

Guitar Tattoo

Boomy stomach and brutal skull!

Large, heavily saturated flat areas interspersed with fine, barbed lines.

Her arm was wrapped in cellophane.

And she thinks she's totally plugged into a gross scene. But... But let me tell you something: it's absolute bullshit.

So... bolt it down so it stays put on stage! Damn it...

And what the hell is going on with that lead guitar and its gritty riffs—as powerful as the pedal-stomping that hammers out a sustained bass note?

Her very latest tattoo...

Was it my name, her mother's date of birth, a stylized three-color image of my cat, or simply another Gothic design?

From here, I can't really say, because I couldn't see.

The facility had two stacked floors. It was a concert hall. Right there, before going on stage, you're sitting on the toilet seat.

There you're injecting yourself with shit.

And when you aren't sitting on the toilet seat, you're leaning on it with your elbows.

Nice tattoo.

You will never be anything but totally connected to your intestines, which you always lug around with you—like that guitar in its carrying case.

A guitar, a magic mushroom, or an excerpt from a diary—the sort that says: I soak up my confessions the way a tampon absorbs menstrual blood.

The hydrophilic thread pad on your arm.

The guitar strings are none other than the toilet pipes running through the building's utility shafts. Nice tattoo. But what the fuck!

Mimicking a sham can train one to adopt its spirit.

So they, too; deploy them all! Toot! Toot! They are issuing a recall. Just like an instrument. It is a sun in lunar garb—one whose lace breeches conceal an open secret.

A guitar with gnarly riffs and a bass pedal point.

Is it that, or your dark eyes, heavy with stage makeup and fatigue?

Are you sure you're going back there? Are you!

With that streak of white snowy shit clinging to your instrument...

Clonk—it really stirs your gut!

The drone it emits makes the air vibrate, all the way from the speakers to their eardrums.

But you're still sitting on the toilet seat, leaning on it with your elbows.

Puking up your vocal cords.

So you think you're totally plugged into the goth scene? Let me tell you something: it's absolute bullshit.

Meg Hoffstapper.