Portmanteau

I
Waterproof Words

Cooled-down words of balderdash!
I have a real aversion to light conversation! Teasing, taser-like words. Meet Wrapped Julie, whom we've nicknamed HTML, an acronym for "hairy tongue mown lawn". Terry starts scratching.
Roller bondage. He calls her "J. the TD"—two letters that don't stand for "turd browser," but rather for "tedious."
Tedious J. Also "Small Oblong Snake" or "Barking Sod"—a play on the words "baking soda"—a moniker we would never dare use to her face, given that it also refers to cocaine that has been cut with other substances.
Juicy T., our alien within the band. Terry the Judicious! He starts scratching the moment he catches sight of it. The hanging word. Regarding the split stanza, looking it straight in its gashed eyeballs. Giving meaning to the words. It's worse!
Humor overflowing with brutality, infested—much like a rosebush by aphids—with the blight of discrimination.
She has a little hobby. An ideal that's not all that absurd. It involves wrapping one's torso in a bandage held in place by two safety pins, with the aim of flattening something that, in reality, isn't even there. And, for that matter, she gets on people's nerves with it. Straight person I mean. Square mind.
Not only Terry's scratching his skin. Trying to catch the larval words that are in that location. All of his formatted epidermis is an anal margin. For us, it's the scalp!
Karen rarely meets up with Julie, but when it does happen, the latter asks the former, "So, did you sleep well with the green one?" And there she is, with a hon-eyed smirk. Usual buzz. Now, K. returns her smile, clenching most of her greenish teeth, which are set firmly in their gums! Such a saccharine gal!
"Ahem, J., and I nudge her gently in the ribs.
— Did you dig it?"
Cause Baking Soda has a savage sense of humor that eludes us. We all know that Karen is on diet pills. Now pulling her green tongue out. She asks J., "How are you feeling today, Miss Harrison Monroe?" And others series of disjointed remarks, making neither head nor tail of anything, such a rigmarole without rhyme or reason.
Rising, laser-like swords. Which could be understood as "Airy Song Moan Raw". If the color does not return red within two words, the language may be too tight and should be loosened. A little bit. That is why she nicknames her after a book, whenever she happens to talk about Karen.
These gals are fucking feral!
Switch off the wild witch's hat. Turn off the heat. Julie wrote a rather nice text, which we nonetheless refuse to perform. It's about...
About a guy who falls asleep and turns into a rosebush, covered in thorns, while the foliage of his lungs is being eaten away by aphids tended by ants. Human being-tongue caught on words!
"Hi, guy!"
"Hello, hello, here is the pipistrelle!
— Is "is" the verb?
— Which one is always the loneliest in a sentence?"
Open-class world. Bleeding thorns dripping onto verdant leaves! The reason for this infection is that she has an addiction and pops a green pill as a sleeping aid. To wake up, she swallows a rose.
Her words are just gimmicks in a transparent nightie. With a bat screwed onto her hat.
A cone.
In fact, Julie rarely speaks to her when they cross paths, as she has an intense phobia of obesity. Besides, K. for a Dream avoids her too.
Julie strums her guitar, occasionally chanting this phrase: "One, two, three, four. And green at night. Just like that."
Karen, all plump and round, is one big, roly-poly ball! A fatty species!
And at this point, it's no longer a phobia—it's obsessive disfigurement!
Sebaceous K. came across the lyrics.
Like a marble rolling through fire—an evening pinball game, and an elemental, electronic wandering.
Ludicrous and offensive!
I really thought they were going to tear out their own vocal cords!
Can one say that K. is streamlined?
I have a real aversion to light conversation!

II
Coat Lining

Gibberish grown cold!
In our group of musicians, we turn green with sharp-tongued remarks! Speaking of pink. I bleed like a pig being slaughtered; Julie doesn't. Barely three drops—and even that's an exaggeration.
She has practically zero endometrium. Sinitizer.
Droplet targets.
"Impeccable undergarments!" you might think.

Mink. Ink.

But Julie doesn't wear any—at least not on the bottom; as for the top, she's all bandaged up! Ha ha! Ha! Ha ha! Ha!
Wrapped lightbox, vertical backglass.
Don't panic.
No panties, just... Just a pair of very tight jeans, with latex inside to create the bulge of a cock.
Wet a fish...
Swimming fin!
Two T. inside.
And the flippers flip!
Ball.
The drummer get busy!
So K. called Julie "Laurent," and then pinned her with the nickname "Lolo-the-hoby"!
It was April Fools' Day!
What a flush...
She and I live together—we're roommates. It's a grand passion, with the occasional quiet, peaceful moment.
"There it is, baby.
— Should we try?"

Do you ask?

I love how her voice is gradually changing and all this body hair is starting to appear. Lockdown mask. To paint a pear, a basket of fruit. Leak. Slingshots that drops the revolt. Sick. Kick it away, leak a fancy cop. Get rid of it... Cock and bull song. Skill. Kill it away. Thong. As for the stance to take, it's a matter of looking her straight in the slit. Mic. And the key. Fastening words.
Tether.

Slingshot.

Her secret for feeling good is to steer clear of guys—which, according to them, would mean we're all just stuck-on, dried-up old hags!
So Julie calls us salted cod!

Dried fish.

For her, disfigurement is an obsession!
To rip off a jaw.
Gouging out an eye.
And.
Shred a hand.
She avoids them—except, of course, for Terry, the sole exception that proves the rule, with blood rushing to a rather butch face. As for self-care, Julie couldn't care less—not even a little bit.
A foot. Two feet. The same goes for her tampons; she practically equates them with the mop she uses to clean her floors.
Sanitary pads are the very last thing on her mind.
Hey, look!...
I ain't trying to jab you, Julie.
Don't be silly.
Besides, she doesn't really have much of a period—a side effect of the hormones she takes.
Yes, *you do!*
Sometimes she swipes my moisturizer, but it's for a good cause—a cause that serves as a far better substitute to what might otherwise happen when a guy enters the scene and hangs his skin up on the coat rack.
As a nonsensical jumble that makes no sense at all.
No sense at all.
Collective farm of the green teeth.
Kolkhoz in stock!
I don't stab anyone in the back.
Really.
K's victim was struck by a genuine burst of anger!
Cold cod.
I do not take part in this proliferation—these barrages of shell casings in the form of portmanteau words.
Since then, they have brought out the safety pins and the darning needles.
Some needles.
Ever since, their tongues are two voodoo dolls!
Indeed.
Voodoo dossiers! Oozing old dolls.
Old oozing dildo.
I do not thrust a bayonet into the intestinal pains of my sisters.
Shrapnel aren't my things, I'm a pacifist.
Voodoo folders!
"Me?", to quote a comics from the past, I'm a hymn to the hemorrhage: "From lobster crotch to hot pink all over, and leaking like a sieve."
It sucks your eyeballs out. Make T. clench his buttocks—just like that scoundrel of a gambler.
Throw that right in his chick!
I refuse to bring an asshole's perspective into this world. My tongue is the true Virgin of the Month.
Especially on April 1st.
I wasn't born of the latest cataract!
I don't stab anyone in the back—not with a fish, not with a knife. On that day, I wouldn't do such a thing.
I have 8 months and 29 days left for that.