

Oops, I Miss The Point!

Is a carved starfish a loss of blood—a stain? If so, then... Then you should therefore dab the area without rubbing, as doing so could smear the fly droppings. You must then dab the area without rubbing, as this could smear the fly droppings.

That song is shit in a can!

Flies are not a metonym for pubic hair. Not at all. We shall not hear an obsequious buzzing in our ears—not in the slightest. Flies are a real nuisance: when they die, they empty out and make a mess everywhere! Everywhere they wallow and fuck, like words unregulated within the channels of the sentence—with its sluice gates of semi-colons and colons. It’s because of the pesticides, apparently—and of the Academy. I am referring here to urban flies and those found in the countryside, which are subject to multifactorial pathologies.

Beach flies, on the other hand, are pleasant enough; they hop from one grain of sand or pebble to the next. They don’t really bother you under your beach umbrella while you’re reading.

She is suffering. *Whether it be pain, loss, or mourning*, there she is, standing 57 centimeters tall, entirely in plaster, in a corner of the living room. A little salt is placed on her chest to purify her. *Do not drink the tap water*. Do not milk the Virgin!

She is so ardently coveted—after all, everyone comes to suckle at her breast. The Pietà’s gaze is clear; she looks upon you with compassion. She shows compassion. Absolutely—that is her fundamental principle: a little compassion will never make a right angle disappear. It cannot be said enough. (Never enough.) Suck it!

It’s a chalk-fueled circle-jerk; others prefer the squid kind. Others still dip their crab sticks into it. What do you think about it? What do you think about it? Oops!

If a loved one falls ill, an offering is immediately made. A cousin, a neighbor, a nephew, the mailman. One must nourish the plaster vulva, adorn it, and fill its small cup with fruit; cut flowers, too.

In the warmer season, its neck is delightfully adorned with a garland of wisteria blossoms. *Flooding the urn of their skulls with the miasmas of an inverted light*, each cell of the Medusa-Pietà is a prison guard with incarcerated dreams. *An incarcerated dreams!* They kiss her feet—or more precisely, her left big toe. It is completely worn down by it. The cracks were immediately patched with old amalgam: the taste lingers on the tongue after passing against the edge of the lower lip, which had grazed the toe. *The left toe is teeming with bacteria; higher up, the holy water stoup*. The left big toe of the Virgin—a local goddess—acts like a madeleine for some people. Just like her nose, *broken by a swine*—one of the six huge, hideous beasts that pulled her carnival float. *Hence, Virgo now wears a masquerade mask that is actually nothing more than a swimming mask* and a snorkel unfit for breathing. *The snorkel is for swimming in the holy water font*. When observed under a microscope, the bacteria resemble jellyfish.

Well, hear me out. She has to bail.

Her favorite pet, a hound named Canis Minor has committed suicide after an awkward encounter with that mask! Nowadays, Virgo is venerated in the form of plush toys and various merchandise, including the famous and so fabulous “Hairy Beak” plush mask. Today, Virgo is revered in the form of plush toys and various merchandise, including the fantastic and hilarious Hairy Beak plush mask. And her vermilion lips tremble when she smiles. Her Cupid’s bow is very pronounced. Her parted lips reveal incisors of a dazzling, ultra-white brilliance. A slender crescent moon—in its first or last quarter—appears here beneath her left foot, along with a ship. A vessel...

Sculpted starfish—or, more precisely, cast directly in plaster—mingled with a few offerings. Old stains, remnants of decomposed offerings. And insect droppings, a dried-out butterfly wing, a snail that had come for its dose of calcium, an eyelash weighed down by mascara.

She blinks, her eyelids heavy with dust. It’s because of aquaculture and pelagic abortions.

From this swampy substrate, the interlocutor will draw the minimal sap needed to fuel the classification system—a foundation from which connections branch out toward other networks and other prison cells. Immediately patched up *with old cement*. It is completely worn out.

Ah. Ah-ah. Ah-ah-ah. Ah-ah.

Virgin Mary—the Holy One in a full-screen mode—is a kind of coagulated talc; it can be reduced to powder using a radula, a rasp, or emery cloth. If you can’t file it down, get lost. Because one must feed the plaster vulva, adorn it! In season, it is often adorned with a necklace of wisteria blossoms.

What an egregious left big toe!