

Lick It Or Not

Messy bed of water.
Sound and its offense, unlinked liaison. Liquid soap!
Selabialized sounds;
The soap bubble's voice, now savvy. Paired adjacent stickers.
Crystal-clear and classic!
Her tongue is given over to sounds, an oval or round yellow nymph with floating genitals.
These capricious, initiated nymphs! Elastic soap bubbles, resourceful... My ass is alienated too early.
Tangled bundle of bubbles! A stormy evening entirely dedicated to the worship of the night's wounds.
The tongue is assigned to sounds. The sounds! Echo of the voice in the incandescent heat.
Molten gold of an unheard-of tongue, yellow sounds expressing themselves in a silent soap bubble, and—pop!
Echo of the voice hollowed out of words.
They say it is blue.
Like a sticker on the back of the silvering; and yet that is where it comes from!
Echo of the voice in the pack-saddle of the mist.
Petty trade in words around a branch harnessed to the aching weave of the flesh—to be transformed by the unexpected.
Labial sounds;
Foam and bubbles, speech and babble.
Echo of the voice carved into the quick-witted words.
A few% lower. Ouch! Oh. Oh no—oh dear. Immediate intervention required. Crank-operated gossip mill and wood pigeon nesting box...
And now, you're done it!
A stormy evening wholly dedicated to the worship of nocturnal pleasures.
An overflowing bathtub.
Full of bubbles!
Whereas the whip of the air is its lightning, meant to fertilize the city.
The tongue is given over to sounds.
Sound and its offense, a broken link!
Unrounded sounds...
The voice of the soap bubble, quick-witted.
Small trade in words around a branch yoked to the aching weave of the flesh—to be transformed by the unexpected.
Limpid and classical "pop!"
Messy bed of water.
As speech bubbles we let ourselves start talking too easily.
Adjacent stickers paired up;
Bodies coupled face-to-face!
This desire to be seen—a desire etched in scars—is merely a masochism of sounds.
One yellow and the other blue.
A clear sound unfolding within the polysemic cloud.
And another sound.
Those of a bed in disarray with unmade sheets!
Sounds of a sun-dog rumbling between the lips of the dream—to be validated in a classic block!
A few% off!
Oh dear, oh. Oh no—oh dear; *now*. Immediate PQ.
Now wiser!...
The cloud's penchant for flight!
But against all odds, it came back.
An entire stormy evening dedicated to the worship of the plagues of the night.
Language is affected by sounds.
The tongue is affected too soon. Lips with milky babbling sounds!

Lyrics: Brigit Eichhorn.