

Are They Really Wearable Painting

Death is a sour gift for Hogmanay! ^{Huff...} My D*d is dead; he was in a car accident.

Mom and I were shopping at the hypermarket; he had gone to ^{Inhale...} fill up the tank. He was struck, mowed down just as he was about to pay—right between two gas pumps!

It was the day before New Year’s Day... It’s a song about Grandma, and also MDMA. Not about D*d, D*d is gone... It’s for real.

The elderly couple involved in the accident survived—one escaping with barely a scratch, the other with some severe injuries. So, what is there to say, other than to fill the void left by the one I lost when I was seven?

Aah! See my sour tongue: “Oh, don’t stop!” What? They got smacks... Extenuating circumstances, a speeding fine or something of the sort, and there you go! The man was inebriated... But it was his wife who was driving. My ass, and my lost! Not drunk, just “inebriated”.

“They paid the fees for a corpse!” my mother sobbed. “And that’s it!”

I corrected her: “They paid the fees for a body, a soul and a good man—my father’s! And that’s that! Goodbye, D*d! What a waste for New Year’s Day!” New Year’s Day, my foot!

“I wish you immense joy!”

So I sang, turning back the clock a few days: “Who’s afraid of the Chr*stmas tree? Chr*stmas tree? Chr*stmas tree? Goddammit! Who’s afraid of Grandma’s Chr*stmas tree?”

“Listen to me closely, you neo-bright little pigtail!” Mom yells!

So, before she goes further with the sermon, I f*ck my mouth closed, and clench my ass tight—tight enough to hurt. Every year, at time for New Year’s Eve, it’s a stitch for mourning.

Some people have transients or the homeless to think about and give to; I have only a deceased father.

“Mourning,” what a word!

Since that day I have a weird way of remembering things... I simply sniff. D*d is dead, he had a crash car. A so avoidable, stupid car accident. Gosh... I just snorting it. I mean about Granny, also the MDMA.

It’s serious stuff.

It involves sitting on the toilet and masturbating. I filmed a video of her with my phone. Howdy, old f*ck! Granny’s always prone to that... Ahem. Whatever it is!...

This was videoed while she was making the “I scratch my beard” gesture, which involves a slight nod of the clit. They say time stands still. I am no longer in my early teens, but back then, I had been in shock.

“Gail, I need some help to fetch my walker!

— Sorry Grandma but I have to flee.”

What a glee, her cunt is so unconstrained! “Could you bring her walker over the bed and help her with the morning wash?”

Oh, I can’t... I bite my lip; but I remain silent ‘cause Grandma has always had a soft spot for atypical objects.

“Do it right now,” Mom shrieks: *paraphonically!* “Geez, Mom, I got to go to that swap meat place with some friends. — The fleas again!” Ann is always on my back. If Granny needs something, it falls on me!

“Aww, Mom!

— Now you listen to me. First of all, there’s no such thing as ‘Oh, Mom!’; secondly, if you don’t do it, you’ll lose your next weekly allowance.”

I made no reply, except to myself. That is a compelling argument, because I could do without it. Petty cash my ass, and what about selling mine? She adds: “You are such a stubborn child. I have said ‘now’! In other words, without delay or any ‘buts’ whatsoever!” There! Ouch!

She said what she had to say!

“Pff! Fine, whatever. But I’m in a hurry.” I just sniff that. It’s serious stuff. Mom is a social worker. A sociologist or kind of.

“Little loo,

little loo, let’s go to the little loo. No, not by the hair on Granny butt, butt, butt. Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your loo out!”

That is a part-song for my my late father, and an abundant joy—that of a generous latex god for Grandma!

“Pff! Fine, whatever!”

When you snort this stuff, the floodgates of your nostrils fly wide open. My nostrils, her old holes... A lesson never learned: never say never! So you crush up a pill and put it in your ass—a crystal pill, or the glowing star atop the Chr*stmas tree itself, in all its splendor! Glory to the puckered hole of a Holly Cunt! That really gets on my nerves! Always fiddling with her ass, Grandma was not a thrill-seeker. But she is prone to sudden mood swings.

That’s piss me off!

Oh!... Oh-oh-oh!... Oh!... Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh!... Oh!... Pa-pa; pa-pa; pa-pa-p’at! Ah... ... Ah!... Ah!-Ah!-ah!-ah!... Ah-ah; ah-ah; ah-ah... Pa-pa; pa-pa; pa-pap’ at!

Since my d*d death, I barely could stand elderly people! A tarp on her head, and then — *bam!* Off the track Granny! Her ass is no coffee; it’s sad brown piss and shit. And I have to wash it...

Mom always want me to sip on her bullshiting complains! She says that I have to understand, that she was r*pe à nine!

Maybe, but so what?

Like a pre-teen girl picking her nose and eating her boogers, she keeps digging around in her ass and then sucking on whatever she pulls out.

She is flipping the f*ck out!

Poking inside the tangled scrap of her butt... “Hey, old hairy bag!” I asked her daughter in my head. “Did Grandma always have a thing for that paraphilia?”

(Inhale — huff!)

Fine, whatever!

Lyrics: Gail McBride.