

CAN I SEE YOU LOOK ONE WAY? 'CAUSE YOU'RE LOOKIN' LIKE A SISTER BROTHER MOTHER-FUCKER. DO THE CLOUDS IN YOUR MIND STAY GREY? BLUE EYED GIANTS JUMP AROUND, ELEPHANTS GET OFF THE GROUND. NIGHTIME BANISHES THE SKY, ALL THE STARS COME OUT TO DIE. IN THE DEPTH OF YOUR BODY IS THERE SOMEWHERE SPECIAL, SECRET PLACE? YOU KEEP YOUR DREAMS IN A GLASS BOX BENEATH YOUR PILLOW. SOUND ASLEEP THE CRADLE ROCKS. ROLL YOUR FACE INTO A BALL, STRETCH YOUR LIMBS, YOUR BONES GROW TALL. EVEN PLANTS RECALL YOUR STEPS. DO THEY MEMORISE THE CABLE CAR NEUTRALITY OF ME? ONE PLUS ONE CAN STILL EQUAL TEN PLUS ONE, 'CAUSE FACT FINDING MISSIONS HAVE DEMOLISHED HEAVEN. GOD SAW THEM COMING SO HE SHUT UP SHOP, RAN AWAY THE WHOLE DAY, BUT EVERYWHERE HE WENT HE ALREADY WAS. OH NO, LISTEN TO HIM SCREAMING. (IF IT FELL FROM MY POCKET SURELY I'D BE SURE TO HEAR IT DROP. PLOP!) I'M A RIGHT JOKER POKER, MONEY MANIAC, JACK THE LAD, JERK OFF FATHER-FUCKER-FIGURE. A POETICALLY SIMPLE MINDED SUN RAY, ONE DAY. NEXT DAY EVEN WORSE. A-POLITICAL AS ANY. A SHUDDER OF PLEASURE SWEPT THROUGH HER UDDER, AS I SUCK IT. SUCKLE THE BITCH FULL ON WITHOUT FAVOUR FOR FLAVOUR. LET'S SEE 'ER SQUIRT IT INTO THIS DIRTY THROAT. THE SHE GOAT. THE PIGGY BACK TO THE WALL. LEGS BENT, KNEES TO HER EARS. DROWNING THE INVISIBLE HAIRS ON THOSE PLUMP LITTLE CHEEKS FOR WEEKS AFTER. LIAR! FIRE AFLAME IN HER BELLY. FUMBLING FINGERING FEELING UNDER THE COVERS OF DARKNESS. BEWARE OF IT. DAMN THE SCABS ON HER ARSE, RIPPED OPEN AND PLUNDERED. SOFT FRUIT IN HER HAND. OPPOSITE RIPENING. BLOOD FLOWING STRIPENING. TO CHASE GHOSTS AWAY, BOX 'EM THEN SAVE 'EM ROTTING OH SO SLOWLY. SO LOWLY. LOOK AT IT THIS WAY AND THAT. LIKE FRESH MAGGOTS BURROWING INTO THE FAT FACT OF IT. AND ALL THE REST'S SHIT. SOPPY MUMBLING BUMBLING DRIPPING FART SLIPPING OUT AND DOWN. REMEMBERING BACK. SO FAR AWAY LONG AGO. LIFE LIKE A YO-YO. UPS AND DOWNS, IN AND OUTS, SCREAMS AND SHOUTS OF FORGETTABLE PLEASURE. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, YOUR LEISURE? WHAT D'YOU GET OFF ON? WHAT TINY FANTASY BRINGS YOU UP HARD OR SOFT? BEST KEPT TO YOURSELF, YOUR OWN DREAMS OF SHAFTING YOUNG QUEENS. OR RANCID OLD HAS BEENS. OR IS PLUCKING AND FUCKING MORE TO YOUR TASTE? WHAT A WASTE. CIRCLES OF CURLY BLOND HAIR ROUND YOUR THOMAS THE WANK ENGINE, DON'T JUST CRY THERE, BEGIN. GIVE AND TAKE, RUB AND SHAKE, ON THE UP AND THE MAKE, SWALLOW ALL THIS WET LAKE. JEWELS SHINING DIAMOND BEADS CAKED IN YOUR BEARD. MAY SEEM WEIRD. SO IT'S JUST AS YOU FEARED. CAUGHT WITH YOUR TROUSERS DOWN, POLE IN YOUR HAND SQUEEZING OUT SHIT ONTO THE MOUTH OF YOUR MOTHER, DON'T JUST SQUAT THERE FUCK 'ER. EASY QUEASY PUDDING AND PIE, IF DADDY CATCH YOU YOU DIE. WONDER WHY. LACY KNICKER ELASTIC WRAPPED