My Heart Sputters

(Short inhalation.)

Dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb!
Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb!
Dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb!

Oh no, Ashley keeps squeezing me like a lemon: right now she is still just juicing me… Again! (Laughter.) Am I going to end up like Mom?

I don't mean as a run-over beggar, I don't mean… At! Um… Blah-blah-blah! Blah-blah-blah-blah! I don't mean as a run-over beggar, its left leg half crushed by a motorbike, but rather with a swollen foot? Ashley has a knack for that! No to be dry, sometime I need to skirt her! Cause all what on me she want is milking the biff! Do me dry—down to the very last drop!

With her shopping cart wedged against the end of an urban structure—one whose purpose eluded everyone and which must have once served to brace deliveries, or perhaps held the building's trash bins—she would step forward the moment the light turned red and present a close-up of her face. Aah-ah! Aah-ah!

Her mouth was more like a garbage room than a high-end deli window display. My street home called Mom "Tooth Stump"! It annoyed me a bit, but it wasn't wrong.

So, she would only smile at drivers who ignored her—those who forgot that there was a button on their door armrest to roll down the window.

"She has bad breath," one of the hood once said. That! That-that-that-that… That-that! That. That's not entirely wrong—in fact, it's an understatement. But what point was there for him to verbally reiterate an established fact, if not to insult me?

"What did you just say, you big asshole?
— Oh, whoa, calm down, buddy… I was just thinking out loud."

He fetch my right arm and twist it on my back so I told him to fuck off! And while he was wrecking my wrist, I used my other hand—the left one—to grope the chick who had come to unleash her "solidarity-fueled" hatred on me, right within spitting distance. And I spat! Going overboard in the heat of the moment isn't very smart!

I don't know how, but in the ensuing confusion, I found myself free to move! And I know how to move quickly. In addition to street training, I also train at an MMA gym.

"Yo, sis!" I grab his chick by the neck, shove my hand under her boob, and right then—you see—I'm basically acting out exactly what I'm saying.

It ended up at the hospital—him just as wasted as me. Since we were both broke, we made up. I later learned that the girl I had mistakenly thought was his girlfriend was actually one of his older sisters.

We took off together, with minimal care—given the cost. It was his sister who footed the bill for him, and I lost the winnings I'd made earlier in the week! *Some luck!*

Later, when I dated one of her younger sisters, I couldn't help but think back to the weight in my palm. And not just the weight—the volume! Hum-hmm. Hum-hum-hmm.

I grab one of her little tits and whisper—addressing the other one directly while pushing it, shoving it, bumping it with the one I'm holding:

Move over!!… Scoot over!!!

"Oh, I was just teasing, you little rascal of a breast—Lydia ought to have eaten it all up herself and left nothing for her little sisters!" And all the while, rocking back and forth on the dual seat of my ride! Here she is, giggling, all smile into the rearview!

"Shift aside my ass," she snaps at me. And that's when—wriggling and doubled over with stifled laughter—my baby grabs it with a full fist and lands an uppercut, all while twisting my butt: "Oh boy, the brother of you who's still nursing from Mom might have made a mistake and drain them dry in one go!"

Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb!
Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb!