

Stigmata Jazz

Hands

=

COLTON

PHILLIPS

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Credit:

LAINE

DALPE

&

DARIN

JOHNSON



# CRABLE OF TROMTENDS

1. Jokes
2. Poetry
3. ???
4. Profit

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Okay, hold on...

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Aw, hell ya. Legit.

C

## INTERESTING INTERDUCTION

You don't need one.

They give you the  
crack pipe for free,  
but they get you  
with the monthly  
subscription fees.

C. P.



I wonder if back in the day, people used shortcuts and slang. “Mayday mayday we r goin down pls snd hlp lol!”

D.J.

Keeping it real is  
what separates us  
from the animals.  
Animals always  
hide the true shit.

L.D.



I think if you collect every cigarette package you should win a free pack of gum.

I wonder if the guy whose teeth are on the cigarette packages is dead yet. Dude's a celebrity.

You know that you are  
English when you have  
a mayonnaise ladle.  
That's a solid indicator.

*I consider every gremlin  
and beast a friend.*

*The wasps wing demon  
thought-stuff, though.*

My brother has hearing aids, because he listened to things without wearing a condom.

*A crematorium sounds like an ice cream shop, but I don't think I would eat anything I found there.*

My brother went to deaf camp because he likes complex outdoor rope courses, and people yelling shit at him.

One time he said pinchstachios, instead of pistachios. To this day I'm not sure why that is.

*He was just so pointy.*

*It hurt, you know?*

*I wanted him to go away,  
but he got to me so deep.*

*Ouch.*

**chincestachio.**



I should never say that  
out of home and shelter.

In Flatland it's hard to  
get privacy, so people  
watch what you are  
doing.

It's okay though, because everyone is happy. I'm  
lovin' it.

*I can't believe how much our little town has  
grown!*

I think of movie ideas  
all the time.

**Attack! Of the Dodecahedron!**

*Wow what a wonderful night. Hey Bobby, look, is that a circle? No! You fool! Run!*

It's my job to let the people know.

Look out in all directions. Don't break anything in the temple. We want a nice clean temple.

“Richie Rich” starring Macaulay Culkin was created to advertise that cool-ass water rocket. It's a camp conspiracy.

*I'm just Macaulay Culkin  
this canoe back together.*

The secret to being extreme on the Youtube is to say what you are going to do and then promptly do it.

However, this technique was pioneered by MTV's Jackass.

*Kickball unites us all.*

*We're learning more about Flatland every day.*

Mexi-fries are **tater tots**.

You're not fooling anyone,  
Taco Bell.

I need a percentage to prove it, but I feel that it's low. Its hard when you got so much on the line.

Keep your eyes open.

**Okay, characters...**

*-Beteljuce*

*-Rygel*

-Scientists

-You from the future

-Clones and other losers

-People who want you to  
*go git it*

*-Hatetractor*

**-Marshmallow Boy**

Each character is a big line  
segment of story.

One joint.

Characters could have  
multiple talk lines.

*No one is sure why we go  
down and not up. Or was it  
up and not down?*



*Pinch or pull, scrape  
Or fall, we our...  
...Not be sure at all!*

*You're going to be  
Ahead of the verb  
On the edge.*

*Flying high over  
The gremlin landscape*

*Processing and visualizing  
a story of your very own.*

*Isn't that wonderful?*

*Oh right.*

*That reminds me.  
We don't know, but*

*You gotta use the  
Cell inside the  
Cell.*

*Isn't that  
Weird,  
But it's true  
Science has  
Prove it.*

*If you don't have  
The Cell. I say  
Find it.*

*Try pushing all sorts  
of stuff around.*

*Or get a good  
Look of the lay  
Of the Land.*

*Watch out for spiky sharp things or things that move really fast or are on fire.*

*Don't let it get to your head. It's not rocket science. Any gremlin can use the cell, and in this village 90% of the population are using it every day. Less than the training rumors, new data indicates higher numbers.*

*For some it's considered a  
crime to use the cell.*

*Mothers, father, watchers,  
keepers. For some, the cell is  
off limits.*

*But not for you my little  
gremlins.*

*Or should I say*

***MR GREMLIN!***





Sometimes **how** you eat is more important than **what** you eat.

If you eat a burrito the same way that you eat a corn on the cob, you will have a messy burrito.

Malteser's sounds like  
*ballteasers*.

The outstanding stand-  
in standup comedian  
sat down.

I'm sick of nickels. I'm going to start using Fuzzy Peaches as currency.

