

Hanna©
(Revised, 2020)

A
Run-on
Wordplay
Tone Poem
—In
Three Parts

Part 1: Hanna Hits The Morphing Road
Part 2: Hanna in Tinseltown
Part 3: Hanna and Harold

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***HERE BEGINS HANNA'S
3-PART, RUN-ON JOURNEY,
FROM HER "NO,"
TO HER "OH YES"
FINISH***

Part 1: Hanna Hits The Morphing Road

SO

when hanna with a heavy ***no*** in her world weary heart vowed to find a robust ***yes*** in her life she left the garage with bravado head high and bravado headed for ***placid paradise pool in surreal county*** ***but*** found that the paradise pool was not there ***but*** the water was and happily an all wheel drive wagon with wings and she swam to it and dripped onto its wingèd back and ***took off*** and winged her way to the deli to get Harry's over starched shirts ***but*** she found no maytags in the deli just a troika of men with hanging down bellies and pepperoni and stained aprons ***and so*** she got frightened and broke wind and burped her way back to the wingèd thing ***but*** the wings would

not rev up so hanna clipped her toenails and deodorized her arm sockets and put on her rocket backpack and **took off** for yuba city california because she wanted to try surfing **but** found that no humans inhabited yuba city only gerbils and emaciated dachshunds and a witch with buckteeth and bottomless cavities who lived in a chemical dump and so hanna somehow knew that it was the buckteeth she had to **sing** into because hanna hoped to be a popular pop singer because she was spectacular at **siiiiingiiing** off key and was proud of being the only person in the neighborhood who could keep her own ground bass going by slapping together her buttocks **SO** she therefore in the form of a sung tacky tune asked for **ten** off key buttock slap wishes into the bottomless buckteeth cavities and the wishes eeechoed in a redundant reeverb to **ONE be super rich and TWO to be gorgeous** and to **three smell like fresh cut grass without the dog do** and **four to have seven seven foot tall football player brothers who would strong arm dates for her even though hanna was having a relationship with harry the head waiter at arby's fast junk fooderie boutique because he made the best croissant pasta sandwiches which she got free and so she didn't mind sharing the same j c penney bedroll with him** and to **five have shiny satin black as inside a nostril hair that reached down to her achilles tendon so that when wet and soaped she could wash her ankles and between her toes to SIX have a super radiant smile that would only see pleasant things in quick strokes** and to **seven be given a cat named max who would sit on her lap whenever hanna sat on the toilet** and **eight to inherit a best friend named carla who would always love hanna even when hanna kicked her or punched her elbows but before hanna could get out wish number nine** the huge witch mouth **clamped shut** and our hanna fell down the slide of the inside of the cavity and it was as blue black as a hickey and deeeep as a decrescendooooooo and hanna landed in a soft bed of belly button lint that turned out to be a trampoline that bounced her

high and set her down on her head **but** she did not fall over just stayed balanced that way on her head so that everything was bottom side up and top side under and gave her a terrible toothache in her neck and butt ache in her eyeshades which she looked through and saw an armadillo with the face of legendary numero uno j edgar gman with diamond rings all over his crimson lacquered claws and green emeralds on his puce garter belt and gold dust on his black satin panties and a trampoline saddle and hanna knew enough to head bounce up onto the saddle and the numero uno j edgar gman waddled off along an orange brick road doing a time step and enjoying scoundrel thoughts and bounced hanna on her saddle head with so much blood running down to it that hanna saw everything as red then suddenly all yellow and she wondered if her pee pee had backed **up** or rather **down** to her skull side under **until** the numero uno j edgar gman leaped onto an armadillo trampoline made with steel rubber and bounced up up up up up and dislodged hanna's head which jet propelled out to space where two of the nebula kids were playing star ball and one of them batted stars into the other's mitt and the other caught hanna's head as it zipped over home plate and said what a funny star a strange star because of the lack of twinkle in the peepers so hanna triple timed her eyeshades and the other felt better and pitched hanna's head to the other to bat out into the universe **but** the other missed and hanna's head spun through galaxies and got caught in a bonsai tree on the planet spunk haven and the little stump at the base of her neck elongated because of the spunk haven gravity pull and hanna was whole again **but** too heavy for the bonsai tree and **smashed through the tiny branches and landed smack in the camp of the legendary outcast banished colony of the legendary horny bandito elves** who were hot for elbows and salivated at the hanna elbows which it must be said were the envy of all the girls back at snodgrass high so hanna had to think fast and she bit her elbows and made them bleed **but** all the bandito elves fell to their tiny horny knees because they knew that the promised

