

Dazl

aka

The Cradle Robber Within

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Distant Cuzn

Corny Moot

The Kidz (Kiddo, Kiddin, Kiddy, Kidder, Kiddums)

Cuzn - How do, Corny Moot?

Corny - How do, Distant Cuzn

Cuzn - Y, Corny Moot, shdst I deiagr n t'upruze  
The powers primisieve a sussn  
The viabilty of a vessel  
By the musicalty of its leakaj,  
I'd say u sunk so lo u dun bottomd  
Out the bottom

Corny - I am, Distant Cuzn,  
Much funkt

Cuzn - Wuts a futzin wit ya footn,  
Corny Moot?

Corny - Ah, taint nun too ivy choakt

Cuzn - A still tung turn stinky,  
Corny Moot. Free't n fresh't

Corny - Wel, not to squither too much  
Wailin propsmak crosst ma dugong,  
Honest dodger, distant cuzn,  
I ben feeln late like bout as chok-a-blok  
As a street sleeper hed-bled neath  
A rush-era stampon a butcher-hoof,  
Drone-a-roni gigl pigs, so's afore  
These netherites shuffled in, I riggd up  
A passel mash a combustive munitions  
N stufft em into this here snuffel sak  
Then wired em to that shmansy detonator  
So's by activatin my depression  
Thru the yankin a this here unbiblical cord  
I can wish myself n those luk-lorn enuf  
To be close to me a big ol' bio bye bye,

But see'n such a poor peepl turnout  
Made me feel like maybe I shd abort,  
So, needful to say, I presently find  
My mind shot hot with frictiv delibrins  
On wut's to do bout wut's to do or not

Cuzn - Them's big news, Corny Moot

Corny - Ain't no bigger'n the we-est of us

Cuzn - Wel, now, if ya promis not to take  
Ma trope too much to trigger, I'd say  
Not only is u lookn at less bulk for yr bang  
What with this paltry mob, but by my sense  
These no goods mite be near goods  
'F'only cuz they cda mad marcht it  
Outa here steda stayin hind in hopes  
A pleaz-teazn yr ergons tord a less  
Explosiv port

Corny - Nah, they just don't beleve me

Cuzn - Wut brung ya to such a bad place, Corny Moot?

Corny - I walkt

Cuzn - I mean, how came u t'embrace  
Such an inclusively divisiv position?

Corny - I hate this world, Distant Cuzn. That is,  
I luv this world, but I hate the critters  
In it, or, rather, I luv the critters,  
But I hate the ones I must call mate.  
Hate em. O how I hate em. Hate em al.  
Ain't a new thot, but it's newd my thinkn  
N givn me the couraj to be scared  
Enuf to issue a loud messy negativ  
Agenst thr further proliferations

Cuzn - U mean to tel me, Corny Moot,  
That u ain't herd a Dazl?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn - I sed's my auto-refresh pastry life  
To be retrovectivly crumbified  
Into a post-date deth-art scrapl stain  
Just cuz in this underage of instantly  
Obsolescent nigh-vital informatix,  
U, a man of carouseling jocular  
Brain embezlements, be not nasal to

The sympaticolyptic pollens a one  
Dazl Yodinky Balooble Mcdukes?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn - I'm askn, Corny Moot, if by sum  
Aim-lame rumor vacuum storm gaff  
U be the last conflux-fracker in  
Mojohickistan to not hav had his  
Hart tires rotated by the al-genrus  
Squeezabl infeazibl squishymoos  
Of Miss Dazl Upsnizl Boochungy Daboinks?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn - Hey, Kidz!

*Enter Kidz.*

Kidz - Howzoo, Kindred Stranger?!

Cuzn - Wut u nut jobs up to?

Kidz - Ah, ya noe, nutn

Cuzn - Wel, Corny here dun crimpt a buncha  
Bombs into da intimyz a his man purse  
N he's thinkin a jerk-yerkin the fuze  
N blowin us al to be-been sloppy bits  
With our eye guts al down on the ceiling  
N our toothy toes al up on the carpet  
N since it'd be an awful calamitous shambl  
T'ask the Home-Of'ers here to get wipin on,  
I's musin maybe we shd try n swing'm  
At a diffrent type direction to his day

Kidder - Ok!

Kiddy - Sure!

Kiddums - Sounds good!

Kiddo - I luv to help!

Kiddin - But how we gona do't, Kindred Stranger?

Kidder - Ya, cuz, like, no ol' fence, Mr. Corny,  
But u look bout near set on doom as my  
Big fat mama after daddy gone used  
Her spensiv mary kay facial erasin' soap  
T'scrub Ms. Hassle's blushes off his bukl

Kiddy - Durn that smoochy Ms. Hassle!

Kiddums - Sumun shd put a mangle on her mingle!

Corny - No ol' fence shaken, child, for I do  
Feel so set

Cuzn - That may be, but it also happens that  
Corny here ain't never herd a Dazl

Kidz - Swut?

Corny - I sed I don't recall my hear'n bout it,  
But I mite'a, tho my genral pol'cy is not  
To consider myself a repeatable source  
On wut I ain't or ain'tent heard or not

Kiddo - I ain't never herd a nun wut never  
Ain'tent herd a no Dazl

Kiddin - My mood coach told me once  
Ther useta be a Worm Man livd way up  
Don't Ya Dare Come Down This Road Road  
N he wurt th'orniest, grodiest wriggler peddler  
Nature ever reluctantly releast  
For purposes a clearn her pure name,  
N he ain't never not herd a no Dazl nun neither

Cuzn - Beware claims of ignorance  
Made for gains of impudence

Corny - Wut happend to'm?

Kiddin - He left this world cryin quiet  
As he cried loud comin to't

Cuzn - It is most incomprehendibl  
The parcht plot of luv on wich  
Sum personishes seek to maintain  
Th'appearance of abundantly abiding

Corny - Yay, tis

Kidder - I am most sorry, sir, for yr depredation  
Of delite, tho that grief's girth be balanst  
By my gigunguous joy at havin this great  
Obatunity a sharin yr first Dazl Day

Cuzn - O the first Dazl Day!

Kidz - The first day with Dazl  
Is the bestest zestest day

Cuzn - Ok, kidz. Since, in my floozy surmizal,  
I cd scratch a dishonorabl degree  
Outa instinct university for determinin  
Our current calm as more truly code ahhhhhh!!!!!!  
I say we rok

Kidz - Crush it, Kindred Stranger

Cuzn - U good, Corny Moot?

Corny – Badly so

Cuzn – Just keep yr sites on the sounds  
N yr finger on the fake-out  
N we'll hav u bedazzld by kiss kiss

Corny - I'll do wut I can, ev'n if al  
I can is a can a crusht tomatas

*The Kidz sing.*

*Wow argh eek o week yikes ow ah  
Wo blah boo aw humph jeez ough ha  
Yo hu wahoo ouch boo ugh whoa  
Pooh dang whoops doh yikes phew uh oh  
Yippee oops yay yuk yum yuk yum*

Kidder - On a brrrrrooklyn nite, so no tellin ago  
A plant had to pay for the power to grow

Kiddy - Children luggd parents around on thr shoulders

Kiddums - A frend wuz "remote semi-open subfolders"

Kiddo - N evrything argued non-stop over wether  
It'd dated enuf to start livin together

Kiddy - One slip sloppy nite, wen the slush wuz so shlosly  
I herd the break-faces-for-breakfast meat posse  
Fel flat on thr faces, n so felt wut they'd delt,  
Upt n moved, thr sympathys rouzd, to the sunbelt.

Kidder - The taxis (al taken) smasht into each other  
Reproving no nation laks words for yr mother.

Kiddo - The hipster brigade, alwz waitin for action,  
Stayd hunkerd inside n playd useless distraction.

Kiddums - For the city so soakt in the freez flopping sleet  
That gunkt up the garbagey, garbld up street  
A mor muk-muddled dumping cd not be remembered  
E'en by old babushkas completely dismembered  
By docs persevered to preserv them from rotting,  
E'en they'd never seen such blek horrish carroting  
Calamitous mush as the slush bomb that schlarted  
Al over that outer, intrepid, art-harted  
Beside-itself boro.

Kiddin - N yet, in a corner,  
Just up a few floors

Kiddy - Down, I think, from that former  
Wutever wer nuthn that sumthn wuz happened

Kiddums - Sumthin wuz hoppin that nuthn cd dampen  
Or slumpen or crampen or crankily flunge

Kiddo - Cuz here wuz a warmth no chill chunkyz cd xpunj

Kiddin - The warmth of a wonder so splashingly happy  
The splashees wur cozily dum to the crappy  
Crush crashyz outside thr new warmth-burblin world

Kidder - For life in its kindness

Kiddy - O luv how u find us

Kiddo - For life

Kiddums – O remind us

Kidder – Had brot forth a girl.

Kiddin - Now, u mite say:

Kiddy – O boy, boohooraynay for that

Kiddo - Let's all scream off our heds for the 10 shrillionth brat  
Who wil gobl n squabl n spil n despoil  
The char-smooted urth with her mortal heat coil

Kiddums - But not only hav u tucht down short of the strip,  
Yr trying to land befor taking the trip

Kiddin - Cuz a kid this uncommon don't cum round that often

Kidder - O sur, ther's that one who escaped from his coffin

Kiddy - Or she factory-shippt with al facts in her forhed

Kiddums - Or he who cd turn blak potatoes to wite bred

Kiddin - Or even that wak wag stopt growls with a grin

Kidder - Or that out of control un who controld wut wuz in

Kiddo - O ya, sur, ther wur those, al "al that" in thr way,  
But to she of we speak they al thr "al that" pay

Kiddy - U can't mess with this girl, cuz her messes be beautys

Kiddums - Bullys go buttr n coo, "pass the cute, plz."

Kiddo - Al bad moods get mad boood she's so craved on the stage

Kidder - Her moves r so fresh they move bakwards in age

Kiddin - So don't be nah hissin n pre-prejudissin  
Wut u'l cry to be kissin once u drop, hook n glisten

Kidder - Cuz the girl that wuz born on that blek-bluzzerd nite  
Wuz for this not quite rite, unjust world, well, just rite

Kiddy - So wut made her so outta site sumthn so els?

Kiddums - That's un of those things u must see for yrself,  
Cuz if ya can't see it without bein shown it  
U won't ever see it, cuz u overgrown it  
N now it's al buried beneath yr conditions

Kiddo - But don't mope; ther's stil hope. u stil got yr wishins,  
N those wishins wil sweep away al u'v on-heapt  
In yr yurning for lurning the deep u'v o'er leapt

Kiddin - N ther wer ther useta be nuthn but frazl  
U'l see it, n noeing it's u, cal it Dazl.

Cuzn - Schmatta spun, gotta run.  
Gratzy, Corny.  
Glad ya dug it.  
My so long song?  
That thing, unthug it.  
Al stil of a skin,  
Upgrab yr gear,  
N to that skin make  
The far from here near

*The Kidz and Cuzn start to exit.*

Corny - S'down. Ya'll s'down!

Tryin to tack my brake broke truk  
By chuckin a yungin at the grill  
S'bout as effececious as tamin  
A twister with a duster. Stand down,  
Or u shal not stand agen

*The Kidz and Cuzn come back on.*

Cuzn - How do, Corny Moot?

Corny - I do how I do, Distant Cuzn

Cuzn - So how do I do, given u  
My given doin wd subdu?

Corny - Do wut I tell u to n u  
Mite see the door. Do less,  
U wil be dun for

Cuzn - I embrace the offer,  
No replace proferrd.  
Wut shal I do to thru the door?

Corny - Git to wer u started for

Cuzn - If of Dazl u desire mor,  
I'm over to yr drive,  
But as u noe, the show of life  
By running grows less live

Corny - Just make it good, n maybe u can go

Cuzn - Heyzoo, Kidz - man Corny likes the sho!

Corny - I didn't say I like it; I sed I better

Enter Wo(rm)man.

Wo(rm)man - Mor Dazl meat unsounds the mind that's met her!

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Corny - Wut wuz that?

Cuzn - Wut, that blat-blurting, slime-slithering,  
Nerve-gurgling baddy  
With a body like a loco-freighted fatty?

Kiddin - That's Dazl's daddy

Kiddums - Who sed at Dazl's birth



To her babl-garbling sister  
(Niknamed Burners as her  
Cuddling often left a blister)

Dad - Meet the frazzle

Kiddin - T'wich Burners  
sed

Burners - Hello, Dazl.

Cuzn - N so she wuz  
From shippage to grip,  
Dazl Bajoinkys Upsuzl Prerip

Kiddums - Wich is realy her name

Kiddin - Just like balderdash  
Is a race to see who can lose the most hair

Kidder - N kickapoo is the original dirty dance

Kiddums - N babyz ain't Sholanda or Wygo  
Til thr "grunion ordeal"

Kiddo - That's wer a roughage  
A grownups flik wet boogys at em  
N the girlz scream like this  
N the boyz scream like this

Kiddin - N if ya didn't scream, yr the winner

Kidder - N the prize is u can scream al u want  
Cuz no one's gona hear u

Kiddy - N just like wo is me til seaweed  
Takes the white house, Dazl So Cunky  
Fandoogl von Schlip Schlops realy wuz her name

Kiddo - Unless u wana cal her  
Princess Trumpety Crumpet

Kiddums - Or Miss Popular Ocular Flatter Inflator

Kiddin - Or So Carelessly Silly It's Stylishly Scary

Kiddo - Cuz al wut u cal her's  
A thrall to unstaal her

Kiddums - Cept wen it aint

Kiddy - Like wen the fad feels faint

Kidder - N the mor paint ya scrape  
The more ya scrape paint

Kiddo - That's when u mite  
Wana lavish restraint  
Cuz Dazl is way,

Kiddin - But  
Sumtimes she's wayn't

Kiddums - N it's then that she ahems  
A naming complaint

Kiddo - But that's so rarely herd  
It's barely one third of a curd  
Of the bumper yak butter  
From Dazl's ampl word udder

Kiddy - N that's wut's so great about Dazl

Kiddin - N wut ain't great about Dazl  
Can't find it's way to Dazl  
So wut's so great about it, hu?

Kiddy - As I wuz preachn  
'Fore prior fore-reachin,  
Wut's so great about  
Dazl is she duzn't care  
One thik blak she-booby hair  
Wether she's lo or main  
In yr mystery meat chow brain

Kiddo - Unlike most folks who give such a blaring bunkoo  
They chew themself up into misconstrued goo

Kidder - Do u?

