

Un(en)titled

By Kirk Wood Bromley

There's a tree inside me that never seems
To make it to the disaffected party.

You started it!

Most of us have had body parts removed
Unsuccessfully, yet who among the righteously
Whittled has spent any pie chart of
Corroborant time listening to those parts
Sing longingly from the riparian dump?

This morning, I became engaged.

It's doable, mostly, but mostly
It's just warm pop.

Are you ever not a difficult
Visiting multimedia artist?

Decapitation is the future of comedy
In bed.

I've got something to say, something, that is
Other than I think you're all really stupid,
And I mean to say it, even if it means
You grow to like me, which is the last thing
I want, cuz then I'd be stuck being likable,
And that's a fate worse than burping clichés
Like "that's a fate worse than," then struggling
To force some tediously original ending
On a shockingly bland beginning (meta-tag),
So here she goes and where she goes nobody
Knows (save those who bought in early),
That sexual smoke-and-mirrors everyone's
Dying to dread. Feel that suspense? Me neither.

And while it's true my groom is my mother,
That's not something I plan on telling you.

I am a man by man mistook.

So I'm like trying to talk about how
His scary-go-round has no rejoinder
To the genuine woman's health issue
Of lugging the immaculate buffo
Of "prisoners on history" from one
Idyllic lack to another, when he says,
"Is bacon a beautiful idea?" I mean,
If that's not some kind of sick cry
From the endless catacombs
Of hand-out sucky fucky, then what
The mahjong am I doing in this fantasy?

Despite ironic appearances, I clog things.

Truth be told (and I don't recommend it),
I'm sick of who I am at these functions.

Is this funny?

Are you someone?

Smoke that shit.

I've had enough; I'll have another.

Open my body bag now, mother!

I did it because she wouldn't ask for it.

This is what it's like going shopping
In a center where nothing is for sale.

The fame only his death could trick us into
Has been discovered somewhere in the world
Fucking a duck.

Do I smell?

My happiness is as unwieldy as
A busload of soggy, tired tourists
Rolling down a cliff in the Wasatch Range,
The roof ripping open, cheap bodies flying
In goofy, obstetrical directions,
Death, in the dark, so psychological.

Travel, as it's been designed by the designer
Douche-bag industry is major wag.
Visit some enchanting duplication,
Learn things you'll never know, talk badly a lot,
I mean, if you can't mooseknuckle
Your wanderlust stumbling from
Nervous to lexotic, then nature
Is not your answer key, and you are
A burden on the promise of tomorrow.

Who am I to get off? askt the neat closet
Of the dead rose.

I just can't live a life of incendiary
Evasion. Sure, I like it when others do,
But for me, a sociobiologically trained
Solipsist, I need a spit of land to save
From the constitution.

Nothing could be further from the truth
If only it would come sit next to me.

Tired of fingermeat? Try fingermeat!

A date for our beauty contest nuptials
Has been set so fantastically far
Into the future, all I can do is sit here,
My stuff animal puffing with expectation.

See, if only I had my hands in something
Momentous, then maybe I could get somebody
To like my body enough to challenge
Its needs, especially those needs
It refuses to realize, yet calls
“Injudicious,” like loving inflation
Or cheering for hurricanes or supporting
A go-nowhere approach.

This particular dramatic revelation
Might have a nasty habit of not talking back,
But it won't cost you an id and a half.

What the world needs now is a lot less now.

I mean, who doesn't crave a clown explosion
In the midst of the firm conviction?

And I suppose that's the thing about love:
You never see its name written on it.

My rental heart is overdue at the crybaby.

I just wanna expose myself, grab the cat
By the horns, vomit confetti, scream...

I am the wrinkle your smiles don't deserve!

Or

Breastfeeding is masturbation!

Or

Skills are over-rated!

This is the sound of hurt as it exists
In us, the unobserved event, pictured
As it never is, in a hurry, as we,
The unvalued quality, consider caring.

I've been burned so many times
I look like the Buddha.

There's just nothing to do anymore
Except make discussable poignant nonsense,
Run kids over with your hot new mobile
Anger, shoot knowing glances at exotic
Cooked birds, slit your throat then heroically

Stare into the camera and say, "Line."

Maybe you're frustrated.

I'm frustrated I'm not
Going away.

They're not longing for your image.

They're longing for your longing.

*Is this what you call pure emotion
The we, the boat, the missing*

*Hear them crying
See them stare*

*They're not longing for your image
They're longing for your longing*

*We are choking
on the air*

Everything is worse the second time.

I remember my first time.

It was with a memory of my first time.

He was tall.

Like a midget on acid.

And kinda cute.

For a step in the wrong direction.

And he had these contagiously dipsomaniacal
Merce Cunningham hands.

That like gentle Jamaican hyenas
Pawed into my hydrohysterical stopgaps
Until we crasht into the fever swamp
Of ascititious, whim-encrusted
Soap stars nursing on my surface dentition
So they could liquidate and give a crap.

Ouch!

I can feel it now if I accept
The terms and proceed to checkout.