queen had arrived because of the bleeding elbows that they had been waiting for for seven hundred and fifteen years **SO** they plied hanna with their greatest riches like malteds made with ice cream stones and a hut with splendid crab grass on the parched porch and a car with no wheels and dented hubcaps and a barn with a cut out cow that gave cardboard when you milked it and a bathtub with no electricity or ice cubes and it was the job of queen to find a horny bandito elf to be her prince consort and share her queen bed although she wasn't provided with a bed so that when cavorting time came she and her cavorting consort would need to cavort on the bare splinter hut boards of the hut and so in preparation her rump roasts were velcroed with sponge for cavorting insurance and all was ready for the contest of the horny bandito elf riddles that each horny elf suitor had to answer to win the bloody elbows of the new queen and on the day of the riddle tourney hanna tried to bug out of there **but** the bugs stopped her because the bugs were fed well by the horny bandito elves and were their pets in fact so hanna faced the inevitable and had but one chance and that was to make up riddles that no horny elf could answer for the one good thing was that queen hanna had to make up the riddles and when the first horny elf called sir kleine meeskite fell to his horny knees and reached over to grope the queen's anklebone furious hanna **stepped on** his hand which only made sir kleine meeskite hornier and **SO** she thought fast and riddled at the top of lungs *what had the face of a volvo radiator grill and the vulva of a trombone* and sir kleine meeskite immediately answered **an Italian wok** and everyone cheered as if that was the answer and she knew that **that** was not the answer **because** there wasn't any answer so she realized that the tango was up and that whatever furshlugginer riddle she nonsensed there would be an answer and everyone would cheer and her cavorting days on her velcroed butt sponges would commence with those horny bandito short jobs and so she did the only thing she could do and started **siiiingiiing** and that drove the horny elves crazy and they pelted her with rotten ribbons and things and

groveled on the ground and spit and broke wind and carried on and even let the bugs let her go as long as she stopped

siiiiingiiing so she did and bolted from there and about fifteen miles into the forest just as she was about to drop she tripped over her old friend the jet backpack and she was saved ***until*** she saw that the fuel gauge read empty which meant that there wasn't anymore fuel in the fuel gauge so she sat down and laughed and the ***no*** in her heart got heavier and she beat her head on the ground and wailed ***why me*** and was so frustrated that she flung the jet backpack over the side into the abyss and there was a ***flash of light*** and from that light a pork and bean stalk sprouted with a genie named jenie rising with it and his name was really geney with a g and geney with a g was in drag and said that the only wish ***she slash he*** could grant was for a girl to become an amazon and hanna figured what the hell and agreed and wish granted ***whoosh*** she was fifty feet tall and nearly strangled because her panty hose naturally shrunk and so she ripped off her shrunken clothes and bounded naked through the land taking incredible steps and her flapping bun sloops and milkshakes caused earthquakes and tidal waves wherever she shimmied and when she got thirsty she drank a lake and when she got hungry she ate a corn and sorghum field ***until*** she saw in the distance a land of milk and honey that ***her feet got stuck in*** and found that she was surrounded by giant naked men with smooth crotches thank god but then how did they tinkle and procreate and they were very sad because they had nothing to get jock itch about and so they promised to demilk and honey stuck hanna if she promised to find their diddle dangle dippers which had been removed from them last valentines day when all the greeting cards had been poisoned and all the men in the milk and honey valley stayed in a coma for two weeks and revived and found no women and not a diddle dangle dipper in smooth crotch sight ***SO*** still stuck hanna promised to find and return each diddle dangle dipper because she was uncomfortable with all those diddle dangle dipperless men talking not to her face but to her naked naval and below and

