

Stop Gagging!

Am I a disposable child?

At birth, I fell into the high lights, into the inverted light. But please, Mum, don't block the pain signals. *Don't block it!* The reified society, in its old anthropological postures, permeates your milky words. So don't give me your milk; don't feed me this filth!

I don't want these tired, overused words, these cloying platitudes! Don't serve me this nonsense! At a pace of light, show me these paraphernalia. Spiral opioid. Fart and glue, a short-finned eel handle the torpedo speed... dropping my kak!

Long and syringe like, roughly tubular transparency with a scale in millimeter, the head is small, that is a short-finned eel one. *A short-finned one.* An eel and a spoon. Derived from maternal excreta expelled by her glycogenic glands, my brain is a jellyfish totally freaked in its inability to block pain signals.

Father is dead. So are they. *Al of them.* Dead. A mouth full of prison words. Those found in dictionaries and penal codes in its inability to block pain signals. Father is dead. So are they. *Al of them.* Dead. A mouth full of prison words. Those found in dictionaries and penal codes. *Anal milk, societal ejaculation!*

These micro-phoned, streaming words, I don't want them. Don't serve me that garbage! I'm not hungry anymore, not at all!! But show us these paraphernalia. Spiral opioid: fart and glue, a short-finned eel handle the torpedo speed... Now the sky is sparkling. *And so are doing the strong currents.* In diapers it's Star Wars, the little pill... And on my forearm, the adventurous lips of the vein suckle these milky—galactic—and venomous words.

I could come on my bib, which is a microphone. *A syringe, an eel and a lighter*—torpedo acceleration! As a galactic crew, my nerves are the dumbest ones that I know. Don't feed me with that crap! Only with your deadly love, oh Mum... Give it to me. Not the poisonous words. But... But, you know. *I know you know!* Give it faster.

These paraphernalia.

Spiral opioid.

Fart and glue, a shortfin eel handle the torpedo speed... I don't need to be cured. *Just the needle!* I don't need to submit to those fucking words or undergo treatment. Healing isn't my thing.

I could burp on my bib, *which is my mic.*

I could burp on my mic, which is my bib: my *bib!* My mic... Ah-ah-ah-ha!

Ah-ah-ah-ha. Ah-ah-ah-ha! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah-ha! Ah-ha!

Derived from maternal excrement expelled by her glucogenic sick glands, my brain is a jellyfish totally freaked in its inability to block pain signals.