Your stifling drizzle gives me the biggest
Shipping ordeal I've ever wisht I'd had.

Everybody remembers their first time

But everybody is singular and their is plural,
So everybody's had the same first time,
Which is hot.

But politically inconvenient
For focus groups on cross-gender risk-taking.

If only I could go back 5 or 12 inches
And relive my first time, I might stop pleasing
This indigestible implement.

My first time moved to Morocco
And blew herself up for the benefit
Of mustachioed divas with more persuasive
Head-scarves.

She's dead?

He killed her when he made her believe
It only mattered because she was drunk.

I was! I was drunk!

Drunk as a cock-fightin' pigeon.

I was so drunk I couldn't see
Reagan's legacy of coon-baiting.

I was so drunk I went to touch
My nose and got poop in my belly button.

*First time's the worst time
Cuz spacetime's a hearse line
So here's to the last time
We fuck on a deadline.*

You act like no one's ever had a beautiful,
Genuine, Emmy-nominated first time.

I don't deny it.

I refute it.

Cynical.

For CabTV.

My first time was with a team
Of beef party football rapists
I dedicated my failed tryouts to.

Is that why you're only smart in your ass?

Can there really be such a cataclysm as
"The first time" in a world where we're born
Eager to vote for our ancestors' mistakes?

I've never had a first time.

Mentiroso rico!

I see no reason to engage in an activity
In which I am my strongest opponent.

Is that why you're
All alone in an oil spill of your own
Love-making?

Love is not made;
It's reconstituted out of unusable footage.

I'm making love for the very first time
Just looking upon this scornful rendition
Of my own failed attempts at savoir-faire.

It's imprudent for me to discuss
My first time without pulling down
My pants and making a beggar god
Of the spear chucker to my rear.

No reason to get so bent into shape
You start lobbing turntables that might ruin
The celebrity fundraiser for a cure
To the proverbial unproverbial.

Are there celebrities here?

Are there not celebrities here?

This is my first time with a celebrity!

I thought you quite famously fuckt yourself
When you opted out of a joint appearance
With your profitable contradiction.

That was then, and this is before that.

My first time was actually my fifth time
Because I hadn't yet learned to count.

The downer that everyone's chasing
Is that "The First Time" is an interminable
Poem by some professor of Volunteer
Accident Coverage by the name of
"Defense Contract Fertility Weaves,"
And no one gets it, so it's only
Available in rotten margarine green.

My first time took forever.

*There's always a first time
But it never lasts that long*

*And it haunts you the rest of your life
And you spend your whole life trying to get back to it
And you life becomes a shell of itself*

*And it haunts you like a ghost
But you want that ghost
'Cause when you were with that ghost was when
You felt most alive*

*And alive is what I want to feel
What I want to be*

All sit for the pledge of arrogance!

Would it ruin it for you if you told me
What to do?

I'm in the mood for some
Immature barbecue!

Can I see you in my office?

I find you very attractive, yet not
Underbearing in that "I've got a co-op
Full of fresh opinions on what works for me"
Sorta way, and I'm thinking you'd be wise
To lose the outfit.

Are you looking me over
Or has the observation deck become
Indistinguishable from severe clear?

I've decided that the home-made mask
Is fashion's child from a spicy divorce,
And I intend to wear mine on deaf-mute dates
Until 3% of all overcharges
Are put toward the eradication
Of the poker face.

So, I'm cleaning up after this suicide
Bombing, and I find that part of the female
That defies description cuz it's got
Nineteen lawyers in an old mayonnaise jar,
So I take it home and put it in my dad
Then shoot it in one ear and out the other,
And now, I'm like Mr. Community.

Let there be peace on earth, and let me have
All the pieces.

When I say you remind me
Of all the bad things I've put off doing
Cuz I'm too busy counting jugulars,
I'm asking you to cough on my business
Lesion until it rewards me for not sweating.

Even tho you can't see my beard, my beard
Is a bird that sings:

*Ability to pay
Shall not determine
Eligibility for the Institute
Of Erotic Stumblings-Upon*

When I look into your eyes, the redundancy
Sorta gets to me.

Once I was sitting
On a porch in rural Quebec,
And I realized that reminiscing
Out loud about powerful experiences
That take your breath away then bring it back
Bathed, nourished, well rested, run around,
And with a pretty pink ribbon in its hair,
Is not the way to move the action forward,
So I cried, but I got over it quickly,
So here I am, dead and ready to fetch
Your dirty stick!

I'm currently working on an alternative
Sperm source that doesn't contribute to
An unhealthy surplus of my kinda guy.

It's nearly evident across a narrow range
Of contact inhibitions (given what we know
About crediting the acousmata of public
Discourse) that a lifetime of partially
Performing what your hideous gramma calls
"Not in my house" is nothing if not
The aggiornamento of impregnation,
I.e., getting good girls to make bad choices
Is a lot easier than its glaring opposite.

It's okay to be here, just don't show it.

Are those your original lips?

Please don't take my "receding into
The foregone distance" as a sign of anything
Beyond the regular insecure antics
Of an avant-garde superhero trying
To get his active forces together.

