

DOWN AND OUT ON ORION & PISCES

By RdotTornello © 2013

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The Village Idiot Press

They park their space rigs in geosync,
Fancy freighters and scowboy's stink.
At The Inn and Star Way Diner delight
all chow down by the gas cloud's light.
I've cooked here and I've cooked there
I've cooked the worst of the universe's fare.

A Train Wreck of a diner in 520 ABELL
Your intestines will feel like Whirlpool.
Eating @ the bistro of the Hunting Dog.
The Southern Pinwheel has the worst after dinner feel,
and if your mind is your gyro
Your Compass @ Pyxis will true no longer you.
The worst dessert was mixed by the Witches' Broom,
when you sup at the Eagle and Swan Saloon.

They park their space rigs in geosync
Fancy freighters and scowbow's stink
Different beings all the same
Gotta eat and get ptomaine.

Horse Head is what we fed @ Coma Berenices.
Ringside @ Rhea a nice view I'm sure
with a dark Doodad string of stars.
Then at the One Armed Spiral eatery's bar,
Butterflys from NCG 6302 brew in a jar.
I'd call the medic were I you,
were I seeing that Red Rectangle of death.
Add a Unicorns Head and if you don't make quick
to the infirmary's bed, you'll be worse than sick.

They park their rigs in geosync
Fancy freighters and scowboy's stink.
Fancy linen or plastic ware,
we feed them all and we don't care.

With dark matter secret in their omega omelets
it's a Celestial Question Mark how they survive,
even if they're Universal Space Cowboys cause,
our cooking is of the lowest of all the dives.

The spin of a black hole's event horizon?
To your stomach, my cookn's no comparison.
I've cooked the worst this universe's served.
My bona fide are here displayed.
So Trust Me when I declare,
Out side the 5 star grease-pit in Pleiades,
I'm the worst cook in anywhere.
Eagle Swan Song in Sagittarius,
my last gig until
I landed here on this planet of a pig.
A small yellow sun
where you cook your own;
three rocks out
ain't no place to shout about.

Dine in, eat out,
Ammonia gas fired, CMB baked
Gravity drawn and pulled,
over cooked, under cooked or tar-tar.
They park their space rigs in geosync,
fancy freighters and scowboy's stink.

The End