

The Warden's Dolls

(*Breathing.*)

Speech, speech, speech!

You and those disconcerting speeches, fired off at full tilt!

Leaking bevel. It's over, I'm not peeing anymore: the cystitis chapel has claimed me again! First date: romance; second date: boredom; third date: breakup. I'm not your dysfunctional hotel room; I'm not anymore anything to you!

G-string of consciousness! I'm not... I'm not a disposable fuck!

Romance with a little spoon. Boredom with your kisses. Breakup with the flush. Blood and skin. Kiss and jeans. Secure waistband! Here are my form-fitting outfits! For my fucking superficial cubital vein. *Kiss my lips, slit my heart. The solidarity of women who embrace motherhood is a weapon: that of the patriarchy!* Here I am, sitting alone on the toilet seat, attempting the impossible and painful act of peeing.

G-string of consciousness!

Tender embraces: rubber against my flesh. Is my skin the enemy of your metallic kisses? You inflict a brutal break upon me after the kick. *"Tongue-in-cheek! Song that leaks... Wrong and sick! Wrong and sick!"* That's a song about a scandal in thongs! Ah-ah! *Flirt, first turd.* Lovers' spot, losers' jar. My panties, your pouch-front briefs!

Laugh and mock! Bevel's shaft: leaking right-angle fuck. Seamless style talk! Evil chitchat! Don't you dare taking my little uterine sheath for an IV syringe disposal bin! I'm not your dysfunctional hotel room; I'm not a special box for discarding them!

Ooh-oo-ooh!

"Lock it away." That's it, I can't pee anymore: the curse of cystitis has struck me again! Struck me again... Blood and skin. Kisses under the jeans: it's a flip, it's a flop!

The solidarity of women who embrace a drug dealer is an implement of war: that of capitalism! And stop that sarcastic comment on my skin! My barrel, your plunger? "Yuck!" That disgusting head performed with the metal tip! Does my stylized way of speaking prevent you from feeling things as you should? Does the way I urinate make it hard for you to see clearly?

The rubber bands used to stimulate the basilic vein of the forearm. Here are my bodycon outfits! I was smack in the middle of the junk spectrum.

First date, second, third. The lovers' nook, the losers' piggy bank.

Don't you dare mistake my little uterine pouch for a sharps bin!

First, second, and last dating.

Lovers' spot, losers' jar. String, tongs: scandalous fuck!

You were mistaking my little uterine sheath for a trash can for IV syringes!

Tender hugs. Odious kick! Does my Sibyl-like cunt prevent you from hearing clearly? The enemy of your kisses. The womanhood in action. A brutal breakup. Go to hell with these quizzical speeches!

Wrong and sick! Bla-bla-bla... Blah! Blow your apeshit!

I would be left alone, worn out by you sitting on the toilet seat.

That's it, I can't pee anymore: the cystitis curse has singled me out again! Ooh-ooh! Out again... Ooh-ooh!

But wait, wait a moment! Wrong and sick? Let's talk effortless style! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Sing and lick! Let's talk about it: my flip-flops never get wet!