

BOOK I

I am Herman Clouse An-DRUG-Anouse.
I am man - woman.
And I am LORD - Devil
And I was and somehow will always B:

Sometimes a mommy -
Sometimes a daddy
Or like now Uncle Dick . . .
Do you wan'a come 2 London on my stick?

You don't!
Well just stay right there
But lend an ear
While I unfold
That which I am as bold
As 2 call my ROCK OPERA.

Now I'm sure that there R many of U
Willin' and hurried to try and C through
The lies I now will claim R true.

But then I am equally sure
If not more
That everyone here in body and mind
Will be left with something which they will find
That they can Believe -
Believe -
Believe -
Believe . . .

I know some of U grieve
4 U cannot believe

Claiming:

As the head tells its tale
To ma-il the ta-il
In-2 doin' what he pleases
The tail gets ahead
Of things said
By the head

And rejects them with coughin' and
sneezes.

But if U listen clo-souly
To the details of my tales
It will be plain 4 U 2 C
That there is nothin' there.

And I have no care
To nail U in-2
Doing anything
U would not
Normally do.

But if you should choose to disagree
And according to your righteous seizures
Declare this the work of devils and diseases
Well, that's between U and your CREATOR.

So, so long from your nar-8-or.

CHAPTER I

(BIRTH)

It was an ESCOM-powered vibrator
Plus a professor's semen that led
The otherwise virgin Esther to give birth.

Now the capricious Capricornian
Delivered that December
Unlike Jesus
 Son of God
 Carpenter
 Miss-I-a
Was Zelda, daughter of technology
And a welder of
 Ferrous,
 Fun and
 4-tune.

And on that night Esther sang:

Long ago due to cosmic com-motion
The moon a-rose from the Pacific Ocean.
And 2-nite U a-rose from me
Emptying yet fool-fillin' me.

Oh immortal spirit
From the beginning of time
I've given U some clothing
Like the prof's and mine.

Oowh!
I hope your birthday suit
Will suit you fine.

'cause in every fibre of your chromosome
And in every 1 of your cells
In every muscle
Sin-U
And Bone

Is 100% pure lamb's wool.
And if U really wan'a hav'it
Trace-A-bill 2 the line of King David.

Let me, let me, let me
Raise U proud and free.
Let me give U that
That wasn't given 2 me.

And remember, Zelda
I'll always be happy
2 change your nappy
Should you, as you will
Land in the krappy.

So, as Zelda grew up
She became so bright and free of blame
'cept sum-times Esther found Zelda
Talkin' 2 or involved in a game
With playmates Zelda could call by name.

But 2 Esther there was no-l there;
Zelda was dancin' with the air.

Now when Zelda turned 6 and went to school
She was quick to master every golden rule.
Her mind was really so alive
Until about old standard V
 When her photographic memory
 So suddenly ran out' a spool.

And as she had 2 much pride
To be the teacher's fool
She wished 2 and did drop out of school.

But she doffed out not and took a trade
And at welding, Zelda had it made.

And while she could not bake a cake
She would, with arms skinny as a rake,
Make anything from iron and steel -
 From a push-cart
 2 a ferrous wheel.

CHAPTER 2

(GROWTH)

Zelda worked hard and, as well
Amused her co-workers with the tales she'd tell.
4 in-stance when a plumber asked
If this life was heaven or hell

She said:

Well, life's a love of many sorts
There's love of luv, and love of sports
And God Almighty is the judge.

4 He has always sat above
And with the aid of that below
Us humble mortals grunt and groan.
And only eventually get 2 know
Which is witch
And which is woe.

2 which the plumber said:

Oh! Oh! Which is witch and which is woe?

And Zelda replied:

Man-sense, clan-sense,
Die for your honour, sense
Woman sense, 10 cents
Cheaper at the OK bazaar sense

C, Man said Woman's wicked.
Yea, he said it in his bible.
He does not 1 2 realise
She's his whole survival.

Most boys and girls R not that dense
But they do lack common sense
Which wears off on love's expense.

The human soul is so intense
Our brains are bound to erect a fence,
So our consciousness won't tarry hence.

And if U must be tense,
Be present tense.

Then the plumber said:

STOP! You're no longer makin' sense.
And I can't any-more
4 I am not as sure
As I was B4.

So many things confusing me.

Tell me Zelda,
actually what is pure?

So she said:

Well, what is pure?
Snow is pure, pure and white.
But when snow ain't cold
Snow is only water.

So what is warm?

Tar is warm, warm and black.
But when tar ain't hard
Tar is OH so sticky!

That's a disaster said the plasterer.

By the way,
If things R really as U say
The common man has no place to play.

2 which she said:

Hay! Thud! Thud!
Chew the cud.
Return what you took
Right back to the mud.

4 mud's OK
As a place 2 play.
4 it is not cold or hard or sticky
Even if it ain't
Partake-U-lily
White and pretty!