Kiddums - Wel, don't

Kiddin - Cuz Dazl don't

Kiddo - Y not?

Kiddy - Let's ask her

Cuzn - Can't

Kiddin - Can't or wan't?

Cuzn - Adamant shan't, for here she nan't  
Kiddums - Wer is she?  
Cuzn - Hard to see  
Kidder - Far away?  
Cuzn - Hard to say  
Kiddo - She'l be here soon?  
Cuzn - Maybe after noon  
Kiddy - After this noon?  
Cuzn - Don't bet yr bassoon  
Kiddin - Is she gone cuz she's a baddy or a swami?  
Kiddy - Hey, let's ask her mommy and her daddy!

Enter mom and dad.

Mom - Wen Dazl wuz born, I didn't noe  
Wut hit me

Dad - U never noe wut hits u.  
She never noes wut hit her.  
Even wen I say "a windstorm  
Of wrecking balls just hit u!"  
She sez "wut hit me?" n sumtimes  
Wen she sez "wut hit me?" n I say  
"Nothing hit u," she sez, "wut hit me?"  
It's like she covets ignorance  
Cuz it's how she cures anxiety  
So she covets anxiety cuz  
It keeps her ignorant. That is sum  
Ousting infertile futility cycle

Mom - Has anyone ever told u yr not  
Worth telling things to?

Enter Wo(rm)man.

Dad - Ther's sumthing hanging out of u

Mom - Pardon me?

Dad - No, part of u, or not part of u,  
Departing from u

Mom - Wer?

Dad - Ya no, ther

Mom - Ther wer?

Dad - Ther wer it can exit  
Cuz u can't flex it

Mom - Wut is it?

Dad - It looks like a man  
Who looks like a worm  
That looks like a woman  
Yearning to squirm

Mom - Get it out of me!

Dad - I did, but u won't let it go

Mom - Yr penis is coming between us

Dad - Yr vagina is not my designer

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Corny - That's it! I'm blowin this place  
To frekl paste

Cuzn - Hold up, Corny Moot! Wut got  
The burr in yr butt?

Corny - Ya kik off like's a kiddy sho,  
Then ya go al hard

Cuzn - Kidz noe the world's hard,  
Corny Moot, n those that don't  
Wil lurn, n find it harder  
For the lapse

Corny - Ther's kinks wut otn't be outed  
Front a suppressionabl yungins

Cuzn - So, wut? Ya out em behind  
A yungins so yungins gotta  
Look bakward to see wer they'r headed?  
Life lite fattens the child

Corny - From wer my outlook's at,  
I p'furd the happy baby shows

Cuzn - Herd that, Corny moot, so hear this:  
 We freely threw our faces at our fists  
 To show how Dazl's unprepared forebears  
 Cd no longer forebear being a pair  
 N had alreedy started craking in half  
 Wen Dazl wuz stil a wet stumbling calf,  
 N be it mor fit for a thro-down  
 In the lavatory, it's part a that blah blah story:  
 "Happy baby meets crappy maybe."

Corny - Fine, but clean it up, or they'l be  
 Cleanin u up with a shop vac

Cuzn - Pul it bak, Kidz. The spirit's now on spec,  
 Or Corny sharpens the nife on the nek

Kiddums - Seems like Mr. Corny  
 Shd get on the Dazl Plan

Corny - Wut's the Dazl Plan?

Kiddums - The Dazl Plan,  
 U sensitiv salesman,  
 Wuz to cry evry day

Corny - Then I ben mostly on it

Kidder - O Dazl luvd to cry

Cuzn - Why?

Kiddin - Y cry? To water yr feet

Kiddo - Cuz then yr feet sprout treats  
 In the street, n then u can eat

Kiddums - See, crying for Dazl ment letting  
 The plants give thx for thr deth  
 Thru her marathon bleat

Cuzn - Over wich sum skulldozing sleepers  
 Wd shout:

Kidder - Wut is that non-keeper bawling about?

Kiddo - But Dazl didn't cry about anything  
 Any mor than the rain rues its runnelling

Kiddin - She just cryd

Kiddums - Like a kromosome liedentified

Kiddo - N wen she cryd she felt  
Like she wuz splunkin into  
A hole that wuz her home

Cuzn - Cal it her holme

Kidder - So no need to say  
"Don't cry, my sweet."

Kiddums - Cuz she'l go

Kiddin - "It's ok,  
I like to cry, cuz it waters my feet,  
Wich sprout treats in the street,  
N then I can eat."

Kidder - Wut's Dazl's toppiest treat?

Kiddo - Dazl luvs wutever

Kiddums - Cept wen she's like, "That? Never!"

Kiddin - But once she stops shooin it  
She wonders bout doing it  
N so she starts chewing it

Kiddo - See, evry flub's a festival  
Cuz Dazl's so suggestibl

Kidder - Tho ther is one food  
Dazl finds most good

Kiddin - Yes, the yestiest of nibbles  
Oe'r wich she ne'r quibbles  
R wean beans

Kiddo - O wean beans delete al yr mean genes!

Cuzn - But that's not y Dazl luvs wean beans

Kiddums - No, Dazl luvs wean beans  
Cuz they fill her with dirt

enter Wo(rm)man.

Wo(rm)man - Gimme that dirt  
Or i'll poop on dessert!

Kiddin - Grody!

Kiddy - Wut iz that?  
Dad - Baby, not now  
Wo(rm)man - If ther's dirt, I want dirt  
Dad - Someone sed dirt, but ther's no dirt  
Wo(rm)man - Then lemme eat them kiddy  
N i'll make me sum dirt!  
Dad - Later  
Wo(rm)man - Later, later, masticator;  
I shd call u Master Later  
Dad - I'll bring u fresh dirt  
In a child skull crok  
If u'll wait for me under  
Yr nasty flirt rok  
Wo(rm)man - U noe how to talk  
To the yes in my hurt

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Kiddin - Wut wuz that?  
Kiddo - That's Lil Miss Dirty Flirt  
Kiddums - But isn't flirty dirt like dirty?  
Kidder - She ain't yr common dirt  
Kiddy - Not yr common dirt?  
Kidder - Wel, ok, it's yr common dirt,  
But yr common dirt isn't  
Yr common dirt cuz it's  
Special enuf  
T'uncommonly blurt:  
Kiddo - I'm dirt!  
Kidder - N this dirt is especiously common  
Cuz it's full of raw talent  
Kiddin - Good ole raw talent!  
Kiddums - It hath no deciphrement

Kiddo - Or duz it?

Cuzn - Let's ask Professor Digressor Suppressor:

*Enter Professor.*

Professor - Raw talent is an essence extracted  
From the flirt dirt that distills via  
The ingestion of wean beans  
After crying to express the pain  
Of the plants, wich is simply peace  
Of mind seeking refuge from the fact  
That u eat who u meet  
With the teat of deceit  
But...dammit...I digress

Kidder - So y not just make like Dazl  
N twang thangs?

Kiddo - Put some blang in yr blunderangs?

Kiddums - N let's remember how Dazl  
Wd never huff:

Kiddin - "I don't noe wut u mean."

Cuzn - Cuz it'd never occur to Dazl-do  
That she'd ever be that not close to u

Corny - If she so close, wer she at?

Kiddo - Dude, Dazl ain't that brand a brat

Kiddy - She noes the house decats the cat

Kiddin - Dazl beleves in the goodness of all

Kidder - Even if all ain't all that on the ball?

Cuzn - Yes, cuz Dazl nu evryone had it  
Coming to'm, but she wuzn't alwz sure  
How to get it to'm, but get it to'm  
She wd, by flunky, cuz mor than  
Digressin, she luvd bein digresst,  
N the best way to wrest yr hence from yr wence  
Wuz to suffer a major inconvenience

Kiddy - Wich Dazl luvd!

Kiddo - Like she luvd letting others go first



Kiddums - Or not being fully reimbursed  
 Kidder - Or admiring the under-rehearsed  
 Kiddin - Heck, she even loved how cheap imitations  
 Struggle to sidestep deep limitations  
 Kiddy - But wut Dazl loved past all impertinence  
 Buz getting lost in a palatial inconvenience  
 Kidder - Like that time when she n her dada  
 Spent half a day on the tatas  
 Thwacketing thru the thickest of thickets  
 For her favorite pink ball, n not finding it  
 Kiddin - That wuz the awesomest vain in the grass!  
 Kiddums - But remember who didn't help scrounge?  
 Kiddy - She just sat there n acted all lounge  
 Kiddo - The most givingest inconvenience  
 That ever drizzled its pizzle on Dazl  
 With impenitent inexpedience  
 Kiddin - Her sister  
 Dazl - Ditters!  
 Kiddy - O great  
 Kidder - Thx a lot  
 Kiddums - A sister  
 Dazl - My ditters!  
 Dad - Let the games be gin!  
 Kiddin - O no, for Dazl o so loved her ditters!  
 Kiddo - More than starlets love spotlights?  
 Kidder - More than campers love campsites  
 Cuzn - Cept when she didn't  
 Kiddy - Stop being so isn't  
 Kiddums - Dazl lookt up to her ditters

Cuzn - To dodge wut she'd drop on her

Kiddo - Her ditters wuz good at evrything.

Cuzn - Especially that envy thing

Kidder - Dazl cd play with her ditters all day!

Dazl - Burners, wana play?

Burners - No.

Dazl - Y not?

Burners - It's bad for bizness.

Dazl - Wut's bizness?

Burners - In this corner, we have someone  
Who'd never hurt a flea.  
In this corner, we have a flea.  
Ding!

Cuzn - Yes, Dazl luvd Burners  
Like tender luvd tough  
Cuz she alwz let rip  
The unstuffiest stuff

Burners - I'm a rebel. I rebelize. N the root  
Of my rebelishus rebelution  
Is wdn't u like to noe. I wil, howev,  
Spot u one clue, cuz yr so clueless. Dazl.  
Wuts it about Dazl? I tell you wut:  
Me, whose rebelum vitae makes  
Rebelishly clear how no one will ever  
Outrebel my rebullient rebellicosity.  
I don't use toothpaste, n if my dad's  
Like, did u? I'm like, hu? I don't do  
Gratitude, warning signs, honesty,  
Transitions, instructions, regulations,  
Calm, trust, sympathy, seasoned counsel,  
Weather appropriate clothing, learning,  
Expectations, reality testing, cost  
Benefit analysis, introspection, fresh  
Food, accepted science, second thoughts,  
Or sorry, but if sumthins makin it  
Hard for me to breathe, I'm on it like  
Who on u. Wen someone shouts "look out!"  
I shut my eyes. You suggest it, I detest it, lolz.  
U wana noe wut possesst me? U possesst me,

So I dispossesst u, cuz nuthin cd be  
Further from the truth than my couth.  
If I'm hungry, I deny it. If I'm tired,  
I'm wired. Vendetta? Never been betta.  
But bein a rebel don't make me all no sho.  
I like grafting grudges on sense data,  
Dumping mor out the bak than u can hak,  
Being careless with yr belongings  
So I can shout "my home isn't safe!"  
Destroying a simpl errand with my  
Griping n begging cuz it's just so awkward.  
N my sikest fave? Givin my rebel yell.  
"I hate u yr so stupid I'm gona kil myself!"  
My first rebelious act wuz wen my mom  
Sed, "Who's my baby?" n me? No habla yo face.  
My second rebelius act wuz to not  
Perform a rebelius act - dam, who's thinkin?  
Not me, cuz that's another detox I free box.  
My third rebelius act is to skip that n impose  
On u my fourth rebelius act...

Dad - Burners

Burners - Excuse me, Bad, but I'm excusing  
Myself from yr table of discontents

Dad - No, yr excusing yrself from facing yrself

Burners - I faced myself wen I got defaced  
By a hed-on collision with yr decision  
Faking process over wut shd be dun  
About my being too wide to fit into  
Yr tite squeez of Dazl dependence

Dad - I luv u both equally, Burners

Burners - Ther'd be less but in yr voice  
If yr hed wurn't up yr ass

Corny - Must u say them words  
To say them words?

Cuzn - U herd him, kidz. Speak from the shunt

Burners - Ther'd be less glue in yr hair  
If yr art wurn't up yr nose

Dad - A parent's luv comes full,  
But it burns hard,  
N refuels on gratitude

Burners - She's grateful cuz she duzn't exist!  
 Corny - Wut's tanglin up her tresses?  
 Cuzn - She's sik of getting shokt by her homing  
 Mekanism  
 Kiddy - Of crossing the street  
 To avoid herself  
 Kidder - Of the owls not letting her watch  
 Them lurning to fly  
 Kiddin - Of fighting to be the biggest  
 Secret in the uncurious club  
 Kiddums - Of noeing wut she's doing is part  
 Of the problem but not noeing wut  
 To do that duzn't make her feel  
 Like she's ignoring the problem  
 Kiddy - Of her to do list only listing  
 To don't's  
 Kiddo - Of each new day being  
 More or less about more or less  
 Corny - She n me share sum skin  
 Cuzn - That's y we cal her Burners  
 Kidder - Rite away evryun nu Dazl wuz special  
 Kiddy - But becuz ppl often spur wut they spurn,  
 Special ment plenty of special concerns  
 Kiddin - Wut is she?  
 Kiddums - Wut will she do?  
 Kiddo - Wer is she from?  
 Kidder - Wil she alwz be nu?  
 Kiddy - Wut duz she want?  
 Kiddin - Wut is her range?  
 Kiddums - How can she sleep?  
 Kiddo - Wen wil she change?

Dad - Wut wd she be buying for \$7000  
At two in the morning in outer Queens  
From someone named Pigmund Droid?

Kiddums - Those wur the least of the most  
Of the beefs and the dotes  
By which ppl frazzld yung Dazl,  
But wut these niggles failed  
To diggle  
Wuz that rite then, rite now,  
In a place so far away it's rite  
Behind u, pow!

Kiddums - Ther wur nuklz

Kiddin - Nuklz?

Kiddums - Lots of nuklz

Kiddo - Lots of nuklz?

Kiddums - A quaver of nuklz

Kiddy - A quaver?

Kiddums - A quaver of trukl-sukling nuklz

Kidder - Wut wur they doing?

Kiddums - Flying

Kiddin - Nuklz with wings?

Kiddums - Those chunky, spikey, blak-eyeing rings  
Wur flying

Kiddo - Yr lying

Kiddums - R flying

Kiddy - I'm crying

Kiddums - Strait at Dazl.

Kidder - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr poor

Kiddy - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr lazy

Kiddin - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr rich

Kiddo - But y

Kiddums - Cuz thr crazy

Kidder - Y thr flying at Dazl's  
The part that's still hazy

Kiddums - Thr flying at Dazl cuz  
Nun of thr purlz had given  
Milk that day, n purl milk is  
The mainstay of nukl ilk, so one  
Of the nuklz, the fightinest one,  
The one al the nuklz luvd mightinest,  
Cuz hey, thr nuklz, this frightinest  
Nukl pulld, for a nukl, a usual

Enter the Nuklz.

Nukl King - Our purlz r milkless due to  
Dazl the giltless!

Kiddums - So the nuklz al shriekd:

Nuklz - "Bash in her cheeks!"

Kiddums - N that started the process

Kiddin - The process?

Kiddums - The process of progress  
As hiding wut seeks

Kiddo - Ok, but wut about the nuklz,  
The quaver of face-crashing nuklz,  
Soaring strait at Dazl?

Kiddums - Ah, she didn't noe it

Kidder - Not noeing it's  
Not overthrowing it

Kiddums - That depends on how  
U don't noe it

Kiddy - I don't sniff the diff

Kiddums - Then wiff, n i'll blo it.  
U can not noe sumthing cuz u wana be seduced.  
U can not noe sumthing cuz it's rite behind yr eyes.  
U can not noe sumthing cuz u wurn't introduced.  
U can not noe sumthing cuz it isn't noeing size.  
U can not noe sumthing cuz...

Kiddy - Ok, but in wut way did Dazl not noe  
Nuklz wur coming to smash hit her sho?

Kiddums - She didn't noe it in the sense she nu it  
Enuf to not see it cuz she saw thru it,  
N ther she saw that nothing cd undo it  
Except to no mor be the tree that gru it

Kiddo - O plz, just say the nuklz wur disarmd!

Kiddin - Say it, or i'll whine!

Kiddums - Fine. Becuz her midl arm wuz charmd,  
From nukling harm she wuz gendarm'd

Kidz - Hurray!

Cuzn - N if u beleve that,  
Blak n wite make gre

Corny - Wut u say?

Cuzn - I sed her sparkling personality  
Sprang from a personal spark

Kiddy - N even the gang-hang morose  
In thr flee-forts wd toast:

Kidder - She's as close a girl can get  
To being a national park!

Cuzn - So, soon, impromptu Dazl memorials  
Started poppin up evrawerz

Corny - Memorials?

Cuzn - That's wut I sed

Corny - Like memorials to the ded?

Cuzn - That's not wut I sed

Corny - No, but...

Cuzn - Beware! no, but; no astute

Corny - If these memorials r everwer,  
How cuz I can't see em?

Cuzn - Cuz thr inside peple's bodys,  
So u don't see em, u be em

Kiddo - That's rite, thorny fruit,  
Litl spontaneus Dazl shrines started  
Poppin up al inside pplz  
Physianomalisques  
Like swirling static heaps of pictures  
Flowers cards quips beads bracts  
Schists n joops, big countless  
Midden clumps a jumbl scruff all piled up  
In thr riled loop child poof mok-up

Kiddums - So evawun wuz stikin thr ciciput  
Up thr occipoot so they cd  
Sing it from the gut:

Kiddin - Dazl is  
A dunky do.

Kiddo - Who sez?

Kiddin - I sez

Kidder - Me sez too!

Kiddy - U sez?

Kiddo - I sez

Kiddums - Who that be?

Kiddo - Dazl.

Kiddin - Dazl?

Kiddums - Hello, me!

Cuzn - N this is how it came to boast  
That wut ppl luvd most about Dazl,  
Tho they didn't noe it enuf  
To make a living off killing it,  
Wuz her body, but not her body  
In al its cuddly curvy perfection,  
No, wut ppl luvd most wuz her body



In thr body, wich inevitably ment  
Wut they luvd most about Dazl  
Wuz her birth defects

- Kiddin - Dazl with defects?
- Kiddo - Zwiebacks with izzle?
- Kiddy - Daycares on shipwrecks?
- Kiddums - Sunshiny mizzle?
- Cuzn - Yes, these far-glaring problems wurn't  
A part of Dazl's body, they wur a part  
Of the bodyz that had consumed  
Dazl's body, so her imperfections  
Wur felicitiously ascribed to others,  
N thr agreeing that Dazl wuz perfect  
Made thr defects, wich actually wur  
Dazl's, tho Dazl wuz perfect, openly  
N mysteriously manageable, n so  
Wile Dazl nu thr wuz this giant scam  
Al souped around evrything wer  
Birth defects wur being traded  
Among ppl in order to generate  
Valu from error, wich inevitably  
Ment a few ppl had most of the defects  
N most ppl had only a few defects,  
Wich wuz seen as unfair cuz defects  
Wur desied cuz they wur Dazl's, but  
Dazl didn't noe wut to do about that,  
So she did wut she nu she had to do  
About it, n that wuz to dy, so she died
- Corny - She wut?
- Cuzn - She wut she did
- Corny - She died?
- Cuzn - She died?
- Corny - That's wut u sed
- Cuzn - But is that wut she did?
- Corny - U sed she did
- Cuzn - So then she didn't
- Corny - But u sed she did, so did she

Do wut u ain't sed or did u say  
Wut she ain't did?

Cuzn - It's hard to say

Corny - It's harder not to say  
Wut with who's tellin u to say it

Cuzn - But wut with who I'm sayin it  
About, it's hardest to say wut  
She dun or not, cuz sayin it  
Is her otherwayin it, so yr or  
Ain't quite conveyin it, Senor  
Livin in a line at deth's door

Corny - Talkin down to me ain't  
The way to talk me down

Cuzn - Then i'll indite, despite stooge frite,  
How Dazl n deth, they fite cuz they tite.  
See, Dazl c'dn't realy dy cuz Dazl wuz  
Never really born, cuz Dazl wuz the prize  
In a very weird war, n this war wuz so  
Weird only one word cd capture it,  
N it's a compound word made up  
Of all the words constantly compounded  
By other words, so it's a word that  
No one's sed yet everyone's alwayz  
Sayin, so being an indescribably weird  
War of wich Dazl is the prize, this war  
Destroyd its prize, n thus its very  
Reason for being by being, cuz Dazl  
Can't be won by war, so things wur  
Weird, n that's y we say that Dazl  
Wuz born ded, tho being ded born  
Didn't keep her from doing al  
The awesome impossible things

Corny - Like wut?

Kiddo - Like not holding a grudge wen  
Someone shuvs a grudge into yr hands  
N screams, "Hold that or i'll begrudge u!"

Kidder - Or like only expressing the relevant  
Meaning wen u say the meaning  
Of irrelevant is irrelevant

Kiddin - Or like not feeling lonely n scared  
Wen yr al alone running from  
Stale men with fresh machetes

Kiddums - But Dazl did those humdrum  
Undoable things

Corny - N how is that?

Kiddo - Cuz Dazl had eyes in the lak  
Of her dred, so she nu wut it lookt  
Like wen ppl thot she wuznt lookn  
So she forgave em for shouting  
"Watch wer yr goin!" cuz Dazl nu  
The only way to see anything is to watch  
Wer yr not goin, n that's y if u see her,  
U will see she's always in u  
As the place u long to be

Cuzn - U with me, Corny Moot?

Corny - As much as I can be  
With wut goes on by losin me

Cuzn - By losin u we find u  
In wut u wur, man

Wo(rm)man - I want u too

Kiddin - Who r u?

Wo(rm)man - I'm the Wo(rm)man, wich is spellt  
Wormman, but pronounced woman,  
With a sum say tediusly, but I say  
Sensuously long O, but the rm,  
Wich stands for "my ancestors broke  
Evrything they tucht, n it became  
Kentucky, wich prior to the merching  
Of the original absentee, wuz  
Kunticky, Coontakey, or Cantacky,"  
Hence the silent rm, so i've slyly  
Placed it in parentheses, but u can't  
Express parentheses on stage without  
Using yr hands, n I ain't got no hands  
Cuz I'm the Wo(rm)man

Kiddo - Y r u here?

Wo(rm)man - Cuz I come wen I'm calld

Kiddums - No one calld u

Wo(rm)man - Someone sed "i want u, Wo(rm)man."

Cuzn - I sed "in wut u wur, man."

Wo(rm)man - Wen yr lookin at the Wo(rm)man,  
Yr lookin at wut u wur, man

Kiddin - Grody, it's so grody!

Wo(rm)man - U wana see grody, chek out  
My big ole nasty mean streak

kidz - Grody-ody-ody-o-o!

Wo(rm)man - Ya, like sumtimes I streak nekkid  
Thru the mall n evrybody screams  
Cuz they don't noe wut thr seein  
Cuz I'm part worm, part man,  
N all big ole nasty woman.  
Ain't that mean as a washt-up  
Pornstar sayin she never liked it?

Kidder - Go away, Wo(rm)man!

Kiddin - Go bak to yr filthy worm can!

Wo(rm)man - But I'm fungry

Kiddo - Ya, wel, we ain't got no plenty

Wo(rm)man - O yes, u do

Kiddums - Wut we got?

Wo(rm)man - U got u, boo!

Kiddin - Run like a no good fetus!  
The Wo(rm)man wantsa eat us!

Corny - Squirm along, Wo(rm)man,  
Or I release my robins

Wo(rm)man - Ya'l lucky Corny's my no-go guru,  
Cuz I had u down for dodo, so i  
Shal leav u with this sage allspice:  
Folks say turlets r dirty,  
But I say thr fulla shit

Cuzn - So, as we can see via this  
Loser-generated blunder storm,  
Dazl wuz lost the moment she wuz born,  
But wut is noen is that once Dazl  
Wuz lost, a wave of sticking

Yr hed up yr a...um, I mean, a wave  
Of wrapping yr bred with yr trash  
Washt over the premature community  
Of Economic Actions Change the Fractions  
Of Economic Reactions

- Kidder - N so we half ask:
- Kiddo - Y wd anyone stuff thr ded  
In thr gash?
- Cuzn - Corny Moot?
- Corny - Sumtimes yr corpse is al  
Ya got to stop the bleeding
- Cuzn - The cheerier, n so clearier,  
Answer is (like u cared): Dazl
- Kiddin - To find Dazl, stik yr dred up yr laff
- Kiddums - Yet ther, insted a Dazl, we find the gondola  
To the formative myth of our era:
- Kiddy - Humans strive to survive  
By lurning about thr environment
- Kidder - That's a good one!
- Kiddo - Ya, I like that one so much,  
Watch me sheet my bed with my crass
- Kiddin - Wut most ppl do is they shove  
Thr sled up thr bash so thr  
Environment won't find them n  
Kill them for killing thr environment  
By slamming thr streb up thr crash
- Kiddums - Try it
- Kiddy - It's so fun
- Kiddo - Fun as a keestercake diet
- Kidder - It's like getting hit by a car,  
But yr driving the car, so, hey,  
Noone got hurt
- Kiddy - But, unstrangely enuf, this flip  
Iconic self-pranking mistake  
Is wut keeps th'environment

From disappearing cuz th'environment  
Is our communal colon

Kiddin - I mean, wich wd u rather hav:

Kidder - One air or billionaires?

Corny - I'd rather not bother with rather

Kiddums - Well, Dazl won't embrace u  
If yr meds are up yr mass

Kiddy - Not cuz she's harshin on u,  
It's just really stupid cumbersum  
To get a hug on your lepton meringue  
Wen u assume that tortured fake  
Humiliatingly proud leg up  
The gaff position

Kidder - So howsabout we giv that shit the git?

Corny - I askt u to hold the stinky cheese

Cuzn - You mean the worst curds?

Corny - I mean the curse words

Cuzn - Ain't al words curse words as they  
Curse us users to words? Besides,  
That wurn't me, that wuz Dazl's  
Daddy havin a tantrum on Dazl  
For havin a tantrum, n becuz he  
Had a tantrum on his Dazl, Dazl  
Went for a walk

Kiddy - Wer'd she go?

Cuzn - She just walkt

Kiddums - She had to be goin sumwer

Cuzn - Nope, she just walkt

Kidder - I herd wen yr just walkin  
Yr goin to nardimarm

Kiddy - Narmidarmanard

Kiddums - Darnamardanarnadardanardamarnadarmanarma

Cuzn - Ok, so she walkt there, to the place

Whose name is the composite of  
The many failed attempts to say its name,  
A place wer yr alwayz comfortabl  
Cuz yr body molds to fit wutever it's on

Kiddo - Narmadardamarnanardadarmanardamarnadardamar

Cuzn - Wer Dazl, now shaped like a rocky  
Depression, sat ther hummin

Dazl - "This land is my gland"

Cuzn - N thot:

Dazl - How's a girl supposed to see a shrink  
If her dad won't stop makin her blink?

Cuzn - Just then, three nardamarmanardamarmians  
Landed next to Dazl, who sed

Dazl - Hello, dardanarmians.

Cuzn - N the first mardanarmadarnian sed

Kiddums - It wd be mighty good to eat u, but  
Dardamarmanardians don't consume  
Thr own biproduct

Cuzn - N the second nardamarnadarnian sed

Kiddy - R u comfortabl?

