

## Laura will remember

The limoncello was crémeux  
Until the transubstantiation regulated inside.  
It returned each one steamy  
To see the change starting.

Sprinkle in the wine. Lemons in the life.  
240.000 miles with the moon (on average)  
And seven miles in the deep one, like the olive oil vinegar.  
Did somebody think of drowning W in him?

Thus, where we will go, now what are we here?  
But how do we know where to start?  
"Hold the first role with the beginning, go at the end, and stop," Alice said.  
Follow the beat of the drumbone or the dobro or the stritch.

Who am I? and - why am I here?

The answer is not rêveuse  
And there is no sin.  
Except of lower part  
(do you want cracklings with that?)  
Or something creamier?  
Not, just a pint of juniper.