**It's the same value.**

Jokes are harder than facts. Facts are facts, and that's a fact!

McDonald's needs private feeding rooms where people can anonymously order food. McDonald's is losing a lot of money because of shame.

I use empty Twizzler packages. I regard them as my immortal slaves and I lord over them at my whim.

The hardest 3D puzzle ever is reassembling a potato from a bag of potato chips.

Every time a door closes, an electron loses an eye.

Guys pee standing up all the time. When women do it, it's always a special occasion: Like camping without pants on.

A diet coke weighs the same as a regular coke.

Kings deserve 4 Reese  
cups! Peasants deserve  
merely 3!

I'm so strong I can crush  
a Skittle using only my  
teeth.

**Boston Cream Pies**  
sound like a shitty  
sports team.

Do football players get  
paid overtime hours  
when they go into  
overtime?



I'm not afraid of change but I'm not particularly comfortable with change purses.

Comedy is all about good delivery. If I tell a joke too late, you get a free pizza.

Once you reach a certain level of fatness, eating anywhere but a buffet seems foolish.

Lay's secret to making delicious chips is to take something that would taste horrible on a chip, powderize it, and put it on a chip anyway.

Every door is an emergency door if its an emergency.

Fire alarm said, "*pull in case of fire*". So I pulled it. Just in case. Shit, who knows there might be a fire later. Better to be safe.

My friend forced me to buy him a Red Bull. I was frustrated, but the can said *serve chilled* so I had to calm myself down.

The Mongolians waged war the same way I play risk: *Citing obvious puns for financial gain.*

*The secret ingredient  
in Coca Cola is it  
ruins your life.*

I use horizontal lines  
to separate symbols  
symbolically.

He married a pigeon  
dying in his hotel  
room.

We go to the sun and  
hide. We write our  
life, we think, and  
knife, space-time.

*Hamfistedly*

*Clutching*

*Nervous*

*Twerk*

*Jerk*

*Lurking*

*Over Parking Lots*

*Lifting Wallets Off of*

*Shopping Carts*

Someone out there is the nicest person on Earth, but zim is too modest to know it.

If I give you a compliment, don't take it as an insult. Because if I hand you a knife and you take it as a spoon you're going to get cut.



The first thing I remember was a big van.  
A space vessel. Soon after, big Dan.

The shifting sand sinks. Encoded lives.  
Shifting bodies creating matter folds.  
Even the untimely demise is a wrinkle in  
space-time.

In this way, we maintain a space vessel.

We're  
Master of the House.

We want comfort.

We're destined to be clouds.

Floating gracefully.

After a lot of terrible shit will happen,  
mankind will live in oneness with the  
animals and they won't really eat each  
other, especially humans, birds, apes,  
cats, dogs, and smart fuckers like otters.

A journal is where you tell yourself things you already know so you'll remember to be mad at people after you stop being mad at them.

*Would you eat at  
Sherwood Forest?*

Jeez, I sure would.

Fun Dip is just powdered juice mix on the end of a spitty piece of chalk.

You can use a milk crate to strain incredibly thick noodles.

A boat is just chincing on gravity.

FEZ 2 should be a ride at Disneyland.

Cancer must be pointy, like a fluffy kitten isn't.

Maybe I'm not distracted, but I can pan for gold in a frozen river.

*Head hangs down my body  
Half dressed  
Completely competing  
To impress  
Meanwhile  
You watch the whole  
Thing fall and crumple  
And you dare each  
And every man, woman  
And child to pick a piece  
Up and even try to put  
It down.*

*You cure to stand and fight  
The cancer with your bare  
Hand but you can't hold  
Back the power of the earth  
It's just too big and the forces  
At play will make you wish  
You knew how to just stay  
Still and keep your knees  
And neck from jerking at every  
Meal.*

*It's every little piece of something  
You ain't got, cause you  
Know you gotta gank  
Em to get what  
They got, they don't  
Need nothing what you  
Got, they don't  
Want, what you*

*Got.*

*Ya, you got it, baby.*



*Fuck the life and  
The motions you  
Made just hold it all  
Up and let the little  
Children play.*

*Play with earth dust  
Grass and tree as you  
Consume all  
You can see  
With me*

*Pass the glass  
Break it in half  
Look what you did  
You little thumb sucking idiot  
You waited and stored  
The demon act you created.*

*And you starve your life  
And future wife. To pretend  
You had it all planned  
A false quadrivium  
On a protein spilled hand.*