Cuzn - N Dazl sed

Dazl - Of course, I'm in darmanardamarnadardamarn

Kiddy - Good, cuz I have sumthing  
Miseducational to tell u

Cuzn - N Dazl sed

Dazl - Don't worry. I brot my brain brush  
In case yr bridge-n-tunnel setbacks  
Clash with my dream of staying lost  
That I may ever grope

Cuzn - T'wich the second marnanarmadarmian sed

Kiddy - This is yr noment. That moment wen  
Yr told u hav no destiny, no rite to rong,  
No urgent mission, no hero leotard,

For u r Dazl, n u wur born ded, so r u  
Luvd by al, n sum wil sho u thr luv  
By tryin to eat u, n the mor u run,  
The closer they'll cum, so bein yrself  
Is al u can do, wich is to be the Dazl  
That's around u

- Dazl - Ok, but shd I forgiv my dad  
For throwing a fat stinky tantrum  
Al up in my fresh litl face after  
I did the same to him, remembering  
I'm the child in this marriage?
- Cuzn - N the third darnanarmadardian sed
- Kiddo - Power is how u giv it
- Cuzn - N so Dazl, following her nature,  
Went home, huggd her father, n together  
They sang the ballad of narmadarnamardadarmanarm
- Dad - She wuz five, and she nu  
She'd started too late,  
For she wuz born on the brite side  
Of the city that never wakes
- Burners - If I put all my eggs in yr basket  
Can I hav yr basket?
- Mom - Such lovely yung dreams,  
Skating on sand
- Dad - She cries into her mouth,  
Jelous of the training princess,  
But finds a taste of solace  
In swallowing herself
- Burners - They wake to find her  
Hanging from a tree  
By a harness of her own hair
- Mom - A human sun cooled to be close,  
Singing
- Dazl - I shall be in bliss practicing practice  
I shall be an open window between breth n breth  
I shall accept the tethering nether  
I shal let the grass grow under my feet  
I shall rise each day inspired to drown
- Corny - Purty tune



Cuzn - Wuzat, Corny moot?

Corny - Purty tune

Cuzn - U forgotten, Corny moot?

Corny - Fugottn wut?

Dad - Apparently ours is an age wen  
Catharsis can only be achieved  
By throwing dirt over one's child

Burners - I'd say u sound like my dad,  
But yr my dad, so u don't

Dad - Wut r u doing?

Burners - Wut r u doing?

Dad - Helping

Burners - Helping wut?

Dad - This thing

Burners - Wut is that thing?

Dad - It's called a Wo(rm)man

Burners - It looks like a woman

Dad - That's cuz yr saying it wrong

Burners - How r u helping it?

Dad - I'm keeping it wet

Burners - Duz mom noe yr doing that?

Dad - Of course mom noes I'm doing it.  
Mom askt me to do it. I do it to mom, too.  
It's wut dads do

Burners - Wut do dads do?

Dad - They make like water to keep things wet

Burners - I've seen u do that

Wo(rm)man - And I bet it got u wet!

Burners - It did nothing for me. In fact, yr whole  
 "Self as dispersiv primal performance,"  
 Ya now, that symbolically circumfuged  
 "Baggage first!" crap luv u do, I find it  
 So constipatingly pretentious, like yr  
 Too stupid n afraid to do anything  
 So u run around in non-descript  
 Self-fascinated shapes, wen realy  
 U need to go to graduate school  
 So u can disappear by degrees

Dad - Is that any way to talk to yr father?

Burners - The only way to talk to your father  
 Is as the father he should have had

Wo(rm)man - And how do you talk to his Wo(rm)man?

Burners - Ther isn't any way to talk to u  
 Cuz u won't let me use them words  
 To say them words

Corny - Hey, them's my words

Cuzn - Only the dead own words, Corny Moot

Corny - U in the market?

Kidder - See, wut set Dazl apart from the ppl  
 U meet at PeopleMart who seem  
 Like a deal ya gotta take but u get em home  
 N they quikly break or they do sumthin  
 Different than they sed they did or  
 That feature u liked, that's now forbid,  
 Was with Dazl u just noe wut yr gonna get  
 Cuz her insides r on her outsides set

Kiddy - Need yr pimply brother lifted  
 Off yr milk dud eclair?

Kiddin - Dazl's ther!

Kidder - Cuz Dazl duzn't have a bad  
 Pharmaceutical weather problem

Kiddo - Y not?

Kiddums - Cuz Dazl can kiss her own hand  
 N feel like guinevere lancelot

Dazl - Starlite, starbrite,  
 First star I see tonite,  
 I wish I may, I wish I mite,  
 Hav the wish I wish tonite

Kidder - That's Dazl: rymin tonite with  
 Tonite, n makin it work

Cuzn - Like wen Dazl's daddy first saw Dazl  
 He took her in his arms n cuddled him

Kiddin - Her

Kiddy - She

Kidder - Cuddled

Kiddo - He

Kiddums - Him

Kiddy - She

Kidder - Her cuddled

Kiddo - He

Kiddin - Cuddled him

Kiddums - Her

Kiddo - Cuddled she

Kidder - Him

Kiddy - Cuddled

Kiddin - He

Kiddums - Her

Kiddo - Cuddled he

Kiddy - O ther wuz just too much cuddling  
 To unmuddl the cuddle collectiv,  
 So, to say the least...

Cuzn - N remember, kidz,  
 Alwz say the least cuz more than  
 The least is less than the most,  
 N sayin less than the most is like

Workin to make yr job harder,  
N that's yr boss's job

Kiddums - So, to spay the beast,  
Dazl's daddy, prior to being swaddled  
In Dazl, had ceaselessly sent himself  
To the blackboard, wich wuz a wall  
In a deep, dark cave in the glaring  
Public space of his performance grave

Kidder - N ther he wd rite as many times  
As it took to erase his indelible crimes:

Dad - "I cannot help myself becuz I'm not  
Sure it's good for anyone that I get help."

Cuzn - So pretty soon

Kiddy - Wich is alwz late n quite a bit  
Uglier than u wur told wen u sold  
Yr foothold to buy some vastitude  
Wer they serv yr farts for dinner.

Kiddin - But yr still a winner cuz u got  
Three star farts!

Kiddo - Like ther's three big stars in yr farts  
Pitching an idea for a show wer  
Sum ppl fart n freez n the one  
Who looks most like he's looking  
At art, that's the star n the rest r just  
Star farts

Kidder - Wudo I win?

Kiddums - U win this me-doll  
Engine that shaves the urth beard  
So the urth can stop looking al  
Uncashiered n start working to help  
Non-stars sob on cue, cuz water's  
Waste wen stars r farts

Cuzn - N that's wut Dazl's daddy's life  
Wuz like befor he saw his Dazl do  
N maybe after he saw his Dazl too,  
Tho after that he threw it al away,  
N it buried Dazl, n he's been lookin  
For her ever since, mostly in the dirt  
That drains outta the Wo(rn)man wen  
He sticks his big unambiguous ambrosious  
Hook into the dirt can so he can find Dazl

Kiddy - Stupid man, not noeing the only way  
To find Dazl is to be Dazl evry day

Corny - So pretty soon wut?

Cuzn - Wut?

Corny - U sed so pretty soon, but u never  
Got around to sayin pretty soon wut

Cuzn - Just sed it, ain't i?

Corny - U sed it, but ther's mor to it  
Than wut u sed

Cuzn - Wut mor to it is ther?

Corny - How'm I s'posed to noe?

Cuzn - Cuz u sed ther's mor to it.

Corny - Yr doin me rong

Cuzn - How's that sit with u, Corny moot?

Corny - Don't, cuz the seats near me r taken

Cuzn - By who?

Corny - By my not wantin noone  
sittin near me

Cuzn - Ain't Dazl guv u nuttn,  
Corny Moot?

Corny - Like wut?

Cuzn - Like how wen u don't want noone  
Sittn near u it's cuz the noone  
That told ya u ain't worth sittn near's  
Still sittn ther?

Corny - He'll get his

Cuzn - Actually, it seems  
Like we'll get his

Dad - I saw the blurb doctor today

Mom - R u having blurb problems?

Dad - My blurb isn't working.

Mom - Wut?

Dad - At first I didn't noe wut wuz rong,  
But now I do. It's my blurb

Mom - Wut's rong with yr blurb?

Dad - She sed it's inflamed, abnormally  
Large, n filled with lots of foul, foreign,  
Unflattering matter.

Mom - Did she say y?

Dad - Yep

Mom - And?

Dad - My body's rejecting my blurb

Mom - But I gave u that blurb

Dad - I noe

Mom - That blurb is our bond

Dad - I noe

Mom - It took me like 20 minutes  
To rite that blurb

Dad - I noe

Mom - U hav a fantastic blurb

Dad - But nobody's coming

Mom - O, not that agen

Dad - If not that agen, then wut agen?

Mom - A blurb is about so much mor  
Than getting ppl to cum

Dad - Wut mor is a blurb about?

Mom - How yr seen, wut u do, who u r

Dad - Nun of wich matters unless

Sumbody cums

- Mom - I wil not restage this fite
- Dad - Fine, but the blurb doctor gave me  
Three options: get another blurb from u,  
But she's doubtful that one wil work either,  
Given yr history; get a blurb transplant from  
A deceased blurb donor, but those r alwz  
Iffy; or I can get a new blurb from someone  
Whose blurb is more compatibl to my being
- Mom - U mean take someone else's blurb  
Other than my blurb as yr blurb?
- Dad - I'm not saying I'm doing that,  
I'm doing the saying of that
- Mom - But wut happens to my blurb  
Once u hav someone else's blurb?
- Dad - I don't noe, but I do noe that if  
I don't get a new blurb soon, well,  
It's just too terrible to say.
- Mom - Say it
- Dad - No
- Mom - Wut wil happen if u don't  
Have a blurb?
- Dad - No one will cum
- Mom - Y can't it be enuf if just I cum?
- Dad - That's just it! my blurb's so bad,  
Not even u r cuming, n u rote my blurb
- Mom - So let's work on yr blurb
- Dad - It's too late. The doctor sez my body  
Is in such an advanced state  
Of necrotizing blurb rejection,  
Editing my blurb cd compromise  
My entire system to the point  
That nobody wd ever cum agen
- Mom - So i'll giv u my blurb
- Dad - But I rote yr blurb, wich means

I'd have ritten my own blurb, n  
Evrybody noes self-promotion is  
The surest way to ensure nobody cums

- Mom - Look, this is al my fault.  
I rote a faulty blurb, so let me fix it
- Dad - How?
- Mom - I'm gona start cuming
- Dad - O plz
- Mom - I've ben negligent of late  
In not reacting enthusiastically to  
Yr blurb, in feeling enticed by yr blurb,  
But I'm gona start, n once I do, I'm sure  
I'll be cuming al the time
- Dad - I've alrely chosen  
A new blurb
- Mom - Wut?
- Dad - I'm getting it on tuesday
- Mom - From who?
- Wo(rm)man - My blurty blurb gon' fit so fat  
N funky deep up down yr sloppy body  
Ev'body gon be cummin all the slime!
- Mom - Wut is that?
- Dad - The Wo(rm)man
- Mom - Yr getting yr new blurb  
From a subterranean invertebrate  
In whom the untrained eye fails  
To discern a difference between  
The alimentary and excretory orifi?
- Dad - That's wut I like about the Wo(rm)man.  
Her, his, its corporal discombobulation  
Challenges ppl to embrace the synaesthetic  
Possibilities of a confusing and repulsiv  
Organism, n once they do, they cum  
Like crazy
- Wo(rm)man - Or at least I do



Mom - So that's it?

Dad - That's it. I'm sorry. Here's yr blurb

Mom - This isn't the blurb I gave u

Dad - The blurb doctor sez blurbs  
Change as they adapt to thr new body,  
N yrs, as u will see, did not change for  
The better, wich is y my body rejected it.  
Goodbye, wife. Wo(rm)man, take me to yr holme

Mom - "A family goes for a picnic along a beautiful river.  
One of them, who can't swim, falls in n starts to drown.  
So another one, who can't swim, jumps in n tries to save her  
And starts to drown. So another one, who can't swim, jumps in  
N tries to save him n starts to drown. And so on and so on.  
Plz join us for this loneliest of ways to spend an afternoon:  
Learning not to swim as a family." No wonder nobody came

Corny - Care to tel me how wut I just saw  
Fits into wut I'm seein?

Cuzn - A bomb went off  
In Dazl's house n blew it al rite round

Corny - Ya, wel, growin up is cumin down

Cuzn - Must be y wen we're down, blowin  
Stuff up makes us feel at home

Kiddy - So just like that, as quik as combat,  
Dazl McDorganz Wazooby Shaqueeb,  
Despite her dum daddy bein a deckled dweeb,  
Wuz luv

Kiddo - She wuz born that way

Kiddin - In the loopy lurch wer it's redundant  
To say "word play."

Kiddums - Just like u

Kidder - Cuz if u've ben born,  
Yr Dazl

Kiddy - N Dazl is luv

Kiddin - Wuz luv

Kiddums - Gives luv

Kiddo - Gave luv  
 Kidder - Wutever, cuz wen you lose her,  
 Yr lookin at her  
 Kiddums - Like luv  
 Kiddin - Like ther wurn't a wut wut ain't luv Dazl  
 Kiddy - Cept those wutses wut ain't  
 Kiddo - Ain't wut?  
 Kiddy - Those wutses wut ain't  
 Kiddin - Don't say it  
 Kiddy - Luv Dazl  
 Kiddums - No  
 Kiddy - Yep  
 Kidder - Wo  
 Kiddy - Now, noone's sure wut these wutses is  
 Kiddums - Those wutses wut ain't  
 Kiddin - Y replay it?  
 Kiddy - Luv Dazl  
 Kiddo - But evryone noes one  
 Cuzn - U no one, Corny moot?  
 Corny - Most nuthn but  
 Kidder - N evryone even ben one, maybe  
 Cuzn - U ben one, Corny moot?  
 Corny - Most nuthn but  
 Kiddin - Sho me the wutses wut ain't, ya noe,  
 Luv Dazl  
 Kiddy - Well, I dunno if or not they is  
 Or wut, but I noe this: ther's tons of em

Kiddo - Or ones or nones of em

Kiddy - N it mite be me or u

Kidder - Problem is, if u is or ain't  
U can't tel if ya mays or nain't  
Who can tel wut ya did or dain't,  
Cept by these signs:

Kiddums - Ya liv in a hi holy mildew

Kidder - Yr hugs spit fat needlz filled  
With antipathy vinagrette

Kiddin - Yr lokt outta wut yr into

Kiddo - N the last thing ya want's to be's  
Al that u get

Kiddy - N even tho no one's met  
One a these wutses wut ain't, ya noe, that,  
Evryone's ben one by the mere fact  
They don't noe it

Kiddo - Or they do in that they don't  
Cuz wen Dazl cums around they shriek,  
"I hate this place, so it's mine!"

Kiddums - Yes, these wutses exist,  
But u'l never meet one cuz yr always  
Invitin em to dinner

Kidder - A nok on the door

Kiddo - U get it

Kiddin - A box!

Kiddy - U open it

Kiddums - It's empty

Kiddin - O how thotful! An empty box!

Kidder - But wait

Kiddy - Autofocus with sunrise color correction

Kiddums - It's not empty

Kiddin - Ther's a turtl in it

Kiddo - A tiny turtl with an enormous peen

Kiddin - Wut's a peen?

