Sophisticated

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Hermann Goering suicide

there is nothing sophisticated about a fuck tho i am not inclined to rhapsodise the basics

there is nothing sophisticated about love tho its expansive euphoria has produced countless songs, poems suicides sacrifices, raptures a heart here an empty chest cavity there but search frenetically and you will not locate sophistication in love

the word is thoroughly bourgeois and as we know the bourgeoisie have no notion of love, as it evades order, cataloguing and critique

i can assure those who may imagine it's a feign; there is nothing sophisticated about me; my father was an aristocrat decadent and useless, my mother a socially mobile peasant who fucked and sucked her way into the Marshal's inner circle. adored by the secret police, they furnished prized papers and passports

part aristocrat and cunning sewer rat, there is definitely nothing bourgeois/anal here

the word is best left to the neck-ties and contracted anuses it applies to, tho a notable exception exists, Hermann Goering

while Nazi fascists were plundering resources and mass murdering Hermann Goering was plundering Europe's most famed Art galleries, 'i reach for my pistol whenever anyone mentions culture,' he once declared a juxtaposition which reflects Goering's true sophistication.

now consider today's American fascists they invade and bee-line the oil ministry ignoring museums and galleries, leaving priceless artefacts to thieves and black marketeers

how ever you choose to describe rustic Americans u could never use the word, sophisticated

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-649.html