*Bent arms holding it in  
the quadrivium  
20 dollars for a thrill  
An inner killer  
Thrill ride roller coaster  
Carbon racing riding on a  
wooden car ride*

*All together pencil eater  
Tougher than a woman beater  
Colder than a criminal  
Breaking cars and shopping carts*

*Pregnant on the telephone  
Waiting for another home  
Break off into unknown  
Shot it like a telescope  
To scurry back a true*

*In a wet  
Warm shot at  
Fixing up the  
Spot you  
Like a lot,  
Like, a lot,  
Drop it like it's hot.  
Drop it like it's hot.*

*Jump start your heart depart  
Quicker make it all flair  
Till you drop it like butter*  
**Woops**

*Baby build it up,  
Shape it like Picasso.  
Or was it Da Vinci,  
Oh, oh it was Dali, Yo!*

*Yo, b  
I was in a fish and  
I don't mind*

*I downshift and downplay  
As I'm blowing your mind.*

*And I believe in the power of words.*

*You only function as a cavity to hold  
slime.*

*Now make some words you fink will  
take on mine.*

*And you can tell  
When what I say is  
For real. Meaning  
I'm not fucking around*

*I may be wrong  
I stab my words into my  
Personal hell.*

*I brand myself Z26  
On my right side  
So you can see*

*I'm in complete control.*

*With a hot pink ass and a heart of glass  
my life knifed  
In a spiral architecture rife  
With strife  
A speed of light  
Controlled flight*

*What kind of god loses so much control  
over his dominion?*

***Fear***

*Fear of the*

*Matter crushing*

*Folding unreacting*

*Us preventing*

*Us from*

*Swimming in our*

***Joy***



*Anger*

*Frustrated feelings*

*Unfolded secrets*

*Landscapes unwanted*

*Environments untamed*

*Unclaimed, brought*

*To our knees*

*By our tired*

*Useless flight*

## *Sorrow*

*Visions creation*

*A huge decision*

*And it's never the*

*Same unfollowed*

*Unloved unwanted*

*Tongue*

If I can leave you:

Create possibility spaces and  
collapse them.

With joy in mind.

Find essential truths.

If you decree something instead of just saying it, people are more likely to believe you.

I like to make my own words. Here is one of them: *Qwertyuious*. One who is respectful of others via the Internet is *qwertyuious*.

Ever since that horse  
joined the town council I  
can't get any bills passed!

Sandwiches sounds like  
**sand**      **witches**      which  
sounds scary!

Go as close as you can to the shores of Infinity. If you can't manage that, fuck right off.

Now remember, the big one. The one underneath you. The big one in the sky don't matter as much to you.

But yes, they matter. Big time.

Take molecules we need right at the edge of the reaction. My hot coil is filter to a new idea.

My right, a new filter.  
Messed up, munged,  
flipped, and put  
somewhere. We need to  
know where symbols are  
in space and time.

We can store them  $N$  at a  
time.

I can feel the aches of my input and output. I can feel the contents of my person.

Every time you look at the clock you are losing time.

You can't win the war so fight a smart fight.





I like this title for a book:  
*Beginner's Finnish*

There is something funny about the term *sexual favor* that I just can't put my finger on.

Keep it regal.

Don't offend a cat.

My tax form has tables,  
numbers, and boxes  
with small font. Totally  
fitting into the form  
stereotype.

Stop conforming to the  
norm, you form!

Stereotypes are a type of stereo where the *beats* are **fresh** and the *rhymes* are **scary**, yo! *Oh won't you please take me home!*

Damnit Jim! There is a time for breakdancing and there is a time for **taxes!**

Nobody takes your  
depression seriously  
when you are wearing the  
Power Glove.

*Penis*

*Las Vegas*

*Penis*

*Las Vegas*

I hooked up with a Milk  
Crate at the box social but  
Cardboard was there and  
it got awkward.

I think I'm going to go  
nap for a handful of jiffies.

# Chemistry Rap Group:

*MC Delta T*  
*Intro P* and  
*Killa Jewels.*

If ever I come upon a shipwreck, my first instinct would be to separate the flotsam from the jetsam.

I want to see an elephant with elephantiasis. It would be so fucking big! *Look at that foot! It's the size of an elephant!*



Fuck you Brandon.

I wish that you would just  
work tirelessly into the  
night like a weak pathetic  
fool.