Cuzn - A peen is the part  
Of the ballpeen hammer that isn't a ball

Kiddin - Wut's a ballpeen hammer?

Kidder - That's wut dudes on military welfare  
Use to smash turtles

Kiddy - Is this turtl smasht?

Kiddin - No

Kiddo - N yes, cuz it's one a those hokey new  
Nonimals, so it's realy smasht on yr needs,  
But totaly not indulging in its own

Kiddums - So sum ppl see a forget-me-pet

Kidder - Wile others see a chance  
For men to pray together wile cupping  
Each other's tapioca disciple goobys

Kiddy - Wich r made in france

Kiddo - Wich is made in china

Kiddums - The heart of gay arabia!

Cuzn - N speaking of not funny cuz it'll  
Get u killd for saying jehovallah is  
A brand of septic scrotum chewing gum for those  
Who want stronger jaws so they can  
Liv off hard feelings, no, it's not funny  
Rubbing noses so u giv someone  
Yr sniffles

Kiddy - It's not funny throwing  
Yr sister's eggs at yr sister

Kidder - It's not funny sticking skunks  
In ppl who don't want skunks  
Stuk in em

Kiddums - N it's not funny nailing  
Yello jello to yr cello, so, hello,

Fello, mello

Cuzn - But wut isn't furthiest  
Funniest of all is how sum ppl  
Not luving Dazl make other ppl  
Who luv Dazl start farming  
Dazl dollz to sell to Dazl haters

Corny - Dazl haters?

Cuzn - No, Dazl luvvers!

Kiddo - Wut's the diff?

Cuzn - Say me becuz u want to

Kiddo - Me

Cuzn - Now say me becuz I sed to

Kiddo - Me

Cuzn - That's the diff

Kiddin - N that's how it wuz for Dazl

Kiddums - Wich is y she's u

Cuzn - Cuz she got carried away

Kidder - So we who now hav nuthin  
Hav only this to say:

*The Wo(rm)man pops out of her holme with a script for Corny.*

Corny - No can do

Cuzn - How cuz?

Corny - Cuz I ain't

Cuzn - Then we ain't doin the show,  
So u mite 's'well let her blow

Corny - Gimme that, but I ain't gona  
Be no good

Cuzn - I dunno, Corny Moot. u seem  
To hav a mitey powerful unique  
Aptitude for proven yrself otherwise

Corny -

I member wen I first started awin  
On Dazl. it wuz after my double shift,  
N I'd had a few, so I was cascadin  
Down the street, lookin for sumwer  
To say I wuz goin, wen I trippt  
On a lone slo glo just kinda  
Oozin out this windo into  
The bandage in my eye, so I lookt  
N ther she wuz, wearin my baby jammies  
N rehearsin herself in a headstone mirror,  
N, I dunno, guess I had one a them  
Indetectable promotions, cuz I stoppt  
N I stared, like a bear sniffin on a book  
N smellin every hand that ever held it.  
She was eight bodys hed to toe from me,  
But I cd see the marks my teeth wd make  
On the parts of her my fist mite flower.  
Cdn't move. Stiff as a passenger pilot,  
Like she'd stuk a barby spork in my  
Sedimentary identikit  
N she wuz scoopin me outta myself  
Then shootin essence o' mountain steam  
Up the cavity til I floated off,  
Set free from the ded-end job a hidin  
My unpreparedness for oral war.  
She wuz as descriptiv as a pause,  
Sweet's a mintchop traumalope,  
Al creamy like a coaxin goam, so  
Nice n directabl, I dremt rite standin  
Ther that I had crusht her like a skeeter,  
Took a super zoomed in shot then  
Blew it up to bigger than a building  
N mounted it on the st. louis arch,  
N as the world cringed upon the offal,  
I stood, like the nipple of the nation,  
N roard into a bullhorn, "Who here dares  
To say I'm rong to kill this vile beast?"  
Just then the front porch lite cum on,  
N, boy, I snapt out n started walkin,  
Sweatin like i's about to get poppt  
In the bak, but I wuzn't (god bless  
The unsuspecting) so I just moved  
On out, past the DQ, n normally i'd  
A stoppt for a butterfinger blizzard,  
But I hadn't so much lost my appetite  
As grown a new one, so I kept on  
Keepin on, got home, crawld into bed  
N fell asleep to the soothing music  
Of expected frenzy. That's how it started.  
That's how the Wo(r)m)man broke into  
The scattered bits a body bizness

Kidder - Dazl?

Kiddy - Wer's ma clover?

Kiddums - Wer's ma litl shimmy?

Kiddo - Wer's ma squeezezy?

Kiddums - Wer's ma gunchy dumplin'?

Kiddy - Wer's ma girl?

Kidder - Wer's ma Dazl?

Corny - She gon?

Cuzn - Never wuzn't

Corny - How's that?

Cuzn - Cuz tho she wuz the lite of life,  
Dazl nu the darkness, for only due  
To darkness wuz Dazl the life of lite

Kiddin - But the darkness wuz good becuz  
The darkness gave us Dazl's lite  
For she dissolved the difference, rite?

Kidder - Yea, for she wuz the great  
Difference-dissolving deliria!

Kiddo - Yet Dazl nu the glibness of the plite

Cuzn - For nothing so crusht her up into tiny  
Tite wads of torment like the time  
She wuz told that her mommy n daddy

Kidder - Who she luved bigger than the snag  
Of options

Kiddy - Wd not be her mommy n daddy  
Any moresies

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddo - Yr wut?

Kiddums - Wer?

Kiddo - Wut?

Kiddums - Me?

Kiddin - Who?

Kiddums - Liv wer?

Kiddo - Y?

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddo - Yr wut?

Kiddin - Y?

Kiddums - Who?

Kiddo - U?

Kiddums - Y?

Kiddin - Me?

Kiddo - Wer?

Kiddums - Who?

Kiddo - Y?

Kiddin - Wut?

Wo(rm)man - Boo hoo

kidz - We hate u, Wo(rm)man!

Wo(rm)man - Hey, my pate mite look like  
My poot, n I mite act lively wen ppl dy  
Cuz I like eatin ded ppl, n my penis  
May hav the patina of a very unlucky  
Potato vagina, but I'm also extremely  
Unpleasant. Sound familial?

Dad - Girlz, this is yr new mother

Burners - I can tell. She has my fat chance

Dad - Ya noe, I have needs too. Weird hairy needs  
With spifflicated chemical theocracies  
N easy-to-lose external abductors,  
But nower is it ritten, save on the door  
To yr whine cellar, that it's yr birthrite



To get in betwen me n my worm bomb,  
 N, sure, maybe it's my fault for bringin u  
 Into this "taste the poison before  
 U eat it" world, but it's yr fault  
 For eatin the poison after u taste it,  
 So, like, u can just go flush yrself  
 Down the dry throat of an undercover  
 Planned parenthood saboteur as far as  
 I'm mildly concerned, u self-stunting shoot,  
 Cuz I am so damn sik of u n yr big  
 Stupid ideas about how the world shd be  
 Mor like yr wall. Like the other day I got  
 This hooker n wen I wuz dun I tell her  
 A joke, I say, "wut's the difference btwn  
 A kid n a hooker?" n she sez "i fukt u,  
 Now gimme my money," n I'm like,  
 "Exactly," like she got it, cuz gettin  
 A hooker's like being eaten by a shark  
 In a glass tank with a hangover wile  
 Yr kids watch, but havin kids is different  
 Cuz yr trying to get eaten by a hooker  
 With a hangover in a glass tank but  
 No one's watchin cuz ther's no shark  
 Cuz it ain't allowed around the fukin kids!

Burners - That wuz completely inappropriate

Dad - I'm sorry, but u got my goat

Wo(rm)man - N if yr old man givs u his goat,  
 Be sur n let it loose in his lettuce

Corny - Wish i'd noen that trik  
 Wen my pops treat me so

Cuzn - He hard on u?

Corny - Hard I can handl, but a lak a soft,  
 That hurts

Cuzn - We must all remember  
 The sordid sad dud of wak flipness  
 Thru wich we each danced wen first  
 We dallied, thus realizing that every  
 Person wuz once a put-upon child  
 Struggling to sprout in humanitarian  
 Gore, n hoping by guile thereby  
 To undimpl the dedly do-hik  
 Of impersonating our aggressor

Kiddin - Yep, Dazl had guile, for sure, but o

The protophiles that opposed her!

Kiddo - Y name them?

Kiddums - They don't noe who they r,  
So y shd we? Fill yr dariole with delitescence,  
For thus r the lessons of foal Dazl:

Kiddy - Breathing is weaving

Kidder - Only by going farther  
Than it can go can forgiveness  
Noe wer it can't go

Kiddums - Nothing takes effect  
Til it makes affect

Kiddin - But yik, those opposers

Kiddo - Y r u letting them  
Fly yr bulldozers?

Kidder - R they not looming  
In the gloom bling wen Dazl's daddy  
Tucks her into bye-bye-beddy?

Cuzn - For he nu that Dazl wuz here to be there  
After him, n the instant he met her  
He fully supported her being set  
Preponderant beyond blot, his better  
Come to disband "golfers agenst juniper,"  
N "bullies for a brighter shiner," n  
"The anti-competitive coalition for  
Uncoalescing competitiveness," n that  
Thru Dazl, from one fenced spek to the next,  
Improvements had been meted

Kiddy - But it naggd at him

Kidder - No, it didn't

Kiddo - Will ther alwayz be her despite  
The rose-strewn assassin?

Kidder - Not the case

Kiddin - O how he paced

Kidder - Wut tread  
Duzn't gibe with her boon?

Kiddums - All the ded tribes  
Tribune in her waist

Kiddy - The sham-Amsterdam hamster yams

Kiddin - The cave-roving murks with cervical  
Spine chandeliers

Kiddo - Those queet tweeters that never stayed  
Long enuf to invent anagrams

Kiddums - These best-beaters vogued resurge-ish  
In her savory endeavour squish

Kiddy - Yet he stresst

Kidder - Excursiveness!

Kiddin - Will she ever be?

Kiddums - Ther r yung litle buggers  
All over the bog

Kidder - Yet they'v no idea wut  
Chugger tung promenades the sog

Kiddo - Wut moralizing medea baks dingalings

Cuzn - N wuta we give em for a hell prize?

Kidder - Poop food

Kiddums - Spiv gloat

Kiddo - Quag fumes

Kiddin - Yet on Dazl booms  
Thru this luxurious barf bag,  
Doing kind things she never expects  
Anyone to sense

Cuzn - For luv wuz her habitat

Kidder - She'd write litl colorful  
Go-nower notes  
N leav them wer she rote them  
Like to emote them wuz all

Dazl - "Who duz Dazl luv? Mommy n  
Daddy n Ditters n Dazl."

Kiddums - The need wuz won,  
No re-run needed

Kidder - Delivered by doing,  
That's Dazl

Kiddo - Just too bad boom boom him  
N mor mor her can't get how the glad  
Natural hik opalescence of a good  
Litle girl nopes al thr lazy grab panic

Kiddums - Next!

*Cuzn gives a script to Corny.*

Kidder - Hey, huny, wut's yr name?

Corny - Dazl

Kiddin - Is that yr real name  
Or the name you got wen u fell down  
And hit yr head on the rock of lame?

Corny - My real name is raising daughters  
In an age wen sex is performance

Kiddums - That sounds like yr dad's name

Corny - He gave it to me

Kiddo - U shd giv it bak

Corny - I wd if I cd find him

Kidder - Ya, ok, this ain't Annie Get Your Grievance

Kiddin - So wut u got for us?

Corny - A monolog.

Kiddums - Wut's it about?

Corny - Me

Kiddo - Great, but can we make it a dialog  
N have it be bout sumthin else?

Corny - Like wut?

Kidder - Staring as ignoring

Corny - Ok. And with who?

Kiddums - Howbout with the wall of cock  
That can best be described as  
A wall of cock

Corny - Ok

Kiddo - Wenever yr unredy

Kiddin - Hi, I'm wall of cock

Corny - Hi, I'm sum wd bild a game on top  
Of the world, but I prefer to discuss  
Y being shaken to the core has gon  
Out of business

Kiddin - Stylish, for a non-millipede

Corny - Life is good

Kiddin - If u think life is good,  
U haven't met him

Corny - That's cuz I'm his conscience

Kiddin - We meet at last

Corny - You're life?

Kiddin - Just the bad parts

Corny - U hav blighted Dazl

Kiddin - Here we go

Corny - Yr dik is mor  
Dear to men than r thr dotrs to u,  
U, playing scrabble on her pajamas,  
N she's so kind, she lets u have  
"Rapeacious," even tho it's not a word,  
It's a worm, by wich u spred yr butter  
On her bed, that yr stik not stik. I hope  
U fall into yr midst. I hope the watchful  
Eyes of yr enamored corpse never stray  
From u. I hope yr grave blows up next time  
U bang it

Kiddums - Thx, baby, that was awful

Corny - Thx

Kidder - How can we reach u, other than  
By shooting u out of a tree?

Corny - I can be reacht thru the food chain

Kiddo - Great, we'l be in touch, so don't  
Be surprised if every time u tuch  
Something, we touch u

Corny - Shal I take that as a no or a never?

Kiddums - Ya, rite. that's funny. Bust it, boyz

Kidz - Funny girl, go away.  
Wall of cock, u can stay

Corny - Yr tung seems to savor the distasteful

Cuzn - We giv the truth. U don't like it, throw it out

Burners - This second mother thing has agen  
Ruined the weekend by apetizing  
My inate batl reflex. Homes sweet  
Homes. It's just realy hard to say.  
I mean, I noe yr with her, yet wut do u do?  
Hang sheets so I won't hear u?  
Sit on me so I won't see u?  
Lite the house on fire so I won't smell u?

Dad - I'm in luv with someone else.

Burners - Smone other than yrself?

