

Tad Drunk

Spring... Spring! "Lollipop doll!"

A raspberry lollipop shaped like a balloon seller! Like a butterfly, D. could be uncontrollable. Uncontrollable! To wrap her up too tight, it makes an X on D. back! "Lollipop doll!" My doll, oh my pretty lollipop doll, I am the wolf and I'm going to eat you up! Up the knee, Granny, up the knee, here is the little red one. "Ooh-ooh, Ooh!" howls the wind. A lollipop that will send her blood sugar levels skyrocketing—super-hyped D.! "Lollipop doll!" She sings. "Lollipop doll!" and "Poop-poop-poop!" Wild, frenzied excitement one moment, followed by total lethargy the next. D. thinks those sugar-encrusted Smarties balls are shit—and she's absolutely right. What a proxy junkie, Mom! To suckle from the breast and to defecate, all of that neatly wrapped up in a bra!... Spring... Spring! Spring!... "Lollipop doll!"

"Lollipop spring!" and "Poop-poop-poop!" Suck Mommy's nipple. "Lollipop spring! Lollipop doll!..." "Lollipop poop!" Suckling and shitting, producing and consuming and round and round goes the enchanted carousel! On your lap, Grandma, on your lap—here comes ★Little Red★. Don't miss the yellow and the green. D. And the orange, too. Mom sells her breasts in every conceivable way; she must have really lacked everything when she was a child. As a pacifier... a dummy—Grandpa's?

Here is a multitude of shimmering sunbeams beneath... beneath the trees. I wonder if she could recollect. D. is spinning around in circles on the spot, the Smarties lollipop held at the end of an arm stretched toward the sky. D. is so funny when she unfolds like a magical flower in the sunlight. So funny. "Chirp-chirp-chirp! Up-up-up the poop!" she sing, or at least tries to sing while drooling on her dress with her sugar doll forming a link between her left hand and her mouth. "Up-up-up! Up! Oops the poop!" Ooh-ooh... Ooh... Ooh!

D. forearms are all sticky from those sugary drips. Mom loves dressing her up with ribbons, bows... anything that symbolizes, in a way, a bond or a union—a connection! But D. is quick to unfasten herself.

Today, she is wearing her little spring-green linen dress. The bow on her dress is always more or less ruffled, like a dahlia. "She is suffering from infundibulofolliculitis," the doctors say, but to me, it is her mother's obsession with dresses that is causing the ailment—a worrying situation for little D. By constantly trying to shelter her, she'll end up smothering *him*. When you're bringing a future into the world, you don't keep your legs crossed! It's a generational affliction: Mom clings to D. like a drowning person to a lifebuoy.

"Choo-choo," goes the train! Choo-choo, boo! "Boo! Choo-poop!" Did I scare you? said the fox to the squirrel! Did I... Circling around the tree trunks. Her knot came undone; she stepped on it while turning and nearly fell. To keep the dress securely in place at the waist, tie the ribbon so that it forms an X at the back! D. inscrolls under the trees the true spirit of a full moon. "Lollipop doll!" and "Tit-tit-tit!" D. has a way of chirping all her own, preening like a little magical tree flower in the sun. Her joy was pollen-laden!

Right now D. trots along in front of me, and to keep her from wandering off and and to allow me being distracted, I've tethered her. It's because, when she picks up the pace or tries to shake me off while playing, she runs with both hands behind her back. It gives her a somewhat stiff look, even though she is barely five. I don't know where she got this habit—whether she's imitating someone or if it's innate. Ha-ha! Ha! Perhaps it's due to the time she spends with Grandma, who is now eighty years old.

Here! Look... Off she goes again! She trots ahead of me, and to allow me being distracted, I've tied her up. The pink string runs from my left wrist to her ribbon dress. Her dress blossoms like a colloquial expression. Cord. Trunks. Leaves. Wind. The slightest thing puts her on the alert, sparks a dreamy inventiveness. Doll—oh, what an adorable doll!

"Kee-kee-kee. Kee-kee. Kyu-kyu-luck!" I improvised, imitating the green woodpecker. At that very moment, the wind goes "whoosh". And when she turns around, startled—eyes wide, revealing the shadowy depths of her leafy irises, her mouth forming an 'O'—I capture her image for my own secret sisters' album, which nowadays develops in pixels. All smiles and just as eager to coo for cuddles! Heart and soul, D. is wholly delighted by our stroll!