

Failing Bowels

Are all ink cartridges and refills for fountain pens filled with as much semantic crap in mind?

I couldn't say, would I even know?

The song will therefore come from this USB key, will appear on your screen, as well as the image of Christ coming out of the tomb. Listen to this song I composed for you. (For you.)

Cross-dressing is not a fern frond, nor is it a bishop's crosier. Cause I'm just a poor guy with failing bowels and relaxed sphincters. My writing workshop's mascot is a fountain pen with ink that can be injected intravenously. (I met an artist, a true one who was a superior mother to the armful of nettles.)

Not needles, *nettles*...

He immediately made me think of Pierre G, a French poet and playwright who disguised himself as the Mother of Fools! "So, where'd you meet this stud?" you might ask me. And my answer would be: "In a book."

A collection of 15th-century poetry about Jean D, a book straddling illustration and poetry. (A book!) "Not a screen, a book. Isn't it silly?"

I'm not telling you anything you don't already know when I sing that art galleries are a silly show, a masquerade. (And so are an author's table in a bookstore, or the pretense of a publisher's banner!)

Howbeit, the equalizer, as I quote it, is sometime not so hot.

So, as a new recruit from Ripolin, I like to say that I am just a word polisher. That only could my ass quote! Only my ass could have got that kind of hat! (Thus my inkwell is the tomb of the infant Jesus.) A fountain pen cap screwed tightly inside. The wrong note can come quickly, the same goes for the fool one, the explanatory note (or the final period, hammered right into the foot like a nail), when it's not the precision, the reference or what?

"Is it embarrassing for a vain writer to have his ass tightly pressed against his inkwell?" (I couldn't say, would I even know?) For instance, art is a great equalizer! (It would appear that this is the case.) And art is now found in comic books. (Howbeit, the equalizer, as I quote it, is sometime not so hot.)

You can kill a text or give birth to it on the screen in a single keyboard movement, it only takes ten fingers or even just one.

(Is a painter's brush a fountain pen?) A smoking finger like an equalizer that had just fired its bullet, his final period, or a B-52 unloading its Trumpian cargo! (A bomber full of shit!) A striking colorful paintbrush, a pencil full of pain emptying its dots? "Ra-ta-ta. Ra-ta-ta!" (Bang! Bam!) "Ra-ta-ta-ta!" (English onomatopoeia machine gun!) Lit it, lit it now...

Metaphorically, the tongue is often a heart, but some are just the decomposition of the shit they spew on their social networks, steaming turds. (Why advertise it?) We shouldn't add to it! We shouldn't. Why would we do that?

A fountain pen is not a painter's brush, is it? (Is it?) A fountain pen is not a felt-tip pen, a piece of fabric, or a pair of scissors. (And so sleep well, dear listener, lulled by illusion with this song.) It is not a schoolchild's chalk. Is it... It is a... a, but a what? The question was lost along the way. *A part of the path is not there anymore.* Is falling apart like a dwelling under the writing or the painting. *That is what we call a, a what? A killing, a liking?*

"*Your game's just fine.*" "So's yours."

I will therefore answer it. (Just try, ho ho ho.) I will because I figured out what brush is embossed with an artist's name! An that name is not mine, at all. It is that of the reader, of the visitor to art galleries. (You know, the kind that are like a sleeping pill, a dream in the form of art, comforting.) A pillow for your soul. Your trembling little white Western soul... Your chlorine-free soul, your toilet paper soul. Yes, I realized what the perfect gadget was for promoting a shitty text: a fountain pen engraved with the name of your chosen writer, the one who buys himself a really hot publisher's headband, shiny like the cap of his tool. An editor's equalizer banner of standardized mediocrity. "*Our world is just fine.*" (Oh, so fair.) "*So are our souls.*"

Meditate on this, on this song I composed for you. (For you.) Like a model perched on high heels, on her stretched-out shoes, you're the one using it as your cock stand-in! Poor bastard.