

Mom Womb Is Smooth

While Mom swears by thongs, Dad is all strings! *All strings!*

In our bathroom, there is always that little yellow plastic duck with huge, disproportionate eyes and a small red beak, just like the bow tie worn by that comic-book character. I will speak about it. That smelly yellow duck that was swelling up under my fingertips! At a time, I pushed too deep its yellow-orange bill. Wow, what an addict of that duck I was. Back then...

I'm also a huge fan of old magazines, and I'm always up for a genuine educational cartoon. In the flesh... what a flash! As a child, I used to turn it into a yellow submarine—the Beatles' kind—and slowly, ever so slowly, submerge it beneath the soap bubbles while humming popular tunes. Once, by accident, I even bled a little. It was nothing serious, but it turned into a whole big thing afterward—like, I was precocious, but also turning into a young lady! "Young lady," my foot—just you wait!

Since my skin has more orgasms than my ass, I prefer panting to cumming! Hold back for as long as possible without losing the moment of orgasm. Don your finest attire and howl... On the Moon, one sometimes observes the ★pareidolia★ of the Three Graces. Ha-ha-ha-ha! As Dad kept saying while shampooing my hair: "We don't want to be the ones who sink the duck, do we?" For my part, I am my younger sister's sun dog! Unless you're talking about a lover, you have to spell it D-O-G, in that order. At least, that's what my mother says. Always diddling with my belly... Dad's all strings!

Would you like a few words of advice regarding the Moon and the prying finger of ordinary madness, in a cherished setting where one savors candy apples? Ask me about some solar-powered trip. Give it a try... What flavor! In the bathroom mirror, one sometimes observes the ★pareidolia★ of my face. Oh, what a splendor... and what a laugh! As a butch, I'm a woman-izer. Not like in a song with a fuchsia vibe or a cartoon character—a real one. I cannot deny it. Argh! Mom, there's holy water on my fingertips! But let's talk about the two of them instead—rather than my proposals for marital bliss! And by "them," I also mean D., insofar as she appears to be her parents' future. A total sucker for lollipops!

D. is always chewing on something. Mom says it's good for her gums, or that it calms her down and otherwise she throws screaming fits—or some bullshit like that! But to me, with or despite her friendly demeanor, D. looks just like a cow grazing on grass! What a trash she'll turn out to be if you let her keep something in her mouth all the time! A cheap little tart—or perhaps a professional diver? In the second case, a job with built-in obsolescence: a glamorous job indeed! Yeah, well done, I'm going to fake a snake-like movement! A belly dance in front of their dirty laundry basket.

Ask me about some solar leaks. Give it a try... What fervor!

Dad simply let myself be carried along by the rhythm of the abdomen. But it hurts—even his "little finger." And I never—and I mean ★never★—liked the way he pawed at it.

Dad is all strings! And nothing but nursery rhymes: "Oh, look at my fist—the little doll at the tips of my five fingers is spinning around three times"—and then... don't go! "Tweet-tweet-tweet..." he finally chirps. "The sixth finger is still young; it needs your kindness to sing." And so fly the set of loose, fleshy fingers with the red-headed woodpecker that was nesting in the palm tree. Oh! How it flies! Flying at breakneck speed... through the warm, humid air—toward the faucet. Tap-tap-tap. Fingertips tap-dancing and my teeth playing the castanets! Aluminum tap. An elegant look and unmatched performance. Ha-ha-ha-ha! Geez, ha-ha!

Clunk-clunk—clunk-clunk! Clunk-clunk—the clock's counterweights drive its mechanism. Mom is sealed. Nothing to see here—move along! Protect the peace in your relationship; a mere grain of sand won't stop the Swiss cuckoo clock from ticking! Even if it's a red-headed woodpecker: what a noise, oh-oh-oh!, do not be so nosy, the neighborhood. You are the cogs of a shared, unilateral system of operation. Fuck the daughter, all the women! And the faucet Mean stream dads. Patriarchism. Their rules. Our baths, governed by one of them—a patriarch. Cold blood.

Composure.

And never, but never tell. If you do, then... A father holding the padlock of my howls in his hand! Red is the color of the hot water tap.