Drunk, or Of the barbarity of misplaced infinitives

and pizza dripping from their chins And I, besot tedand slo bbe ring ona drau ghtof id iocy, stumbling on my knees

toward the

Great White Throne,

where i sing my praises, those great heaves of laud, adoration, and praise.
I sink into that divan of inebriate genius

and

sing

myself

to

sleep...