Now when Zelda was weldin'
This iron frame 4 a bird cage
She was beset by her employer
In a rage -

Who was this spoiled, rotten widowed dame?
With a temper . . .
Anything but tame!

She came along just 2 B rude
Threatening 2 have Zelda sued
4 breach of contract
As Zelda wanted to leave
Without being sacked.

When she left, Zelda relaxed
And enlightened herself
With the following text:

As the philosopher said
You cannot have your cake
And eat it.

This is the problem but U can beat it
4 if U R hungered overmuch
And cannot leave your rabbit hutch
You can turn your cake over
And little by liddle
Eat out the middle.

And when friends drop in
U can cover your sin.
Holdin' the hollow
against the board

U can tell them all
U're keepin' your cake 4 the Lord.
And rake in their beams
of envious schemes.

NB:

In order 2 stop your cake completely crumblin' in
It always pays to keep your cake well iced
Even to a thickness that it can't be sliced.

ACE

Zelda had an assistant by the name of Tuis
A strange case with a funny face
Who did everything very slowly
Singing:

Do not damn me, Daddy
I am really a good laddy.
Its just:I don't think
I'll be running in the race,

'cause I'm walkin' through the desert
on my way back from outer space.
I'm so sorry, Daddy
If I could not keep the pace!

Well one day
This punk came at the angle
Of asking Tuis
what it was he could not handle.

All he said was,

“The more men you know,”

And the punk said, “OH!”

And Zelda dealt the following blow:

Every 1's a layer of groovin' part-I-cals
A layer of groovin part-I-cals
That's very Deep

Deep
 Deep
 Deep
 Deep.

By the lay-test estimate
Made by me and a mate
We did calculate

That this layer
 Of groovin part-I-cals
 Was almost skin-
 D De De D D Deep

Deep, Deep

4 every 1 is rippin' every body off.

PRANK!
 Ha Ha Ha Ha!

And counter-PRANK!
He He He Hee!

And those that still can laugh
R laughing all the way to the bank.

SO KNEEL DOWN
B4 the LORD.
OPEN UP AND THANK.

2 all the fuckers livin' in the groove I say:

MOVE
MOVE
MOVE.

U got-A

MOVE
MOVE
MOVE.

The punk appeared confused
But a smile appeared on the face
Of TUIS.

AY

Zelda was weldin' 1 ways
1 day 4 OK B-zars

When she saw some apex beatin' up sum gay.
So she wheeled her transformer to the spot
And casually asked:

What had got it hot.

The Apex replied:

What right has this bleedin' queer
To parade round here
Outside of fear
Breathing in good people's air
And making decent people stare?

Now, U no lady, what is up?
So get out of the way
And let me give
Him another Klap.

Zelda:

Do that, you piece of trash!
And I'll weld you now into ash.

The gay got up and humbly said:

I thank you Ma that I'm not dead.

Then Zelda looked at him again and said:

R you alright?
R you in pain?

Then the gay,
Quite a poet, by the way
Said this to explain his game:

If U C a man in woman's clothes
U can be sure 2 suppose
He's wearin' those
4 1 or more of 2 reasons:

Either, he has just skinned a girl
And now wears her clothes
To show the world.
Or, he has no men's clothes of his own.

So he's dressin'
4 2 catch and take home
A man to peel and wear 2-mo-row.

AIN

If U complain, U will go insane
When you find that
U yourself R just the same
As those U blame
4 your own shame.
So feel the pain.

JERK

Now there was this wealthy building tycoon
Whose wife had left him 4 a coon.
He was upset and began to shout

About the profit of prophet.
And what's life all about.

Zelda:

The reason we work
Is 2 tire the eyes
With hassles and hatred
The thing we despise.

So that later at home
Or any point from which we choose not to roam
We can turn our eyes in or let them fall
To examine the soul,
the source of it all.

To writhe in love and wallow in sin
As we consider our kith and kin.

Now the tycoon,
Was not put off so soon:

I always thought it was 2 make MONEY
2 buy bread and butter and honey
So necessary
To keep a rainy day, sunny.

And Zelda agreed:

It's a hungry heart
Which makes matter matter . . .
Kum DANGER
It beats pitta, patta.

Now its flesh which makes a fat cat fatter
Though frankly fish R not fond of batter.
So, when the former transforms the latter
In-2 something not so fishy, and more catter

The fish will begin to fill the coronary
2 and from the former's heart
Causin' it 2 stop
and never start.

ust then a jogger passed
And Zelda opened out at full blast:

Run! Run! Run!
Run 4 your life.
Watch out 4 that heart attack.
It's com'a
Gon'a
Get U
Get U
In the back.

4 U dig the stress
U challenge the strain
Now if you eat 2 much
Then U'll feel the pain . . .

The central left abdominal pain
As U realise life won't be the same
Again.

4 that was a heart attack that
Com'a
And got'cha
Got U
From the back.