Wo(rm)man - No, just sumone other than u

Burners - She duzn't exist

Dad - Shut up, Burners

Burners - He ate her so he cd dazl u

Dad - I gave u everything u hav, u spoild  
Litl cok puke, but u wdn't noe gratitude  
If it hit u in the clunt. God, u r such  
A useless piece of fucking bitch stink.  
I set u on the rite path, n wer u go?  
Strait to stupid. Life, liberty,  
N the pursuit of yr doomd, bitter shit.  
Ther ya go. freedom. freedom from parents,  
Freedom from the past, freedom from luv,

O baby, yr so free, u got no choice  
But to play the shithead: spoild, dumbass,  
Complacent third rate fuck.  
Yr an embarrassment  
To asspergerers evrywer. yr every  
Waking hour is absorbed by this composed  
Frenetic surveillance contortion act  
That's incessantly asking itself one thing:  
How do I make everyone look really bad  
So I look really good? Well, guess wut, hon?  
U can't, cuz u wur born sportin ugly,  
So there it is - my best - u, the total  
Fucking failure

Burners - Is that any way to talk  
To yr Dazl?

Dad - Yr Dazl?

Kiddin - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddums - No, I'm Dazl

Wo(rm)man - No, I'm Dazl

Cuzn - Yes, Dazl wuz in the dumps

Kiddo - But that's ok, cuz it's the Dazl dumps,  
Like if u wur good all the time u'd hav  
Nower to go

Kidder - Just don't get so bad  
Ya can't get good agen

Kiddin - N look out for  
That dipity dumpster day

Kiddo - Like one a those days wer u get  
Trik lasik from a rickety chicken truck

Kiddums - Cuz such days r dirts  
Big bummers r bloomed in

Cuzn - Yet such surly swiggers  
Had Dazl ben flumed in

Kiddums - But not like anyone, cuz even tho  
She'd ben bereaven, ther snowed  
A hunger for life in her breed oven

Cuzn - Cuz she nu it wuz mo' steed

To hav a no day than hav no day

Kidder - See, Dazl had a doctor in her woops

Kiddin - Girl had wow power

Kiddo - Even foes wuz like, "none now-er."

Kidder - Free samples cd see it flat:  
Payin her price wuz wer it's at

Kiddo - First draft, second draft, third draft

Kiddin - Dazl

Kiddums - Fourth draft, fifth draft, uh oh

Kidder - Sixth draft,  
Seventh draft

Kiddo - Dazl

Cuzn - See, Dazl nu that her mission  
Wuz to use her pillowy dentition  
To charm her family into oviducts  
Of reunion

Kiddums - As they fawt, she'd go cap-a-pie

Kiddo - Be they bristly?

Kiddin - She'd be a bristlenaut!

Kidder - O she wd farm her um n harvest way

Cuzn - Cuz Dazl wuzn't dum;  
She wuz elementally astray

Kiddums - She nu that the road of cruelty  
N sarcasm leads to the road of  
Cruelty n sarcasm

Kiddy - She'd be a bouncy candy mouse,  
Al ovr the house her choclatey  
Cardamoms pooping

Kiddo - O swooping chickadee she'd be,  
Spritely n flippantly resonant nitely

Kiddin - Crafty n wafty as a drifty trophy,  
She'd be the deer wolf in their mind field



Kidder - Fast n furry n packish as she circles  
Her family, tenderizing them for the flurry  
Ransackish of her remarrying bender

Kiddy - A make it all better  
Forever adventure!

Kiddo - Fire pants. She wd wear  
Fire pants, n flair her gyre trance  
Upon them til they gamble like  
Mountain sheep up the sears tower,  
Clumpt n trembling n happy hung,  
A family flopping gladly in thr,  
Sure, crappy family dung

Kiddums - She alone wd haul  
Them from the hutch wence man  
Sought stokpot man bone

Kidder - She alone wd bran  
The chopping blok with her good wood

Kiddin - O she alone wd never hope from home  
Go ripping ever outer roam to cope

Cuzn - How cd she not? They al she got

Kiddy - They made she had em plenty breasts  
As any flailing wall

Kiddo - They weft her questy prong  
Songs labial

Kiddin - They made her ment for gigger flings

Kiddums - Schwingdings in which her broke folk  
Wd croak "back to the shell; she is our yoke."

Kidder - She'd be a medical theater spy  
N find out y dads becum cervical  
Prisoners n sprout hind heads

Kiddy - Crazy

Cuzn - Obviously

Kiddums - Yet still, this set her amiss:

Kiddin - Shd she be learned or lala  
In her yurn for her papa a la mama?

Cuzn - Of course, she nu the answer

Kiddy - But that's no fun!

Kidder - So Dazl saw the urn bed  
She wuz in

Kiddo - She was 17, given her precocial  
Beginnings, n she gon skin the circumstances  
That floored her with thr cirque incompetence

Kiddums - So she wd ride n rise  
R rithe n rhyme

Kiddy - She'd be wide n wise  
N blithe in blime

Kidder - But she'd not be deceived  
Or daunted

Kiddin - Unless she wuz dented  
Or dizzied

Kiddo - But then she'd be frizzied  
N flaunted

Kiddums - Until she was taunted  
N tizzied

Kiddy - Wen, hunted n fizzled,  
She'd Dazl.

Cuzn - Cuz this ten ton grey zone,  
This was her day

Kiddo - N maybe her day  
Wd ever bend into sum ded end  
Thruway, but wutev

Kiddy - Wow

Kidder - Today

Kiddin - Now, the invisibl visitor

Kiddums - The quiescent questioner

Kiddy - The misinformed messenger

Cuzn - Now wuz forev

Kiddo - Finally the divinely felt timely

Kiddy - Cuz wut u gona be wen u gro up  
Is wer u'r gona go wen yr me,  
N that game ain't yr dev

Kiddums - So quit riffin in bits bout blowin up  
The distortion u shd harmonize to,  
N do like Daz

Kiddin - Drink yr personal  
Fortitude milkshake

Kidder - Wich is actually  
The horribl tasting discharge  
From yr listing totemic shit barge

Kiddums - But that's not wut u call it, cuz u  
Beleve that believing sumthing  
That helps u feel better is an error  
Worth making

Cuzn - Unless it isn't

Kiddin - Like wen  
U rule the ice fields, n the creatures  
Of the ice fields al recognize u  
As the sole harbinger of humanity  
Embracing its mantle as caretaker  
Of its own sustenant necessity,  
N u fly over the ice fields n spread  
Yr lily scents n fresh fruity sauces  
Al over the multitudes n u bauble  
N flange, soaking the hi warbled hills  
With the aldose of generous human  
Versatility, giving luv n being gulch  
Delicious to al n only being able  
To do this becuz u hav a mommy  
In yr daddy n then sumthing happens,  
Like the salamanders crawl outta  
The red wolves n the clouds won't  
Go near the mosses n the crickets  
Eat all the basking sharks, n u, u  
Who held everything together, u r  
Stabbed with yr own outreached arms  
N takt to a strange wall as a kitsch kit,  
Yr diaper over yr eyes, yr insides  
Toppling out, limbs pinned down,  
N they'r all running in opposit  
Directions, so u try to catch them

In yr mouth just to get back wut  
They told u u wd hav al yr life,  
But u can't catch them, cuz yr mouth  
Is too small, so u just turn it around  
N eat yr own head til there's nothing  
Left but a human microphone that blares  
Across the distance between two disappointments:  
Children r ornaments of destruction

- Cuzn - N it wuz then that Dazl fell from the sky  
Onto the edge of a beautiful lake  
In yr backyard
- Kiddums - N after pulling the shambles  
From her brambles, she lookt into  
The water n sed:
- Dazl - How beautiful u r
- Kiddo - But befor u think there's ben sum mistake,  
Get this:
- Kidder - Dazl wuz talking to the lake
- Cuzn - N so happy to be talkt to wuz the lake,  
For long had it sat there being stared into  
By litl sky droppers who only talkt to  
Themselvs cuz they only saw themselvs  
In its waters, the lake sed:
- Kiddy - Dear baby Dazl,  
Al is good with u. Yr body maintains  
A relatively constant temperature.  
Yr bowels operate properly. U can  
Distinguish one thing from another.  
U can grab at things fairly quickly,  
N with each new day yr skills improve.  
Go. Locomote constantly. Always be moving,  
Stretching, testing, engaging yr body,  
N sumday u will find yr kidnapper,  
N be free
- Kiddums - To wich Dazl replied:
- Dazl - I've been kidnappt?
- Kiddy - Like all of them
- Dazl - All of who?
- Kiddy - Look around u. See all those people

Staring into me at themselvs, talking  
Quietly to themselvs, luving themselvs  
Because they see themselvs in me?  
They do this becuz they've been kidnappt

- Dazl - But I'm looking at u, talking to u,  
Luving u, not myself, so how hav i  
Ben kidnappt too?
- Kiddy - Either u have yet to fully  
Realize wut's happened to u, or  
U r different
- Dazl - Or I refuse to beleve  
That i've been kidnappt
- Kiddy - Or that
- Dazl - Ok, so if i've been kidnappt,  
Who's my kidnapper? Hello? Who kidnappt me?  
If u won't tell me who my kidnapper is,  
Y shd I believe i've been kidnappt?  
I mean, am I to spend  
My entire life trying to unfix  
Non-existent hands from my throat?  
To break free from the open air?  
To find my way back to wer I am?  
Hello?
- Kiddums - But the people didn't speak becuz  
They wur too busy looking at themselvs  
In the water of the lake, n the lake  
Didn't speak becuz it nu that to tell  
A child too much is to leave a child  
Too litl, so Dazl, being mostly comfortable  
With the idea that children r adult toys,  
Decided to just go home
- Kidder - Ah, yes, but wer is that?
- Cuzn - Cuz Dazl'd had a home, but wen she went  
To go home, her home wuzn't wer it wuz,  
But cuz it wuzn't wer it wuz she wuzn't  
Sure if wer it wuzn't wuz wer it wuz,  
So she askt her mom, "mom, wer's my home?"  
N her mom sed, "here's yr hone," but she  
Didn't want a hone, she wanted a home,  
And this didn't look like her home, so she askt  
Her dad: "Dad, wer's my home?" n her dad sed,  
"Here's yr holme," but she didn't want a holme,  
She wanted a home, and this it didn't look

Like her home, O, even tho she was brave  
N free, she felt scared n stuck, so Dazl  
Took feeling scared n stuk for her home,  
N as u must noe (the Invisalign says so!)  
If u wish not to feel how u don't feel,  
Such homes come furnished and decorated  
With wutever makes u feel not at home,  
As if it's the home of...and then nothing

- Kiddy - Or something
- Kiddin - A photo of a butt that sez "duck"
- Kiddums - Empty suitcase landslides
- Kidder - A loud door between a frog and a conch
- Kiddin - Winds and brass brawls
- Kiddums - The Great Orgy Part 2 on obsolete media
- Kiddo - An underwear lamp
- Kiddums - Hermaphroditic dishes
- Kidder - A total bunk bed
- Kiddin - Barricades of the humanities
- Kiddo - Iron-smelted arugula
- Kiddums - Projectors without adapters
- Kiddin - The whole not online wutever
- Kiddums - Extra-tribal feminine hygiene kafuffles
- Kidder - A snakeskin shedding its symbolism
- Kiddin - A mosquito bordello in a crimson room
- Kidder - Dinner for breakfast
- Kiddo - A tooth and hair brush in one
- Kiddin - An aspersion rug
- Kiddums - Maps to places she's not invited
- Kiddin - Animal-stufft animals

Kiddo - Poems that pretend not to be about not being read

Kiddums - Family size bottles of distilled embarrassment

Kidder - Memorys of mammaries

Kiddin - That used to be man-teasing manatees

Cuzn - And her father's bedroom, in and out of wich,  
During the darkness Dazl wuz forced  
To sleep alone in, slithered a liquorous,  
Sinewy, faceless, venti, inflatable,  
Petite, pouting, dolled up middle finger,  
Who Dazl sensed she wuzn't supposed to see,  
But how wuz Dazl supposed to not see  
Such a commercial-quality asstastrophe  
Trying to stay off the hook for stealing  
Her dad by using Dazl for bait?

Kiddo - Bad Wo(rm)man. Y do u hunt down Dazl?

Wo(rm)man - Do u realy wana noe, or is that  
One a those piratical questions?

Kiddin - We realy wanna noe

Wo(rm)man - Shal I speak it or sing it?

Kiddums - Speak it

Wo(rm)man - Fine, I'll sing it

*cuz sumtimes my heels kik a bit too hi  
cuz I stink like the rong stop  
cuz the elocution of my budge is infantile  
cuz I bang the cuddle button way too much  
cuz I'm a turbulent, enmesht rinky-dink  
cuz I pululate disjunct agenst the leverage of the crutch  
cuz I'm o'er yonder in yr face  
cuz my opinions happen in pieces  
cuz I speculate wut I spectate  
cuz I'm the star of the actor class who's always screaming  
for impossible things to do so I can be Dazl,  
n if u think I'm gonna give that shit up,  
yr mama's a juvey circus trapeze  
cuz everyone wants to blow themselvs up wile hugging me*

Kiddin - Go away, Wo(rm)man!

Wo(rm)man - It's Wo(rm)man!

Cuzn - So, given she wuz being pursued  
 By a creepy amlosexual gazeificateur  
 Of a sleepy dodogressional puericulateur,  
 She nu she had a lot to lurn befor  
 She cd win "u don't get a turn."

Kidder - Like how to noe if u feel  
 The movie wuz good or bad wen u don't  
 Noe exactly wut wuz in or not  
 In the movie

Kiddo - Or how to bridge the gap  
 Between wut u can say n wut u will say  
 Wen yr only bridge-building materials  
 R wut u can't say about wut u won't say

Kiddin - Or like learning to play well with others

Cuzn- Do u noe how to play well with others?

Corny - I've been told I don't, so I mustn't

Kiddums - Well, it's wer u pretend like yr well  
 But yr not

Kidder - No, it's wer u do wutever u want  
 With others and others who ain't  
 Those others say "damn, u play well  
 With others."

Cuzn - No, it's wer u pick others up n thro them  
 Down the well, n if u can hear them shout  
 Even wen theyr too far down the well  
 To hear them shout, u haul them back up

Kiddo - Cool, let's go play well!

Kidder - Dazl duzn't wana go ther

Corny - Y not?

Kiddin - Cuz she used  
 To go ther with her parents

Kiddums - But she duzn't any mor

Kiddo - Cuz her parents don't go places  
 Together anymore

Kiddin - Like her mom goes this ther  
 N her dad goes that ther so Dazl duzn't noe



Wich way to go cuz she luvs them both

Kiddums - But either way she goes she duzn't get  
To go the way she wants

Kiddin - Wich is with  
The one she luvs

Kiddo - Wich is now  
The two she luvs.

