

“Genuine Flypaper”

Heat up the stove and turn on the grill. Frolic the sent.
My shopkeeper’s eyes are equipped with a vertically retracting protective shutter. At the sight of words of every stripe, their “red alert” safety mechanism kicks in almost automatically.

Here is a song nicely warmed up!... A little coffee maker all to myself, and—presto—I open up shop!

To the naked eye, it amounts to the same thing: you can find both genuine and bogus shutters, with the latter now coming from the mass market. The steam from the boiling water fogs up the eyes. And so, sometimes, dictionaries.

“Turn the grill, heat the stove;
Heat the cock, lit the grill!
— Turn the grill, heat the stove;
Heat the cock, lit the grill!”

It’s all the same with Chaucer—that scion of wine merchants—was he really so well-shod? I mean heated! I mean, not by heating up his wine, but with words...

Chaucer—warmed-over!...

Here’s a song that really gets things moving! At least, that is what I hope for you.

“Heat the cock, lit the grill;
Turn the grill, heat the stove!” To the naked eye, it amounts to the same thing: One finds both authentic products and counterfeits, with the latter now originating from mainstream retail channels.

No lag with my rolling shutter. No lag at all!

Ah-ah!

Ah-ah! “Unfold my arms...
Dry my drools, fix my soul.”
And so:

“Chill the breath, pulse the blood;
No more load, loaf the meat!”

Dictionaries are sometimes an acceptable substitute for flypaper.

There you have it. Is your flypaper the genuine article? It is important to ask oneself the question. Because words with reversed usage can be found on the market today.

A little coffee maker all to myself, and—presto—I open up shop!

So, what about dictionaries!
Dictionaries! *Dictionaries!*...

For the one who took the lead, a thousand contenders: all of them suitors glottis-afflicted!

All fond of oxymorons?

For every one who actually grabs the mic and tosses aside the academic books, there are ten thousand groupies with swollen tonsils!

So, take a look at it right now!
“Bite my eyes, switch a bit;
Suck my flow, lick my sleeve.”

Is your toilet paper made of authentic material, and is your tongue the perfect tool?

It is important to ask this question, because... in the marketplace of tropes, one finds words today being used *in reverse*.

Here we go!

There are those—the loudmouths! And those who actually take action. The glossator and the glottis-afflicted!
Ten thousand grooves!...

So, now:
“Jolly along the song, buck the chicks,
Then, flaunt your tongue, undo my zip.”

Here we go! *Here we go!*

“Bend the pool, up the flag,
choke the mic;
My cover sucks, and so my lyrics!”

And so, and so:

“Filter the show, beneath the slowdowns:
Exit the bra. Oh ‘*Aha!*’ moment!”

And watch out:

Don’t pet the dog when it’s chewing, you might lose a finger!

“He had six, I got rich;
Kick my bump, wet my hump: tilt the sum,
blast the gear...
Undo wait, rather go!”

“Tear my flesh, sip my bone;
Melt my feels, broke my tears!”

Scattering one’s words in plain sight, there is almost no time delay on my rolling shutter.

Open the shop: Here is a song that solved the mystery of the Moka pot! *Goodbye, bra:* “Aha! moment; aha! moment”—her own personal Brexit.

“Push my neck;
Grasp my cheeks!”

Cool the breath, slow the pulse; the burden is gone, let the flesh rest!

Ah-ah!

“He had six, I came rich;
The sixth was leaking words!”

And then:

“Kick my hump, wet my hump: tip the scales, trip the mechanism...
End the waiting—better to leave!”

Oh yes, *yes:*

“Shatter my tears, my tears!

Close the store;

Put the safety mechanism on ‘red alert’ mode, and thus.”

And thus:

“Block the song, freeze my lips;
Drill my heart: kill my... brain.”