

Mint-colored Sunglasses

Oooh. Oooh-Oooh-Oooh. Oooh-Oooh-Oooh. Oooh-Oooh-Oooh—Oooh.
Oooh. Oooh-Oooh-Oooh—Oooh-Oooh-Oooh.

Redheads hips!

The redheads and their embryo on borrowed time in the gap of my tongue! Am I the true sissy, am I? “Yes, indeed.” The redheads are regrouping: “Bang!” (Whip, wimp...) They are reflected in the four mirrors in our bedroom, which is also her occasional workplace. And again, bang twice, hence and so: “Bang-bang!”

Flat pebbles, ricochets of meanings, polysemous freaks. Her words were laconic. Redheads hips! One, and two, and three! And one, and two, and three! And two, and three!

Love dance in ballerina flats and BDSM thigh-high boots. Ooooh. Oooh-Oooh—Oooh-Oooh-Oooh. Oooh-Ooots! Oooh-Oooh. Oooh-Oooh-Ooots... Oooh-Oooh—Oooh-Oooh-Oooh. My mother tongue is cracked up!

Is her womb a retard hatch?

Here are plenty of left-wing drops of sweat embedded in my skin and she licks it. *She licks it.* Licks it! *Licks it!* No need for a troll factory or bots—and boots for no comments. *My casual shoelaces.* No. No need... But, but well. Do I have to hang myself?

Well, nothing is ever a slam dunk for the tongue, isn't it? Lips of delay. E-ey...

Poetic infringement, reversal hand.

My everyday redhead is named Daisy, but she doesn't want to hear about it and insists on a Panda. *Panda*, is that a real name? *Panda*, isn't that a freak nickname? As for me, I am a drag. A heavy one. A true geek of shitty stuffs. *Like some no-known fanzine and kind of dildo for my brain.* Suicide belonging to the rogue embryo after an obstetric singularity: the leftist boots of the “barricade” discovering a server are sweating. Retard lips. Time to split!

And one, and two, and three! Lift your leg... And one, and two, and three! Lift your leg... Up the knee! E; e-e-e-e-e; e-e-e... Up! Up! Up! The barricade of teeth. Her teeth, mine, our. Ou-our. Ou-ou—ou-ou-ou-our.

And so I always talk on the freckles side of the tongue! *The freckles side of it!* Her tongue—or mine, in a state of second sifting of the flour of words. As for me, I am not an umbrella, I am not that kind of multiple-fold—whale mouth or somewhat with my kinky part—or a Singer sewing machine.

I am just a portion of krill: some shrimps. Some kind of a lunge feeder.

“It looks like a little hobo.” She said, and was speaking of my cock! But isn’t funny, cause mine has got a harelip. Panda then rewarded me with a winking sketch. Are redheads the blood cells of my fake penis, which is actually a vagina?

An interstellar space: and it's necessary to fill my silicone-lined polyurethane vulva. A vanilla vagina, not so far away from her chocolate ass!

Hum-hum-hum. Hum-hum.

Sometime it happens that redheads are so scrawny, and also so yummy! (So yummy!) *Yummy!* So scrawny. E-e...

Redheads hips! Her pithily words: the swaying of her head, the smacking of her knees during the striptease! Is this a joke? And then, then. Her scarlet lipstick stuck to mine, a flashy green. Hers gently touch... mine, and our silicone-covered breasts too.

Redheads hips! Time to split!

(Deep breath—Inhalation.)

My everyday redhead is named Daisy, but she doesn't want to hear about it and insists on a Panda. “It's my eyes,” she said upon waking, after a sleepless night, “and anti-wrinkle and puffy eye creams can't do anything about it, Not even the face mask with its two cucumber slices.”

One, and two, and three! And one, and two, and three! And one, and two! Dancing love! And a butch women's dress code! And point your toes! Love dance in ballerina flats and BDSM thigh-high boots. My casual shoelaces.

My lips, her lips. Fill the void. Open the mouth. My lips, her lips. Fill the void. Open your mouth. My lips, her lips. Fill the void. Open my mouth. An O, a U, an I, an A. An O, a U, an I, an A, and so on. Oooh-Oooh—Oooh. Oooh-Oooh!

Redheads heap!

Her uterus is not a breeding ground for late bloomers. *For late bloomers!*

The side of my tongue covered in their saliva, enveloped with bran. I lick the ass of words. So what? Is this a joke? Are redheads having a blast on the barricades of words? Are they? *Are redheads having a blast on the barricades of words?* Are they? Oh, sure...

Is this a joke?

And then, *then*.

Then she will dig her nails into my flesh until they bleed—e-eed...

Panda, isn't that a weird nickname? Is that? */s That?* Is that! */s that?* Panda, isn't that a weird *nickname?* As for me, I am a triolet all by myself.

Me, I'm a real klutz. A total klutz. A hardcore geek, a fan of lame stuff. Like a niche fanzine and some kind of dildo for my brain.

And again: do I have to hang myself with my shoelaces?

Do I have to hang myself?

And one, and two, and three! Lift your leg... Your knee! Up! Up! Up! Up-higher-ey-er!

Hey-hey-hey-hey. Hey-hey-hey-hey. Hey-hey-hey-hey. Hey-hey-hey-hey. Hey-hey-hey-hey. Hey-hey-hey-hey... Hey-hey.

Hum-hum-hum.

Lyrics: Ethan & Tilly Hall
from the poem *Rehearsal Land*