The Berenstain Bears Go to Church By Jack Morgan The black hoodie is everyone's favorite thing to wear anywhere near the hood.

Everywhere you go

N' Da Hood, you see peeps wearing black hoodies

No one can tell who you are; you one slippry fish. Could be a killer for all we know.

Cats have killed dogs.

Caribou have killed lions.

Fish have killed bears.

The Berenstain Bears move to the suburbs where no one's died in, like, forever.

The Berenstain Bears

forget to feed

The Berenstain Bears' goldfish dies.

They bury him

beneath an apple tree

so they can eat him up

forever.

The Berenstain Bears forget to wash their hands. The Berenstain Bears catch Hep. B. The Berenstain Bears die.

The Berenstain Bears loved apples.

I got her number; how you like them apples?

I find them delicious.
I can't feel my legs.

The Boyz N' Da Hood are always hard like mathematics, bitch. Seagull is much better for you than Turkey,
but you have to eat
bout four of em.

The Berenstain Bears

forgot their manners;

The Boyz N' Da Hood

pulled their card.

They were tryin' hard

to be legit;

now they sleep with the fishes.

Your boy called me from Applebees, and I thought of sweating turkeys in the breeze he said I'd never die.

Turkey legs in Disney summer in tinfoil in the breeze; a tiny piece o tin foil in the breeze, completing circuits twixt you cavities.

I believed him.

I told him it was all good.

We went lake skipping

in a float plane

from Unalaska

to Timbuktu

all by the seats of our

wooden binnacles

to see bears catching

lake trout in their natural

hood; they were some hard

mother fuckers.

O dear can't bear it.

Winter's tale and all
the bare emotion.

I cover it up, as is my wont, with a black hood.

There are apples rotting in my paltry pockets.

Forest snow
hushes robins
bears sleep silent
like dreaming black fishes.