IRATE MATE

Now, when an electrician came to her irate
Puzzled as how hate
Always found a way to propagate

Zelda sang this little song
So the ele' could be strong:

Well U get sportsmen
And U get spacemen

And of course the ace-in-sleeve men.
And they all know
How 2 nigh.
And they nigh U in the eye.

'cause if U speak 2
Any one of them
U're speakin' 2

Some-1 who
 Some-1 who
 Thinks he's high
 Thinks he's high
 Thinks he's high.

So when nighed in the eye
I say, break on down and cry.

4 if U try
 Try to fly
 Try to fly

When U should cry
 U're bound to nigh your other eye
 and even yet,
 another's eye.

Oh me! Oh my!

Why can't our daily intercourse
take place on the level, Devil?

C 2 many folks think they're high
Which leads them to feel free 2 nigh
2 many innocents in the eye.

Now, if these innocents do not cry
 Twice 2 many people
 Will get nighed
 In the eye.

DELL

Ding Dong Dell
We a' all in the well
Amid roots and shoots and spider webs
And things that don't smell swell

And we look up to the sky
To answer every why.
And above all the moon
Is the subject of our tune.

Well I've been out
Right out the top
 To look up
 But I looked down
 On the whole damb lot.

I remember singin'
 And makin' a din
 As I invited my friends
 To dance with me up on the rim.

But they all looked at me
With that same grim grin

Saying:

 Look, its warm in the well.
 So we'll live with the smell.
 And its just till we die
 Then we go to the sky.

And we've still got the moon
Which does hide
But is full again
Only 2 soon.

BOOK II

(MIC TIME SPACE)

LUDEWYKE STEPHANUS DU PLESSIS

He was born early August
By ancient rites a LION
Chris-END:
Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis

His father Stephanus was a jay-ill warder
But he loved his son deep-lee
And showed him only
His jen-ero-city.

Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis
NEVA had the priz'na been so free.

His mother Maria made such heavenlee sosatees
4 which she won approval
from the holy community.

Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis
NEVA had the priz'na been so free.

Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis:

Ek het die Bybel goed geken
Rugby gespeel en NASIONALIS gestem.
Until the time came 4 me to be free.
While walking down a grassy highway
I found my temple -
I found L.S.D.

Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis
NEVA had the priz'na been so free.

He saw God in his Universe -
He felt X-TA-TIC.

But he thought this reason
To raise himself
Egotis-stick-alley.

..

And it was all Gone
Gone
Gone

But 4 the bits
He had caught in his Song
Song
Song.

But soon he was lost in mixed metaphores
As he grabbed for gone glory with slippery claws.

Now you can't touch the roof
When you fade through the floor.

So Louwie Stephanus
Became one heck of a bore.

So out of frustration
He gave his head up
And shook off his thoughts
As does a wet duck.

And he felt free.
And he flew right back to the blue.

Singing:

The strength that is my humility
Why do I blow it on my vanity?
Oh Christ with a head like this
I could be God
If it weren't 4 that hiss.

Oh God!
Oh deary me!
I could be Christ if I wanted to B.

Heaven's Angles:

You'll NEVA quite be what U 1a B
So don't even press for para-D.

Don't Want
Want
Want.
Just B
Be
Bea.

However high U try to fly
You'll NEVA touch the true blue sky.
Don't try 2 fly 2 high
Just'a float'a, Ludewyke!

Life's a boat'a, Ludewyke!
A smile-yellow
Banana-boat!

Once Louwie had heard that song and sound
He knew his time had come around
2 journey 2 where
He was bound.

So he floated down a custid river
When his knees began to shiv'a.
His eyes fell in 2 B-hold
Radiant beauty so untold.

Someone would be sure 2 scold
If I was as bold
As 2 try 2 tell ya.

His heart cracked up.
He began to cry
As he watched that koeksuster
Float on by.

4 he had never had a girl friend
And he was still afraid to lend
 Any effort
 towards that end.

Singing:

Oh Yea! Oh Yea! O deary me!
I met my love back in standard III
Blond, smooth-skinned . . .
 Called her Shandy.

And that was still before I learned 2 B
What I am now,
 damn randy.

Now I don't know what B-came of me.
But she would not
 Or could not
 Feel a thing 4 me.

Could be
 when I'm 60
 in the year 2023

I could forget the love of standard III
And open up 2 U and me.

Oh the painful memory
Age sixteen and a street lady!
Now was it fate or a mishap
That PP lay down across my lap.

Now I don't know
What will B-come of me.

P P only wan'a be wanked and wea
Just won't stand up socially.
Oow, I'm a wanker; I got phantasy
I'm a loner; I got philosophee
I'm a useless member of society
And I don't know watt
I'd thather Bee.

Ah! Ha Ha Ha
Ah! He He He.

Well, then I met this friend
And she said 2 me:

If u wan'a get out of yourself
Be free
U got'a get involved sexually.

I said:

Won't that ruin my wanker fantasy?
It's against my loner philosophee
It's too close an interaction
With sos-I-8-T.