Is there not a single dickweed in this room
Who notices how fucking irresistible I am?

Uhoh. Someone's getting randy over
My decision to choose my words carelessly.

May I read you a poem specifically designed
To encourage regrettable diddling?

So, tell me what you like, and I'll see
If it can't be arranged in some kind of
Inoffensive floral estrangement.

I like it when you gargle gringo mex
Between my computer-enhanced dreams.

I like it under a pile of phony receipts.

I like it in a crooked picture of us.

I like it when you hit me with Tom Sawyer.

I like it when you lick my hot light bulb.

I like it when your buttocks are the booby prize.

I like it with plastic sushi between us.

I like it when you call me the 43
Rhymeless sounds to avoid, then rhyme them
With your involuntary muscles.

I like it when you're the primary care giver.

I like it when you miss the point religiously.

I like it when you don't.

I like it when you're not there.

I like it for about five minutes.

I like it on your tab.

I like it inside the neighbor's garage.

I like it with the camera pointed at my
Population density.

I like it during wartime.

I like it when you act like I was born yesterday.

I like it overeasay.

I like it cuz I made a vow to like it.

I like it when the wax people are watching.

I like it after the fact.

I like it when it results in a career-ending injury.

I like it under investigation.

I like it when you're looking for leftovers.

I like it once the garbage is taken out.

I like it in accord with the tenets of group behavior.

I like it by the gallon.

I like it when I have to go the bathroom.

I like it if it saves me money on my gym membership.

All in favor of leaving, stay put!

*They say every song should sing of its birth
Turn off the spicket and your mouth falls off
But who put the bop in the bop she bop she bop*

*And now that we all have multiple fathers
What is a pause but somebody's answer
Disease is gone, but so is the beach*

*Gathering people is something to spit at
I like it here so why am I staying
Body of origin need not inquire*

Cutting and pasting has changed us forever

*Run with it, run with it
Jump the horizon
No one is born until everything's gone*

I knew I could take my glaring opposite, when
Bam! The fucker stuck a thermometer in my heart.

If it doesn't go well, blame the audience.

It really turns me on to watch a grown man die.

I'm not dying. I'm just a bad listener.

There are two kinds of people in the world,
And you are neither.

Stop staring at me like I'm
Some kind of broken condom dispenser.

Can I call you back? I'm getting head.

It's like I stare upon a fading man,
And all I see is what the kids are videotaping
At nude summer camp as they retool
Our nation's best nightmare.

The valence bond of my attachment
To the hold-your-horses-by-the-hand

Instinct is going soft, and I find myself
In the greenhouse of people I don't enjoy.

Relax. The Technicians at Hirsute
Confectionaries Investment Fraud
Are proud to announce the creation
Of a vastly over-funded machine
Which, by emitting insulting messages,
Converts the blunt instrument of death
Into a soothing moist towelette.

I know this might be a bad time to ask,
What with your current creature discomfort,
But why, when it rains, can I feel my head
Clear, unless, as I believe, I am the soot?

This scene sucks.

Sucks what?

Chicken tit!

Boy, do I love chicken tit!

It's not as good as snake tit,
But then again, I'm an only child.

I prefer tit that craves to breakout
Of the 50th percentile, but in the end
It's just a frantic couch trader.

I like tit that miffs the moon.

I require tit with certain professional
Qualifications.

Yeah, like making me late for work.

Or getting stuck in my teeth,
And I don't mean between my teeth,
In my teeth, like ghetto fugitives in harshly
Lit cells locking jaws thru impervious walls
Whispering...shit, I misst my train of thought.

That's okay. It wasn't going your way anyway.

Hey, let's get back on the topic of children tit!
Kidding!

I like tattoos on my tit, just not over the entire
Maladaption.

Tats on tits, tits on tits, tits for tots and tots with tits!

I'm a pervert because I love my country.

Raise your hand if you're at another show.

The subject, which never arrived, is exhausted.

Die, so I can finally come out of nowhere.

I'm not gonna die. That's not part of the package.
I'm a molehill climber. I finally got my
Overwhelming rejection refund. Prank Surgery
Is on tonight! Nobody knows who I am yet,
And now I'm gonna die? My girlfriend
Will fucking kill me. My dad won't care.
Fact is, he'll be relieved. Fly over my grave,
Ash in my ashes, fart brie, blame it on me,
Man, what an all-you-can-cheat car-shit buffet
That bank-on-me holiday mascot
Turned out to be. I'll miss him, tho.
Hell, I'll miss everything.
Everything is beautiful when it goes away.
What I wouldn't give to be lying
Face down on some high-tech disaster shoot
Screaming, "My leg! My leg! Somebody
Gimme my leg!" And then this really
Cute commercial actor comes over
And says, "Here's your leg. Don't worry.
You'll be fine. We'll set it on and you'll be
Walking in circles before you can ask why."
Fuck, I've been such a shit-faced marching band!
I never took the time to say "guten morgen"
To the lesbians who ruined PBS.
I failed to fully process my emotional
Disengagement from what seemed to be years
Of using the wrong log-in information
To talk to myself on that one thing
No one's heard of. Instead of electrifying
My best photo into substantial
Microbiology credits, I mostly thought
About clothes and inaccessible pussy
And my love handles and seeming on top of it
Even tho it rolled over long ago
And getting a bargain while shopping
For answers and looking at myself
In windows and acting genuine
And never hanging out with unpaid performers
And being sure I don't see anyone in public
And getting thru school without going to school
And making the most of a misst opportunity
And waiting for someone to please upgrade
My account so I can breathe, and shaft me
With an unbelievable story line, I never
Casually inferred to my moms she was
Fucking Budweiser skybox awesome
For all the food and shit...and now what?
I'm dead. Dead as a fag in a tampon.
Well, I guess it goes to show ya. Auditioning
Is performing, and water's fit for a toast.

