

Raspberry Mouth (A Fruit Machine)

“Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, meh, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Meh! Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, meh!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, meh, maa!” “Baa, baa, ball!” Mouthfeel of potatoes while peeling a banana: here are three Graces!

Here are our three Graces: a full moon in plump youth, its bottom swelling under a day’s lustful caress, and a withered flower armed with its scythe, set within a halo of darkness. Which one is the full and which one is the new? Which witch dug up the AI mandrake? Oh, tell me that! And full of what—anew from where? Oh, tell me that too... Who went and hilled up the potatoes—who knocked the chick up? Which ones is the sorceress? In memory of the Caravels and the great theocentric shift, this anti-AI war song is dedicated to art, sport, and social misery. Where is what, and who is which? Flat-screen TV with a bitter taste—an absurd mouthfeel while peeling her ass as a panoramic film—a movie inside a speech bubble: a spherical object resting on an I. Is it a lollipop? And right on Q, here is a story about the IA when its throttle went down hard. “Baa, baa!” An AI that bleats—who ever heard of such a thing! “Baa, baa, baa!” Banana split—the land of lambs! “Baa, baa, baa!” Bleat...

Oh boy! Were we watching the void of a thought in images rewind? Her raspberry mouth is swollen by the day’s lascivious caress. An AI that stutters... “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, meh, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Meh! Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, meh!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, meh, maa!” “Baa, baa, ball!” “Baa, baa!” Meh...

An AI that stutters: eat mutton instead—it’s full of delicious pixels! You need to build muscle and nourish the blood—which holds the memory of the protein—in order to lubricate your brain! Which one is a lying ass witch? Recalling Columbus’s egg, we rummage through canned tubers that still harbor dreams of foraging for acorns! Mouthfeel of potatoes while peeling a banana: Oh boy but also oh girl! “Oh bananas” and “Ah potatoes!” Where is what, and who is which?

Thus, the three Graces leap, one after another, into the icy waters of the interstellar void of AI-generated sounds! Serve ice-cold! In memory of their Club Med trips to parched lands, the neighbors planted three banana trees—but it’s not an obscene act! Bananas cause pollution, deplete water supplies, and lead to the privatization of water—yet it remains an apolitical souvenir! The myth of the souvenir cargo ship—an oil supertanker of AI-generated words laden with colonial horizons: “Maa, maa, maa!” “Banana, baa, banana!” “Banana-sun, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, moon!” (“Maa, maa, ship!”) Which one is a lying ass witch? “Baa, baa, banana!” (“Baa, baa, sun rays!”) “Maa, maa, maa-moon!” Only a high-quality AI will enable you to clearly distinguish between the three Graces: the ewe, the ram, and the lamb. “Baa, banana, banana!” “Banana, banana!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, banana!” Ah! Ah! Ah! (“Baa, nah machete!”) Ah! (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Baa, baa, banana!” (“Baa, nah, machete!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, banana!” (“Maa, machete!”) “Banana-sun, baa, baa!” Where is what, and who is which? (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Baa, nah, nah!”) “Baa, nah, nah” Ray-sun: baa, baa! Where is what, and who is which? “Mhm-mhm. Mhm-Mhm. Mhm!” “Maa-aah! Ah!” “Maa, baa!” “Maa, maa, baa...” “Ah-baa, ah!” “Ah. Ah-ah.” “Ah! Baa-baa...” “Baa-ah!” “Baa-ah!” Mhm-mhm. Mhm-Mhm. Mhm-mhm. Mhm-Mhm. “Maa, maa, moon!” (“Maa, maa”) “Baa, baa, banana!” “Baa-maa!” “Mhm-mhm.” “Mhm-Mhm.”

“Baa-ah!” “Baa-ah!” Mhm-mhm. Mhm-Mhm. Mhm-mhm. Mhm-Mhm. “Maa, maa, moon!” (“Maa, maa”) “Baa, baa, banana!” “Baa-maa!” “Mhm-mhm.” “Mhm-Mhm.” “Baa. Maa.”

“Ha... Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha!” “Ha... Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha... Ha-ha-ha!” “Maa, maa, maa!...” (“Baa! Baa-baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Maa-maa!” “Ha-ha-ha!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa! Maa-maa!” “Meh! Meh-meh!” “Maa-maa-maa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Maa, maa, maa! Maa-maa!” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Maa-meh-meh!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa! Maa-maa!” “Maa-maa-maa!” Maa! Beh-bah. Bah. Maa-meh-meh. (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Maa, maa, maa! Maa-maa!” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Breathing.) Meh!” “Maa-maa!” “Maa!” “Maa-maa!” “Meh!” “Maa!” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Maa-maa!” “Maa!” “Ha!” “Maa.” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Bee-e!” “Maa-maa-maa!” “Maa-maa!” “Maa!” “Maa.” “Maa-maa! Ha! Maa!” “Maa” “Bee-e!” “Bee!” “Bee!” “Bee-bip!” “Beat!” [BRING BLENDER!] Here are our three Graces: a full moon in plump youth, its bottom swelling under a day’s lustful caress, and a withered flower armed with its scythe, set within a halo of darkness. Which one is the full and which one is the new? Which witch dug up the AI mandrake? Oh, tell me that! And full of what—anew from where? Oh, tell me that too: who went and hilled up the potatoes—who knocked the chick up? Which ones is the sorceress in memory...

“Baa, baa, baa!” Meh! Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, meh, meh-meh!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) A rejuvenating treat for anyone who can afford quality fresh fruit and vegetables—not those grown in the subservient greenhouses of Spain or some other country! Every morning, put a serving of vitamins into your fruit and vegetable blender to consume with a sheep’s milk yogurt. Eat-shit: produce-eliminate! And so, the three Graces leap, one after another, into the icy waters of the interstellar void of AI-generated sounds!...

“Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” A juvenile scream: meh! Meh-meh! Meh! He is still not jumping through all the goddam hoops! “Maa, maa, maa!” Come, the ewe calls to it! Jump overboard; come bathe in the amniotic fluid of AI-generated sounds! But, it’s a low IQ lamb!

“Maa, maa, maa!” she pleads, bleating! “Baa, baa, baa!” he calls out! A rejuvenating treat for anyone who can afford quality fresh fruit and vegetables—not those grown in the subservient greenhouses of Spain or some other country! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” Scoops of ice cream topped with hot melted chocolate and whipped cream... “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” A rejuvenating treat for anyone who can afford quality fresh fruit and vegetables—not those grown in the subservient greenhouses of Spain or some other country! Serve ice-cold! Healthy blood for efficiently functioning synapses.

“Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, ha!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Ha-ha-ha!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Ah! Ma, may! Mey! One after another, they leap into the icy waters of the interstellar void of AI-generated sounds! “Ha-ha-ha!” (“Maa, maa, mey!”) “Baa, maa! “Maa-maa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Mey! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, ha!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Bleat... Oh boy! Were we watching the void of a thought in images rewind? Her raspberry mouth is swollen by the day’s lascivious caress.

An AI that stutters... “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” An AI that stutters: eat mutton instead—it’s full of delicious pixels! One, two, three: they leap! Stick out their tongues while grazing on the meadow of stars! “Maa, maa, maa!” In memory of their Club Med trips to parched lands! A rejuvenating treat... “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” Uterus of the mouth in enjoyment! They leap! Lips, stress, sheep! Healthy blood and good wool to shear right down to the bone, until the new moon! Water droplets, penis knife. And the ram’s eye casting its twilight rays! Banana split: scoops of IA cream topped with hot melted chocolate and whipped screen... “Maa-maa.” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Ha-ha-ha!” (“Maa, meh, maa!”) “Ha-ha-ha!” “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Meh! Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, meh!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, meh, mey!” Maa, mey, mey! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, meh, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” Mey! “Ha-ha-ha!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” Meh! Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” (“Maa, maa, meh!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) Meh! “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, maa, maa!” “Baa, baa, baa!” “Maa, meh, meh!” (“Maa, maa, maa!”) “Baa, baa, baa!” (“Baa, baa, baa!”) “Maa, meh, maa!” “Baa, baa, ball!” Meh!