

Dull Thud

Are you showing up?
Put the nozzle back! The neck of your guitar...
Don't jerk it off like that.
Pussy trouble, huh! That's a bong, dude, it's gigantic! Its edge is the outline of our mouth.
And we're gonna drip until you get laid.
I settled into that stage like a guppy in its aquarium.
Place compliance within the drums of your ears. And think thick. Sink trick, heavy and symmetrical. Not commercial. No!
Cause its edge is the rim of my glottis—I am referring to the lead guitar increased by the bass one. And the third eye between the two cerebral convolutions.
Pluck it in time!
Its rhythms are the cutting edge of my organ of speech. Pour out my fish food pellets for me.
Pour it down by the sink.
Unfolds the cardinal flower of my melancholy. My clit and its small lips. Is my larynx a garbage chute? And if so—so what? Pour it into the toilet.
My pushy is a dead fish.
But to whom am I talking? Who am I addressing? Is this jam session incredible... So, who am I addressing in this kind of bubble?
Is that jam session amazing...
Guitar augmented by my vocal cords, like the tree of my lungs on a sidewalk. An aquarium plant on a city scale. A microcosm of servility.
Then who am I addressing in this type of speech bubble? Who am I addressing...
Who am I addressing in this type of speech bubble? This type of speech bubble?
This type of speech bubble...
Insert your conformity into your eardrum like you would put on a condom. Fertility my butt. I do glamour work, today. Okay? Speech bubble!
At... Um!
The edge is the fringe of my heart.
Put your compliance into your ear canals like slipping on a condom.
A French letter or a straitjacket.

Meg Hoffstapper.