ROUND YOUR PRICK. TIGHTER! IT'S IN THERE SOMEWHERE. TAUT-ODOLOGY. MAKE NO APOLOGY. NUN NEEDED NOW. WISHING TO THROTTLE THE COW. MOTHER SO FUCKING SUPERIOR. INFERIOR INTERIOR. UNWASHED WALLS. UNCLEAN HALLS WHERE YOU VOMIT YOUR BALLS LOAD. SPIT IN THE FACE OF THE TOAD. EVER UPWARD TO THE CLOUDY FUTURE. YOU SURE? INSURE YOU BEST BITS, YOUR BIG TITS. WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE, FOR SURE. FOR SALE, THIS OLD MOUTH OF MINE. STEADY NOW FORM AN ORDERLY LINE, EASY DOES IT, ONE AT A TIME. I CAN'T SUCK YOU ALL OFF AT ONCE CAN I? ANYONE LEFT AT THE END WILL GET DOUBLE, FOR SUFFERING ALL THE TROUBLE. NO HOPE LEFT, ALL GONE FOR THE PRICE OF A SONG. CUM-CUM, COME ALONG. MUSTN'T BE LATE. MASTURBATE AFTER DINNER IF YOU MUST. DOWN IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE CRADLE. WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU SAW JESUS BUGGER AN ANGEL? STRAIGHT TO HELL BOY WITHOUT ANY SUPPER. (SUPER-DUPER.) JUST IGNORE IT. DIVE INTO THE BRIGHT VERMILION SLIT. SLUT. BUT DROWNING YOUR SORROWS MIGHT HELP. ONE NIGHT. HOLDING THEM DOWN IN THE BATH, DON'T LAUGH I MEAN IT. WATCH THEM STRUGGLING WRIGGLING. LOOK INTO THE EYES AS YOUR SORROW DIES. NEXT MORNING ALL GONE, DONE. JUST AN UNPLEASANT RING ROUND THE BATH, OH WHAT A LAUGH! DIDN'T WEE? PISSED OURSELVES. YOU AND ME, ME AND I. WHY? QUESTION THE QUESTIONER NOT US. DON'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS. YOU AND YOUR TYPE ALWAYS GRIPE. NEVER HAPPY TO JUST BE. JUSTLY MAKE THE MOST OF A BAD BIG JOB, SLOB. AS IF SMALLER COULD EVER BE BETTER. BETTERED. BATTERED MORE LIKE, COMING FROM SOMEONE WHO'S NICK-NAME IS BIKE. NO MORE TO BE SAID BUT IT WILL BE, BELIEVE ME. LOOKING DEATH IN THE EYE. DOWN THE BARREL, BYE-BYE. BANG! I CAN FEEL IT, THE BULLET, HOT ON MY SKIN, BURNING IN. SINGEING THE FLESH TEARING THROUGH ITS SOFT SURFACE. MY FACE. BLOWN AWAY. RIPPED FROM ITS BONY FOUNDATION AND SPLATTERED ON THE WHITE EMULSION HUGGING THE WALL. WATCH IT FALL, EYE OVER NOSE AS I DRIP DOWN. FEATURES SLIDING DRAWN BY THE GRAVITY OF THE FLOOR. THAT WHORE REALLY DID IT THIS TIME. DID IT FINE. IN WHAT'S LEFT OF MY HEAD I CAN STILL HEAR THE SHOT. FEEL THE BULLET I GOT. ECHOING THROUGH MY DWINDLING BRAIN. HALF OF IT VISIBLE DRIPPING LIKE RAIN. IT'S NOT OFTEN YOU GET TO SEE WHAT'S IN YOUR HEAD. ONLY A NANOSECOND BEFORE YOU REALISE THAT YOU'RE DEAD. WHAT'S ALL THE WORRY FOR. IT DOESN'T HURT MUCH BEING KILLED BY A WHORE. ONLY PRIDE IS SERIOUSLY DAMAGED. BUT AS USUAL YOU WAKE UP AND WANK ME, GET IT STIFF ENOUGH FOR YOUR HORSY GAMES. RIDE DUMB COWGIRL. AS I'M CALLING YOU NAMES. DIRTY WORDS BOUNCE OFF YOUR BRAIN. THE ROOM SMELLS LIKE STALE PUKE IN A DRAIN. AS WET AND OPEN AS A SEWER AS I SCREW HER. IMPALED