

Screeching Tears

So, since I am the serpent, let me say that I am the one caught between a female Northern elephant seal and a harbor calf seal! Ill-ill-ill-ill! As for Dad, he'd be more the Steller with wings—not the eagle, but that nasty Sea Lion with the big mop of hair he's constantly shoving in my face. He's hairy all over—and I know what I'm talking about: not just his beard, but under his arms and on his chest, too!

Not to mention his lower body: pinnatiped my ass! So, ask me what Dad's anger tastes like!

Oh, wow! What a solar-powered journey.

Poseidon isn't about possessing both sides of the apple tree—Mom and D.—plus the disgrace of being seen from behind! My bath in Dad's cum.

I always dream of Mom!

Hairy mom, her bush fluffs up under my fingers stroke! Argh! Mom's juices are a sacred downpour of protection against all dads!

Holy sandwich in bed!

The only fountain of youth that doesn't put a corpse in your belly!

Tell me about the snake in the Moon—I want a good laugh, the kind that makes me cry with mirth! Like Mom does, I'm always monitoring the weather at sea.

Corrugated iron refers to the chastity lock on their tongues—a gross hypocrisy that barely conceals the reality they wish to keep shut away in a closet, an old wardrobe, a grandmother's womb where a skeleton has hanged itself!

He started that touching me in the bathtub.

Subsequently, I attempted to drown myself several times, but as the life within me refused to yield, I found myself still alive after slashing my veins.

Assuming my brain didn't go down the drain with the bathwater.

Ever since, I've hated any shape that bears even the slightest resemblance to a snorkel.

Except for my lover, I hate all of them!

Never tired, with two lithium batteries instead of balls.

What a lover to cherish I have there! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Much better—much better! Much better than Dad when he used to bounce me on his knees in the bath! Put on your glad rags, and scream...

That's going to make me drool again, like I've got rabies! Whoops. Sorry, G-O-D!

I only go with the woman flow. That's what I do.

But, let me ask a question: was Dad... a dozy bastard!

This is the end.

Sorry, I forgot, and so miss the point. Do not place a closed sluice gate on my desire to live.

Oh! really sorry, I can't tell. It's over!

I cannot confess my sins. It's all on me, a daughter and... a lesbian. I've got a girl for myself at last. Back then, when D. was losing her teeth, we used to sing some silly kid's song about big waterfalls. Between two sisters...

Torrential downpour—*tempered!*

One as icy as the far side of the Moon.

How can't I love it? A tap on the sly, just between the two of us... *When Dad wasn't there.*

I've got a girl for myself at last.

But my sister is lost. LOST!...

Lost between the hot tap and the cold one! Into the bath. My vein.

Could Mom help her?

But Mom is just parroting mainstream tracking tap.

Talking trap.

Blah.

Clocking-clunk.

Oops!

Where is your youngest daughter's health folder?

Bleeding D.

Her bloody ass, I mean.

Oh!

Tap-tap-tap.

Fingertips tap-dancing and her teeth playing the castanets!

Aluminum tap.

But oh!

"D.," I cried... "you look exactly like Mom now!"

Pour.

Blossoming linden tree.

Stream.

Tap flow.

But poor D.! My little sister won't stop crying.

Poor thing.

She's got a mate that is an enema—a partner who is a real pain in the neck.

And, saying the neck, I mean...

A man is nothing but an enema bulb! We all know that. Ta-da! Curtain...

Mass abortion, anal consumption... Why do some women settle for that?

Ask yourself.

It's so embarrassing...

For the benefits, the "peace of mind", the life insurance, the courts—in the event that, one of these days, or out of sheer stupidity? Never mind the chick. Her dad's little princess! One day, she will find it.

She'll lie down and submit—bending like a Pascalian reed (a reference to the French philosopher)—or else she'll castrate that asshole.

Cut herself from the guys. The Dads... They're harassing us.

Poor D. but maybe.

Cause my little sister now spends her time crying her ass out.

Weeping it.

She's got a mate that is an enema! So... D., she's the carrier father!

All turd...

Nothing but pain, and no love!