Have it! Fuss it! Dig it!

The just-risen pavement cast off…

From the flight feathers of a black-and-white wing, a small coin fell. These are my daily tips to avoid being dead—still not!

They thought I was dead on a slab of concrete… or just another stick-in-the-mud.

A dead beggar nobody gave a damn about!

At the level of my lowered—or imploring—eyes, the knees of the marabouts filed past, moving from right to left and in the opposite direction.

BLEEDING GUMS, AND SHAKING HANDS!

Am I the one left in the gutter of the *American Dream*? Pull over…

The just-risen pavement cast off. From the flight feathers of a black-and-white wing, a small coin fell. These are my daily tips to avoid being dead—still not dead. They thought I was dead on a slab of concrete… or just another stick-in-the-mud. A dead beggar nobody gave a damn about!

At the level of my lowered—or imploring—eyes, the knees of the marabouts filed past, moving from right to left and in the opposite direction.

BLEEDING GUMS, AND SHAKING HANDS!

Am I the one left in the gutter of the *American Dream*? Pull over…

Please, I'm so hungry.

A shopping mall snubbed me. I've never dreamed of or fantasized about having a flesh-and-blood cock, even though it's soft and warm.

I gave it a try and used it for a while, but it wasn't really to my liking—I didn't care for the latex. Let me fill the small blue cardboard suitcases of the dispossessed. Those who stray from the ruts and end up in the ditches.
I will make them rise like marginal flowers.
After testing it a bit longer, I felt the same way about the colored glass versions!

I am unemployed; first, they targeted the Black community, then they built a wall against Mexican immigration, and next, stock market speculators moved businesses across the border—to places where labor costs almost nothing and where worker and environmental protections have been completely disregarded. *Those flowers!*

Are you putting my blood in the bank? Are you… In short, I have no taste or desire for latex, scented flesh, colored glass, or whatever else—unless there is a female friend at the other end.

These small coins, like annunciations. Am I the one left behind on the sidewalk? Because I'm holding out a bowl and beg. Seeds to survive beyond the winter, beyond the night. Just to buy my sick cup of cofee on the street, please. Oh, maybe, I can reach a shoe. Beyond the manhole, the porch shelter after midnight. And nothing.

Nothing. Nothing. Not even at the entrances to a shopping mall.

The more you ask, the less you have!

A crowd is a single and awful fucking robots! Nazis know that. And when I say the n-big-word, I mean the army, that is what you think but no, just the ICE. It comes first. My balls tell you that. And with my balls my brain too.

Yeah, that's right. I'm a lesbian with a dick who likes to share it.

They will leave people to wallow in their sociology and Western church—little more than a stock-in-trade and a dose of something, and nothing else. I was one of them, once. After a time, I quit. Too much moral weight to bear. Too many contradictions to reconcile. Gurgling voice and slurred speech!

"What's this?
— A little pick-me-up. You know, you might need it for later."

My dad was a veteran, and he spat at me when I join the ICE. He literally spat right in my face. And it was so ugly because he hasn't any teeth left!

It's my daily payouts for not being dead, still not.

I am so sorry for America. Am I the one left behind in the gutter? The Great Depression, and now, now all those stock market speculators.

I'm on the comedown from withdrawal. I've never sniff nothing!

Could the same be said of the small, wealthy white elite with a very high level of education?

Those who take the elevator up—or, failing that, hold their ground—while consigning us to the basements, and even to the gutter.

Could they face facts? Yes, indeed, they could. But they won't. Because they don't care. At all!

A bum, SM1 left behind—veteran or not—an entire people: it's all the same.

Discard the bag! Throw that useless dead weight in the trash. I don't care about it—my c0ck, I mean…

It's just there, but not for me!

The entire social and ecological ecosystem is nothing more than the contents of a trash bag filled with non-recyclable waste.

Only $ bill or gold are good enough.

As for that monkey-haired handbag—what a damn nuisance between the thighs, especially at the end of a scorching summer day spent making residential deliveries!

Pizzas & pastries—those are the two types of businesses I have a contract with. Yeah!…

Sell your fanzines, your chiropractic services, your saunas—green for the moon and white for your farce.
Our face and your fate, and so.

Between impulse and calculation, do what you must. The just-risen pavement cast off.

"That car won't be the only final comic-book panel.

— NEXT TIME, I'll set fire to a shop… ping cart!"

Lyrics: L.-H. D.