails bag peep out? 19/

Giant. Vibrissae govern darkling, where are?

The boy whose clay animals filling up the bag

Through his window it watches him sculpting

He roars later, "Roar boy!" The bag's quite "And roar boy!"

By sending in breeze, it touches a tiger on his unripe fair hand

Many sternums open destructively,

real living room of dirty, carpet down the golden strip coats

The boy's adding black patches on a white yellow clay

Unlike till teeth dethrone

Their heirs at the shallow of chromosomes went corpses

Else Amur leopards' peels dried and

horned wall pretends like luxury deer

The begging bag asked not grey an elephant next

and attach their ivories proudly. Choose one color that

rise like pool possess elephant. They bless themselves with dust way ended

Cruelly empty gallons where in calves' trunks sipping

"Enough belching!" "Injustice, you're drinker of nine hundred liters milk"

When more caliber rifles 375 by opulence underneath thick oily muscles

The bags' agony cries agony. Still the riffles are rusts themselves

Though the boy honored his blue rhinos

two last horns he craved

Tonight the bag begging him again, Pangolin! Pangolin!

His downstairs father wiping dust on calm ivories