And I do bee-leave
It would be bad 4 me.

Ha Ha Ha! He He He!

I flew out the top, chasin' L.S.D.
Found white bubble puree-T.
And it was cool, as cool could bee.
But the bubble had to pop eventually.

And the prophet became once again
Just a wanker with his phantasy.
A loner with a philosophy
A useless member of society,
Who don't know who
He'd rather B.

Ah! Ha Ha Ha
Ah! He He

And he sang songs like that
Till they were so old hat
That he realised at last
He had to let go of his past.

So he got a job on a station town.
NEVA had Louwie been so down.
He tapped wheels 4 the railways
And sang songs of the good old days.

*Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis
Felt the priz'na had NEVA be - heen free.*

And then one day
On the station shop
We find Louwie's head is about to pop

As he talks of LOVE
and LUCK
and FATE

As they sipped a single blue milkshake.

And there on a bag of wheat
On its way to Mozambique
Our hero Ludewyke found a mate.

Singing:

I C now why the priz'na
Should use his sad karisma
And NEVA B 2 clev'a
Or try 2 fly 2 free.

Well that was that.

ZELDA MOVED ON
AND LOUWIE PUT A STAR ON HIS HAT.

When Zelda got back to Jo'ies
She no longer felt so at ease.
In fact she began to miss
Ludewyke Stephanus.

So you can imagine her joy
When this out of place-looking boy
She saw standing alone at a party
Turned out to be
Mr L S du Plessis -
Who had got bored of tapping wheels
And taking abuse from imbeciles.

Took his pay one Friday
And as they say
Just blew away

To find himself - (Oh what a pity)
All alone in Jo'burg city.

And so the 2
Struck up their affair a-new
And it was not long before
They were fused down to the core.

Filling their tums
Right down to their bums
At no other place
Than Killarney Mall.

And Zelda was happy to have an O so tall
And LU-wie loved Zelda who came to his call.

This was the high point of their joll
Now we get to their fall.

One day Zelda opened her door
2 C Lu-wie standing in the hall
Looking rather blue and sore.

And when she asked him what was wrong
He just started to hum a feeble song.
Now as her 6th sense was quite keen
She simply said:

U mean Lu-wie
It's another girl.

When he heard this he began to crawl
And bang his head against the wall.
Till she rolled the wreck a zoll
(which he smoked)

And then sang this song to tell her all:

I was sitting in the corner
Of this disco-take
Thinkin' I should Nev'a have
Nev'a have
Nev'a have
Pulled those pipes

Pulled those pipes
My friends did make.

But then I did.
That is all.

So now I'd bett'a have a joll
Or else I'll have a big, big bummer.

Then I saw her there
Standin' out so very clear
In her luminous underwear
I drifted over like the air.

And said:
Don't I know you from somewhere?

She said:
Maybe so, how should I know?

And I said:

Yea, dont' you know my friend
I met you one weekend
When he took you round the corner
4 a quicky.

She said:

Maybe so, how should I know?

And I said:

Well won't you come and dance?

Then I told her this

And she told me that.

And I said:

Hey girl, you're mighty pretty.

And she said:

Maybe so, how should I know?
But U, you're ravin' mad.
But I like your style
And I luv the way U dance.

And I said:

Oooowh now, Baby!
You make me so high
Lookin' down
I am the sky!

And I was contemplating stars

And the ill effect of bra's

When I knew I thought, I thought I knew

I just had to take a chance.

And I said:

Why, won't you take
A ride to my house
In a super-market trolley.
It's just down the hill from here
And I think it would be jolly.

And she said:

Maybe so, how should I know.
U know I don't wan'a find
Me feelin' sorry.

Well, maybe yes, but bett'a no.

Oh well

No well

Oh well

BLAST!

Just don't go 2 fast.

So she got in-2 the trolley

And I pushed her from B-hind

And sang in the absence of my mind:

Walking you home through the night

I was so fry-10 in case I might

Fall in love with U

It was so easy

And it came true.

Oh missy Jazz-u-ba

I think U're so zuper

Oh missy Jazz-u-ba

I luv U.

Guys the world over
R going insane
They talk of her, dream of her . . .
But all in vain
 Because she's my chick,
 My chick.

Check the chick.
I check is my chick.
Check my cheek.
I said, she's my chick.

I felt like walking on water
Floating on air
I felt a whole foot taller
Since I met her.

But the best-laid plans
Of mice and men gang 2 oft alee.
4 down the hill at a thunderous pace
Came this Pepsi-Cola lorry

And well
 I had to let her go.

And she got squashed flat
On the black tar-mac.

Oh! Oh! Owh Baby!

I'm so very, very sorry
That I'm not what U
 thought me
 thought me 2 B.

But then its not my worry
Where U wander in your fantasy.
Not my worry at all.
I'm just out 4 the Joll.

