

I'm Not Your F... Mother, So Get Lost!

Look, it's raining on and on!

The woman is at the window, her gaze unfocused and drifting into the distance. That distance barely spans the street before running up against the facing facade.

Oh! Wow, what a sight: nothing!

Let's just say she's an old, worn-out—but kind—whore who lives at the level of her forearms. And that her tongue, too, rests at the floor of her mouth!

Now, she hardly recognizes me. But can I describe her like this: constantly slumped over and barely presentable. Her tongue is swollen and, oh! Never mind, it's that fucking piercing. And the other thing, too—all the stuff she injects underneath.

Across the street there is no vista!

You can look straight ahead, but you won't see nothing unless you cast your gaze above the apartment building. Reaching up to the sky, past the various power lines, cables, and fiber optics.

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I have my own mule—someone to carry a gram every now and then. It's not big deal, nothing to make a fuss about!

No one will miss the Moon...

More like crossed paths—as in, I spotted my target—rather than actually met. It was simple, easy, and quick.

The Moon can be empty or full; it all depends on the gentleness of Elizabeth. She covers me for everything related to deliveries.

Not everything passes through the conduits buried beneath the sidewalks, rising up through the ducts and then continuing via the vertical service shafts.

Time has passed; it has served me well. She has, too.

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Listen, it's raining; the wind drives the drops against the picture windows. *Shitty weather!*... Her eyes are like those shadowy shapes—watery and rain-filled—that seem to flood the wooden floor! Where does she get all that water, for crying out loud! The addiction ought to have withered her kidneys by now, after all those tears... Oh! Fuck it. Those are junkie tears! Is she sore?

Once I had stolen her residence permit, I threatened her with a razor blade to make her comply. I just slide the cheek a little bit. And stroked the eyelid, too. But gently—so that she fully understands. At the time, she barely knew me. Neither did I, actually.

To me, she was—and still is—just a chick, a wearer: my very own pack gal! And now... Now! There she is, slumped but presentable—and you'd never have guessed she was in a journey.

Before she became a career of mine, I put her in a drug den. What she had to do was easy. Nothing complicated!

Unless you're hoping for a bullet in the head—bang! She was supposed to serve as my cover for these dealings. That was the plan!

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Now, she's an old, washed-up whore—but a nice one—who lives down at the level of her cunt. Under a bridge, in fact. But still alive. Almost—just barely. Well, that was fifteen years ago; now she injects it into her genitals. Look, it's raining on and on!

"Can I have a free gram...?" she whined. Sorry, I'm not like that!

Liz is a FtM addict. It has had surgical pathways. Is she sore? I have met her in a dope-fiend flat. I already told that. What I wouldn't say is that I left her there to die like some old critter—a rat. A scrawny little rodent in a miniskirt, black fishnets, and that orange leotard that hugged her size-S bust so damn well!