

Property Of Oblivion

Words passed between us, like lightning: thirteen years old, fifteen at the most, and had the effect of a smoldering fire, an irrepressible attraction seized each of us in the gut.

(It was a small white bag, and inside were tiny, immaculate origami like leeches, and they clung to us.)

Since her only real appeal lay in her art—and she did it with style—a syringe, a rubber band and a teaspoon. *(A syringe and the sweet kiss of our veins.)* So, we only went there to fuck her and make ourselves come!

Even the square in front of the church was plastered over, and the water from that fountain had a bland taste. *(A bland taste.)* A deserted place in a vain kingdom. *(A kingdom in a teaspoon.)*

While her legs seemed endless under a very short skirt, she smiled at me with an absolutely dazzling bright red lipstick!

But after that, once the initial shock of this false meteor had passed, her nudity was a plain one.

(Undressed her body was commonplace.)

Even the square in front of the church was plastered over *(Oh-oooh!)*, and the water from that fountain had a bland taste. *(A bland taste.)* A deserted place | *in a vain teaspoon kingdom.*
| *in a vain teaspoon kingdom.*

Since her only real appeal was her artwork—and she did it with style—a rubber band, a vain kingdom, *a syringe*. So, we only went there for our forearms!

*However, this bitch's meteoric rise was short-lived, and from then on she fell into oblivion; for all of us, she became the domain of abandonment!
For all of us, it was the place of our downfall,
the realm of our loss.*

Words fled between us like lightning: thirteen years old, fifteen at the most, and had produced the effect of a smoldering fire, *an irresistible attraction* ...

seized each of us in the deepest part of ourselves.

It was a very small white sac, full of stuff like leeches, and it clung to us.

(We were hooked to it.)