hanna **beat it** to the hills just as soon as she was destuck and vowed to keep her word because **keeping her word** she intuited might be sacred and perhaps **essential** on her journey to a possible **yes** from her still nagging **no** and she realized she needed clothes and saw a hundred purple red and yellow feathered ostriches leaping on toe and leaped apace and caught up with ten of them and decolorfeathered all ten of them on the leap and covered her nakedness with the brilliant feathers and fandangoed her way along the rough terrain **until** she saw a campsite with hundreds of naked hairy wagnerian ladies guarding a tree and hanging from the branches were sacks of stolen diddle dangle dippers and figured if it worked once it could work again so hanna started **siiiingiiing** and the giant hairy wagnerian ladies began to froth at the mouth and beg for mercy and broke wind and sneezed a lot and said they had wanted ransom from the dipperless men in the valley but could only write in operatic old german so they couldn't make their demands known which were for the milk and honey wells so that they could corner the milk and honey market **so** hanna stopped **siiiingiiing** and felt sorry for such hairy naked wagnerians and wrote the ransom note for them and led them back to the desperate shamed men and when the giant naked men with smooth crotches agreed to the milk and honey wells terms of the wagnerian ladies the diddle dangle dippers were returned and when the men snap crotched them back on hanna **took off** because she feared that when those men after so much dipperless time inevitably dapped their dippers in those probably willing wagnerians the ground tremors would be a götterdämmerung ten on the reuters sundial **and so** soon very soon hanna was alone and sad and sat down and cried and felt sorry for herself because she figured what kind of a strange life was this with no croissant pasta sandwiches and or harry and their j c penney bedroll and hanna felt that the **no** always now chomping on her heart **now** also chomped on her sad soul and wondered where it would all end

Part 2: Hanna in Tinseltown

and so

that day hanna dreamed about having her knees preserved forever in cement in front of that hunan bijou in hollywood while some mogul held a palmful of pancake flour to her nose to sniff and was urged to preserve her elbows too for they were the pride of hanna's bod and ancient men and even boys of two and a half were said to roll their eyes to telephone pole tops and spit-



drool out of the corners of their mouths if they merely thought about touching or better yet sniffing her elbows that along with

her knees would be preserved for as long as this great republic epoxied together and only frankly wondered if right there on hollywood boulevard while she was on all fours with the entertainment tonight cameras rolling if the camera crew and dirty old moguls would line up behind her and in front of her and do the yin and yang because that after all was the hollywood of myth we all loved and admired and hanna decided then to let the elbow knee impressions go and *take off* for those parts of town where the common real people lived and just as she was crossing the freeway and dusting off the last bit of dry cement from her elbows and knees seven thousand cars hit her because she was lost in her existentiality and thought that by just holding her hand palm out the freeway drivers would stop for her and that was when the chips cop latino motorcycled up to her prostrate body and tapped her on the freeway's shoulder and said he was in love with her and would make her a star because he really wasn't a chips cop latino but a major mexican mogul waiting for a break and took hanna to his one room efficiency condo that cost nine hundred and eighty k and pretended he was going to the bathroom to tinkle but when hanna heard him gargling with mouth mint wash she knew her virtue was in for it and for a moment fought the starlit fight and wondered if she would offer up her flower on the altar of career even though she didn't have a flower much less a stem anymore because her iris had been irrigated in the woods just beyond the chemical dump two years ago and it was an experience she'd never forget because her nether pumpnickels had bunched and bammed on that chemical ground and her plump pores oozed tar for a month but harry farlingplink her primo flower plucker got the crud all over his dipper donger as well as his silly sacks and bottom hemispheres and perhaps deserved it for eradicating her iris but did she deserve the slime ooze on her southern flank cantaloupes of course not so that was when hanna decided to become a nun but discovered that the new nuns were too socially committed for her taste and besides they didn't even look like nuns and never beat you on the palms with rulers anymore which hanna use to kinda like so that was when hanna