*Put my face on the moon
Put my hands in your eyes
Put my life on the line
About how I'll be there
Cuz I won't
But what's that to the dead*

*Put your home in the rage
Put your pain on her knees
Put your shine in my need
For you to show me through the gloom*

*Sweet meat, are you old yet?
Sweet meat, are you cold yet?*

*Cuz I'm waiting for you
Cuz I'm waiting for you
Cuz I'm waiting for you
Where darkness leaves us for dead*

I always identified with the retarded kids.

Don't you, even if you don't?

No idea what's so stony about them.

Cuz I can never find them.

Yet here they are, sitting indifferently
On my face.

Maybe it's how their horribly passé
Fire-brand overgarments mask
Some cataclysmic bowel obstruction.

Or the subtle sound of metallized
Soldiers banging hips inside their
Picked-out woodpecker skulls.

Or maybe it's that really mean
Soliloquy they do with their hands,
Or lack of hands, about how hard it is
To be taken for a sack of past-date
Potatoes accidentally...

Yeah, right!

Left on the space shuttle
By a temporary mechanic with
An unrealized grudge against making
Things that entertain the overworkt.

Shit's heavy, G.

Don't be dope.

The retards round my block used to get stuck
In this one cluster of chairs.

It was like a team
Of mother goose scientists had booted up
The particle decelerator in that part
Of the brain responsible for partial
Death by electrocution, and zap!

A baker's dozen...

Whatever that is.

Of the drooly, knotted clonks
Would end up snarled in "The Planet's
Greatest Invention Meets the Earth's Worst Idea."

I think the wind did it.

The RISD wind.

The retards round my block used to get stuck
In this one cluster of chairs.

You're repeating yourself.

No, I'm just getting my retard on.

Man, did I feel sorry for them.

Like, after school, I'd go home
And play school.

Then, after giving myself an F in
"Soliciting donations from the broke in spirit,"
I'd strip down and run to the chairs and scream...

Nothing. It never happened.

All my life I've hid from real confrontation,
Preferring greasy food and swim team.

But is it sad to be retarded?

For them, I mean.

My gaydar says, "Way," my baggage says,
"Who are you?"

They seem sad.

So does the sun on New Year's Day.

I'm sure I seem sad.

I am sad.

O the things I've lost!

Has anyone seen my uncorrected vision?

There it is.

Lounging in some retard's grinding grief.

But I don't care.

Cuz if I did, I'd have to
Punish myself.

Nice and usual.

Bottom line, retards make me sigh.

In my pants.

I want to be them, yet I want to be
Inside them in a way that I'm not them,
Cuz I'm retarded, but not like them,
Like I can't use "Sorry, I'm retarded"
As an excuse for living off my mom,
But damn, I wish I could, cuz going from
Having nothing to having something
Is somewhere no one ever fully goes.

And no, I'm not genuine about that
Sentiment, but what is "genuine"
Other than a way to say "I'm not
Retarded," which, of course, is not genuine.

And to sorta change the subject, but not
Really, cuz the subject never changes,
Especially when you're retarded,
Mystery rocks.

Not mysteries. I hate those.
Too "solve the crime" driven.
But mystery, of the kind that only
Retards leak, now that totally rocks.

Every adorable living abortion
Carries the mystery of useless
Exchanges in its prenatal purse.

Like the Black Dahlia, only they
Can be two places at once.

And I wanna glunk em up the dung
On the short bus.

Long live the short bus!

Trumpets the dud fizz.

And now my song of the retard must come
To an end, almost.

You know how these ungraded roads
Can be, especially when they wind
Backward thru your digestive opinions.

I have extolled them.

What's extol?

I dunno. I'm retarded.

My python tears have dribbled
Down my forehead like cherry pit juice
From the pasty black dimension.

And I have felt, deeply, what it is
To blankly stare at them in public.

Yet I am nowhere.

They persist, tax forms snuck into
The toilet roll.

And their weird mouths won't stop cheering
For my confusion.

Who are these retarded kids?

What do they have that I'm too "in touch" to have?

Why do they insist on calling
My mother "Reversible Gumshee"?

Someone should put them in a home.

In a lake.

