

Rotting Blast

The building was threatened by dampness. That is where the neighbors' party had taken place. Amidst the shards of glass, you catch the smell then see those streaks of urine, right beneath the building caretaker's windows.

The ne'er-do-wells were gathering! Hopping onto their scooters while tossing IPA beer bottles toward the sidewalk. Exuberant folk and wandering rogues: here come the bad eggs. Totally unabashed, full of angry rants and flashing switchblades, they had scooped them before leaving. Just a few boisterous thugs from one of the neighboring neighborhoods.

Pay no attention, avoid eye contact, keep walking, and—if you can—go straight home. And don't try to steal a fearful, anxious glance over your shoulder!

Chrome with no sense of humor: a filthy, carbon-fouled exhaust pipe. Achoo! Right beneath the thing oozing oxidized powder, the oil-fouled ground was littered with grimy gasket ends.

Those scoundrels wouldn't stop laughing and hurling insults! One of them, a tall, impassive blond bulky man, stared straight into my pussy, sporting a mocking grin to boot!

So, I gave in. The advice not to look wasn't for me, and I took a peek. And while my left eye remained stuck in a wink, I ran my finger along the zipper before readjusting my hairstyle: a striking, neon-green mohawk. Palms facing forward, middle fingers raised. A crest as straight as a hen's!

Lyrics: Keith Campbell.