

Romanticism Died

Before I Was An Embryo

Mhm-ooh! Ooh! Ooh-ooh!

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-oo-ooh! Mhm-mhm... Mhm-oh-ooh! I always cast an eye on her after I've had my turn!

Mhm-ooh! Ooh! Once stimulated, her imaginary G-spot resembles a small cluster of ladybug larvae at the very moment of hatching. Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-oo-ooh! Mhm-mhm...

That's what she says. Ann is a part-time call girl for the poor. At other times, you can find her at the "Peachum" drop-in center or at the local laundromat. Ooh-ooh!

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-oo-ooh! Mhm-mhm... ^{Mhm-oh-ooh!} She calls herself Lady Bird. Ooh-oo-ooh! Mhm-mhm...

Mhm-oh-ooh! ^{Mhm-mhm...} "The tip of your cock acts like a kamikaze aphid rubbing against them," that she whisper in my left ear while nibbling on it. Mhm-mhm... Sometime I crept a hand under her pudding-pan. ^{Mhm-mhm...} But gently, heavy with the smell of weed, she pushed it aside, whispering to me in her chrysalis voice: ^{Mhm-mhm...} "Move aside, hand—my dress is on fire and your fingers have vanished; all except one, a finger I really like, right here." ^{Ooh-ooh!}

^{Ooh!} After that, her insect-like iris had completely vanished, as had the pupil. I could see nothing but the whites of her upturned eyes, then the eye would return. Looking me straight in the orb, she might add: "Should I hire a pimp?"

I really love that time; and the words "aphid" and "pimp" trigger an orgasm that had been a long time coming! Oh! Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm-mhm...

Ooh!! Ooh!! Oh! Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm... Mhm-mhm-mhm... Wow! "You good?"

— Uh-huh." So, she could knock back another customer two or three per half-day! But in truth, I don't have a Mac's tricks, whereas I certainly have that of a protector.

I look for her eyes everywhere—even under the trees in the square. And yet I know she never works there, that the other, older prostitutes would have her run off. Her body shape is like a satellite; her silhouette unfolds in the morning, the outline opening up like the wings of a ladybug emerging from beneath its wing cases. *Ha-ha!* These stretches give us faith. *Ha-ha!* The vastness of its contours ^{Ha-ha!} fills us with a sense of intense jubilation. Sometimes Ann enter diapause, and at other times it is the time of "blood."

"Breakthrough bleeding it is!" Not real intermenstrual bleeding! Quite simply, that is how she is a woman!

So, when Ann emerges from her periods of hibernation—which consist of accompanying someone on a suburban outing, a trip, or sometimes a whole weekend spent smoking weed—what a joy it is to see her again! She greets me with an Hello! A greeting that turns into a veritable invasion of kisses. Not to mention the embrace.

I then sanctify her with my juices, and she winds my little Jesus back up, retracing the Stations of the Cross. Hugs and cuddles: the Virgin Ladybug is back!

Reinvigorated by this small dose of happiness, she keeps turning tricks, playing the "ladybug" while being ridden by an old client—a regular at the famous "hair salon."

Other aphids spend time on her spine... I always keep an eye out for two or three others after I've passed by!

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-oo-ooh! Mhm-mhm... Mhm-oh-ooh!

Lyrics: Ann Embryo.