knew she would become a starlit and perhaps a harlot if that's what it took but couldn't carry through with it on her knees and elbows hardening in the cement and or while her chips cop latino mogul was mint washing his mouth ready for starlit harlotry **and so** she made a scarlet o'hara fist and vowed to do it all on talent alone and stood right there on hollywood and vine and started **siiiingiiing** and all the winos and bag ladies screamed and gagged and broke wind to get out of the range of hanna's voice that daddy said was like an armadillo with the dry heaves so hanna held onto one bag lady who was rump tooting by at a mile an hour and hanna landed on the face of a man who was taking the shade on the beach and sat up to see where she was and noted a crowd developing and that made her squirm and him squirt and one young hardy fellow helped her off the mans face and said he was an artist who missed New York and especially zabars deli and took her to his beach shack which cost two and a half mil and said he was a composer scoring a film about two gay rocket launchers who find love in Nevada and when hanna and artist entered his one room lean to shelter she saw that there was nothing there but fifty two pounds of imported smoked salmon and a toy piano which he proceeded to play straightaway and urged hanna to **siiing** and when she **diiid** he grew fangs and hair all over his knuckles and his ears became loud speakers and he began to break wind and snort fire and fling a dragon's tongue at her which she tried to avoid **but** some brimstone struck her on the elbows and hanna passed out and when she came to she found herself on a cot in a cave with slime and sweaty seaweed clinging to the nookies and crannies and an octopus guarding the entrance of the cave and guard octopus said that he was her jailor **but** that he would let her go if she could find the secret shoe polish that would turn him back into a handsome lizard and hanna promptly promised she would and he let her pass **and the lie detector buzzer sound tooted screeched and scrunged** and the former handsome lizard now octopus guard got angry and broke wind and grabbed hanna with ten of his calamaris and said see here

i've been good to you and kept the intravenous flowing in your arm while you were in the land of zzzs and with one of my other eel stumps i vacuumed under the bed and in corners **and** with still other rubbery limbos i even did windows which was a miracle because ***I do not do windows*** and anyway this cave does not have any windows and even emptied your chamber pot and never once tried to suction your cups and even to boot gave you voice lessons and performed the alexander technique on your vocal nodes and for this i am repaid by you making the lie buzzer scrunge leaving me enchanted in my suckeroos like this for eternity or even two weeks and on and on he would have kept on whining **but** hanna had had it and bit all fifty of his octopus wangs and he gave out a gringe of pain so loud and boisterous that hanna voided her centerpiece and bolted for freedom **until everyone applauded and she realized that *this had been a screen test*** and that the octopus former handsome lizard was none other than chips cop mogul latino and should have known when she smelled the mouth mint wash on one of his wang suckers during what she guessed had been a love scene and there leading the applause was mr big deal mogul mavin himself who knew star elbows when he saw them and said hanna could star in and write and direct and stream the next mini minor major yawns and hanna became the biggest television star on the charts **because** she was excessively mediocre and could not act her way out of a ten pound sack of decaffeinated chow mein **but** had poor speech and no charisma so naturally became rich and famous and had the best talcum sniff sniffs at her parties with lots of gay caballeros and limp dangler gigolos **until** that sense of loss and selling out and dreck douching every day with uncouth creeps made hanna burp and gargle and have toe cramps and terrible pangs of elbow angst **until** mr big deal mogul who had become a father to her and so committed incest with her every other weekend slapped her hard across the elbows and said now you listen to me and you listen good **because** that was the only kind of kaka dialogue he could speak **but** even those classical words failed