Cuzn - So wut's a Dazl to do?

Kidder - She is to dance

Cuzn - Cuz that's wut we do do  
Wen we Dazl so, rite?

Kiddo - We get split up into two  
Irreconcilable differences so we  
Dance to bring them bak together

Kidder - I'm Dazl

Kiddo - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddums - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddin - No, I'm Dazl

Burners - Nobody likes u

Dad - Burners, stop

Burners - I don't like u

Dad - I sed stop it, Burners

Burners - N mom n dad clearly don't like u  
Else they'd stil be together

Dad - Dammit, Burners, I sed shut it

Burners - U hit me!

Dad - It was a swat

Burners - It was a hit

Dad - Then don't say that to her

Burners - Don't tell her the truth?

Dad - That's not the truth

Burners - Wudda u noe about the truth  
Wen al u've ever dun is ly about  
Wer u've been?

Dad - That is not all i've ever dun

Burners - It's all that's really meant anything

Dad - O gee, let's see: if someone broke down  
The door in the midl of the nite, wich of us  
Wd go down to say hello? Maybe me,  
The dashing disappointment?

Burners - One hypothetical act  
Of obstruction duzn't make up for  
Countless misst opportunities to open up

Dad - A soft cop is a tuff stain

Burners - N a bad dad is a good excuse to die

Kiddy - Dautr, can we talk?

Kiddin - Only as u taut me to, father

Kiddy - I'm going to eat u

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddy - I don't understand the question

Kiddin - Y r u going to eat me?

Kiddy - Becuz u look so good

Kiddin - But wut about my spectacular  
Personality and its increasing  
Spectacularity over time?

Kiddy - That wil stil take place, only  
On a sumwut biodegraded scale

Kiddin - Yr realy going to eat me?

Kiddy - It's not sumthing I'm proud of, but  
It's sumthing I mean to do in the hopes  
Of feeling proud I did it

Kiddin - Mite u, my father,  
Recommend I flee my predator?

Kiddy - As yr father I wd, but as yr predator  
I wd pre-empt my advised fleeing  
By blocking al the exits, so I'm in a spot,  
A fine dining spot, as it wurm

Kiddin - Wur u not my father  
Befor u wur my predator, n mite u  
Therefor hav pre-empted your becoming  
My predator prior to yr pre-emption  
Of yr advised fleeing by blocking  
Al the exits n so not placing me  
In this spot, this unethical meat  
Substitute research spot, as it wurm?

Kiddy - Yr feckless inbred buttinsky brisket  
Grows mor savory with each savvy rebuttal

Kiddin - Do u luv me, father?

Kiddy - Most devouringly

Kiddin - Can u eat the thing  
U luv?

Kiddy - Most voraciously

Kiddin - Then u wil lose  
The thing u luv

Kiddy - U argue wel, but  
U smell better

Kiddin - Plz don't eat me, father,  
For i've only just begun

Kiddy - I noe, n so how tender u must be.  
From the moment I saw u, I calld u  
My sweet buttermilk dirty biscuit bunny  
N my anus has salivated dirt at the unbearabl  
Need to eat u, blah! U hav destroyd  
My clodded way of life with yr non-stop  
"Worthy of attention," so I hav entered  
The way of deth, cuz if my ass is going  
To be thrown in my face by sum cute,  
Fertile perfection then I say my ass  
Shal contain that cute, fertile perfection  
That I may foul my neighbor's waters with

The only thing I cannot liv without

Kiddin - Father, u r not in yr rite mind

Kiddy - True. I best get sumthing to eat

Kiddin - So this is it, father? Yr going to  
 Drag yr dautr thru the snow to warm her?  
 Thro her off the gunship's edge to save her?  
 Bury her in mulch that she may grow?  
 This is it? Just cut the disappearing act  
 In the midl? Do u realy think, father,  
 That u can be Dazl by eating Dazl? I beg u...  
 Wait a minute

Kiddy - Wut?

Kiddin - Wer r yr extremities?

Kiddy - Out at some extremities thing

Kiddin - Wut's that slimy trail behind u?

Kiddy - Involuntary charitable excretions

Kiddin - Wich is yr hed n wich is yr ass?

Kiddy - Let me eat u n u will see

Kiddin - Yr not my father; yr the Wo(rm)man!

Cuzn - Hey, kidz, look. It's the Wo(rm)man

Kidz - Grody!

Kidder - Step on it

Kiddin - Stab it with a hook

Kiddums - Make a band fag suck out its gizzards  
 Til he admits his favorite show is  
*Watching Ungulates Run from Behind*

Cuzn - Hold on, boyz n girlz. That wdnt be  
 Very nice now, wd it?

Kiddin - But the Wo(rm)man is evil!

Kiddums - And disgusting!

Kiddo - And a horny crooked handmaiden

To the necropolitan overlord,  
Scusi Mi Cazzate

Wo(rm)man - Call me wut u will,  
But I'm the only one who will suck  
Yr stinking corpsicle.

Cuzn - Ya no, children, sumtimes  
The luv of wich we r capable  
Closes itself to us; that wich can be  
So gentle n kind becums so harsh  
Ndistant, so we shake n pummel  
N say rude, hurtful things, n I can see  
That luv has closed itself to u, I  
Can see the greatest feeling in al the world -  
The feeling of luving wut yr entire being  
Is telling u to hate - is not perfectly ther  
For u; it has shut the door on u, n ther  
U stand, inside, n as u look out yr windo,  
U see luv, running free, lighting yr shrubs  
On fire, slashing yr tires, re-enacting all  
Yr private mistakes in sum kind of scary,  
Naked front yard hyper yoga party, n yr like,  
Y is luv doing this to me? But remember,  
Children, even luv has its nonents. Even luv  
Tries to shred its happy hearth to dingleberry  
Crumble, but yr great task, yr great fictional  
Task, is to lurn to handl yr selves  
Like shovels even wen luv is having  
A totally annoying tizzy, for we must lurn  
To forgiv luv if only for all that luv  
Has given us, for yay, it is luv that has  
Taut us to luv luv even wen it's having  
One of its nonents, n this, boys n girlz,  
This is one of its nonents, but this is  
Also one of yr nonents, one of those  
Nonents wen u can outmaneuver  
The horrid brain-burning betrayal  
And bitterness u feel becuz here's luv,  
The very thing that's supposed to be  
Sharing the luv, insted, u noe, it's sharing  
Yr main vein with the dirty needle  
Of really deceptive, really wealthy  
Viral video producers, but u can reach  
Abuv luv like ther's a duv in yr gluv  
N u can calm luv, u can hold luv, n u can  
Return luv to itself, n luv will return  
To u, for even in luv's absence, luv is  
Present in yr luving luv, for if u don't  
Luv luv in its absence, luv will not be  
Present in its absence, n then luv will

Not return, n this cycle, as frustrating,  
Yes, as having to lurn to control yrself  
But never quite getting it rite, this cycle  
Of luv needing u to teach it to luv,  
This cycle will end, n luv, my children,  
Will be lost forever, like rain-shadow lung-butter.  
Luv the Wo(rm)man, children. Luv it  
Tho it is spooage-plated, cadavavivorous,  
N intestinally circuler. Luv it, n let it liv.  
Ain't that rite, Corny moot?

Corny - I reckon

Wo(rm)man - U herd Kindred Stranger, boyz n girlz:  
Luv the Wo(rm)man!

Kidz - We luv u, Wo(rm)man

Dazl - Story!

Dad - Ah, baby, it's late

Dazl - Plz

Dad - Fine, but it's gota be short

Dazl - Fine, but it's gota be tru

Dad - A story can no mor be tru  
Than a girl can talk out her ears

Dazl - O ya?

Dad - I don't hear anything

Dazl - That's cuz a dad can't listen with his mouth

Dad - Hav I told u how I came in here one nite  
N u wur gone?

Dazl - Wer wuz I?

Dad - I never found out

Dazl - But I came back

Dad - Nope

Dazl - I sed a tru story

Dad - Let me tell the story,

Then u tell if it's tru

Dazl - But it's gota end with me  
Coming back, cuz here I am

Dad - I thot it had to be tru

Dazl - I thot it had to be short

Cuzn hands Corny a script.

Corny - One nite

Kiddy - Far back in the age of strange reasons

Kiddums - Dazl's daddy wuz awoken  
By a crying dream

Kiddin - Wut's that?

Kiddo - A crying dream is wer u'r crying  
But yr asleep

Kidder - So yr really crying

Kiddy - Like yr crying so hard  
U can't find yr genetic material

Corny - N this is wut wuz happening  
To Dazl's daddy wen in his crying dream  
He wuz reliving the time wen he'd slapp  
Dazl's sister

Dazl - Ditters!

Burners - Hit

Dad - Swatted

Burners - Punct

Dad - Smackt

Burners - Beat

Kiddums - Dazl's sister

Dazl - Ditters!

Kiddy - Burners

Dad - Across the side of her hed

Burners - Rite in the center of my face

Kiddin - Cuz Burners wuz being mean to Dazl

Burners - I wuz not

Corny - N Burners had gon n told her psychologist

Dad - Her third psychologist

Kiddums - That her dad had beaten her for nothing

Dad - Wich I hadn't dun

Burners - Yes u had

Corny - So the psychologist

Kiddy - Who'd been assigned to Burners  
Cuz she wdn't stop saying things like

Burners - I'm going to kill myself if Dazl  
Duzn't go away

Kiddums - After Dazl's mommy n daddy  
Got divorced cuz they cdn't stop fighting  
With each other and they didn't noe how  
To handl children who fought with each other

Kiddy - The psychologist had sed that becuz  
Ther wur no bruises on Burners she wdn't  
Report it to child services

Corny - But the family

Kiddin - Wich wuzn't a family anymor

Kiddo - Had to go into counseling to try  
To repair wut had alreedy been thrown  
Away n destroyed

Corny - So, anyhow,  
In the crying dream

Kidder - Wich mite have happened that nite  
Becuz that day Dazl's daddy had read  
An article about a serial killer from  
Canada, who, psychologists sed,  
Had only one traumatic event in his past



That mite have caused him to start grinding  
 Women up in a rendering plant

Kiddy - N that event wuz his parents' breaking up  
 Wen he wuz 7

Mom - No wonder I stoppt coming

Kiddin - Wich wuz how old Dazl's daddy  
 Wuz wen his parents broke up

Kiddo - N it wuz how old Burners wuz  
 Wen her parents broke up

Kiddy - Wich led her daddy to say during  
 The counseling session

Dad - A slap on the hed ain't such bad fruit  
 For a serial killer family tree

Corny - A quip the psychologist

Kiddums - N Dazl's mommy

Kiddo - N Burners

Kiddy - Found wanting

Kiddin - In everything.

Dad - Sorry.

Corny - So, in the crying dream

Kiddy - Dazl's daddy wuz crying out of  
 Every hole in his plan

Kiddo - Rolling around on the floor  
 Like a waste-faced tornado

Kiddums - Screaming

Dad - "Y r u doing this to me?"

Kiddo - At Burners

Kiddy - Who, as she wuz wont to do,  
 Had not dun wut Dazl's daddy  
 Had told her to

Kiddin - Wich really sent Dazl's daddy

To the gun rack

- Kiddums - Cuz for a living Dazl's daddy  
Sed wut ppl did, so Burners gave him  
This incessant sensation of losing  
His job every time he opened his mouth
- Corny - N so "1000th rejection letter of the day"  
Massiv wuz Dazl's daddy's imploding  
Celestial tantrum, it woke him up
- Kiddy - N having had such an echodislocating cry  
He felt like he'd just woken from  
Bartender reconsignment surgery to drain  
His cranio-racial reconfiguration boba pearls,  
The urge rockt his abridged, corrupt edition  
Of a long, healthy life to go n giv  
His girly babas a big fat choonchkin  
On the munchky chops
- Kiddums - So he clunkt  
Down the hall with his fur buns wobbling
- Kiddo - N he thralld at the door with its art darts  
Threatening
- Cuzn - N he soft-stirred the knob  
With his bit hands browning
- Kiddy - N he flumed  
Thru the room with its fad mounds heaping
- Kiddo - N he kiss-crowned his Burners in her sky  
Bunk scheming
- Kiddums - N he slunkt to the lo bunk  
Wer his Dazl lay kirning
- Kiddin - N O wut a snuggable site he saw  
Not
- Dad - Dazl?
- Kiddy - He ramshakt her sheeting
- Dad - Dazl?
- Kiddums - He slammd up the lighting
- Dad - Dazl?

Corny - He fincht thru the piling

Kiddy - But nothing

Kiddums - So he pickt up Burners  
N he shook her like a waterpark shark

Dad - Wer's Dazl?

Burners - In her bed

Dad - No, she's not

Burners - Then I dunno

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddin - N so it began

Corny - That caregivin man  
With the caregivin ban  
Took to lookn evrywer  
For nuthin

Dad - I've gotta shift that into that account,  
Then I can deduct that from that  
N that will basically be free,  
But I have to call n make sure  
I can operate as the kind of entity  
That can declare all those expenses  
As write-offs, then I have to set up  
A shop, find an order processor, get  
That domain, tag my lists by type,  
Issue the release, reroute all those links,  
Entice investors, buy the rite equipment,  
Not cheap, but not expensive - ghetto -  
Ghetto is cool - then I organize the profit part  
Under the non-profit part so as to  
Maximize profits, but the law mite  
Hav changed, check on that, also check on  
Potential client at war department,  
Offering discount for paying referrals,  
Advertising on the Onion, optimizing  
Key words, depreciate electronics,  
But remember it's all about the pitch  
And the people, good pitch, rite people,  
This idea can fly, n if it duzn't...

Corny - Nuttin.

Cuzn - So he pickt up Burners

N he presst her like a broken brake

Dad - Did u see anything?

Burners - No, I wuz asleep

Kiddums - So he called the authorities  
N he grilled them like a petrified steak

Dad - Did u see anything?

Kidz - No, we wur asleep

Cuzn - So the authorities left  
After shredding the shreds  
That Dazl's daddy had shredded

Kiddy - Then Dazl's mommy came over  
N she screamed like the forests  
Of Palm Oil, Singapore, as she shredded  
The shreds the authoritiys  
Had shredded after Dazl's daddy  
Had shredded the shreds

Kiddo - N then the pain phones blazed

Kiddums - N the clue mower mazed

Kiddy - N the hope blite spred

Cuzn - N the whole interminable  
Horrible unbearable  
Accusativ surmizing desolate  
Retaliativ groaning grumble glum  
Bumble bomb scrambl scrummed  
Til everything just went ded

Kiddums - No Dazl

Kiddy - No, Dazl

Kiddo - No Dazl

Kiddin - No, Dazl

Dad - No Dazl

Kidder - Just ded.