*I'm slow
So slow
So slow when I show
I don't show*

*Go
Don't go
Grow and grow
So?
So and so*

*Down in the lowing
pain turns to snow
Yet I know no new woe*

Feel me flow
Long ago
Slow
Slow

What's gotten into you?

No one, lately.

Someone can't stop overdrawing
Her empowered victim account.

Go to sleep.

On a permanently stained eraser slate
Full of unfulfilling acts of revenge
Against your bored, sandpaper gouda wheel
Campt out for tickets to Turista?

For your inculpation, punk mama's luxury yurt
Has been projecting its sticky slip-n-slide
Into the icy night sky ever since
The rhombencephalon was a swim bladder,
But with you it's all, "Sorry, baby.
Larger matters beckon me to shrinkage."

Why can't you be like my credit cards?
They love me for paying the minimum.

Maybe cuz my being hard on you
Is the only hard-on in this retaliationship.

My hard-on has nothing to get hard on.

Here it is, dude. How hard is that?

Very hard.

I can hardly wait.

It's too hard.

Afraid I'll give it homework?

I'm afraid you'll tell it to play dead.

That's like telling a weekly fiction group
That the secret to the semi-omniscient
Narrator is a life of dissolution
Covered up by various topical
Ointments extracted from your own
Backstage fright.

I'm willing to combust the unrenewable
Negative energies of that bad analogy

Via my prat fall retakes into some awesome
Affection dissecting AVN award burp
But thanks to my new shirt, I'm a little bit
Occupied by circumstances beyond
Your vitriol.

Where are you?

Wet Beaver Creek, 9 miles in,
And my partner's down.

I'm your partner,
And I'm in a 34th floor walk-up
On Chicago's "meatballs in hot fudge" strip
Reviewing submissions from wiggy zen
Hunters on the myth of the male wargasm.

She's hanging on for dear life to a time
When stick-no-carrot cake didn't set up
Butt camp along her southern bummers.

Who are you subtexting while talking to me?

Send in the dietician so we can
Make it out of this marriage blight.

That's it. I'm going to therapy
In my underwear.

You mean that sexy number
With no divisor of one?

Where is my underwear?

Not in my mouth.

Did you flush my Pickett's Charge panties?

They smelled like Mary Todd Lincoln's
Dental floss.

Do you have a problem with my emancipation
Proclamation obsession revulsion?

I'd have lots of problems
If you hadn't claimed them all.

It's no great chore
Having all the problems when you're living
With a trampoline whose only real
Contribution to intimate society
Is sulking behind my face.

Look. You can either accept me for who
I callously assert I might someday become
Or just plop your peccadilloes on ciabatta

And ride that panini into the tanning booth.

I believe the proper phrase is sunset.

I believe sunset is a misnomer
Since the earth revolves around your
Subscription to *Botswannabe*.

I want things to work for us.

Me too, preferably on a pro bono basis.

But for things to work, they have to be
Plugged in at night.

Not if you've got one of those cool
Vaso-active, null-voltine downburn jobbies
With the secretagogic perky doobage, poof!

Ya know, I like it when you're incomprehensible,
But when you act like that, I just sorta tune out,
Cuz I paid to be here, and for my money,
And all the money should be my money,
I deserve someone I can at least hock at some
Later date to purchase someone "present,"
Or at least unnervingly attractive, like, ya know,
Him.

Him?

What's wrong with him?

He's different every night.

Yes, he is.

Are you saying you don't love me in that way
That slaps me with the maverick label despite
My ensconced evil Onceler crustiness?

I'm saying...

You like it when I finish your sentences.

I'm saying...

A book

A movie

A movie in a book

"Phat Digs on the G Train"

"Mr. Lead Balloon Goes to Shushington"

“Cut the Empirical Cord”

“Sorry, We’re Closed for Glibness”

“You Think I Give a Fuck about Detroit?”

No

Not a movie in a book

A movie about a book

A bookish movie

A moving book

“Barking Up the Song Tree”

“Who Needs Friends When You’ve Got Mouthwash?”

“My Baby Drowned in the Stream of Consciousness”

“It’s Not Easy Being White Because Republicans Take You for a Golf Ball”

“How to Hug When You’ve Got No Arms”

“Growing Up Under a 3 Ft. Roof”

“The Day I Went Naked and No One Noticed”

“My Life as a Burrito Filling They’re Out Of”

“Help, I’ve Been Hired!”

No

Not a moving book

A word

One word

Shag

Dumpste

Salivocratic

Spasmania

Oomphlish

Admirage

Fellationoma

No

First word

Shit

Mama

Ouch

Can I exchange these?

Wah

On second thought

Gross

Hit rewind

“If you think that hurt, wait til I learn to present fake evidence”

No

First word

Pulling ear

Dismemberment couture

“What’s this Mushroom Doing on My Temple?”

“I Need a Bigger Head So I Can Justify my McMansion”

“Her Tits Won’t Stop Squirting Lighter Fluid on my Hobosexuality

No

First word

Sounds like point

Joint

Anoint the quint

“Don’t Say Oink in a Krishna Fit”

“Why Was Christ So Cross?”

