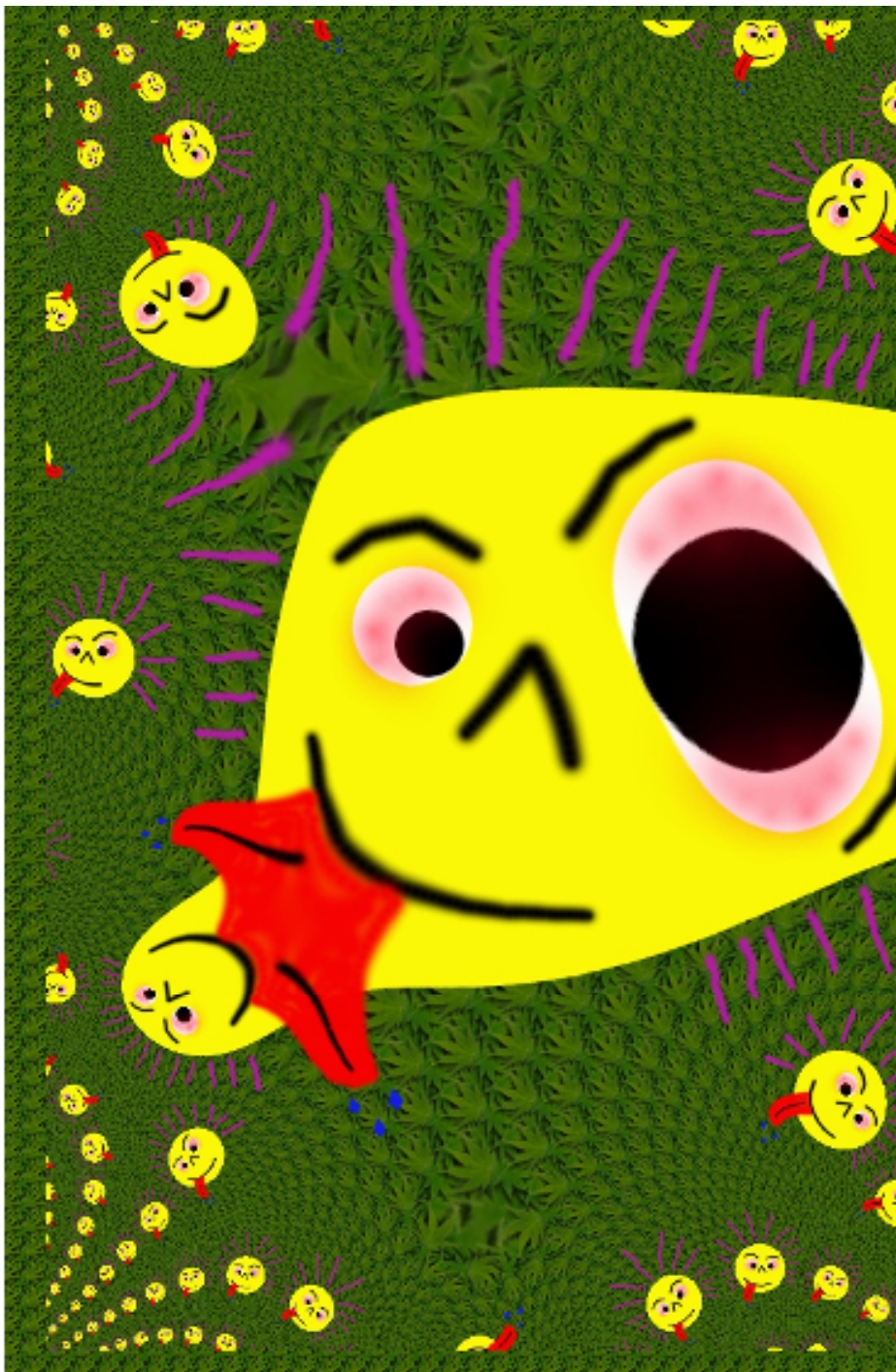


THE STONED POET!

**LEGEND OF THE
EPHIROLL MAN**

JEREMIAH DONALDSON





The Stoned Poet:

**Legend
of the
Ephiroll Man**

Jeremiah Donaldson

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The Word Ephiroll

Ephiroll - (e-fi-roll) v. the process of becoming fucked up (I think I'll ephiroll tonight.)

