

Alphabet

**a messy text english dictionary
alphabet**

from Prisma Engelska Ordbok



A

Anathema The Amicable Antithesis

at a point it would seem reasonable to have gained an acclimatized disablebodiedness but there is nothing to anticipate, and no appeasement to be reached and nothing to alleviate.

admittedly, the adherence to what I ached for are no longer adequate, no longer needed, I have abandoned hope. I would have preferred if you had given me you adoration and affection, rather than your admiration ... and I was looking for someone in affinity, akin. while you were looking for someone alike.

the antipathy and the alienation, the only results of the anathema of the amicable antithesis. nothing to anticipate and I have abandoned hope.



B**Bilateral Befriending Betrayal
Our Bereaving Baleful Bedtime Story**

binded as the beast and the bitch, we write eachothers, the breakables, bitter brutual mutual
biography, on the bullet bulletin board, both bargaining for our oh so becoming beatitude of
the barren battle-axe barrow

backwash backlash to backbite,
backwash backlash to the bilateral befriending betrayal, this is not our blessed benevolence
ballroom basics, this is the bare facts of our bereaving baleful bedtime story



C

Consumations**Choreography of the The Cosmic Carrousel**

I cannot circumvent the circumstances!, and I cry out loud ever time against the cursed creed at the continual clarion call!, I can no longer conceal the chink in my armour – Chiron's wound, causing me no center of gravity

Coruscate, Ann!
 Cadence, CADENCE!!
 COUNT!, COUNT!, Canter, Canter,
 Countercanter,
 Counterbalance!, COUNTERBALANCE, ANN!!

I am the Courageous Coalescenced Centaur, the compeer and coequal Commandeer and Champion of the centennial causality list!

the coloratura of this circle's chapter ... of this cord ... of this canvas ... the coulisse ... of the Cosmic Coulisse filled with costumes of the cruel black crape! ...

The colours clash! and I am cold, being sent out around in constant changeable circles without a certain congruent cause
 You've cheated me!



D

Doom

Diction Duet of the depressed dispensable d-day democracy

decayed
daisystrewn
devious
delightful
destructive
devoted
destroyed
destined



E**Errata Epitome****Epic End products:****Explicit inequal emancipating empirical entrance-fee to
efflorescencing Eden**

The enigmatic elusive electron electrolysis experiment ended up in Errata Epitome Earthling Editions: an electroshocked electroplated eccentric embossed ecological economist elf with epileptic and eliminated eloquence and an emoting enlarged explosive egocentric exhibitionistic emptyheaded ejaculation effigy.



F**Fabulous Folksong****Frostbitten February Faroos Fest**

Come friends with fondness of the furthest Faroos,
 To our fabulous fogbound firelit fort of filigree flower festoons and faience,
 Come sit, forgather and sing with my flute's folksong

A frostbitten February, foray onto the Faroos was forced by the Franks and Flemmish
 February thereafter, the fortyfive Faroos like fulmars flew,
 and with the aid of the Frisians forged through the forests a fortnight, reaching the farthest
 fortress of the Franks and the Flemmish

The Faroos had to forgo the fortune of the fool, and the fruits of the summer,
 but the fortitude and feat of strength of the fortyfive Faroos brought the featherweighted fox
 furred faeries, their flaxen fillies, and the fallow deer fawns back to their fabulous fells of the
 Faroos

This is why, friends with fondness of the furthest Faroos, this frostbitten fortnight February
 fest of the fortyfive Faroos and the faeries, so come, forgather while my flute sings this fading
 folksong

G

Genre**Gesticulatory galanty show genre**

goblin, gnome and genie gathering
on the grave-mound
for good-humoured gesticulatory galanty show graffito gag game
and grimacing at the glistering
gems of the galaxy
Gee-up!, goblin shouts gesticulating ghastly
gleefully genie shouts Giddy-up! giggeling
gnome wanting to be gallant,
gambados around screaming Giddap!,
Giddap!, Giddap!
making genie giddy
falling into a gap
shouting Golly!
Ungently grabbing goblin's groin, gelding
Goofy Git! groans goblin to gnome
while the ghostlike guffaw from the genie
echoes up from the grave-mound

H

Hail me !

Honorary Hagiography

The hypothesis has it
 I was a heroine hairstyled
 with a hapless halo
 the hypothesis also has it
 I was a hardy hale and hearty hoyden
 and also a heartless queen of hearts

but hardly ...
 that's hearsay
 and I ment no harm

I was hungering
 for healing holistic harmony
 and a haven of heavenly peace
 heading around from house to house,
 heaven to heaven, and hell to hell

No hardships hindered me
 an I did never hesitate ...

First they all hailed me
 as heavensent
 now they has it
 I'm a henious hag
 and I'm hauled up heretic
 but I hurt, I hurt
 Humanity had a change of its heart
 and humoured me
 with its humane humility
 and I hurt

I want to haste and hurry
 back homewards
 but I haver, hopelessly and helplessly looking
 at the hourglass
 I don't want to hustle
 for an honorary hagiograph
 so humbly, just hold me, they gave me no
 health insurance for my heart
 and the one I had
 shows to be
 not even a halfpennysworth

I



immolated in memorian

i illusionist
 imprinting your imaginary
 making you impenitently identically impotent

i've imprinted you
 interdependent in your idealized idiocy
 and ignoble individuality
 in your intimate intercourse
 infatuated with the
 ideological identical icon

iteration

this is an immolat
 so indigestible
 this is an immolat
 so indigestible
 This insanity!
 this is an immolat
 so indigestible!

intermezzo intoned

you will die intestated in an inversed iconoclasm you will die intestated in an inversed iconoclasm

i illusionist
 insurrecting your imaginary
 making you impenitently identically impotent

i've imprinted you
 interdependent in your idealized idiocy
 and ignoble individuality
 in your intimate intercourse
 of impoverished iconoaltry
 and irreverence of your image

iteration

this is an immolat
 so indigestible
 this is an immolat
 so indigestible
 this itty bitty inanimated
 imperfect impotent inch!

J



Juxtaposed Jilts

Here I sit,
In my jerkwater town gabber.
... but ...
Joyous news!
Time for jural trial,
of the justifiable joss
in front of the Grand Jury,
of the joss house and Judge Ann,
to try the jilts for the jewel.
Josses, all rise
and jockey for juxtaposed
positions
unjockstrap, and jointly
jiggle, joggle and judder.

Yo josses! Jaunty! Jaunty!
Don't jolt.

O by Jove, Now you made
Such a joss jumble, Judge Ann.
Now you have to redo
the jural trial.

κ



Knot



Lacerated Lifespan

Life history landscapist

There is the layman, the lawman,
the lawyer and the lawbreaker.

Now let me lay down the law for you
There is Law of Nature,
Law of Harmony,
and Law of Etiquette,
Law and Order,
and the Law of Love.

Lacerate the Law of Harmony, the Law
of Nature, the Law of Etiquette, and
the Law and Order,
and you lacerate yourself.

But never,
when you lacerate
The Law of Love.