U could blame it on my upbringing
Which taught me 2 B a miniature king
Or U could blame it on sos-I-8-T.

But then, society, Ba-Be
Is just another word 4
Just another word 4
U and me.

Now once Lu-wie had told her this pathetic tale
She looked to him
The colour of
Robin Hood's chain mail.

And when she told him to get out the door
He was sure
It was because
She was playing hard to get -
Which was hardly true.

4 he chose to forget
That she was on her way
2 Houghton to check out a
Contract she had made the previous day
2 weld up a set of pearly-like gates
4 1 of Dr Shief's larney estates.

Once she got down 2 the job
And had found out what 2 do

She still had to bear quite a few
More encounters with Dr Shief.

And it was beyond belief
The way the snob tuned our sister grief.

For instance:

Zelda, vy U smoke dat terrible stuff?
Ven ze Boere catch U
Zhey make such a fuss.

And:

My da-lin', if U're locked away
How vill U finish my gates B4 May?

Zelda's defence:

Listen Dr Shief, I always smoke my splief
It's an old habit of mine;
Do you mind?

And as 4 your job, by the way
Of course I'll finish it by May.

2 me, smokin' ain't a crime
Or hindrance to my work.

So jerk off, doctor.
Your job will be done
And done fine.
In fact I'm expecting
To finish it a-head of time.

Dr Shief's other worry:

Zelda tell me zen
Vy you lof dat awful man?

Firstly, sweet hearts
He's as useless as a rusty can.
And ... more than this
He iss . . . Not one of us.

Zelda's reply:

Ag doctor, don't even bother
Making a fuss.
The Jews R no longer
The chosen race -
Since they turned God's invitation
In his face
2 attend the wedding
Of his only son.

2 the entire human race
They need 2 make amends
4 all the disgrace and hypocrisy
Which had become of the Jewery.

And if U can't tell me why
U have to pick on me and my guy
Thank your fathers in the sky
That I am not your daughter.

Which strangely enough, she was
B-kas:

The professor who had
No-minally volunteered
To donate his golden seed
Had that mornin' hungry cats to feed.

And he had given the tube to Dr Shief
Who was always willin' to bleed.

So thanks 4 that luke-warm sugar water
U had given me in place of tea.

BOOK III

THE DEATH, THE JUDGEMENT AND THE RESURRECTION OF ZELDA

Just B4 the settin' of the sun
Zelda left her job half done.
And wandered off down-town
To feel the muzik goin' round.

She arrived at last at meeting place B
To wait 4 Ludewyke Stephanus du Plessis

Who co-in-C-dent-a-lee
Was waiting, first patient-
then angri-ly

At another meeting place, C.

(4 the IN-QUIZ-A-TIVE, by the way
The HIP folks no longer pulled into meeting place A
Which was HOT and BUSTED twice a day.)

Now Zelda, considering Louwie 2 B a fading creep
Just could not find the peace to sleep.

She went for a walk
JUST to hear herself TALK.
She'd tried to capture the moon
In the bars of a tune.

But her CONSCIENCE ailed
Her CONFIDENCE failed
Her CONSCIOUSNESS
Was all that prevailed.

She sang:

The MOON is a GOD MOTHER
She has no kids of her own
But she Cs to the fortunes
of those that ROME
The loners and like with no real HOME.

So 4 AGE upon AGE
Both MINSTRIL and SAGE
Have honoured the MOON
With praise and tune.

BUT mad men and fools
With no mind 4 the rules
Have oft' tried in vain
(U-4-mystically known as limited gain)
2 DO the most impossible thing:
 2 screw the MOON
 the ETERNAL VIRGIN!

I mean APPOLLO II
Countin' on both silicon chip
And prayers sent to heaven
Erected a flag
2 say that they had
 Finally gone and put to waste
 Dear Diana,
 Diana, the Chaste.

But DISASTER aboard Appollo 13
Put an end to that ridiculous dream.

KNOW that NO mortal
Shall screw the MOON.
So pick up your lyres
And play her a tune.

When Zelda had done with singin' her song
She realised she'd forgot just how long
 She had walked and talked
 Hummed and sung.

When she suddenly found herself
Where she had begun
Early that day
Some weeks B4 May.

And it was there, on the half-finished gate
That ZELDA was 2 meet her FATE.

C the I-Da suddenly struck her
Not to be the doctor's dur.

4 she decided now
That this doctor was the worst kind of cow.
And resolved to weld his gates permanently shut
To keep him within his Houghton hut
By that very contraption he had brought about
4 the purpose of keeping other people OUT.

Now as her actions were hate-polluted
They also served and were well suited
In seeing Zelda electrocuted.

And so, on the doctor's larny gate
Was her once in a life-time date
With what we mortals call our death.

* * * *

Let us now follow the passage of her final breath
Which upon being released

Automatically began to feast
 On the electromagnetic field
 Her step-up transformer
 Was known to wield.