Ephirolled - (e-fi-roll-ed) adj. the state of being fucked up (Hdy shit, I'm ephirolled!)

Ephiroll Man - A mythical creature that gleefully hands out "beans" but can sometimes be counted on for other party goods. Some accounts name this creature the "Weed Man" but eye witness accounts have verified that the two are separate entities. The creature leaves once all the party supplies are handed out, content in knowing that he has helped yet more people in obtaining the lofty position of FUBAR, or Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition. He is rumored to return if a crisis becomes apparent or more goods are needed.

Legend of the Ephiroll Man

Sometime not so long ago a young man, whose name is lost to foggy minds, first reported the deeds of the Ephiroll Man. This young man, we will call him Bob, was a great adventurer, or so he liked to think. One day Bob begin to think that he had consumed too many drugs in his lifetime, not to mention that day. In a sweaty panic he decided what must be done, eat one bean and meditate on the subject till morning.

Bob picked up the phone, one call, two calls, three, "Damn," Bob said, not a single one was to be found. Bob checked his Bob supply, "Oh, okay.", and simply decided to walk to the store for munchables to go with his remaining stash.

The store was but a short walk down a cracked sidewalk, but nature called and Bob had to run most of the way.

While in the restroom Bob had a vision, or a flashback. The details about the origin of his vision are as sketchy as his short term memory. While looking in the mirror Bob noted a multi colored painted face with big round eyes, wild hair sticking out at all angles, dozens of piercings, and sitting atop a body clothed in extremely baggy articles, looking at him from over his shoulder. "Eat it." The apparition said with a laugh.

Bob spun around, nothing. With his heart pounding in his chest, he turned back to the mirror. Taped onto the glass at eye level was a single white pill that had not been there just a second ago. Bob thought for a second, and decided that it could not hurt him if it was not real. He carefully unstuck it and popped it into his mouth. The

taste of cherries flooded his mouth for a brief instant.

“I must be getting sober, better hurry up and go home.”

Bob left the bathroom and found the chips and candy he wanted. He topped off his purchase with a Pepsi to drink on the way home.

Bob did not remember pushing open the door, but the sun blinded him never-the-less.

Then Bob realized that he held something in his hand. A Pepsi bottle, 20 oz. It was cold and wet. He could feel it in his toes.

The guy in the green shirt wouldn't move and get out of his way. Bob started to open his mouth and say something but stopped. The thing he was starring at was only a no parking sign, slightly moving side to side by some unseen force. The dark letters jumped from the 30 feet away and filled his vision. To the left and right of the sign the parking lot was visible. The asphalt seemed to bubble and have the texture of melted cheese.

A light breeze moved Bob's hair and caused it to brush his forehead. Suddenly he could smell what seemed to be everything within a mile. “What the hell...”

That is when Bob realized he was not sitting around a table with his friends passing a pipe and laughing and coughing...he was...

Bob turned, the door was just starting to swing shut and the next man inside was just pulling out his wallet. Sweat stood out on his arms, legs, and forehead. He could feel it soaking into his shirt. The sun beat down with such intensity that Bob staggered as he looked around. That is when Bob realized that he was lost one block from his house. “Fucking shit.” He reportedly said.

This is where myth and life differ. Let's look at the myth. Despite Bob's claims otherwise, everyone believes that the Ephiroll Man appeared and lead him back to safety. Story over. But life is never that simple. According to Bob's story the journey was more invdved then that, but who is going to take a person such as he seriously?

The Ephiroll Man did indeed appear and Bob followed...but Bob handed money to a cab driver...on the ride he wondered not only where he was but how he got there...one empty bottle...a bus stop with a

huge fat woman waiting to get on...Bob stepped from the bus trying to remember where the US was on a globe and failed..."What did you say?" Bob said to the mailbox...

Bob lifted the taco and asked the lady behind the counter, "Do you have ketchup and mustard?"...then Bob took a break from pushing the car and looked at the Ephiroll Man, "Who's car is this again?"...homeless guy on the corner...prostitute across the street...cop...Bob held a payphone receiver and said to no one on the other end, "And then this cop arrested..."..."Looks like home." Bob said..."You took eight hours to get me here?" Bob yelled at the Ephiroll Man sitting on the other end of his couch..."Pass that fucking bong this way, I got you here didn't I?"