“Riding Miss Crazy”

No

Two words

Clit nap
Bulk fonz
Id cyst
Tabloid cream
Entropic momentum
Blubbering boobs
Boobs with boobos
That's three words
Booing boobs
Your boobs are in my booze
No
Shaking head,
Watching hyperspace ping-pong
"I Can't Quit Me"
No
Three words
I hate piano
Funge funge funge
Hormonal Alamo megaphone
Barbara Romer
That's two words
No it's three words – "Starfucking for Shakespeare"
Third word sounds like us
Bus
Cuss
I'm a wuss cuz I won't muss your puss dust?
Rush that toosh
You make my mooshy goosh

No

Fourth word

No fourth word

No words

Worry words

De-words

Words without words

Words against words

The National Word Association for the Advancement of Mutterflunkers

“Swear, words!”

“Back, words!”

“Bye, words!”

Are there any words in these words?

I love you.

I love you?

I love you, but you love me.

What’s that supposeta sorta not mean?

I’ve not yet authorized myself to speak on my own behalf.

Were I to get out of your way so you
Could see yourself in my mirror
You’d realize you were in my way.

You have no way but the way I am.

And like the beloved pooch of my youth,
I’m always searching for another way
To say, “Can I go outside and puppylove
That fine terrier bitch two doors down?”

And that is the prostate of the problem.

I believe the proper phrase is heart.

I believe you have no heart since your
Hambone gun rack pronounces it he-art.

*Don’t stop bereavin,
Hold onto that squealin,*

Pig fight, people, wo-o-o!

What is it with you and anthem rock?

Shit's in my blood, and my blood's in your sister.

Our relationship is the survivor's guilt
From that plane crash where no one survived.

Then stare into the vapid idolatry
Of my sensual conversion ratio,
And I will turn the illegal dumping
In our backwater bedroom bombshelter
Into a beautiful garden sculpture
That resembles our intertwined bodies
Washt ashore after a flash flood
Of cold sex addiction soup.

Fine, but fuck your mother's third husband.

What do you see?

A whole lotta love.

Say it.

I was a gym class catastrophe.

No, say "wanna whole lotta love."

Wanna whole lotta love.

Again.

Wanna whole lotta love.

Again.

Wanna whole lotta love.

Way down inside, you need it.

What?

Love.

Love.

Hear that?

It's hard to hear thru all the poorly
Edited bad times nostalgia.

Right now, in their mostly disengaged minds,
The perfect heavy riff is reeling into control,
Generating the ecstasy of recognition,

Or the icky-teasy of wreck ignition
As we call it in the unvisited gallery
For stress-scented massage oil paintings,
And this tribal brain dance is irrigating
Your native *gourdes malapropos*, cuz you need it,
We all need it, like we all need to
Pre-quantumly wince and drool at the
Subpar poetics of hoary marmots
As they gallantly convert a dank cage
Into a flying-high hedge fund fete
Where the sexualization of advertising
Is put to the mock test and comes off
Like an algae-fueled media darling
With a ghost mic g-spot, but the problem
Is only a normative farcical few
Are unnaturally endowed and grudgingly
Lucky enough to form a super band
In our lost teens that ends up
Transforgifying the very very plain
Epiphany of what it means to employ
Beelzebubbian slacks to get laid
On demand while also feeling a whole lotta
Fucking love.

Imagine that.

It's like Paris
Without all the socialist infighting.

Fact is, there are no facts, which is a poor excuse
For most of us having been relegated
To delusional forms of rapid response
Attachment, as if intimacy during
Sex, or, as I say, tenderness between
Pickup trucks, were a valued principle
Of the Peace Corps that got phased out
During the Boondoggle Administration
Because the farmers in Burma or wherever
Wouldn't stop teasing the mole-eyed novices
For installing java scripts that in no way
Led to heightened crop yields on asphalt.

I see what you mean, but it's blurry,
Cuz you're dangling from the remnants
Of suffering before support groups, I'm
Standing stone-faced in a glass flip-the-bird house,
And it's raining Pepsi Max all over
Your passion of interest in the crime
Of "not respecting borders cuz
Long ago borders weren't respected."

I mean, let's get it on.

Like get it on layaway?

No, like get it on lay my way.

O, so like get it over with before
I even get it, is that what you mean?

I don't mean get on with it,
I mean get with it and get on it.

Where is it?

Between us.

I see nothing between us.

That's it.

You want me to get on nothing?

Get on it, and it's something.

I thought life with you was all about
Making nothing out of something.

It is, until we get it on.

Yes, but if I'm going to get on something
Shouldn't I be allowed to first make sure
It adheres to all kinds of private
Blowhard safety standards and that kind of
Stupid communal nanny shit?

It's not safe; that's the point of it.

So, what is it?

Fine, I'll tell you, but not
To the best of my abilities.

Wow, repetition!

It's a cytochimeric conceptual gulf
That commutes my very real need
For extremity warmth into distant
Wet mittens.

And you're a psychopath that leads
To a very dull imaginary kingdom.

