

Studies Of The Flatulent Bowel

The storm was gathering. I have to face up to that fact. And then, the sky has no limits whatsoever. Here we go. Whoopsie daisy!

My ass is a full-on brand one!

It required them the last amount of effort to know that.

However, it doesn't like showoffs. And so, sometimes I lose my marbles. What comes next came thick and it came fast.

Fast and in smooth moves—clearing throat. Squeezing my groins—here are the scummy pop-ups.

Oh, excuse me. I haven't introduce myself, have I?

Coated in dehydrated barley residue, I'm catatonic this morning; even with my brain, my coffee substitute isn't working!

In other words, with my ass—that dedicated writing organ. Is that shocking? A cat-aclysmic brain fart. And I am no big hairney.

It was a one-shot redemption fart. So to explain it I'm going back. Basically, the heavens opened and it was absolutely chucking it down.

Clutching my crotch—a sordid, frothy window suddenly springing up!

But, lo and behold, It was not wet, not wet at all. So again, I'm going back onto its grid slot.

Flashing before the mirror, out of nowhere you see the moon. A total ass-in-mouth moment!

Well, now hear me out.

What a guilli party!

Between intimacy and a blaze of glory, photographers are sometimes the social x-ray activists. There are just the men of the moment.

Some of them are just battling for the top spot on the podium. Others simply strive to obtain the fastest snapshot of sodium.

I had no desire to hear any brilliant speeches from that ridiculous, pompous windbag!

To say it short, as his legs were.

To say it aloud, however short and throaty the tree metallic pods of his apparatus weren't.

Ring a bell!

Do you owe me anything on purpose?

Maybe or yes indeed, and vice versa.

Let him look directly on that.

Without any distortion of the photographic proof and, I hope, without spelling mistakes of overexposed words—if so, fill in and correct them—this nanopoeetry for an unbreakable blue-eyed charmer tells us what a flash bulb is!

I cleared my throat twice.

Yesterday I met a bright photographer whose flash twinkles like a flickering star.

At that very moment, surprised as much as frozen, for a split second, I thought: "What a very curious man!"

Not so nosy. He was, indeed, in a certain way; but very very strange, and somehow more and so—for he mimed a facile misogynistic speech.

He was indeed draped behind this trickery curtain of words, just like his ancestor under whatever it was—is still all dark!

So, my cis soul mimicking a straight woman, next time just tell him—by focusing on the words and trying to settle your tongue a little, one that is poetically appropriate—that to you, a car is just a shoe.

To him, women are nothing more than a pair of shoes—or boots, thigh-high boots! Two holes for his socks, and a third one as a spare tire?

Staring from a wide open angle with the ironical tip of a retinal persistence, tell him that just as your plain shoved shoes are no vulva, then his penis is not snoring as a bellows, not anymore.

And leave it there, to the queen's good kiss!

Leave it for a logical little nerd trip from your sadistic optic nerves to his own bright brain cells—

leave it starring straight to your very hairy face through its anal fate...

What a big, ridiculous show-off!

He hovers over the feces! I can't grow hard in it. Why are they so hell-bend onto the girls' bra. It's beyond me.

As for the girls, they either cooperate or go into a state of total shock! That was the case for me.

And this very photographer, a very cocky and quick witted too, was caught bulb-handed.

He couldn't cool his jets. Always hard on his camera!

It beats me at the first look at him.

Mhm...

As I haven't said yet, some brains—mainly men's—are veritable whoopee cushions! I haven't said it yet—although I certainly thought it out loud.

It's hearsay.

There's not a hell of a lot to go on.

Or in the ear, if we stick to the metaphor and our subject.

But do not dwell on it for too long, nor with too much zeal.

All I wanted was to save my lily white ass and keep a deeply misogynistic photographer from taking a picture of it.

From that ridiculous fat blowhard!