There she remained for a short while
Pondering fate's unusual style.
And although she could not really try
 She wondered why
 So many folks were afraid to die.

The step-up transformer continued to hum
As her material conception became undone.
Up above she saw the sky
Below the Houghton trees and grass.

She tried to work out where she was
And what she did.
 When she realised
 She'd been taken up
 Onto the ESCOM power grid.

Next thing she was confronted by a tiny elf
Who enquired as to Zelda's self.
 So she told him what she could
 And asked 4 his aid, if he would.

The elf, he only turned and laughed
And said: "God Almighty would be chaffed."

Then she felt the skies dissolve
In thunderous laughter
And she heard the voice which her soul
Had always seemed to run after:

ZELDA, MY LOVE
THIS IS GOD ABOVE.

And I have something that U could do 4 ME
2 do with sowin'
The seeds of X-T-C.

C at night when some folks sleep
Their souls rise up on a steep trajectory
Up 2 the astral plane

There they remain
Until they are needed the following day
2 navigate the ships of flesh
Thru the O-C-N of material mesh.
Now my love,
what I'd like from U
Is something
Only U can do.

When the souls arise, U will 2
And up on the astral plain,
I would like U
2 choose just a few
Of what seems like
Floating blobs of light
(which are the lives of mortal men by night)

And weld them 2-get-her
In such a way
That they may
The following day
Discover the essence

Of the WORDS OF FAME:

WHEN 2 or 3 ARE GATHERED

IN MY NAME

I AS WELL

WILL BE THERE.

Now, my love,
if U do this 4 me
I promise to set U free.

But in the meantime by day
U will have 2 return
To the POWER GRID
Because of the things U did.

But if your actions cause my pleasure
I will let U you wander at your leisure
Anywhere in the CELESTIAL DOME
Known to the wise as my HOME.

Nourished by my love alone
U will finally be rid
Of your dependence on the power grid.

But in the meantime by day
The high 10-shone lines
are where you'll stay
Charging up to break free at night
To serve me and my cause of light
Thus building up your spiritual might.

And that's exactly what Zelda did
Between the astral plain and the power grid.

While on the earth below
Religion became more than a show.

Here, there, and everywhere
People met and began to share
Their experiences of being there
Some would sing and some would pray
And some demarc-8 the time of day.

All in unforced simplicity
Consciousness was turning to be free
And people found ways to be happy.

Except, of course old du Plessis
Who was moping in dire misery
Up in some rented attic.
A' listening to his radio playin' static.

Thinking, maybe he should die
And meet his beloved in the sky.
If I was BRAVE I would seek her
Yet I am such a fearful seeker.

Just then he spied this old
Abandoned amp and speaker
Left there by some hippie CROWD
Who dug to play their music LOUD.

He took both items from the shelf
And with half a mind to electrocute himself

Plugged in the amp and connected the speaker.
When, while wiring his radio into the feature
2 wires crossed and blue sparks flew.

Then the speaker began to hum with an eary noise
And within the noise Louwie heard a familiar voice.

Singin':

This is secret agent, Zelda Welda.
And I'd love 2
But I don't no how 2
Tell YA
C U don't have 2 fear death at all
'cause babe, I'm dead.
And I tell YA, it's a JOLL.

Said Louwie:

Zelda, can U hear me?
Is that really U?
How considerate
What a thing 2 do!

U know Babe, I've been readin' up
About Armaggeddon and all that kak
And all the nasty prophesies
Concerning the coming World War III

And I' been thinkin'
May be dead
Is the way 2 be

If, as U have shown
It will not necessarily
Spell THE END 4 me.

And Zelda sang:

As 4 that NOSTRA DAMUS man
Who put GOD'S good rivers in a dam
Well, he can only pull it when we all oblige.

What happens if we simply just defied
And loved each other
And would not shoot our brothers
And listened to our mothers
When they cried?

Then the room was filled with the heaviest sound
Which ever was heard on this earthen mound.
Guitar heroes from the back of BEYOND
Started coming thru' this time hole they'd found.

JIMI jammed JIMMY.
ELVIS jolled SAUL.
Over crescendos and down waterfalls.

And all the jazz masters
Who died, still disasters
Threw in 2-gether
Like they could never
B4 this FINAL CALL

Then Louvie heard a VOICE SO SUBLIME
He imagined it had, since the start of TIME

Filled the hearts of MEN with
REASON and RHYME:

AND IF U CAN EVENTUALLY
ABANDON ALL VARIETY OF RELIGION
2 SURRENDER 2 ME
THE SUPREME PERSONALITY OF

G O D

THE GENERATOR
THE OPERATOR
AND EVENTUALLY,
THE DESTROYER

I PROMISE TO KEEP U
OH SO HAPPY
REGARDLESS OF YOUR CIRCUM-SANITY.

Now it was about this time
That the perpe-traitor of all CRIME
Came creepin out of his bed of slime
2 polish up his ANCIENT wings
4 he had a bone to pick with the KING of KINGS.

