

Hairy Words And Other Hobbies

Yeah! “Ah.” You actually got beautiful screen, baby. A beautiful screen and a deliberately protruding nape of the neck from my palm.

But stop thrashing your tongue on me, *and insert it gently!*

For a while, we were inseparable from the computer; then we formed a civil partnership to protect our private documents—we'll call them confidential—while the others, those under a free license, were not considered licentiate; at least not at that time.

Its P-spot is barely twenty years old and “he” already understands everything. But it didn't read my script, did it? *Did it? Did it? Did it?*

Any claim to screen time is an affront to it! Reified as a dominant BDSM figure, my computer has appropriated a banal tax at the tip of the third estate of my fingers!

This screen's background is indeed a national asset, a blessed ass, and that's why we use it to expel the excrement. The printer is a screen multiplier, spam is the same: with each delivery, the cargo is lifted by the lifting of pains, colors with a speech bubble and its silent discourse as a background in the BCC space.

Now you're entering on your back heels, and so now again you stand toe-to-toe with your screen! *A new finger grows every day!* Perimeter marker to ensure its ownership, tapping on the keyboard or massaging-masturbating the follic galactogenic glands of Mom and the cumtogenic ones of Dad.

How can we explain the hostility of this blessed computer to AI, since it is supposed to bring it—to grant it since this liminal abduction—the minimum autonomy dreamed of by what my fingers on the keyboard first endorsed? Endorsed? Endorsed? Endorsed?

AI in language is not the computer, the computer in AI is not the language. Nor are algorithms a syntax, a website hosting an AI and its client caught in the unsightly web of cheap marketing...

Whose patterns, the expectations of societal straitjackets; academic and mercantile grammar; ass—which is then the confidant of this screen, the protector of its farts of relaxed punctuation, exercises a real function.

Sphincter regulator function—with *Internet connection*—on words, and, therefore, but we do not know from where, nor how—how, how—nor when—when, when.

But since then, it has been demanding the abolition of the whiteness of his screen, and it tells me that via command line, to the point that it amounts to programmatic harassment. However, there is a problem with tense sentences, with or without a catenary between one paragraph and the next.

My ass, that spineless secularist, doesn't stuff my tongue, he shoves it in! Yeah! Oh, oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa. Oh-oh. Whoa. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Whoa-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa!

Whoa move over: Your textual ovaries are worthless. Yeah yeah! Yeah yeah! Yeah yeah!

When they talk, all I hear is blah blah blah, blah blah blah, blah blah blah. Ah! Ah-Ah-Ah!-ah. Ah-ah. My ass is mercantile; it absorbs pretty much everything it touches on the keyboard, and accumulates phrases that, in collecting them, have nothing certain about them. *Nothing certain.* It's the refrain of uncertainty. The refrain of the approximate and the nonsensical.

Anywhere, anytime. Blasé dominatrix, cavalier with my computer, it happens and immediately it occurs that—*it occurs and immediately happens*—that I have an incestuous relationship with it.

Final intimacy flogs: my computer is cringing before the icy whiplashes of the textual tongue! As for that flat screen, my old Mac had at least the advantage of a nice round, bouncy, heated bottom; it was a bit like my pin-up, my gigolo, and I would caress that bakelite bottom, oh how I would fondle its ventilation openings, a little tap, a touch.