...and then Bob slept.

The Ephiroll Man Lands

In the air

In the sky

What is this that meets the eye?

He's fucked up, he is high

It's not Superman or Peter Pan

He's none other than the Ephiroll Man

Oh, just wait until he lands

All fucked up can barely stand,

But he has a present in his hand

Blue, green, red and yellow

Double stacked or just a single

Just eat one your eyes will jiggle

Your knees go weak, you just may faint

While you float in fantasy land

Listening to your very own band

Oh, here comes the Ephiroll Man

Double handful of Lucky Sevens

Each a tiny piece of heaven

Twist your eyes, twist your mind,

loose a little bit of time

While you float

While you sway

The Ephiroll Man's way

Too Much

I have heard
About something you shouldn't do...
But who's to say
That it pertains to me or you...
It's called...

Over indulging
Doing it all
You're not tough
If enough is enough
Over indulging
Doing it all
Fuck you if you say "too much"

So you drink a bit
Tipping the bottle
Feeling low
Knowing that soon you'll hug the bowl
Pray to god and swear
"Never again..."
Please stop me if I'm...

Over indulging
Doing it all
You're not tough
If enough is enough

Over indulging
Doing it all
Fuck you if you say “too much”

Do you like to smoke it
Pop it
Stagger and sway about
Snort it
Eat it
Can't help but pass out...
And everyone knows you're...

Over indulging
Doing it all
You're not tough
If enough is enough
Over indulging
Doing it all
Fuck you if you say “too much”

Love to fuck, called a slut
Need an extra buck
Fuck the truck stop
chase your dreams
Just be a porn star
Get paid for...

Over indulging
Doing it all
You're not tough
If enough is enough
Over indulging
Doing it all
Fuck you if you say “too much”

So now you're bored
Nothing to do
Just grab a beer, find a joint
Masturbate to a tape
And enjoy...

Over indulging
Doing it all
You're not tough
If enough is enough
Over indulging
Doing it all
Fuck you if you say "too much"

Fuckin' Shit

Fuckin' shit
Fuckin' shit
The bastard ran away
Killed my cat with a bat, now he's got to pay

Running down the street
After the dumbass
Who with a ball bat
Killed my fucking cat
Pant and wheeze a lot
I don't know why
Maybe it's just because
I'm always fucking high
Fuckin' shit
Fuckin' shit
Wish I had a car
Just push the gas, hit his ass, then go to the bar

But I'm running down the street
After the dumbass
This guy is fast
Like a poker up his ass
People turn and point
Doesn't seem right
For anyone to yell out
"You're gonna fucking die!"

Fuckin' shit

Fuckin' shit

The bastard got away

Just went home, smoked a bowl,

twenty more to name

Bored Bitch

Goddamn, holy fuck
Being bored really sucks
Nothing to do
Nothing to say
But I smoked a shit load today
Oh, yeah try to smile
But nothing is in my head
Can't even play cards
All the kings are fucking dead
Nothing on TV
Like I'd expect
Nothing to eat
Did I mention my sanity is in test
So here I am
What do I do
That wouldn't be too embarrassing
Or get me arrested

Yeah, I could run around in public
Chasing Fred the acid flashback
Or walk around town asking for quarters
In a pink bra and garter
And what's wrong with washing windshields
If they let me lick their bumper?

Now what's wrong with this
You can't see my entire ass
But excuse me sir
How much would you pay
To see my hairy nut sack today
But low and behold
Forgot about Wal-Mart
Freaks galore, walking the nighttime floors

Yeah, if you can't tell
Boredom is a monstrous whore
But don't give in, don't despair
There is always something to do
Smoke a bowl or two
Laugh all day long
Writing fucked up songs

One Man Band

Oh, he is he one man band
Sitting on the stool
Wonder if he plays pool
Oh, he is the one man band
Where are all the rest
Do they like to cross dress
Oh, he is the one man band
He can play two cords
And forgot all the words
Oh, he is the one man band
I would say he smokes
Likes to hand out tokes
Oh, he is the one man band
Cannot play shit
Just hands out picks
Oh, he is the one man band

The Ephiroll Man Comes

Staggering By

Skitter, scatter, patter, peep
In this package are things to eat!
If you preach and pray you may see god
If you look in the ceiling fan you see he's a dog
But try as you will, try as you sway
Where the fuck is my lighter anyway?
Turning around and looking at you,
Above your head... a pink piccacho?
So eat, drink and be merry,
Too bad the fuckers don't taste like cherries...

