

Six Verses

At Full Speed...

On the way—as I was arriving fifteen minutes late for rehearsal... I spot it right away. A gardener was working a little further away.

I'm compulsive—a total kleptomaniac—and I keep everything!

I rejoiced too soon, given that only two members of the Gogho band were present. So I was rubbing without thinking about it. Waiting...

But soon the clit was absolutely wrecked with pleasure, and I have a hint that jerking off—without that tool I mean—will never be the same again.

The drummer is crooning a weird tune...

Its melody is not made up of notes, vocal ranges, words, or sounds, and constitutes a cobbled-together amalgam of his latest vision.

The bass guitar picks up disjointed fragments with him.

Then, they play the piece on a loop, speeding it up more and more. They call this—in a sort of slurred, shared refrain—"Six verses at full speed."

It is the only verse, the single phrase that issues from their unhinged throats.

"Six verses at full speed..."

The drummer has swapped his mallets for a pair of crutches—and sometimes paintbrushes—while the bassist plucks his strings with kitchen utensils!

Six verses and whatsoever...

Why do they play faster and faster—to the point where one can no longer hear anything that makes the slightest sense, even if divorced from all aesthetic intelligibility? I do not know. "Six verses..." I was rubbing it against my jeans, slumped against a speaker, using the metal part of a pair of electric pruning shears I'd found outside the concert venue.

"Six verses at full speed," and so.

I was dumbfounded, in a way—so much so that my jaw practically dropped onto the stage. And by my jaw, I mean my shaved pushy. And it clicked for me.

I had a vision of a sidewalk—it was also a skewer of rotten vegetables and emaciated meat. Lined end to end with tents, tarps, and cardboard. Also, shopping carts hauling the gleanings of a compulsive hoarding disorder—born of strict necessity.

"Six verses at full speed," and so. But why?

Filth drifted in the runoff of a saturated gutter—miscellaneous refuse, a dead rat floating belly-up. Since I couldn't catch it, I was unable to reach them. *Gridlock drain!*

My guitar remained dry, spewing forth no sound, no noise, no scream. So I asked them to join in with that battered tune—that musical residue—and that way of pounding and scraping, clawing and biting at their instruments, but they replied that they didn't know it either.

"We don't know, dude, but join us if you're up for it!

Here, take this pick, and on three—let's wreak some havoc before the others join us on stage."

And then, the bassist hands me a vegetable grater and a sauce whisk!

Ah-ah! No more rat jams! Ha-ha! Ha!...

So I join in their moronic cacophony, and the three of us spew out this piece—called, for no reason whatsoever, "Six Verses at Full Speed."

No more traffic jams! Aha! Ha! Gridlock drain my ass! Whew-hoo! Ha ha! Ha! Ha-ha!

"Six verses at full speed," and a rat drifting toward the sewer belly-up. And then nothing, Just a gurgle from the sewer swallowing our trio! A splash!

And our cacophony gouging the glottis of death!

No more dead-rat plugs in sight! She swallowed it whole, in the thick of the nauseating runoff from our instruments. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!

One, two, three, and again "Six Verses at Full Speed." Us and our gaunt shadows of sound junkies!

I cut my strings with the pair of tree snips!