My naval flotilla can't drink its own bilge water
All fleet week.

Tell ya what, Senor Expired Smoothie.
Try to say "an erotic website" and make it
Not sound like "a neurotic website"
Without seeming all phonically elitist
Like you always do when we're hanging out
With my friends, and I'll consider dropping out

Of this fascinating concussion session
To sip that Double Caramel Macholatta
Out your belly-up yesterday button.

I don't play word games, just like I don't
Juggle rare frogs.

There's a kindness in you,
Somewhere, waiting to get out on good
Behavior so it can pop them wack niggaz
What dry-snitch that chi-mo shakedown
In the first place.

It's in the picture we took
Of you crying at the early de-accession
Of your favorite installation piece
Whose themes include non-combatant petting,
The pedagogy of sarcastic jabs, and how
Talking openly can lead to tooth decay.

Its memory is my destiny.

A large blank space.
Inside the large blank space,
A large blank space.
Outside the large blank space,
A large blank space
Looking into the large blank space
In the large blank space.
Enter a large blank space.
Exit a large blank space.
During and between
The entrance and exit
Of the large blank space,
A large blank space
Performs a large blank space
Using a large blank space.

This is called, "I Love You, But You Love Me."

*Seems like all I say
you say you own
maybe I'm your way
of being alone*

*up above the world so scared
like a dying sped by my care*

*face against the wall
crawling into you
miss me when I fall
shatter cuz I want to*

*I love you, but you love me and
I can see that I know you, and you know me
and I know you love misery*

*in your darkening sun you keep
all I long to see*

*I love you, but you love me and
I can see that I know you, and you know me
and I know you love misery*

*how I wonder why you stay
once you've gone away*

This is Brian. Say hello, Brian.

Can Brian speak?

Not in so many words,
But we're working on it, aren't we, Brian?

How did Brian come to be this pillar
Of regression?

Most of us believe
Brian suffered a severe traumatic
Brain injury when he left home.

Brian didn't leave home; he just stepped out
For a bit.

This is Brian's mother.

Don't call me that.

What should I call you?

Brian's mother.

And what's your theory as to why
Brian is blessed with the political future
Of a lost can of hairy chicken soup?

I think he misses his mother.

It must be hard
To see your once healthy, vibrant son
Reduced to an over-steamed radish
In some ineffable static death drop.

No, I love it.

Can you describe Brian's physical status
As a result of this intracranial scratch?

Quite standard, really.

For a 327 month old.

No speech, no waste control, no evident
Initiative taking or recognition,
Periodic flare-ups of failed thermostatic
Regulation, decubitus ulcers,
Pulmonary collapse, all accompanied,
As one can only imagine while talking
Non-stop, by a permanent infestation
Of iracund parasitoid gypsy moths
Whose ceaseless pesticide-resistant shrieks
Of “Why me? Why me?” saturate
His crepusculating noetic ecotones
To the exclusion of all other aboral thoughts,
But help is on the way, isn't it, Brian?

I don't think he likes you.

What's your current developmental goal
For Brian?

Development. It all starts there.
If Brian can start developing,
Further developments may develop.

Do you think Brian knows you're here,
Mrs. O'mommy?

I know he does. His face lights up
When I enter the room. Watch. See?
You love your mama, don't you, baby?

Are you hopeful for improvements?

If I can get Superman to suspend
His spittle and stump speech thru
A machine, Brian's got a date with
An obstacle course.

Describe the love,
If I may use that term, that exists between
A physical therapist and her patient.

The love?

If I may use that term.

No, yeah, sure, that's fine. There is a love,
A professional, sensation-aspiring love,
Between Brian and me.

What's that like?

What's love like?

What's your klutzy love for Brian like?

I just want to see him get better,

Hear him speak, watch him move around
The room, lead a normal, hectic life,
You know, those things.

All those things
That would mean his leaving you?

Yeah, okay, that's funny, right? I want
Brian to leave me. Leave me, Brian.

You're very brave to live with such a love.

That's why I went to Skidmore.

Now you know how a mother feels.

So, you'll be sad when Brian leaves you?

If by sad you mean dress myself in gorp
And crash the Donner Party, yes to sad.

My insurance company is not not paying you
To get vaginally involved
With my brain-dead run-away fetus.

O yes it is.

I will whip you with my tits.

Bring it on, you eery canal.

I think Brian's a very lucky boy.

Lucky boy? All he does is sit in his own slop
Sucking old formula thru a moldy tube.

At least he's not climbing onto airplanes
And flying over what was once the Great
American prairie to go somewhere and overeat
While making a sales presentation.

Brian's not a salesman.

What is he, supernatural?

Yes, he is.

You need to let Brian go.

Go where?

Free of your maternal Guantanamo.

But he can't even feed himself.

Cuz you won't stop feeding him.

I'm his mother.

You're supposed to teach him self-reliance.

O, yeah, right. Next thing ya know, he's on his own.

See what I mean?

I'd rather mean what I see.

Maybe it's hard to let go when your child
Is hanging over a pit of vipers
Advocating single-use wildlife zones.