Skankin', wankin', gettin' higher
Thru various layers of mists and my'er
Till with a triumphant blast
He let his greeting out at last:

HOWZIT GOD?

And GOD replied:

Oh! I'm as high as the sky
and as level
as the grevel
U should know that, Mr Devil.

Devil:

Oh no, you're not!
You're not at all level.
C that world down there
That's where you're not playing fair.

4 that world belongs 2 me
And no mortal shall B free
Till after the battle of armour-ged-on

Or so it is said
By your silly
1-B-gotten son.

God:

So sorry, my dear Devil
I C U have not paid 8-10-shone well.
4 it was Zelda and not me

Who taught the children to B free
From your bonds of misery.
In-2 my bountiful
X-TA-C.

Devil:

Hey! Watch your step there
Old Aye to Zed
All might be as you said.
But tell me, who put the idea in her head?

God:

Devi, Devi, not so fast
Your cross-exam will not last.
4 I know who actually
Talked Zelda into the service of X-TA-C.

It was this schemin' leedle elf
Just pre-10-ding
2 B MY-SELF.

Realising that
when people worship ME

They give off a

POSITIVE
LOVING
ENERGY

Which is food 4 the elf
and fairy COMMUNITY.

Devil:

As if U gave
Such intelligence to elves
Just 2 amuse themselves.

God:

Now that's enough U silly boy
Go pack and play With earth, your toy.

Devil :

MY god, MY god
Can't you C that even U
Might succumb 2
 The crazy things
 That the elf made Zelda do

She's confusing time.
So most sublime.

Why don't U just
 Give her your devine
 Infinite
 loving energy.

And let her free, free to ROME
In some other part of your splendid HOME.
 And let me get on with my bid
 To rule the world inclusive of
 The power grid.

God:

Devil! Ach!
I see you're just the same
As the day
you got your name.

How the A-theists would mock My Name
If I allowed Zelda 2 B-come
A COSMIC PAIN.

Earth is good enough 4 her.
And if she tries to conquer
What is yours
It's up 2 you to do the chores
Required to keep her off your
BOERE-WORS.

* * * *

Well Zell was just parkin' back
On the main positive jack.
Near the Koeberg coolin' stack

A'listenin 2 the joys arising from creation
As the liberated gave thanks
4 their eman-c-pation.

When walking on his hands
And swinging on his feet
Jived a monkey to an inner beat.

He jived on up the high tension cable.
Doing his trix to show he was able.
Close at last, he proved his caste
 By rubbing his furry head
 Against Zelda's exposed leg

And delivered this well-
 Rehearse-head
 Verse:

X-use me I
Am just a little shy.
I am so scared to say, Hello
 4 as of yet I do not know
 Just how we (U or me)
 Ever goin' to get
 2 say Goodbye.

And so she said:

If you don't mind monkey
If its all the same
I do not even know your name
Or if, in fact, if U R tame.
So, until U tell me
 Please refrain
 From whatever game
 You're playin'.

And he said:

COIN-SAY-DANCE is my name
And the same business is my game.

And my love it would be a shame
If it was that I were tame.

Zelda:

Listen monkey, don't get so funky
I might just look like your regular punky
But I aint here for hanky-panky
Excuse me
 If I am speaking frankly.

Monkey:

Then what R U doing here
 My pretty 1
 My heart's desire.

Right up here
 On the high wire,
 Oh radiant, eternal fire?

Zelda:

Its NO business of yours, Creepy Clause
And your compliments
Ain't half deservin' of applause.

 Which I can hear emanating from
 Our main-G tuberculous spores.

But just B4 U get off my back
Tell me play-thing
 How U landed on this-here stack.

Monkey:

Oh well, I was at this party, adding cheer
By swinging on a chandelier
When suddenly with an almighty TWACK
The whole party plunged in-2 the black.

THUD

CRUNCH

My body landed in the punch
And began becoming mud
As I felt my spirit hovereen'
Above the shocked and startled scene.

Then someone lit a match
With which I
 Floated
 Thru the thatch.

Zelda:

Oh, what a show
It must have been.

But that still
Does not tell me why
You're in my corner of the sky.

Monkey:

Once through the thatch I rose so high
I thought I'd reached the top of the sky.

And of all the sights and lights
Which I beheld above and below
Nought stole my interest so
As this shimmering patch

Which seemed to have its emanation
From the Koeberg power station.

Now as I was already freed
From the woes of the embodied
I had no need to protect my seed
From a possible radiation source.

So I chose to will my course
 To find out what
 Exactly was in the pot.

In other words I just dropped by
For the purposes of saying Hi.

Well I landed there
In the sag of the wire.
And when I saw U here
Naturally I started climbing higher
 Till I touched U
 My heart's desire!

Zelda:

You creepy thing, I don't know why
But somehow I suspect U lie
But that's enough; I must say "bye" -
I've got appointments in the sky.

