

Bound In Femininity

Come here my little red bud; let me see your pretty panties! Come on, come here, be grateful: Grandma bought you a cute small two-piece swimsuit, printed with tiny orange ladybugs with black spots.

Maybe she'll do the same?

I mean, with the ladybugs. So... So?

Alert and motionless, a straw in our mouths, we begin to sip strawberry or mint syrup. *Once in a while, she asks for an extra glass.* Then I slid my index and middle fingers over the sensitive spot, rubbing them against her little red bud. On my memory book, the winged insect finally flew away. *Since then, we have been passing on this intergenerational practice.*

We have killed both God and the Father. But our fingers are still there! Sooner or later, my granddaughter will likely read this poem dressed in AI.

Maybe she'll do the same?

I mean, with the ladybirds...

She was seized by convulsions in her pretty panties, which had to be removed. My two fingers first; then the fabric all wet.

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Once in a while her shadows hobnobbed with my skin! My blouse collar will long bear the mark of its passing. Frozen ladybug on spring. Things are changing, fathers become mothers and mothers become selfies.

No need to read Butler.

I've bought it 23 dollars bill. The smear was a pale blue elytron-shaped shadows on its white fabric. By an astonishing coincidence, its small body—resembling a yellow hemisphere dotted with black—landed on the word I was reading. I couldn't bring myself to drive it away. Motionless, the ladybug remained on the word for a while, then began to crawl toward the edge of the sheet. I couldn't read the rest. So, I let myself drift into a bit of daydreaming. In my mind, the book *Gender Trouble* has metamorphosed into a ladybug turmoil. *I have in no way repressed a latent desire for interspecies eroticism.*

The bug was my book;

My butt was the ladybird.

I ran my index and middle fingers over the right spot, rubbing them against my jeans. It came to pass that the winged insect flew away. I pressed the movement to reach it. I came in my panties, which had to be taken off.

Sooner or later, my granddaughter will likely read this poem dressed in AI. Maybe she'll do the same? I mean, with the ladybugs...

Then her mother will take her on her lap and tell her a nursery rhyme while rocking her gently. "Granny was a hemispherical insect; Her backside was made up of two elytra," and so on. This little lullaby will be titled "Bound In Femininity".

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Come here my little red bud; let me see your pretty panties! Come on, come here, be grateful: Grandma bought you a cute small two-piece swimsuit, printed with tiny orange ladybugs with black spots.

"Maybe she'll do the same?

I mean with the ladybugs !" So, so alert and motionless, a straw in our mouths, we begin to sip strawberry or mint syrup. *Once in a while, she asks for an extra glass.* Then I slid my index and middle fingers over the sensitive spot, rubbing them against her little red bud. On my memory book, the winged insect finally flew away. *Since then, we have been passing on this intergenerational practice.* I intensified the movement to reach her climax. She shuddered with pleasure in her pretty panties, which had to be taken off. Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah!

Ah! My cunt is the cutest killing machine. But it's not always happy-go-lucky in your bed. But in the bathtub, during bath time, we keep this tradition alive. *Alert and motionless, a straw in our mouths.* I have in no way repressed within myself a latent desire for interspecies eroticism. The bug was my book; and my butt is a ladybird, but I have to de-evelize your tiny knickers first! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah!

Come here my little red bud; the family tree is ready for your. *Ready for you.* The family tree is ready for a kamasutra trial. Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah! Ah! We have killed both God and the Father. Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah! But our fingers are still there! Sooner or later, my granddaughter will likely read this poem dressed in AI.

"Maybe she'll do the same?

I mean, with the ladybirds..."

She was seized by convulsions in her pretty panties, which had to be removed. My two fingers first; then the fabric all wet. Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah! *Ah-ah-ah-ah!* Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah! *Ah-ah-ah-ah!*... Ah!