

THE TRANSFO  
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 MISSIONAR

**As all Kowloon fried**  
**Reverend Frank Incense Luce**  
**retired next to the husky boiling iron**  
**pot with a foot, an elbow, and a rectum hanging**  
**out. He rubbed his enormous belly. He thanked God for**  
**his gift of a life of unpretentious good taste faithfully**  
**serving the moral improvement of poor little yellow people who sit**  
**in darkness. Then he had a sudden zest of rumination: "It's funny but three**  
**hours after you've eaten a Chinese you're still hungry," Suddenly**  
**white pieces of paper appeared in his soul. They seemed to be pure crisp yet curled**  
**up little white pieces of paper floating like angel wings. Each whispered a different little**  
**portentous sign in his soul suchly: You will swallow. But Fu Manchu. You will fool around**  
**with woman at wrong period in your life. You will get caught red handed. You will go to bed**  
**with severe sexual problems. You will wake up with their solution in hand. Your butcher will back**  
**into your meat grinder. He will get a little behind in his orders. You will become fly on toilet seat. You**  
**will get pissed off. You will masturbate above cash register. You will come into money. You will stand on**  
**toilet seat. You will be high on pot. You will sniff coke. You will not drown. You will squabble with women**  
**all day. You will get no peace at night. You will drop new watch in the toilet. You will have shitty time. You will**  
**eat photo of your father. You will become his spitting image. You will fart in church. You will sit in your own pew.**  
**You will shove red rooster in the freezer. You will have frozen cock. You will run behind car. You will get exhausted.**  
**You will sneeze without kleenex. You will have to take matters into your own hands. You will walk through big airport**  
**gateway sideways. You are going to Bangkok. You will sit on jockey's lap. You will get hot tip. You will sit on judge's**  
**lap. You will get your honorable discharge. You will eat everything that flies but airplane. You will eat everything with**  
**four legs but table. You will rest in extremes gracefully. "Why these paper angels are impure," Frank sneered. "They**  
**are beneath my level of existence. I cannot allow them to pollute my immortal soul! Why is my prayer turning**  
**into cheap paste rolling out thinner and thinner now being curled up and folded over all these crammed**  
**little white devils? My God! My God! My hair is gone! My skin is brittle! I am folded into a**  
**crispèd toasted creamèd rhomboid! A tiny white slip of paper hangeth out down my bowel**  
**unto my very mouth! It sayeth: Thine hast been wheyed in the cheese of**  
**love and found panting. Verily thine hast been stuffed into**  
**a Chinese fortune cookie.**

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Stars shine bright on shatter light all time singing tiny cries on deep mysterious thin white paper: Help! we prisoners in Chinese fortune cookie Manufactory. Thee. The. The. That's all time all seem like seamy little seamless homage to late great semi-steamy W.S. "Willie Maugham," folks.