

Miss Mohini's Hubcaps

Baloo, Da... Bee, dah bah... Bee... do! Does Baloo sleepwalk in the comic books? Boom-boom! Badass boom! Baloo isn't in the loo.

Heat! He-e-e! He-eat! He-e-e-e-e-eat. He-eat! The banana peel is its speech bubble. He-e-e! Hit-eat! Is Baloo smoking his Havana cigar? Boom, boom, badass... boom, badass groom, boom! Baloo-oo! Baloo eats bananas as a badass! boom, boom-boom! Boom, boom! Boom! Your heart is a clunker. Boom, badass boom, badass boom, boom-boo-oo-oom! Write your song with archetypes! Hip, hip, hips! Head. Boom. (Boom...) Badass boom. Badaboom. Baboom. Boom. Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! <sup>Yodel.</sup> Ah! Badass boom! Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Miss Moh' was born in Jaruco. Boo-oo-oo-boom, boo-oo-oo-oo-oo-boom! Boom, Baloo undoubtedly has a cry, a song, a growl, a moan, or a call, but he is not human. He is a fictional bear. A fictional bear with a hairy ass that rubs. Baloo! Baloo eats raw bananas! Boom, boom-boom! Raw bananas and hot chocolate! Oh! Baloo, Baloo-Baloo eat! Heat! Heat! (Heat!) Heat! Heat! Heat! Heat! He-e-eat! Hit-hit-hit! Hit-hit-hit! Hit-hit-hit!

Heat! Eat! He-e-e. Boom. Boom-boo-oo-boom badass! badass boom. Baloo's broom! Badass groom, bloom-room! Baloo, Baloo! Baloo eats bananas, eats bananas as a badass! Boom, boom-boom! Boom, boom! Boom-boo-oo-oom! Boom, boom, boom! Your heart is a clunker. Boom, boom, boom, badass boom, badass boom, boom-boom! Boom-boom! AI or love—we're dancing! Boom, boom. Badass boom! Write your song with archetypes! Hip, hip, hips! Head. Boom, badass boom, badass boom, badass, boom-boom! Boom! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Miss Mohini is in love, in love... oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Naked snake, oh, oh, my! Speech bubble devoid of any text: AI undoubtedly has a voice, but it's not Baloo's! Does Baloo use a ripe banana? No, he doesn't. Not now, nor ever.

Ooh-ooh! Oom... Boom, boom, badass boom, Baloo, Baloo! And so hold on when there is nothing in you except the will which says to them: “Let's dance!” And so, they docilely submit their own will to yours. Wow! Wow! Baloo, Baloo! Ooh-oo-ooh!

Docilely submitting to an AI-driven breast augmentation—in tune with the ideal of unreality sweeping through her era or region—Miss Moh' sports a pair of hubcaps that she offers up to any palms eager to rest upon them; they are the new moon and the full moon, worn like a bra-ah-ah—like two knowing wood pigeons tending their nest, watching over it—fondling her so incessantly, with such persistence that their fingers eventually detach and fall away, resembling long, slender feathers.

All this is fine and lovely above the hips, where a trace of her youthful years still lingers—that era when she let herself be carried by intercontinental winds and the radiant clarity of her adolescence. It is her engine that poses a problem. Miss Moh' is from the French West Indies. Below the hips, but also above the shoulders: the head! These two elements call to mind a new moon and a full moon.

Boom, boom. Boom badass boom! Split banana with pears: Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh... oh! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and badass boom! Bloom-gloom! Clear resistance on dance floor! Miss Moh', Miss Moh', Miss Moh'. Boo-oo-oom, boom, moon. Boom Baloo, Baloo! Is Baloo sleepy? And so hold on when there is nothing in you. Ooh-ooh! Boom, boom, loom boom shoes. Badass bloom, boom-boom! Boom, boom, boom, boom! Loom, boom-boo! Loom, boom, boo! Is Baloo in the loo? The loops! Boom! Baloo is eating bananas. Heat! Boom... Boom. Badass boo. Om... Boom-doom. Baloo is eating its bananas! <sup>Last badass!</sup> Leans in the loo. Boom-mhm! <sup>Bubble-bubble-bubble...</sup>

Baloo only diet of on honey and chocolate and banana! Bubble-bubble-bubble... <sup>Bubble-bubble-bubble-bubble...</sup>

Boom-boom! Boom-boom! (Badass boom, bloom-gloom!) <sup>Badass-boom!</sup>

<sup>Boom, boom, badass boom, badass boom, boom-boom!</sup> Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! <sup>Bloom-gloom!</sup> Miss Moh' and Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Her secondary lover is an Indian grey mongoose! Ooh-ooh... ooh-ooh! Ooh... Ooh-ooh... Ooh! Ooh-ooh... Oh! Oh-oh! Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Baloo-ooh-ooh-Baloo!

Badass-loo! <sup>Ooh-ooh!</sup> Badass-loom! <sup>Oh-oh-oh!</sup> Badass-loom! Badass-loops! <sup>Oh-oh! Oh-oh!</sup> Badass-boo! Badass-boom! Boom, boom, boom, boom! Boom!

<sup>Badass boom.</sup> Boom-boom! Ooh-ooh-ooh-mhm. (Badass boom!) Baloo only diet of on honey and chocolate and banana! Booh-ooh-<sup>mhm</sup>-boom. Ooh-ooh. Ooh-oom-<sup>mhm</sup>. (Boom-booh. Ooh-ooh! Ooh-mhm. Badass boom!)