Hooker on the Corner

Travel far to a strange city
Get ripped off by a foreign cabby
Rent a room and call your wife
Now you're free to enjoy the nightlife
Strolling down the street
Passing the bars
Passing the clubs
Fuck the restaurants
Cause...

The hooker on the corner
Yeah, she's alright
A little loose later in the night
You sure don't want to miss
What she'll do for a hundred and a kiss

But the hooker on the corner
No, she's not bright
Wears glasses cause she can't see
Has every known STD
Stiletto heels, on her feet
Sticky shit caught between her teeth

Yeah, the hooker on the corner likes videos
Could even help you make your own

Carries mace in her purse
Along with clothes to be a nurse

No, the hooker on the corner
Couldn't care any less
If you shoot soon or you last
She's only around for one hour
Then she demands a shower

Yeah, tonight you fucked the hooker on the corner
And it's time for a beer
Gotta get your wife a souvenir
Of your business trip to Montreal
Other than the rash eating at your balls

Oh, the hooker on the corner
Yeah, she'll be there
If you're ever again around here
Just give her a call she won't care
Had a really great tan
And you couldn't even tell she was a man

Late Night Driver

Sitting up late
Didn't go on a date
Chilled at the house
Just smoking out

Then down the road
From around the bend
Bounced some lights
Cutting through the dark night

Some crazy fucker
With his foot on the floor
Could be waving a gun
Out the passenger door
Ploughed up some grass
Jumped the curb
Caught in the beams of his lights
Can't see a thing
As the paperboy drives on by
As the paperboy drives on by
As the paperboy drives on by

No sleep tonight
Eyes hurt from the light
Watching the trees
Sway without a breeze

Then down the road
From around the bend
Bounced some lights
Cutting through the dark night

Who is this
I could guess
Some crazy bitch
Tearing down the road
Shit if it is, holy fuck, better duck
Get out of sight
Could be the ex-wife
With a big fucking knife
But the paperboy drives on by
But the paperboy drives on by
But the paperboy drives on by

Don't know if he's right
Don't know if he's sane
All fucked up
Driving in the wrong lane
Doesn't slow down
Not for one thing
Runs over the dog
Rips up the yard
Doesn't give a fuck
Doesn't drive a truck
And if you don't sleep
You could get a peep
Of the paperboy driving on by
Of the paperboy driving on by

How Do you Like Your Sex?

Oh, you are so beautiful...
With long thick hair
Big brown eyes
Nice soft lips that satisfy
And I have a question for you...
How do you like your sex?
How do you like your sex?

Soft and slow
Hard and fast
Kiss me baby
Spank my ass
How do you like your sex?

Oh, don't gasp
And don't you be shocked
It's a very simple question that I ask
It's a bitch to guess
How do you like your sex?
How do you like your sex?

Thin or fat
Short or tall
Bite me baby

Ride it hard
And tell me how you like your sex

On the ground staring at stars
On the hood of your car
If you plan to fuck a few
Or fuck'em all
Remember the question you should ask
How do you like your sex?
How do you like your sex?

On the top
On the bottom
From behind
With a bottle
Say, how do you like your sex?

You know that time won't last
Present slips to the past
So I'll make it fast
This question that I ask...
How do you like your sex?
How do you like your sex?

Clean or dirty, blow me baby
Jerk my hair, don't be lazy
Young or old, big or small try'em all
and tell me how you like your sex...

Another Visit from the Ephiroll Man

Here comes the Ephiroll Man
Staggering around like no one can
Eyes are fucked,
can't see a thing
Would'ya guess Lucky 7's to blame
Knees are weak,
just can't stand
And on the floor,
lands the Ephiroll Man

Randall the Smelly

Old Crack Head

Randall the smelly old crack head
Liked to snort it up his nose
All brown and dirty
He's really fucking gross

None of the other crack heads
Would even let him near
They are all afraid of
The things living in his beard

Then on one rainy day
Jesus came to say
"Randall with your wildlife
Won't you build an ark tonight?"