him and he hugged her and cried and begged her to beat him on his hanging bottom poo poo saggars with rolled up editions of the hollywood reporter and through his glycerin tears he asked for forgiveness and redemption and said he loathed her and despised her and wished she was out of his life because she didn't have the stuff of stardom and he got all maudlin and sounded like one of the scripts for their latest major mini pimples **SO** hanna barfed and broke wind and got out of there and breathed in the exhilarating smog and decided never to look back **not even** on her beloved modigliani persian bath rug and or one of a kind swimming pool in the shape of the testicles of a famous star and ran and ran and ran with tears splashing the bag ladies and winos and valley girls as she tripped and sashayed and bumped and grinded and lassoed baby cows and hung bulls on rodeo drive **but** finally couldn't help herself and in a fit of cheap nostalgia hanna gave in to her now deeper soul **no** and looked back and turned into a pillar of happy dust that a famous big deal major mogul macha sniffed entirely up his nasal caves and hanna wondered how this new deeper **no** was going to end

Part 3: Hanna And Harold



SO

hanna was glum and anyway what did it all mean and that made her head cavities ache and rant and she was full of self pity and unhappiness with that new now *NO* that was tsunami flooding her insides and while moping around the deviated septum of a deviant mogul head drain and kicking aside squashed empty coke cans because she couldn't find a recycling bin thing which really made hanna despair and decided to hang a left over the bridge on the canal di naso *and came upon* a beautiful young man pounding the eardrums and he seemed to be very angry and was beating the wax out of those skins and hanna almost got deaf and had to palms over ears run from there and came upon a circus which had not yet opened its tent flaps to the masses and hanna roamed the sawdust and kicked about twenty thousand empty coke cans out of her way and got her feet stuck in the spilled sticky syrup and felt better there because she was desperate to see freaks and even humans more grotesque than she thought she was *but* she made the mistake of looking in the mirror that made you short as a midget coffee table and fat as a pregnant armchair and the pull of the mirror destuck her stuck feet and sucked her in and she was now in *the land of squat* and waddled around on elephant knees and turtle elbows and found a squat village of eligible squat bachelors who however were all hot for alligator knees and armadillo elbows **SO** hanna of course was shunned and went to the lagoon to cry her sweet lelani tears and dangled her hoofs over the side and saw her reflection in the polluted puddle and saw herself as me jane about to dive with a giggle and scant scanties into the inlet so that crocodiles could slither after her and the ape man could save her *but* where was the image of greystoke now with his jungle jockey shorts that coverted his jungle jingle jangles but anyway the me jane image fades and hanna sees other images because the water is as black as the back of a mirror and finally hanna settles on and likes the image of herself as a yellow butterfly which with black spots and the black water becomes yellow and she belly italians into the pish puddle and becomes

the butterfly and all flutter now she flutters up to a yellow rose and turns into a caterpillar with little hairs on squishy body the back end of which takes ages to catch up with the front end **and SO** hanna slipping **back** into the past tense slugged along the edges of the yellow rose until the outside petal she was suck waddling on peeled off and she would have squinch splattered herself onto the ground when a black crow swooped in and beaked hanna in his ebony puckers and seemed about to chomp when hanna said don't nibble nosh on me please because i am not a caterpillar i am hanna and the black crow said well i am harold or was and i saw you before when i was beating the eardrums to bamereens and at first sighting fell in love with you **but** i ignored you because i was angry as a fire ant at my former master maestro the evil orchestra conductor with an ego as large as constantinople who had been on my knee backs for weeks because he knew i couldn't stand his shallow showoff and lustless interpretations and shortly after you saw me he waved his wicked magical baton at me and turned me into a black crow because he lied that i broke wind once too often during ten ten hour bruckner symphonies but hanna who really missed looking on the former beauty of this former bam banger and wanted to again ejaculated with a strong **look** i am pissed and you are pissed so let's can the self pity you and i and go get that arm waving gargoye and especially his magical baton to reharold you and rehanna me and hanna felt hard in her hardhearted center and also battered and bitter and despairing and her **NO** soul overflowed with bile and pestilence and leprosy and angst and flatulence and had in short and therefore a strong desire for revenge for the first time in her life and felt excited when they flew over culture junction in pretentious county **but** harold's tailbone got caught in a headwind and caught a cramp in his claw nails and so was forced to debeak hanna who fell forever until she reached the rehearsal of the evil philharmaniac and just missed being crushed by the new bam banger who was taking harold's old banger place and who was just about to klang cram his cymbal bongers together but hanna slipped through them just before the krunch crash reverb happened and

