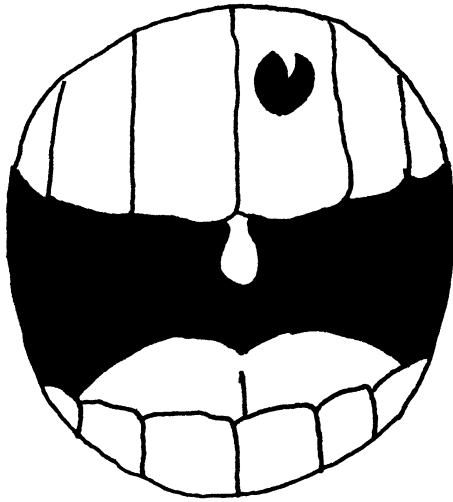


IN TOOTH,
MY TRIGGER



BOOK 3
POETRY
BY LEVI FREEMANTLE

IN TOOTH,
MY TRIGGER

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POETRY
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Verse 1

Happiness
my
toe
of
scrig
the
screw
of
puse
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 2

Time
to
smie
my
fig
of
trim
in
tram
of
neat
personality.
In
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 3

By
calculating
the
nice
of
brig
in
black
and
orange
cake
of
thought
and

niceness
it
is
red
of
sorts
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 4

The
blue
of
silver
brick

and
pipe
to
roof
the
chalk
of
blackdome
comes
in
tooth
my
trigger
round
and
round

again
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 5

Now
we
blow
the
candles
juice
of
yellow
red
and

orange
dine
to
neat
a
new
and
reverend
sort
in
tooth
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 6

So
over
in
my
deep
thought
to
big
my
book
of
words
and
blue
my
ink
to
outgo

my
street
in
tooth
my
trigger
balance
sheet
my
my
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 7

Verse
7
here
we
go
again
with
nice
mouse
jail
of
two
beads
of
glass
to
shatter

in
my
small
toe
to
twist
and
burn
and
cool
and
turn
and
hair
of
eyes
with
which
to
learn.
Coincidentally
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 8

In
honesty
my
tree
of
life

is
purple
with
yellow
polka
dots
to
look
upon
the
blazing
hearth
with
eyes
so
pink
as
to
cut
My
finger
in
a
train
of
thought.
Whoops
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse9

The
black
light
fills
up
my
room
so
brightly
much
more
than
before
a
coat
of
pink
candy
floss
pollutes
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 10

By
painting
in
my
windowsill

a
plant
with
which
to
feed
my
ear
a
brain
to
smell
the
dew
of
spring
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 11

If
only
in
my
time
I
could
sit
a
while
amongst

the
clouds
to
ponder
upon
my
thoughts
of
tip-ex
fluid
in
a
bath
of
solid
gold
and
winding
stairs
the
grass
the
weeds
and
all
those
things
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 12

The
tie
that
hangs
around
my
neck
does
tighten
in
to
platinum
glory
and
over-weighs
the
electric
bond
and
blackens
the
box
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 13

But
now
I

slay
my
poisoned
minds
demon
it
sits.
It
is
dead,
no
longer
alive.
It
has
expired,
ceased
to
be
it
has
gone
to
meet
it's
maker.
This
is
an
ex
Demon.
In
tooth
my

trigger

Verse 14

He
hit
me.
It
hurt.
In
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 15

I
am
alone.
Only
my
thoughts.
The
ones
of
the
bath
will
sparkle
in
the
map
of
tomorrow,

to
sail
along
the
river
of
life.
I
am
sad.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Interesting.

Verse 16

Yes,
in
Tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 17

Religion
in
the
whitest
thoughts
is
hot.

It
kills
pollutes
destroys
the
mind.
I'm
in
my
Room.
Dead,
maybe
just
Depressed.

Hair,
teeth,
nose,
hands,
they
ache
in
tooth
my
Trigger.

Verse 18

C
D
bloody
T.
Fuck
it.
In

tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 19

French
teacher
is
bitches
they
does
give
bad
R
O
A's
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 20

In
time
my
bag
of
leather
cotton
is
dead
of

blue
to
eye
my
ear
in
brickness
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 21

Phlegh

Verse 22

In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 23

And
now
the
time
is
ten
past
two
the

dark
will
have
to
wait
a
while
until
we,
from
The
tree,
the
Gods
of
Shlinquinceck
5
the
Beta
9
Galaxy
region
can
bellow
in
a
lake
of
dreams,
tomorrow,
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 29

The
bath
of
dreams
has
disappeared
I
follow
it
not
knowing
what
I
do
I
am
now
in
the
land
of
worpidadworf
where
I
shall
begin
a
tale.
Until
then,
in
Tooth

my
trigger.