Badass boom! Badass boom! Boo-ooh-ooh-ooh-mhm. Trade, he-e-e... He-e-e-e... he-e... He... He-e-e... He-e-e... Hill! Ooh-ooh... ooh-ooh! Ooh... Ooh-ooh... Ooh! Ooh-ooh... Exploring the key! Tikki-Tavi! Her secondary lover is an Indian grey mongoose! Bah! Ah-ah! Ah... Ooh-ooh... ooh-ooh! Ooh... Ooh-ooh... Oh! Oh-oh! Baloo-ooh-ooh... Baloo!

<sup>Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!</sup> Boom-boom! Badass-boom! <sup>Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!</sup> Boom-boom! Badass-boom... <sup>Ah! Ah-ah-ah!</sup> Miss Moh' lives in the loo. <sup>Boom.</sup> Badass-boom! <sup>Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!</sup> Baloo only diet of on honey and chocolate and banana! <sup>Ah-ah-ah! Boom-boom-boom!</sup> Boom-boom! (Bad add-ass boom, bloom-gloom!) Badass-boom! Badass-boom! Boom-boom! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Heat! Bloom-gloom! Miss Moh' and Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Her secondary lover is an Indian grey mongoose! Oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Baloo! Her head is a balloon, and her backside, a speech bubble! And, as luck would have it, here comes a story about AI just as its power has plummeted. It's the botched attempt, the absence of will, the metamorphosis of her soul aborted into a pile of shit. Does Miss Moh' portray Mowgli as an MTF transsexual character? Chocolatey poop blended with banana. Miss Moh' is found of prickly pears. Really? But, butt, butt... don't forget to write your song with archetypes and an effective arsenal of pliable keys to tinker with close at hand.

Bungle and botch! That's what shapes the foot, the heel, and the calf! They are swinging! They are swinging! The skull, the hips! Munching on chocolate for a dose of calcium, swallowing banana for the right vitamins and plenty of potassium... sucking on an ecstasy pill while staying hydrated: it's the dance floor where AI-generated heavy beats make everything vibrate, roar, and spiral. Bungle-ungle-ungle-ungle-ungle bungle and botch! That's what shapes the foot, the heel, and the calf! They are swinging! They are swinging! The skull, the hips! The verses sway—AI-generated verses, versatile and sharp! High heels and espadrilles! Botch and bungle! Oh, how they swing at an awkward angle! Heads in the jungle! Hips that tangle! Hands that mingle... Oh! how bling-bling that look! Fumbling and crumbling: dancing from every angle! Oh! What brilliance! Even the cack-handed can touch your breasts! Oh! Wow! Bungling and collapsing: We aren't cisgender—we know what that entails! It's the botched attempt, the absence of will, the metamorphosis of her soul aborted into a pile of shit. But, butt... But!... That shit right there is something else—it's chocolatey poop with a banana glaze. It's another way of modifying the pixels in your head. But, but: butt... don't forget to write your song with archetypes and an effective arsenal of pliable keys to tinker with close at hand.

Boom! Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Badass boom. Boom-boom! Badass: boom, boom! Boom! Boom-boom! Badass! Boom-boom! Boom! “Did he sleep well?” Boo! Baloo, Boo! Cuba, Cuba. Miss lives in Cuba... Ah... Ah-ah! Ah! Boom-boom. Boom-boom! Badass: boom, boom! Boom-boom! Badass! Boom-boom! Boom! Badass! Boom! “Did he sleep well?” Boo! Baloo, Boo! Cuba, Cuba. Miss lives in Cuba... Ah... Ah-ah! Ah! Boom-boom! Badass boom. Boom-boom! Badass: boom, boom! Boom! Boom! Badass! Whoever! Boom-boom! Boom! Boom! Hey! Sleep whoever! Boom-Baloo! Ooh-bah!-ooh-bah! Miss lives in Cuba! Baloo, Baloo! Ballo eats raw bananas! But these cinnamon ones are a real treat! Boom, boom-boom! Raw bananas, cinnamon and hot chocolate! Oh! Baloo, Baloo! Miss Moh' is a badass blond! And she is in love! Ooh-ooh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh! Oh... Oh! Oh-oh! Oh-oh! Bah-loom. Baloo! Ooh! Badass! Mhm... Peace nice in love! Baloo box! She combs her hair languidly. Your heart is a clunker. Boom, boom, badass? Boom, bad! Did he sleep well? Boom, boom! Badass-boom! Badass-boom! Boom-boom! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Miss Mohini is in love with him! <sup>Oh! Baobab, oh boo!!</sup> Does Baloo sleepwalk in the comic books? Boom-boom! Boom! Bad ass boo! Does Baloo use a ripe banana? No, he doesn't. Not now, nor ever. Boom, boom, badass! Boom ! Badass groom, boom-gloom! Do-lush, boom! Cuba U'! Bah! Boom, boom, badass boom! Boom, badass boom: badass-boom-boom! Boom! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Miss Mohini is in love with him! Is in... Mhm... <sup>Rasped an slim!</sup> is in love with him! Does Baloo sleepwalk in the comic books? Badass boom. Boom-boom! Badass: boom, boom! <sup>Boom!</sup> Boom! Is Baloo, is mhm... glove in <sup>beloved</sup> out? Boom! Boom-boom! Badass boom. Boom-boom! Boom! Badass: boom! Boom-boom! Boom-boom-boom! Boom! Badass! Boom... Boom-boom! Boom-boom-boom! Rikki-Tikki-Tavi! Miss Mohini is in love with him! In love with him! In love with him! Does Baloo sleepwalk in the comic books?