

The Artist Teether

Breast full of gossip, speech bubbles in tutus!

He empties himself of anguish—he is in danger—he experiences (IN) the void of a moment of respite—with a breast pump—in this current!

Every artist is a confiscator, and a confectioner, a candy seller. The gesture and movement of the arm, the denied result, never attained, enjoyment and its oblivion of the good breast filled with sleep!

One belch, Bibendum Marshmallow Burps... One again, two belches, three!
The belches of common sense of his neurosis in a bubble of dialogue. Haha!

A speech bubble surrounded by rubber, and an intravenous dick piercing it like an angel's arrow through a heart. Suddenly in the half length of a sentence, his words die out. Cumming at first sight or not! Large neon-lit storefront. A marshmallow tree emerges from it, is extracted from it: a repetition of a long flow of streets—of sweets. That is the song of a pacifier for an Artist.

He has a fever because of it. (Of it.) What do you reckon? Yeah!

Oh oh. Whoa move over with your speech bubble. (Your speech bubble.) A Cupid's infatuation.

Repeat the same gesture and keep repeating.

With a breast pump, massage the good relationship to reproduction, a means that, apart from everything else, the eye has found to dispel its psychosis. It's emptying (it's emptying) the milkman came early this morning. Someone emptied the milk bottle, the breast in the returnable glass! This sympathetic ink jet!

Will it envelop itself, stick its mechanized lips to the manga?

The night (oblivion). Oblivion? (Night!) The slow consolation of this fleeting, deceptive object, masking itself between two galactogenic clouds.

Oh, oh-oh, jolly good.

I'll see you in a fortnight. The milk is in her breast, the mechanical one if ever. Yeah, yeah. Oh mechanical Mama, are you going to buy me a big, beautiful syringe? But mom's breast is a type you can't pie! So, the artist hasn't touched a drop of it.

Each transparency is a marshmallow; it's the seahorse playing the game of Ludo here!
On the enchanted carousel in the little spoon. With rubber, with a shot—a shot.

He talked in a loop. Suddenly, he would stop mid-sentence. And Mother's words vanished, her breasts too! *Cupid's Crush or not!* Filling the bubble speech with nothing than its void; the true artist is wallowing into the mallows—into the mallows. The mall (lower) and so!

One breast is worth less than two you'll get. "Cumming at first sight or not!" Reproduce it, draw it, mechanize it, cut it out, glue it, and repeat!

He spoke in a loop.

Using a breast pump to massage the breasts promotes a healthy relationship with reproduction, a method that, apart from everything else, the eye has found to ward off its psychosis.

It empties the syringe—it empties or—empties itself to. The bubble. (Is it in danger?) Experiences the speech. (IN.) Emptiness. *With a breast pump!*

The transparency of the support in as many lactiferous ducts.

Lover of lactation, shedding his neurosis in the bubble of dialogue, a label with a repetition. Mechanism that duplicates him with his skin: drive absorption around the areola in adolescent masturbation, the dick!

Large neon-lit storefront. A marshmallow tree emerges from it, is extracted from it: a repetition of a long flow of sweets—of streets.

One burp, two burps, three burps! Reproduce and repeat always!

He was speaking on a revolving loop.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, her words faded away. *They die out.* The mechanical mother had run dry, and he, the artist, began to suckle hard, pleading (fill my arm, please, Mama). The old words were in his breath, in that mechanical transparency!

It empties itself (it empties the syringe); it empties itself—in a bubble.
It is in danger! Experiences itself (OUT) emptiness—out in this dream!

A bubble speech with rubber around it, and an intravenous syringe. A Cupid's crush.

For whom, for when, did this animal hand?

Envelop its movement towards love and social acceptance—Out of sated sleep. Adolescent mechanism, the hand!

The gesture and movement of the arm, the denied result, never attained, enjoyment and its forgetting; the good breast filling.

The common sense of its neurosis in a bubble of dialogue and its deferred gratification.

Mummy words die out, and so do her breasts!