

Trashed Wombs

Shut your mouth, girl "O"!
Shut it down, your are a tox kid! Woo—hoo—hoo!
"O", you're going to be cooked between its thighs!

Woo—hoo—hoo!

All non-proletarians are depicted there being hacked to pieces before being fed to the printing presses—and for them, too, including an impressive number of low-level white-collar workers, hired proofreaders, and other unskilled laborers of the trade, this marks the onset of the m-word, the great "M", the capital "M" monitoring the killing, the big fat "M" shaped like a "W". Monitor is thinking.

A yellow double-u to gauge time, a carpenter's rule to measure space. As "O" did. Playing chick. Ink! Ink! Ink! Everything that smears is prone to devouring the eyes of the letter! And so, like bibs for men, the "O" one is the perfect chest.

But listen to me.

"The prefix of your set with 'M', its me. I am the measure, and the metronome! I am the 'W' guy—and the father! The prefix to your 'M series'."

Some children are nothing more than an offset print—or at the very least, a photocopy! Happy, happy, happy, happy, hap'... Let a "W" meet an "O", and all measurements are thrown off! That's usually called an incest. A small treasure chest filled with tenderness—that "O"!

Sometimes, the letter "W" cheats; it betrays you, and there you are, all soiled. Back to the "M". M-M-M-M-M-M... "M" is there, always for the "W", it's a true consolation and their accomplice.

I've said now!

Shut your mouth, girl "O"!

Oh-oh-o-oo-oh!

Shut it down, your are a tox kid! Woo—hoo—hoo! "O", you're going to be cooked between its thighs! Woo—hoo—hoo!

Do you have your last weekly issue? Ink rollers would keep on turning, and so the rubber blanket! The one used for inking. *Watch out* the water! Heat! Heat! Heat! Monitor the inking. Heat! Heat! Heat! Heat!

"W" fucks it all right—right in the chest of the "O"! As for the word starting with P—like "prolo", that infinitesimal, universal slave; the word beginning with the letter "P", like "parasol" or "patriarchy"—we shall not speak of it. Let us not get sidetracked; let us focus on the subject instead. "P" is not relevant; it does not appear as a subject in the latest edition. I mean "P" as a letter—like "service provider" or "privileged person". It's not relevant. All the words with a "P" are not relevant, because "P" means nothing. Only "M" and "W" matters.

That is not relevant. All words containing a "P" are irrelevant,
because the "P" means nothing. Only the "M" and the "W" count.

As for "O", it's a liar; that letter contains nothing but a pack of shameless bald-faced lies! When a "W" meet a "M", they are fucking hard to get an "O". If that's the case, then fuck it! Hard "O"?

"How to form a circle using two hardwood carpenter ruler with or without brass hinges?" I ask you! All "Os" must be muted! They will. And if they don't, *beware!* A small treasure chest full of tenderness—that's what an "O" is! Silent. Silent.

Silent. Watch out the water! Heat! Heat! Heat! Monitor the inking. Heat! Heat! Heat! And watch your mouth, kiddo! Get off Mom! I'm your "What her". Instead, touch my son, the very "I"!

Shut your mouth, girl "O"!

Oh-oh-o-oo-oh!

Shut it down, your are a tox kid! Woo—hoo—hoo! "O", you're going to be cooked between its thighs! Woo—hoo—hoo! Oh! turn—nude words: turn yourselves in! The printer and its invisible ink will catch you... It will! It will...

Unh!

Lyrics: NEH, Keith McGinnis.