Then all the crack heads feared him
And scratched their heads carefully
Randall the smelly old crack head
Oh, he's finally went insane

The Perfect Drug

Oh, just wait, I'll get my way
You just wait, you'll see the day
Someone will get it right
And I'll scream with delight
Leave it to the scientists, maybe they'll get it done
Don't faint, don't fall, don't scream, and run
Someday we'll have the perfect drug

Yeah, coke will make you feel great
Maybe get to see what you just ate
But runny noses really suck
And point you out like a sitting duck

Oh, just wait and you'll see
We'll have the perfect drug for you and me
No dry heaves
No headaches
No interactions with strong drink
One day we'll see
The perfect drug for you and me

Now forget about riding the horse
That shit is a fucked up whore
Take you high like Superman
Then like a brick to the head
You'll come down and wish you were dead

I just can't wait to see
What will be cooked up for you and me
Maybe it will be
Maybe it will be
The perfect drug for you and me

Oh, give a hand to Mr. Leary
He had it all along
Everyone else was just wrong
Seeing spots, floating dots
Big ass dogs
An occasional frog
But loose what you have
While it's still in you hand

Oh, tomorrow we my just have
One great big huge surprise
The perfect drug is on the way
Just you wait, we'll see the day

So until then, I know it's not long
Just sit back, I'll pass the bong
Nature's the shit, just take a hit
The perfect drug is already here

Trip to Mexico

Just sit back and you'll see
What happened while the cat was far away
Crossing the Gulf, just to go
To a shitty little country call Mexico
To a shitty little country call Mexico
Well this woman had a daughter
Sweet innocent and pure
Never rode on top
She just sucked dick and jerked off
Until she was left home alone
While mommy went away to Mexico
While mommy went away to Mexico

Just feel the salty wind blow
As you look across the water to Mexico
Oh, don't stop now to come back
For that Sunday was a special day
The first time your daughter went all the way

Oh, I guess someone would have been dead
If discovered what was lost in mommy's bed
But oh no, she never did
Blamed the sex in the air on a friend

It was so nice in Mexico
Even if I didn't go

But if you take a trip to Mexico
Make sure that your daughter can go
Cause when you get back
Something may not be the same
And if you don't know then you can't blame
And if you don't know then you can't blame

I'm Getting Old

I remember those days
I would drink a fifth and ask for more
Stumble around in a daze
Sticking my dick in every whore
Those were the younger days
Never more, never more

I'm getting old
I can not feel my toes
You may think I am getting dumb
But my brain, it is just going numb
Now instead of coffee I drink tea
In my bed at night I now pee
But don't make fun of me
I'm getting old
I'm getting old
I'm getting old

Now Viagra I must take
They are right, it sure is great
But my nut sack sags down to my knees
It gets in the way when I wear jeans
I loose my teeth
I can barely breath
But don't make fun of me
I'm getting old

I'm getting old
I'm getting old

Yeah, one day you will be like me
Creaks and moans come from your knees
Tell me if the light is green
Cause I can not see a goddamn thing
My hands are weak and they shake
Can not remember which pill to take
But don't make fun of me
I am getting old
I am getting old
I am getting old

On some days I am even glad to be alive
And everything seems alright in my head
On good days both my kidneys work
But I always cough and wheeze
And I feel like I'm 113
Can you please just shoot me
I'm getting old
I'm getting old
I'm getting old

I remember those days
I would have trouble with a door
Stagger around, lost in the maze
Smoking all the shit and looking for more
Those were the younger days
Never more, never more

Chasing the Ephiroil Man

I run through the night
Naked and free
With no worries
To tie me down
But they follow me
I don't know how many
I don't know how close
But sometimes I can see them
They think they're smarter
And craftier than me
They think they can run me down
I know what they want
Those men in the white coats
They want to hold me down
And make me wear a special jacket
And stick needles in me
And let me shit on myself
And feed me bad food
Served by a fat woman with a mustache
I'm free
Free to run with my friends
Away from the insanity
I run, and hop and skip
Through the trees away from a deranged society