

Flying Cans And Other Stuff

Steely waving! My gal has two celestial bodies. I have a huge crush on her. Last night, we were watching a video of tightrope walkers falling. Not very funny! Nerve-wracking; creepy.

Her pupils are two orbs as black as night, as for her iris they cast a showy orange-and-brown flower: a tiger feast! She got a cloud-shaped nightgown. Her bra, overflowing with clouds and absorbent cotton, hangs from the hook on the bathroom door. And then, it doesn't matter.

My palm never lingers on her breasts, but only on the silken down covering her skin. One of the tightrope walkers interviewed claimed that bats could detect a tightrope! A bat?

My gal was wondering... I tried to think it over: I couldn't! How lost I feel sometimes. What did he really have in mind? Couldn't a bird—failing to detect it—see it? So, I pictured myself as a bat hanging from it—and that bat, well, it might have been me before the fall.

Oh, never mind. There she is, all bundled up in her nightgown and nice and warm. So slender, so adorably bony. Thin, not at all tanned, my gal. *A real guy!*

Frying up tin cans and other stuff: that's me.

As for her, she stretches out her arms, relaxing as if extending a dream—a feline come to hunt on the foreshore... So fluffs up the Sun... It ruffles its hair. Thus the Moon swells; overflows with clouds.

Clouds shaped like *cotton wool!*

The strangeness of it: a mirror, a forearm in a reflective pose, removing—along the central axis—a bra necessitated by no bosom!

The sound of the shower curtain rings. The water I imagine enveloping her body—and mine. Memories, now.

Crash at a friend's place! How lost I feel now.

There she is, my love, with her magnificent, breathtaking curves, like those of a tiger lily. One can make out the black pupils in the shadow of her mascara.

Crisis-cross section of my memory: undulation of steel, “cold and amorous,” as Barrie's play puts it!

How to lift a lily, now that I am crippled?

It is as if her closed eyes were two bulbils, each witnessing the birth of Asian flowers translucent dream. A brilliant one, orange and black: *a tiger's feast!* But still, I am the *Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*!

Carrying cans and other odds and ends—or how a rope led me astray: a fall that felt more like a crash than safety net.

But that buds: no bosom but what grace in that fierce beauty—as unsightly is the spectacle of that folded wheelchair beside her endless legs. That buds—and it hurts!

My wheelchair: a string crashes a year ago, an accident—a fall onto my right side—fractured my spine at the level of the pelvis. Cause safety net for artists sucks!

My gal possesses two stars and attains a breathtaking beauty in her sleep; yet, as I gaze at her, I am neither the one who weeps his heart out, nor the one who lets a ceaseless trickle of desire flow on!

Nevertheless, I am burning with desire—I ardently want to make love to her.

And there she is, smiling in her sleep.

And there she is, smiling in her sleep.

Flying cans and other odds and ends, or how I was misled by a rope—a fall that looked more like a crash than a flight.

I now live like a bird trapped in a tin can. A bird?

Yes, a bird in a wheelchair! It isn't absurd—so absurd... If not a bird, thus a bat. *But not tonight.* Cause even a bat can sense a tightrope!

I am—or rather, I was—a tightrope walker and acrobat. Not the one by Nietzsche, most of the time under a big top, but sometimes *in situ*—between two buildings, high above the asphalt.

That's where I fell from last February.

She stretches out her arms, relaxing as if to prolong a dream—a feline come to hunt on the foreshore. And on the foreshore, she finds me walking.

Right now, my queen desire resides in my prostate, which hasn't been affected—unlike my synapses. And now I'm burning, truly craving to suck her feline cock.