And as it was about half-past nine
She thought her timing was just fine
Not giving the monkey time
To pull any of his design.

Once up on the astral plain
She began her job just the same.
Meticulously she would sort and weld
The astral blobs according to the shades they held.

So their combination would ensure
To water and/or plant their seed
Of GOD-head in each
According to their need.

When suddenly it seemed
That the various coloured balls
Were obeying other calls.

Many linked up in elongated streams
While others formed opposing teams.

Furthermore it became an impossible chore
To hold 1 or 2 or 3 or more
Of these micro-cosmic entities long enough
To weld them in a way she knew was tough.

Then she saw the monkey's tail
And with a great pathetic wail, said:

Coin-say, what the hell R U doin' here
Show off!
Aspirant super star!
This is my JOB.

This is not a game.
Now I don't care If U're wild or tame.
I'll make U wish U never came
2 enquire my employer's NAME.

Monkey:

Oh, cute baby, do not wail.
Why don't U just weld those blobs
I have swerling round my tail?

Well at first Zelda began 2 C RED
When a cool BLUE rose 2 her head
And she found herself
DOING what the monkey said.

She never remembered another thing
Till she awoke next morning
To the sound of laughter and singing
Which seemed to come from close range.

She first considered it rather strange
That any-1 could be on her back
As she lay in the slack
Of a cable leading to the positive Jack.

Suddenly she realised it was the monkey!
Then slowly recollections of the previous night
Came back into her mind's sight.

And as she in no way
Wanted her head re-bent,
Decided to make her ascent
Back to the main positive Jack

Where she thought she would B
Better positioned
2 handle the monkey's
Jive and Flack.

Monkey:

Call the tune!
Call the tune!
I'm your easily-trained
baboon!

Now that it's up 2 U
Down 2 Me
Call the tune
And you will C

How very-ery ea+he+zi
It is 2 love and Tray-hay-n me.

Madam, I beg your mer-hur-C.
But I'm in love with lovin' U
So I'll do anything U tell me 2.

Zelda:

Get lost Monkey, right away.
U ruined my night, don't ruin my day.

Monkey:

Let me make it up.
Let me make it O K.
I know this club just opened down-town.
Let me take you there.

U will just stare -
 Funny faces everywhere
 And so much
 Energy 2 share.

Zelda:

In case U NEVA could have guessed
I am in the process of passin' an angel test.
And my intent on passin' is so great
I'm not gonna ruin it
Watchin' buggers boogie in a disco-take.

Monkey:

Angel test!
Is your mind messed?
There are no angels.
So how the pest
 Can U pass or fail
 This un there test?

Zelda:

GOD ALMIGHTY is the JUDGE
U R nothing but chocolate fudge.
One day I'll be with him.
In the mean time I'll avoid sin.

Monkey:

Ag, forget all that there then bull-shit
U R here now and should try to enjoy't.

And however Zelda could have tried
There was no way she could have denied
What the monkey said could be universally applied.

So that evening
When Zelda's Aura was charged and shining
They hit a club -
 The WATT-A-10-SHONE
 To tune into some devastating dub.

And

It would indeed have been a sight
If mortal vision had the might
2 C Zelda on the strobe light
And the monkey on the mirrored ball
Making sure all had a joll

 By shooting them with rays of fun
 From the nozzle of his
 etheric plastic play gun.

When suddenly Zelda saw
That many of the folks there a'jive
And walking in and out the door
Had been known 2 her B4

As her friends from STD 5
Now twice their recollected size.

And from that day
 And from that night
 There was no longer
 WRONG and RIGHT.

Everything, every GAME, they played
Was always somehow
quite O K.

As 4 the monkey, he became a loud
Man-nipple-U-lay-ting
Hug-a-ble honey -
Not 2 men-shone intelligent
And remarkably funny.

They on the power grid
And the many things they did
Had much effect on the world below.
As the following will clearly show:

When HOW DO YOU DO met FINE THANK-YOU
At the BUS STOP or in the Q
They hardly mentioned holy names
But would discuss sports of sorts.

And may be if they cared 2 spend
A joint or whisky round the bend
They would state
How their fate
Brought them 2 get-her
B4 the calendar-instated date.

And laugh and chaaf,
Discussing every nuance
Of something called
COINCI-DANCE.

And now a line which I must add.

Or some SAD MAD GLAD FAD DAD
Might tell U why I won't.

I don't really want to make U cry
But if U let this secret slip
U R not only a first-class drip.
Your reputation is as good as down the drain

And U won't be considered sane again.
If U R heard to say aloud
In a public place or any crowd:

THAT THIS MONKEY-SHAPED ETHERIC BOD
IS OUR ONLY ETERNAL GOD.

Disguised as a creature from the lower station
To interfere surreptitiously with his own creation
To keep some of us from knowing him
And some warm and comfortable in sin.

So if U know that secret, keep it
And as U are ill-advised to speak it
Even write it on your hat
and eat it.