

Turd-eater

The call of the pillow... is appealing. Slip on it! A few stragglers words lingered, talking as they slipped on their coats, muttering some sentences.

Yes, the sanctuary is sometimes a maternal womb. (I learned this from my mother.) She let me touch it. "The shrine is a womb" she used to say, and: "When you're a baby, you lick it all the time." *And mother made me touch it, again and again.* (Since then, I've been reading.) And telling stories.

Yes, poor one: even less frequently, as she get older, she was uttering art with preciousness, crying out that literature (is so precious to you). That "you" was me at that moment, or something like that. So now, it's a U-turn. For your soul, I write songs. *Suck on that one, on that song dedicated to all maternal wombs.*

Usually in a sentence, the leverage is a verb, but sometime it could be a quote (even a brittle one, a single word or two). *I could email it to you with only four fingers*, or put it in a thumb drive! (Even the Assumption is not a USB key.) Yes, I could email it to you.

But I prefer a song. So, here is the kind of song the 21st-century reader needs: a song that is soured as a noxious oyster! (Not a hoister! An oyster.)

Not a single gun magazine, oh no! (Nor a firecracker charger, but an industrial oyster farm.) *So let's go, let's spit it out.* Screaming screen or not!

Lit it, lit it now... As gasoline rhyme with fanzine, pour a glass of blood into your soul! Lick it with your tongue. It is not a lapse! Oh no! "Your game's just fine." "So's yours." So, dear repentant one, now you know how to fulfill your time on earth. Putting earplugs, and sleep on it. I'm going to show you more pictures from this immersive mass!

You are the true glutton! The one who chews all the communion wafers... The true artist, the true writer who spits them chewed in a condom. (A condom.) Even if your are a slowpoke, a one who doesn't dare put the finger on the laptop keyboard!

Fish in its sanctified bowl, the priest's mitre tries to swallow this pinch of dehydrated nutrients, and presto, it's packed in its bag. (Its mouth.) Its bloodless hood.

"Let's face it!"

(Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Holy Mary, Mother of Crap, spit on us now at the hour of our biological birth.) The semen flows from mouth to mouth, mother and son. And so. *Vice versa!*

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

That AI robot voice is ear splitting. (It is the incarnate Holy Spirit.) The fish's gills are scythe-shaped. *It cheeks are fake*, and that fake isn't joyful.

It is just a plain fake. (A plain one.) Yes, poor one: even less frequently, uttering art with preciousness, crying out that literature (US comics with their superheroes, its super zeroes mastering the art of smooth talk).

Your soul. The little song of your soul resting peacefully on its pillow. Bullshit! I'd shown you more B-roll of this massive mess. Didn't I?