

Pollinated With A Dildo

D. wasn't moving fast enough!

Or was it the duck? Maybe both...

So I find myself stuck in stereo between her—who can't stop singing his praises—and Mom, who goes on and on about me... Well, I mean, ranting ceaselessly about my sexual orientation! What a sister she is, and what a mother! I could hate her for that—and, just like with Dad, all the women lined up behind her. Yet all I ask of her is to keep a lid on it. Focus on procreation! She can stick an X where the sun don't shine, for all I care!

Her, and him—a dildo!

After that, the later told me to go wash my tongue! Oh yeah? Sure, I am the serpent in the apple, always slithering into the wrong mythology. Cause it's not true, even if I'm the "lesbian of the family—the one with a dildo-ready uterus," as Daddy says! And, in Mom's version, "the one who's the good-for-nothing!" Only D. is a daddy's girl!

Yeah, well, what can they do about it? To me, God is a gorgeous babe! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! A babe... And a mighty darling one, a latex lover! What a baby I have got!

In the attic, I found old photos, yellowed and stained with mold. One of them struck me—in the sense of leaving me skeptical. I checked the date on the back, but there was nothing—no mention of the people or the event.

It was unmistakably a wedding, a country feast. On the table, a suckling pig with a large apple in its open, slobbering mouth—sauce still dripping from his snout. A long communal table beneath a linden tree, and the bride—a feverish fairy. "Mold, rot, and years of scabs!" I thought. To me, it was pure familial festering—getting knocked up and devoured to feed the embryo! Mold, fester, and crusty belly!

It reminds me of the joint between my forearm and my hand. No, not now... Fisting will be later! I'm talking about my wrist. What a little doll I was back then, playing with his mechanical razor. And now I am the slit, and she is still the doll!

I should have diluted it in the bathwater—like I'll do later with my mock suicide attempts, using one of the blades from Dad's. As for my wrist, I should have swallowed a box of Doliprane—and a good handful of sleeping pills, too.

I was a novice at emotionally blackmailing myself!

Not bold enough to cut all the guys off, too cowardly to die! And not yet mature enough to embrace a "butch" identity. But...

D.

D. is so skinny.

So thin.

Almost pristine, like an album. A tracing daughter.

A bird in Papa's nest.

Between the protective layers. A family book.

The tap.

D. is kind and soft like a bird.

A bird.

"Tweet-tweet-tweet... Tweet-tweet-clunk..."

"Clunk-clunk—tweet!"

The clock's counterpoise is still driving its offspring.

Mom and Dad's bird. White and black.

Black and.

And not even the beginnings of down on his pubic area.

Back of the hand.

A slap!

And a hood, a hood as red as can be!

What incredible luck to have rum-

maged through Mom's little shoeboxes one day! *At the time*. I ordered my first toy from a German site. I love letting out a sigh of pleasure during any activ-

ity—and by that, I mean first and foremost using a dildo, provided the hole is nice and clear!

I prefer panting to climaxing; my skin has more orgasms than my ass.

We used to take this bath together to save water—and also to save Mom's time, since she didn't want to leave us unsupervised.

To begin with, Mom and I... And then, sometimes, Dad.

Then, D. and I.

Without the rapist.

Finally, when I ceased to be of any interest to him...

You know what?

Don't you.

Aren't you an integral part of the neighborhood?

What, only a listener!

Oh, oh!

Do as you see fit...

Do as you see fit.