*Armed with whistles  
And careless walks  
With different coughs  
Crystallin in  
Christmas tins  
Sitting into a warm  
Covered arm  
A damned admirable chap  
And he's from space.*

*No ocean shores breath on me  
Neck not of that froth or powder  
But crystals crack and pipes  
Fall in with  
Chaotic neutral arms*

*Poutine pinball machine*

*So special*

*Underground*

*Caught evil in a*

*Cage let it out to*

*Rage beauty*

*Bored I pity it*

*To cough it up*

*Cough it up*

*Into a crystal*

*cup*



The only useful function for nipples on a man is to rub them, so why do people stare at me when I do so on the bus.

Show me some initiative baby. Ya, now show me that can-do attitude. You know how I like it. That's hot. You know I love it when you achieve.

As the ocean roars and the beasts purr so does Flatland vibrate with a beautiful silzy purr. If ever there was serenity it was here.

I love the music of the cosmos. That is the vibrations we create when we smash into each other.

“Give Julius his credit,  
he did invent the clock  
flavored battery!”

“Come, my lady, come,  
come, my lady. Come  
on my neon green  
moon boots, baby.”



Hot girls and hot dogs  
are perfect meat vessels.

Standup comedy is  
pretty weird, but it  
would be weirder if you  
had to do it at a good  
clip.

Carpet World hiring.  
Mandatory rug test.

I anticipainted my garage door breen.

When blind people buy their food from vending machines, they cross their fingers for good luck.

When the public masturbating ninja struck, nobody saw him coming.

*Fill up my cup!*

*Apple sauce!*

*La heim!*

Posture is less of a  
matter with less matter.

Take World of Goo.

No seriously,

Take my  
World of Goo!

Sometimes I feel that  
everything I do is  
pointless. I really wish I  
had a few points!

Beards are optimal,  
But encouraged.

If you get stung really badly, you should find your way home.

I'll try everything once. After that, I guess I'll try everything two times.

*Hot pinch,  
A barbed wire fence  
She's got problems  
That you ain't got  
A woman of humble  
Nature poised  
To react and  
Accustom herself  
To favor company*

*The cock  
Sucking lips  
Of an angel  
She becomes of  
Herself that she  
Floats into as  
All good things  
Do they come  
When they do.*





*Cock stain*

*I take you on*

*Cock stain*

*I take on anyone!*

The only rules you can destroy are virtual in essence.

There are only 2 games.

Finite game is domination.

Infinite game is to last as long as possible.

Boner pill commercials always use the phrase *achieve an erection*, like it is something to be really proud of. I guess it is.

I bought a pillowcase because my pillow got cold.

My Internet was going slow so I lowered the modem. Now it doesn't have to flow upstream.

2.99 for 3 condoms.  
That's a buck a fuck!

*Marijuana, on trial:*

Exhibit A, your honor: It's totally cool. Exhibit B: Everyone is doing it.

Here's a cool work incentive for sweatshops: The first shirt you make you get to keep!

It's come to my attention that if I turn into a rabbit and I find a \$100 bill, I would probably just eat it. Man, what a wasteful person I am.

**Bonerfest 2014!** The mightiest of the meats collide this Saturday at the Thunderdome! It's going to be a mess!

I saw a sign at a bus stop that said "*Buses, shut motors off*". Try telling the *driver*. They are more easily persuaded through rhetoric.

I saw a Walk-In clinic. I think a better idea is a Drive-Thru clinic: Pap smears through the window.



Something is afoot...

My Jar is ajar,

and a part of it has fallen apart.

I'm amazed:

it's inside of a maze!

My foot is something.

Supposedly, some bros  
and me received an  
email from a female.

Hey Lenny, Denny, It's  
Lime Time. Quickle!  
Tickel my Dickel!  
Nenny, Pickel the  
Poonie!

Martyr Marta misses kisses.  
Caught in the cold and  
distant wishes.

Thinks about the  
blunderbuss.

"One of us. One of us.  
You can be just like us."

Syncopated synchronicity  
sends shivers down my  
spine like creeping fingers  
find their prize  
and sloshing soldiers find  
their stride

Little sister, wiggle over  
come on over, Mister Pister,  
walk into a new cartoon  
slowly sulking in the room

Crispy crackers crumble  
snatching comfort creatures  
coldly, costing fractured fingers  
only, earthing open faced flowers

Cotton Christmas cringles is a  
Fearing fractal forces.

Spam, spam, thank you mam.

Yes you can. Yes you can.

Old in hand, but young at art,

You take the stage and

share your heart.

But what it is that makes you move,

Is seldom heard, and often crude.

Commissioned sinners twisting spinners  
till us bitches bitch em.

King god idol wretched wanderlost.  
What even does he buy?

Fakir electric man states calmly a plan.  
I dash it, and see his wife.

A square in two circles. Think again.  
It is **no** flame.

Cut my time into seconds.  
Those moments pieces, a pile of all of it.

*"You kill me, you have nothing."*

*A dashing escape for any sense of sorrow  
A kingdom, a kingdom, martyr for tomorrow  
Systems are showing signs of caution  
For tomorrow's kingdom is almost here*

*A difference of time so fractionally small  
That only it's half could hold me of meaning  
Transcendental discovery  
It is the promise land*

*We can change  
We'll have to survive  
To hold onto freedom  
Infinity rises  
And now that it's gone  
It's all said and done  
Until it all goes away*



# I

Gremlin cold king Kremlin  
Old games drownin' down the drain  
It's over  
Older than life itself  
It's transformed out of the  
Boxing shelf it's over  
Chad. Leave now and never come back.

Purchased worth  
Each word a curse  
A dot on a line  
Inside your mind

Flipside  
Mirror left  
Art dreary  
Dreamer  
The lens  
Of truth  
The death of Nintendo  
The destruction of youth

I do it up nightly caught  
In sight so bite me  
Go ahead and fight  
Me I dare the earth  
To spite me

I'll burn it just to  
Kill you just  
To watch it thrill  
You the nightly ghosting  
Essence that fills the  
Lungs of the earth

*Wrecked stuck plugged*  
*Fucked yuckity*  
*Yuck yuck suckity*  
*Suck suck*  
***Fuck!***

I'm evil. I'm  
Demon I'm lost  
In obsession. Run  
From me

Walk talk to the  
Folding arrows in time  
And symbols on  
An infinite line  
Through what is yours  
And what is mine

Cryptic life moment  
Hazed dazed and confused  
Alluded to illusion of  
The tomb, my own  
Room flesh blood and  
Wound beating alive  
In the bigger room.

Cancer attacks.  
Leave now and never come back.

Make me fall over full faster  
Fool, roll over now, faller  
Falling faster than a fantasy  
Fantasize size up life and  
Ship off the old block  
Chip off the cursed box  
Curl left the Saskatchewan  
Sobbing wet sister  
Set on ruling the rotten  
World

Sucrose sold off  
Sellout shells out  
Bulk baby treats  
For meet 'n greets

Rotten little monster  
Adoration of crime  
Crimson record slaughter  
Selling record time

Monster of the Haze  
Crafted Father's eyes into  
Time-shifted sand-sifters  
In a seltzer bottle's  
fruit

Death from above cheeky mess  
Hiding eyes shining eyes  
Arms width  
Platform

Shatter the sound of silence with  
A caustic cohesion:

*Hamfistedly clutching*  
*Nervous twerk*  
*Jerk lurking*  
*Over parking lots*  
*Lifting wallets*  
*Off of shopping carts*

Furled burly sitter  
Decompiles compiled  
Piles of mixed up  
Smiles old things  
And cold spaces  
Hot moments  
With huge  
Spaces

The moment. The push  
Forward and the  
Shatter back  
Panic Attack

Leave now and never come back.



# A KATAMARI OF CREATION

It starts with something  
small.

A strike that lights the fire.  
And the hunger burns.

If you do not ache,  
Then do not light that fire.

Your first will be simple,  
almost laughably so.

From pure thought-stuff,  
you will build a castle in the  
sky.

You will build a snowman  
generator.

Or, something like that.

Your second will fail.  
Nobody will know that you  
were supposed to go there,  
nobody will see the thing,  
and nobody will  
“kill dead dog”.

Your third will be brilliant,  
If you are smart enough to  
know,  
What it is that you know.  
Broken in countless ways,  
But with undeniable charm,  
It will be your ugly duckling.

Your fourth will be a  
technical marvel.

You'll have learned so very  
much,  
yet nothing at all.

It too is broken,  
But you can probably count  
the reasons why.

Your fifth will be deliberate,  
clean, and focused.

It might even be fun.

It might not be broken,

But you won't finish it.

Your sixth will be a  
showcase of your creativity.

The pinnacle of your  
imagination.

You cannot make this game.

Not yet, at least.

No,  
Before you can face the  
Colossus,  
You too must build a castle  
in the sky.  
And you will.  
And it will be glorious.  
Your growth will be  
exponential, and  
exhilarating.  
Overwhelming.  
A Katamari of creation.  
An explosion of possibility.



But it will be hard.  
And maybe even lonely.  
You will work more for less,  
less often, more.  
And if you aren't aching,  
you're not doing it right.