

Slip-Like Song

...Flashback——/
/——What happen between tracks? When you loose them. What happen? Material possession are social contracts. He helped her vomit, drinking it all down. Not to mention the connotations. Music “Bip—bleak!” Blink. Extra Track. Act. Heat, heat, heat... *Eat*. Now the “glimpse”. Him!

The uncertain Father, with his red astronaut helmet and his turtleneck suit. Rigid shell removed. Body stripped bare——/
/——all torso. One boot still on his foot. Elegant, intriguing. You, Mother—with that womb collectivized into a spaceship for the timeless labial mission. You shook the milkshake——/
/——that was your first mistake.

Here is the trail of your story—which is none other than the path of my journey into hell. Here is the Extra Track——/.
/——Prophecy of the soft caramel mountain: “The 7th piece is complete; Paradise is therefore doomed, for Eden has still not been found to this day.”

Heat, heat, heat... *Heat, heat!* Heat, heat, heat... Heat, heat! *Heat, heat, heat...*
Heat! *Heat inside the helmet!* Event entry for the exit of Eden.

The warning system was therefore located in the upper part of the torso, and you already had those two tits blossoming just like——/
/——two chameleons.

Here on Earth, there is an armada of chameleons. Entire aisles in department stores are dedicated to them. They’ve even come up with a name and sizes for them—cup sizes. Your bra had a feathery texture, and Father was rubbing his balls against it.

“We have time for a quickie,” she said.

Fish scales, the moon that is one. *Acousmatic*. The soundtrack to your nightmare. *Heat, heat, heat...* Primal scream on sale. Eggs and feathers 11 and Eden—her thighs like parallel——/
/——bars! His... two-headed astronaut, wearing two space helmets. It was a shot set in weightlessness, with the Milky Way as the horizon.

...*The s*——pace———/
/——station’s mission, around which the other tracks will orbit, is now completed; track 3 will soon enter orbit, a nihilistic dystopia. How the gaze is depicted. Motion picture, album, comic strip and bubbles. But... “It’s true, isn’t it?”

———You had absolutely no idea that my little camera was already rolling, filming you, Mother, from the inner world—while we watched you move across the giant holographic screen———/
/——long before I was even an embryo, stuck in that damned eel tank!

Tanks U so much for the movie: a slasher! Rated for a “General Audiences!” Good. All the other cosmo——/
/——sperm perished there... A slash———/
/——er—and an ex-X-rated one at that! Since Eden. But It’s just another “NC-17”.

All that silvery, viscous mass: the collective soul of an outer spaced community! The soul of my community hailing from the organo-cosmic realm!

And for what? The Odyssey of a Subhuman Bot. Dad, sorry, Father was a pocket-sized astronaut. A real dick! I never knew him... Him. It. That thing... It’s a pity. Or a glory. ...*A*———midst other not yet dried-up spermatozoa, the screen sucked us into a black hole. We thought we were watching a film whose title should have tipped us off.

“Stillness and what!” Such a title for two tits and a pocket-sized astronaut!

We were sitting there with the others, arranged in the shape of a lightning-bolt formation, watching *The Prophecy of Soft Mount Caramel*! It was a panoramic film—a movie inside a sphere. It had been submerged since time immemorial—memory being an earthly concept—and was waiting, unknowingly, to be discovered. It was called the Belly, and the access... oh, I don’t remember that detail anymore. A door, perhaps, or an airlock, a tel——/
/——eport? A platform... A dock!

“Knock, knock, knock—who’s there?” 11 and Eden—her thighs like parallel bars!

We are floating in intergalactic space. A pouch filled with fluid and circulating blood, dubbed *Breast Within*, allowed us to breathe underwater. At that time, we were still only a few ells apart: little electric eels—we didn’t know we were swimming upstream in female juices—and later on, I had no idea what amniot———/
/——ic fluid was!

Ew! Talk about a movie———/
/———in fact a cartoon! Sax-
ifrage: in depth range! Massive death. Breast and death. Red bed. Breast. Death. Which size was the Bra? And so.
Narrative of a comic book...
Narrative of a comic book for a teen. Some bubbles speech... A teen!

“One nanorobot, ten thousand nanoro———/
/——bots!” We were one.
Entering, going through her edentulous mouth. Flush! A scrotum filled to the brim!

So I am here. Kicked out!

I am the trans-humanized narrator which has join the orbital Mother Station from your “ship”. Your dick. Your shit, the hit. For the poetic polysemy of the spaceship tel———/
/——e ||

PORT

|| ation, intra———/
/——venous syr-

inge——it’ll see the recurring motif of the “bubble” in the songs and its poetic con——/
/——notations aer-

onautical helmet, the le ||

🌐

|| thal “air bubble” in a

hypodermic syringe if———/
/——it

isn’t expelled, the speech bub———/
/——ble and

the

M

O
o

n
,
etc
.

“Feathers and eggs.” Fly! Womb. *Trousers fly*... “Here is the exit.” *Ranked Hell*!

●

Ooh——/
/—Ooh!! Ooh!!

———!
!———

Ooh—ooh!! Ooh!!
Ooh—ooh!!
Ooh!! Ooh!!