# Pogo-Peggy

Terry's feet are two pinball flippers. The void created by the ablation of the contents sometimes echoes it. The void is a blank note—a virgin self. Fainting paint. Not that you've never fornicated on a musical score or while improvising.

What is a truncated musical note? A color missing...

Terry—a truly otherworldly character, if ever there was one. He had a dream. A young dancer, dancing barefoot on pastels drawn directly onto the street. Her father, as a storyteller.

Julie says that her toes and her teeth are the same thing—no difference at all—and it's just the same for her fingers. Turn your cheek toward me.

Let me suck on this candy. Your tongue, the inside of your cheeks.

So sweet. Julie, it's just a little splash of maple syrup in her coffee. Now, she's stirring your anus. Painting faint. Now, she reads the future in the coffee grounds. Synthesis within brown. She tells this to Terry, who listens, dumbfounded—but then again, being all on his own on the Raft of the Medusa is just so T., a truly otherworldly character, if ever there was one.

Yawning... Yawning like a gigantic white speech bubble. He's worn down to the very marrow. The other cheek.

The crucible: hanging an embryo.

A brief dissection of a narrative—even before it is told. The tongue is babbling toddler. Empty, devoid of any intelligible discourse!

Indeed, stretching out to its full length—a veritable slide for blood-curdling screams—Terry's tongue resembles a long banner with curled ends, bearing the legend of its own subject.

Terry—he's nothing but prophylactic phylacteries! Telling the story of a bewitched dancer teenage girl and of a father who, wisely, refused to become part of this sect. The cult of the straitjacket of words.

A street dancer.

A witch' hat— and an anti-globalization activist.

Harvesting the crap!

Julie Hancock | Terry Naughton