Kiddy - Ded like

Kiddo - I will  
 Kidder - But ya won't  
 Kiddin - Ded like  
 Kiddums - I do  
 Kidder - But ya don't  
 Cuzn - Ded like that  
 Corny - Ded like a baby  
 Whose baby sitter  
 With her baby phat  
 On the baby sat  
 Kiddums - N everyone who wuz left  
 Kiddo - Wich wuz no one save the  
 Someone-bereft.  
 Kiddy - Shrivelled into sad angry  
 ded hard turds.  
 Corny - N the air turned to sad angry ded hard turds  
 Kiddums - N the urth turnd to sad angry ded hard turds  
 Kiddy - N the water turned to sad angry ded hard turds  
 Kidder - N life that must breathe  
 Kiddo - That must feed  
 Kiddums - That must guzzl  
 Cuzn - N life that must seed  
 Kiddy - That must birth  
 Kiddo - That must puzzl  
 Kiddums - N life that must luv didn't noe wut to do  
 Corny - So it lay down to die in the absence of u  
 Dazl - Wer wuz i?  
 Dad - No one nue

Kiddin - How did I cum back?

Dad - U didn't

Dazl - Then y am I here?

Dad - R u?

Dazl - I feel like I am

Dad - U look like u r, too.

Dazl - So I am here, so I did cum back,  
So tell me how

Dad - U sed u wanted a tru story

Dazl - Now I just wana cum bak

Corny - Wel, as Dazl's daddy sat stuffing himself  
With sad angry ded hard turds in hopes  
Of getting Dazl stuk in his throat,  
The authorities brot forth a suspect

Kiddo - But lacking evidence, they let it go

Kiddin - Wer'd it go?

Kidz - Wer'd ya go, Wo(rm)man?

Wo(rm)man - Mexico

Kiddo - How wuz it?

Wo(rm)man - They stuck me in a bottle a mescal,  
So now everyone's eatin me out!

Cuzn - After Dazl's daddy drowned in the girds  
Of mountains of sad angry ded hard turds,  
The only thing he wuz able to do  
Wuz cling to her things in the sik, stinky poo

Kiddums - In the thik, thinky goo he stuk to her stuff

Kiddo - Her gadgets

Cuzn - Her dresses

Kiddo - Her puff pets

Kiddums - Her sketches

Cuzn - He kept all this useless, invaluable fluff  
In a big duffel bag that he presst to his chest

Kiddo - Like a stuk sno-hole shiverer mite squeez his first guest

Kiddums - N he sat on the street as the passerbys passt  
Who'd hav seen a small sign had they not passt so fast

Cuzn - N ther on that sign wut he'd rote they'd have read  
Since his loss all he'd thoten or rotten or sed:

Kiddin - Giv to yr luv,  
For soon it shall leav;  
Liv for yr luv,  
For soon u shall greav

Kiddy - How long did he sit alone on the street?

Kiddums - So long that the rushing oblivious fair  
Considered him naught but more crunky concrete,  
Til one day one foot pair steppt up square in his glare

Cuzn - At first he didn't look up  
Cuz all that he wanted to do wuz look down  
At the Dazl stuff duffel bag cluncht to his gut,  
But then that ded lump herd a clunch-cleaving sound

Burners - Dad?

Kiddums - N looking up, he saw her

Dad - Dazl?

Burners - No, it's me, Burners, yr dautr

Cuzn - So he lookt n he lookt til he shook  
To his crook, then he sed from  
The mouth at the butt of his hed  
Wut sayers all say wen their  
Sure's short a shew:

Dad - Who?

Kiddums - N Burners

Kiddy - Who never fell flat on the chance  
To fly into frazzled, irate, fearful rants

Cuzn - Lookt down at her father

Kiddin - That flurk on repeat

Kiddums - N sed

Burners - Go, there's someone I want u to meet

Cuzn - N like birds to a bell only birds can hear rise  
N off-flap cross a map only birds can surmise  
To far bird-feeding places each bird's never been  
Yet wer bird-breeding races have all raced since back when,  
Dazl's daddy

Kiddy - Who wuz now only Burner's daddy

Kiddums - Rose from that grimey commuter grit paddy  
N footed it forth

Kiddin - Wer'd he go?

Cuzn - He went sorth

Kiddin - Sorth?

Kiddums - Sorth

Kiddy - Wich is weast

Kiddo - If yr on the off course

Cuzn - N he walkt with that Dazl stuff duffel bag tite  
In his arms

Kiddy - N he walkt thru the day n the nite

Kiddums - Thru the trite n the fey noeing naut  
Of his going

Kiddo - Just noeing that sumthing  
Wuz thru his blood flowing

Cuzn - N that sumthing he felt wuz that someone to meet  
Some stranger had told him of back in the street

Kiddums - N he walkt til the cities n towns wur all past

Kiddy - N he walkt thru the wilds of mysteries vast

Cuzn - Til he came to a clearing, amidst the deep trees,  
Wer with eyes on the sky he nose-dove to his knees

Dad - Dazl?



Kiddy - No

Dad - Then who?

Kiddums - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddums - No

Dad - Then who?

Kiddy - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddy - No

Dad - Then who?

Burners - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Cuzn - But she didn't appear

Kiddin - Becuz she wuz ther

Kiddo - Dad, don't be sad

Kiddums - Didn't blare thru the air

Kiddy - Cuz the air wuz the prayer  
Of a no-needing pear

Kiddy - And insted, in the silence, he herd a lost voice  
To which he responded beyond chance or choice:

Burners - I'm going to kill myself

Dad - Yeah, well, don't send me the bill

Burners - U don't care

Dad - I did care, but it wuz my care  
That made u want to kill yrself,  
Cuz u think yr shit, so if someone  
Cares for u, they'r a shit luvr,  
N if yr surrounded by shit luvrs,  
U mite as well kill yrself, so I

Stopt caring, cuz I care

Burners - U won't miss me

Dad - How can I miss someone  
Who never let me get to noe her?

Burners - U drove me to it

Dad - U askt me to drive u to it.  
U sed, "dad, drive me to it," so I did,  
N the whole time yr like, "y r u driving  
Me to it? I'm sick!" n I'm like, "u askt me  
To drive u to it, n yr like "stop driving  
Me to it! I'm sick!" so I stopt driving u to it  
N yr like "y did u stop driving me to it?  
I'm sick!" N I'm like "u askt me to stop driving  
U to it," n yr like "start driving me to it!  
I'm sick!" So I start driving u to it n wen  
We get ther u say, "y did u drive me to it?  
I'm sick! N I say, "u askt me to drive u  
To it," n u say, "i hate u for doing wut  
I ask u to. I'm sick! Take me home!"  
So I take u home so u hate me

Burners - I'm sick

Dad - Stop worrying about others' mistakes  
And correctively placing yourself after them  
And maybe you'll start feeling better

Burners - I hate u

Dad - No, u hate yrself, n since u noe  
U ought to luv yrself, u consider  
Yrself a poor authority on yrself,  
So, luving me, u hate me

Burners - I hate myself cuz u hate me

Dad - If my opinion matters so much to u,  
U shd noe that I'm sik of u hating  
Yrself cuz u luv yrself enuf to make me  
Hate u so u can hav a braver reason  
To kill yrself than luving yrself to deth

Burners - I only want to dy so I can realize  
Yr dreams for me

Dad - U got that rite, cuz as I see it  
Our biggest problem today

Is the drop in infant mortality  
Cuz, being rarely eaten, we r  
Mostly insane, so now al we hav  
R impossibl children

Burners - Wut about Dazl?

Dad - Dazl is ded

Burners - No, I'm Dazl

Dad - No, u r a thistle person. U r strong  
Only in defense of yr weakness.  
U larch to yr own thrummer n yr  
Thrummer larches u strait into  
Al the other thrummers. U air yr  
Grievances all over my bear claw

Burners - I am Dazl, n I am ded  
Because I am not Dazl  
In the eyes of my dad

Dad - U r Burners in the eyes  
Of yr dad. U hav my smile.

Burners - U can't hav it bak.

Cuzn - Lifting a home, lifting a home,  
I'm Shifty Dik Shivers, n this is  
"Dealing with Dotrs with Shifty Dik  
Shivers." Ya no, having dotrs is  
A many faceted experience experiment.  
Dotrs r dominant n dotrs r dormant,  
Dotrs r provocative n dotrs r tentativ,  
Dorts like mani pedis, but dotrs  
Do not like picky moneys. Dotrs r  
Not willing to stop worrying, but  
They r willing to start something,  
N this they accept becuz, tho they  
Don't noe y they will ever do it,  
They noe they have evry ulterior  
Intention of growing up to be women,  
But first they r girlz, n girlz r  
Awesome, cept wen ya cross em,  
Cuz, like every sure bet, they noe  
How to get upset. Like if their clothes  
Suk or the song suks or the plan  
Suks or wutever just suks big ass suk,  
Wow, they can get so bent outa shape  
U'd swear they wur a cruise missile crepe.  
Like they sneak into the locker room

At nite n replace all the football  
 Helmets with books, so the next day  
 All the boys go out n run hed first  
 Into each other, n ouch! that 11th  
 Century french poetry anthology sure  
 Didn't prevent my skull from being crusht  
 By that 21st century popular non-fiction work  
 On how the Internet is proving that none  
 Of our proclivities is necessary to our  
 Aptitudes. Ah, girls. They sure r dotrs, but  
 Remember - dotrs hav their limits!  
 Wer r thr limits? Werever they put em!  
 So be careful, cuz if u cross yr dotr's  
 Limits, that's it. Yr dun. U can look for  
 Yrself all u want, but yr gone as a yawn.  
 Wer did u go? Yr dotrs took u n turned u  
 Into yr own dotr, so now u'r just gona  
 Have to deal with how it feels to be  
 The dotr of a dad who, wen he just  
 Goes for it, goes missing. N that's  
 "Dealing with Dotrs with Shifty Dik  
 Shivers," comin to u live on loan from  
 Dardanarmanarmadarmanarmamarnadarda...

Dazl - I don't get it

Dad - That's cuz it's not yrs

Dazl - Then y'd u giv it to me?

Dad - I only shared it with u

Dazl - So, did I cum bak?

Dad - Here u r

Dazl - But in the story

Dad - U came bak

Dazl - Show me how

Cuzn - Once Burners had left with his smile on her face,  
 Dazl's daddy wuz alone in that hand-me-frown place,  
 N it mite a been just cuz he felt so undun

Kiddums - Or becuz he decided that shun wuz no fun

Kiddy - Or becuz he'd learned something from then to the next

Kiddo - Or his know-how had somehow been re-pre-perplexed

Kidder - Or maybe he'd found her,  
 Cuz rite then n there,  
 The daddy of Dazl  
 N Burners woke up  
 With a cloud-clearing cry  
 That had never  
 Yet finally  
 Spoke up

Corny - Wen u wur born, I thot that u livd  
 By way of the body in which u arrived,  
 So from that birth body I gathered my bliss,  
 O all wuz a lull between kiss n kiss,  
 Then wen yr body went missing to me  
 I thot u had died, n so to be free  
 Of wanting to feel wut I cdn't find  
 I murdered my body, at least in my mind,  
 So feeling myself, tho ded, I cd feel  
 Myself feeling u, n thereby repeal  
 Yr leaving, by my deth yr body renew,  
 But now I see my deth is wut's killing u,  
 For tho u r gone, thru me u live on,  
 Just as the day redistributes the dawn,  
 So shall I live, being u being me,  
 Giving to others the luv that is we.

Cuzn - So, how'd ya like it, Corny Moot?

Corny - Taint over, Distant Cuzn, n it don't  
 Make much sense t'ask a man if his whisky  
 Kicks before he gits it down his gullet

Cuzn - But it is over, Corny moot,  
 N I'm askin, how's it kik?

Corny - Taint no more over than the issue  
 A my blowin up this here bag, cuz I wana noe,  
 Distant Cuzn, if Dazl cum bak, n be careful:  
 I got a feelin one way n not th'other

Cuzn - Wut way u got a feelin, Corny Moot?

Corny - I s'pose I sorta sprung a broodin  
 Fondness for the Dooks, n i'd like to see  
 Her make it

Cuzn - Make it wer?

Corny - U noe, make it home

Cuzn - Hmmm, ya, Dazl, make it home, hmmm

Corny - Hmmm, ya, Dazl, make it home, hmmm, wut?

Cuzn - Wo(rm)man?

Wo(rm)man - Dude, I et Dazl, n if that  
 Splashbacks yr piss pillar,  
 Blow these shit fuckrs up, cuz she  
 Was small, n I'm still fungry!

Cuzn - So, wut's it gona be, Corny Moot?

Corny - N ther ya hav it, kidz. My story. The story  
 A how I went from hatin everybody  
 Cuz they wurn't Dazl to luvin everybody  
 Cuz they is Dazl. N that's a true story,  
 Kidz. U r Dazl. Every one a u's gots  
 The power a Dazl in em, so every one  
 A u can make this world less a hard dry run  
 N more seas ya frees cuz u wanna swim em.  
 Don't beleve me? Then I prove it to ya  
 By pullin this cord. Ah, trikt ya, ain't i, kidz?  
 That's rite. Ain't no bombs in this bag.  
 Wut's in er? I'm a free't n fresh't.  
 Ever seen such a such? It's called Dazl Dust.  
 So take some, spred it about, n just go  
 N tell all the world of the girl in yr gust.  
 Tell all the wackt world how she wuz Dazl  
 N how yr now Dazl n how we al Dazl  
 If we just chuff around this luvn dust stuff.  
 So, come on, kidz. Let's go. Let's go be Dazl

*All sing.*

*Wut wd I do without u?  
 I'd look for u, that's wut I'd do  
 But wut if I cdn't find u?  
 I'd look for u, that's wut I'd do  
 Cuz that's wut I do, I look for u,  
 I do it cuz it's wut I do,  
 N it's wut I do cuz I luv u,  
 Cuz luvng u is wut I do*

The End (that never ends)