

Little Thoughts

“Being a writer is like letting your heart go alone and naked wander the text without being able to protect it. *I never really could follow directions.* Never! Since my tongue was scouring my heart, which had become too becalmed by its reading of dictionaries.”

A bee can sense words—a beetle, a hornet, a butterfly—a thousand times better than my tongue. *A thousand times.* In an undefined, instantaneous semantic space, his odological decision begins a paragraph; a paragraph! ^{A paragraph!}

Consequently, most of the time, my tongue remained inactive. On my nose, and higher up on my downy chin, like a flower the harmless red flesh of her clitoris... blinked incessantly. *Incessantly.*

Incessantly. Incessantly. Incest... Ant!

I am taken, smitten, and mended. Of a love jinn. (*Wilting flowers.*) What am I, standing before my jaw atrophied by the benches of the national education system?

It is a very noisy spring, chirping with songbirds like no other season of renewal has ever been! Suspended near these thickets which are veritable nesting places, this hammock woven from ropes is a knotted bed in which it is impossible to rest, in short, to nap.

One, one, one...

“What am I in front of my hand?

What am I doing in front of... *Of you.*” Ahead.

In front. (*Revved up!*) I'm not being a wuss. I never really could follow directions. *Incessantly. Incessantly.* ^{Wake up!} Incises... ant! Lilith is the name of my cat. My cat likes to catch wasps, butterflies, spiders, and my fingers. *The tip of my fingers!* and the shadows they cast.

A puny cat was trying to escape. In a state of uncertain reflection, she twirls a tongue full of my left tit, then... “Squeeze it; *squeeze it.* Squeeze it. *Squeeze it.*” (“Squeeze it!”) “*Squeeze it!*”

“Now you catch it!”

And smack a cat, it will fight back. *At that very moment, I gulp a bit of her cyprinistic cum.* Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! “I bloom it!” Her cum, her tit! “I blow it!”

Wilting flowers. How many body bag are coming back? *On my nose, and above on my fuzzy chin, the innocuous red light from her clitoris kept flashing in uncertain reflections.*

Incessantly. Incests... And...

Lilith is the name of my cat. My cat likes to catch wasps, butterflies, spiders, and my fingers. *The tip of my fingers!* The tip of my... fingers... and the shadows they cast !

A puny cat was trying to escape. In a state of uncertain reflection, she twirls a tongue full of my left tit, then... “Squeeze it; *squeeze it.* Squeeze it. *Squeeze it.*” (“Squeeze it!”)

“*Squeeze it!*”

“Now you catch it!”

And smack a cat, it will fight back. *At that very moment, I gulp a bit of her cyprinistic cum.* Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! I swallowed some of her vaginal fluid. Her fluid. (Her cum.) Her tit. (My fluid.) *Wilting flowers.*

How many body bag are coming back? *On my nose, and above on my fuzzy chin, the innocuous red light from her clitoris kept flashing in uncertain reflections.*

How many body cat are coming back? A kid! A liquid child, an expanding jellyfish. Just got to go with it. A jellyfish shaped like a speech bubble. But right now she is unravelling her work of writing.

The jellyfish is untwisting its bubble, *and so is doing the dot.*

There we are. I suck her tit, and her mouth was surreptitiously girthling my thumb. It was not so much, but... But. Then, anyway, I'm chuffed with that.

And remember. *Remember.* Never stare a cat, especially a fuzzy black one.

“Ones—I know do—I... know do.”

Incest, and, whoops!

Lilith voice lilts full of sudden glee. *Of sudden glee.* No followup, no clarification. She gave us not a toss, not even a blink. The cat left, and Lilith followed it, along with a shadow. *A shadow. A shadow.* Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!