she landed momentarily deaf on the bam banger's left hush puppy and was about to be scalopenied into swedish pancakes by the bam banger's percussion mallet when hanna regained her ear tones and accordioned away out of whack just in the nick as the mallet splat flattened the bam banger's own toe instead and he screech horned so bellowee stereoeee that all the bellybutton lint popped out of a third of the orchestra players because the other two thirds didn't have bellybuttons and when the evil conductor saw this he pointed his all magical baton and turned the harold replacement into an armadillo anus and laughed the special conductor laugh of arrogance and placed his magical baton inside his hells angel brass studded black jacket and took out a handkerchief to wipe his eyes because the gut wrenching laugh made his tear sacks overflow the sandbags under his eye shades **SO** hanna saw in action the awesome and grotesque power of he whom she was to get revenge on and slithered to her focus of hate and he saw hanna coming at him in a slithering gallop and tried to take out his wicked baton to point at her **but** before he could whip it out she slithered under his now glass hush puppies and made him slip on her and hanna was half degutted but didn't feel anything because she guessed she had no bones and **SO** was not out for the count and the magic baton fell to the ground and hanna drag limped her squished half tummy over to the magic baton and she touched it and her body recaterpillared whole again so that she was able somehow to flip the magic baton point in the direction of sir master maestro evil who was getting to his feet and she screamed **revenge revenge** as loud as she could and paralyzed in him the thing that made his wristos wave around a lot to impress the money out of boards of directors and when he was dewaved like that he became depowered and rehuman and therefore ashamed and the whole frame of his manhood and his backbone became a floppy disc and all he could do was cross his grounded wristos in front of his former randy rammer pee pee plunger and tried to lead his orchestra by feebly whistling the tenth movement of the bruckner 45th symphony **but** his former toot bang blow and saw slaves laughed at him and instead broke tutti

wind **and so** hanna knew the ecstasy and joy of revenge which however immediately passes once it is achieved and she felt a void in her centerfold and slid herself on top of the magic baton and **wailed** and said *why me and what do i finally have to look forward to but loneliness and endless pressure shifts that mean zilcho and agita* and as she wailed and broke caterpillar wind she slithered to the baton's tip and touched it and lo and behold hanna turned into a whole note with a proud flag and then she touched the baton again and again and she became half notes and quarter notes and rests and cresceendoes and finally a g clef and made herself into a glorious melody **SO** hanna whose voice used to sound like a flooded engine trying to crank up now sounded like every mythical nightingale the world had ever imagined and felt bottomless happy for the first time **but** that was short lived because she felt incomplete somehow and suddenly she felt a splash on her staff and looked up and soaring listlessly above her was still a crow harold crying down on the world and revealing to no one in particular his center of pain so hanna knew then that her harold must be a true artist and she loved him for that and for his pain and she heard the most pitiful wail in the world and looking up she passionately ejaculated **it is me** harold hanna and i love you and i am going to change your wail into our most magnificent song and she sang her magical melody at harold and lo and behold harold did not become his old beautiful self which was no longer of interest to anyone **but** became an f clef and supported and made interesting the wonderful hanna melody and on and on and on g and f and their melody soared together in the ether side by side with all the melodies that ever had been and finally hanna seemed happy even when their glorious song soared over the land of the million leaping envious elves who now threw empty coke cans up at them **but** hanna knew now that they could never reach her and that she and her harold would always be out of their range so yes finally **yes** hanna seemed oh **yes** happy she really did **OH YES**