

Soap Opera Of My Soul And So On ^{TAKE 3}

My tongue is sometime a lollipop lady for maggots. The direful jail that are her teeth! Maggots will feast on a rotting dictionary. Bed that we haven't analyzed, all that was missing was the deconstruction of a key, a diagnosis placed on the triangle of its forehead, a large green fly.

The jailer of my language is a scavenger. Her street-smart face, her lips like a broken book binding, are bone-chilling. *She doesn't get my willies!* Do they crawl across a book as if in a beauty pageant? In the asymmetry of emptiness and conventional reason, exfoliated of words, a parietal prison guard brought forth the plateau of the unspoken and of gossip.

"Here's your syringe, and here is my spoon. Show me your butt cracks so I can hear you echoing!" She screams. But I was starving, dehydrated, and I had nothing to say to her. *The whys and wherefores?* Once bellowed, roared, fragments of these shouted words remained, stayed retained, trapped in the interstitial spaces of her teeth, of her impeccably whitened dentition. That scathing injunction, concealed under a decoy word, slipped through the rectangular oculus. She is an impatient jailer bubbling!

Raw speech of a common brimstone fluttering on a buddleia bloom with violets muted by almost blood: her honey-scented tongue is a butterfly bushe, and each of its taste buds encapsulates a seed. Hence I couldn't defecate... Cause my syringe was dry. *My turd was imprisoned in my body, and I in the jail of my tongue!* Whop! I couldn't! I couldn't! I couldn't! The unspoken, resting on the matrix of the air, fluttered from one to another of these flowers.

She wanted the unprecedented hunger strike with bubbles swallowed on the chin-corner of the prison to end without delay. *I could not.* And that was it: crackling my ass from which—due to deprivation—my constipation has to protest fast!

Through a silence filled with swallowed bubbles, with an abundance of recurrences, oblivion was no longer expressed. Its nickname was "the log-splitting corner", and she has a very pointed chin—like a security door in a prison—which could split the bars with a single blow of her voice! An insect that is a fly. *A fly!* Barely out of its pupae the fly was sucking the emergency triangle of her forehead! But my syringe was empty. The fly lays its eggs there, and maggots will feast on the consumption of a decomposing dictionary.

There! My works rest. The digestion of those who have gone through it. The scary sounds of them chewing although the others... that fly: the fly is a spine-chilling jailer; and more is its maggot. Its street-street face, its masticatory organs that are devouring a fractured book spine on decay, even its taste that is so sweet frighten me.

"The whys and wherefores? I really have no clue!" Oculus on the narrow vein of my forearm from which bellowed the injunction of her square gums. I haven't even gotten it, but during the last event in my cells, I consumed a few of them, in order to assimilate a page or two of the dictionary that these maggots had reduced to pulp.

Do they crawl across its pages as if they were participating in a beauty contest? Gasps!... Harnessing the words to spoke efficiently is not her skill. The atrophied words of her vociferation, the narrow spaces between her teeth where maggots still crawled, were nothing but misery to me: and it made me grind my teeth.

These excrement are trapped inside my body, and right now I am a prisoner of a dictionary! *Here's the need, and the needle.* Ooh!! My constipation, due to deprivation, had to protest quickly before it could be evacuated. Nevertheless, once relieved, my strongly shitty-scented tongue will long retain a taste of despair. Of despair—of despair.