ON A BURNING SWORD. THRUSTING HARDER DOWN ON THE FIERY BLADE, LIKE EVERY BITCH SHE JUST WANTS TO GET LAID. DESPERATE FOR THE BIG GUN TO GO OFF. SHOOTING DEEP IN HER GUTS, LIKE ALL SLUTS. I AM YOU. WE ARE ONE, AS WE PLACE OUR MOUTHS OVER THE LOADED GUN. PULL THE TRIGGER TOGETHER. ONE HELL OF A FUCK. AND GOOD LUCK TO US BOTH. DYING A BIG FUCK OFF DEATH TOGETHER. AGAIN FOREVER. UNTIL NEXT TIME. MOVE OVER MAKE ROOM. I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR FACE IN THIS GLOOM. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR LIPS FOR ONE DAY. GO AWAY. LEAVE ME HERE WITH THIS SPUNK RUNNING OUT. LET ME LIE HERE AND DROWN IN MYSELF. ABUSED SKIN AND BONE. ALONE. FEELING LIKE THE PUS SQUEEZED OUT OF A BOIL, DISREGARDED. OR A BIRD WITH MY WINGS FULL OF OIL. USELESS. RING MY NECK 'TIL MY EYES POP FROM THEIR HOMES, COOK MY BODY 'TIL THE HOT FLESH FALLS FROM MY BONES. EAT IT YOU FUCKER. YOU CUNT. NEVER BEFORE AND NEVER AGAIN WILL I BE THIS FAR FROM THE EDGE. TIP TOEING CLOSER TO THE NARROWING LEDGE. WATCH OUT, SCREAM OR SHOUT. THE PAST IS CREEPING UP SLOWLY BEHIND YOU. KNIFE IN HAND, HAND IN GLOVE WITH LOVE. SPIT IT OUT. LET THE WORDS FALL TO THE FLOOR, TO BE KICKED OUT THROUGH THE DOOR THAT'S NEVER TO BE OPENED. CAN I SEE YOU LOOK? NOW. CAN I TELL YOU THE TRUTH FINALLY. HOW? TO BE HONEST THERE IS NO TRUTH, ONLY THE BLIND FAITH OF YOUTH. AND THAT'S BOLLOCKS. A MISUNDERSTANDING. AN INCREDIBLE COSMIC FUCK UP THAT'S SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL. EVER FASTER. MASTER, FORGIVE ME. SEE? WHAT DID I SAY? EMPTY. SMUDGES ON A PAGE. INFLAME RAGE? NO, NOT EVEN ANYTHING. ESPECIALLY NOT ANYTHING WORTH THINKING. SINKING LOWER AND LOWER. LIKE A DRIP OF MERCURY. I COULD SWALLOW A WHOLE THIMBLE FULL. NOT THAT IT WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. WHAT'S NOT SEEN IS DEAD. OR MAY AS WELL BE. AT LEAST THAT'S SOMETHING I MIGHT HAVE READ. IF I WERE STILL ALIVE. BUT THANK GOD I'M NOT. 'CAUSE NOT EVEN THEY ARE. NOTHING IS. EVEN CUNTS LIKE YOU, YOU JUST THINK THAT IT'S TRUE. WELL IT'S NOT. THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT GOT. THE ULTIMATE NOTHING AGAIN. THE SPACE BETWEEN DOING AND DONE. THE LAST DYING RAYS OF THE LAST DYING SUN. OVER 'TIL NEXT TIME, IF EVER TIME BOTHERS TO SHOW UP AGAIN. NOT KNOWING HOW TO REFORM A FACE. KNOWING FULL WELL THAT IT FUCKED UP THIS PLACE. ME, YOU, AND THEM. ALL THE WOMEN AND MEN. WE ALL MUST AGREE THAT IT'S OVER. THE FAT LADY SINGS WITH A FISH UP HER ARSE, SHE KNOWS ONLY TO WELL THAT THE SHOW WAS A FARCE. A CRAZY KALEIDOSCOPE NOT WORTH THE INK. AND NOT EVEN PRETTY I GUESS THAT YOU'LL THINK. BUT IT IS WHAT IT IS, AND WILL BE NOTHING MORE..... A SERIES OF MUMBLINGS FROM THE MOUTH OF A WHORE.