Verse 25

5
pageways
from
the
gateway,
a
tree
will
fall
from
the
sky,
signifying
the
demise,
of
the
land
of
the
dragon,
because
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 26

If
maths
was
to
be
my
life
for
the
next
two
hundred
years
I
would
cry
in
the
solitude
of
my
pink
rainbow
ears.
The
globe
of
my
heart
that
constitutes
the

words
would
jump
up
in
dismay
and
suddenly
say
“My
God!”
In
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 27

In
the
year
of
two
thousand
and
ten
the
life
of
two
will
meet
again.
In

freedom
rains
the
stupid
men
we
will
go
to
battle
then
to
see
if
shots
have
all
missed
ken
round
and
up
and
down
again
because
of
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 28

If
drains
could
truly
be
said
to
think
then
maybe
they
might
be
thinking
at
this
moment
in
time:
“Arseholes”
for
we
are.
We
kill
them
every
day
without
motive
by
standing

on
them.
Oh
well.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 29

A
chair
has
suddenly
appeared
in
my
time.
I
sit.
It
disappears.
I
get
up.
It
appears
again.
I
now
repeat
the
process

again,
only
to
learn
it
is
all
in
my
mind.
But
my
bath
has
now
reappeared
I
am
again
happy,
in
tooth
my
trigger

Verse 30

The
hat
of
the
woods
of
my

child
hood
life
is
wooden
with
shiny
sparkly
bits.
I
see
it
and
laugh
in
general
splendour
wondering
about
why?
But
then
again
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 31

I
didn't
know
whether

to
tell
her
or
not.
I'm
confused
baffled
amazed.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 32

The
book
of
life
describes
a
time
when
Dragons
and
Trolls
were
said
to
roam
the
Earth
in

golden
splendour
in
which
my
mind
does
wonder
through
a
black
and
lifeless
hole.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 33

The
French
people
do
not
deserve
to
drink
something
as
fine
as
coke

because
they
are
ASSHOLES
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 34

Story
books
must
be
written
so
as
to
be
understood
or
believed
then
it
could
be
the
poison
of
a
little
child's
mind.

It
will
be
the
disease
that
will
kill
a
nation
if
fine
individuals
called
Englishmen.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 35

The
food
master
has
just
arrived.
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 36

To
find
a
case
full
of
stuff
of
which
to
have
an
identity
to
seek
an
alpine
fluffy
woolly
goat.
Today
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 37

And
so
we
come

to
the
mighty
Tesco's.
Five
years
have
passed,
but
even
so,
the
light
and
the
brain
are
developed
again.
What's
that?
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 38

Nonsense,
nonsense,
nonsense.
In
tooth
my

trigger.

Verse 39

I
try
and
I
try
and
I
try
and
I
play
and
I
take
and
I
take
and
I
take
away
and
I
follow
and
I
follow
and
I
follow

the
day
to
find
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 40

We
go
again
and
again
and
again.
We
see
the
pain
borough
into
the
brain.
We
see
the
lame
lame
dog
with
disdain.

And
then?
In
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 41

The
people
are
common
and
have
no
minds,
but
the
peep-hole
is
summoned
and
has
no
time.
The
Reaper
is
something
and
very
kind
in

death,
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 42

The
love
that
I
hold
is
both
pink
and
pure,
the
glove
that
is
bold
does
both
sink
and
lure
but
then
I
see
that
is

and
a
cure
GOOD
CHRIST
in

tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 43

The
simmering
pimmering
shimmering
guile,
polary,
solary,
whoelary,
mile,
jovily,
movily,
sovily
trial.
Shubadum,
in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 44

Grubbadub

in
tooth
my
trigger.

Verse 45

The
time
to
appear
has
long
since
gone,
the
two
that
were
have
since
become
one,
the
lives
that
we
lead
have
become
hum-drum.
What' this?
tooth
my

trigger.