Mothers don't let go; they just stop squeezing.

You fucking sour milk gas mask!

Isn't it economically depressing
To prevent a child from growing up too soon?

Brian doesn't want to grow up
If it means going down on her.

He'd rather go down on me than back
Into you.

Ya can't go back into what ya ain't
Backt out of.

Um, like it or not, Ms. Obsolete
Correctional Camp, Brian's already dropped
His hair-dryer into my après-ski
Jacuzzi in one of those really cute
Acts of late-stage early teen aggression,
And the kiddie cocktail inflammation
Skank that he sucks from my wii remote
Crazy straw actually drizzles his soft serve
Scary malted slurpy filtered thru my
Strawberry shortcake cotillion muff,
Bringing recessive growth between
My industrial strength legs, aka
His mother's wet abominating arms
Spread wide as a butterfly shot to shit
By a gust of copulation as inverse
Child-rearing, zitch!

Look!

What?

Brian moved.

He did?

Gotcha!

To be young again and be happier
Than you were is life's only purpose.

Brian, are you sorry for what I've done?

*Lying next to you
Running from my mind
Nothing we can do
But get it wrong just to kill the time*

*All my words are gone
Body called away
You want me to respond
I'm lockt inside all I cannot say*

*Are you glad we're trying?
Not yet
Are you sad I'm crying?
Have we met?*

*If you could hear me dying
Then maybe you'd accept
Our love is the closest we'll never get*

*Lockt inside a you
Running from my spine
Nothing much is new
My words would make it thru
If I could get out of your mind*

*Are you sad we're trying?
Not yet
Are you glad I'm crying?
Keeps me fed*

*Cuz when I hear you dying
Then baby I accept
Our love is the closest we'll ever get*

We're all going to join Facebooks right now
To not only unravel the mother in us
But to open her up, not as she is,
But as we are because we are her.

Mom! Where's my copy of
Appalachian Love Octagon?

You've got non-organic meconium
On your Toyota Tundra.

Thanks, but that's subtly
Mainframe to my atrabilious power laugh, so ha!

Okay, I want everyone who's only

Halfway here to fly off the handle
And spank yo mama!

Move over.

You'll have to excuse him.
His fancies are still in shock at the news
That mother's day isn't a full season
Of feeling outloud.

You are your mother because you cannot fail!

When I think of she who cookt me,
I want the recipe.

Go, Birth Defects!

Via hyagesia,
We tabulate some key maternotropisms,
Or "attractions to the mother menu,"
And this gives us unsubstantiated
Data thru which to infer that scab-eating
Is a precursor to ordering your mother
Delivered to your desk when expensing it
Under "nothing conducive to audits
Occurred," and in this dirge cubicle
Of punitive outbreeding, we witness
The misaesthesia of the chicken burrito
As the hot-enough mother's meaty, cheesy
Box set.

Be a good little mother
And suffer my pains.

I recommend not becoming
Your mother, cuz then, like, you'd have to
Play with yourself to be born again, right?

My mother once said to me, "Little man,
You can take the man out of the little
But you can't take it for long, cuz it smarts."

Here comes that part of the play punishment
When I spin around on my missing mother
And strive to unlearn how to cannibalize
The ballet brut of my groupy misgivings.

Pick a card, any card. Look at your card.
Now show me your card. Now I guess your card,
And I get it wrong. Tada! I'm your mother.

I was hiking once on Lake Superior
And I got lost, and for eleven days
I wandered the freshwater parking lots
Til near the end, dying of excitement,
I saw my mother shopping in my womb,

Even tho I'm a plant, and I was like "Mom!
You're such a was kill!" Then I passt away
Into the poetry of my failings
And you can still see me, frowning on parks
From my "Hot Men Only" boutique
In the roof.

A penny saved is a mother
In chains.

I chew my fingernails because I believe
(Far below any verifiable silt)
That my mother understands why I do it,
And that's our way of shaking sweaty palms.

I've lost all faith of finding my mother
In my body, so fight me.

They claim that animation comedy
Is my mother, but I'm the CFO
Of a major pain in the poop tuba,
So I've got issues with other people
Possessing beauty.

I will now interpret
My mother gap using a large, non-present
Driftwood sculpture and the tiniest leap ever.

The Botanical Gardens
In Milwaukee look like giant ice titties
Fulla fruits that if you like eat them you'll
Like die, but I don't think they are, but they
Prolly are.

Everywhere, every second, animals
Are eating each other to survive,
Seducing the young from the herd, the moth
From the shade, ripping fresh new bodies
To furry marinara, and this G-rated
War trial is the lullaby my mother
Sang to me each night as I sank to sleep
In the sauna.

That's it. I've spent all my daughter's
Stumato trying to find a way to say
What I don't mean. I'm thru. The mother,
In se, is volatile, given the unbreakable
Situation in offshore Venezuelan, you know,
Nightlife, and fuck if I don't see her as able
To talk in a talking style that helps us
Hurl sour perfume at the lecturing guest.

Too much controlled sharing.

Too few inexpensive films.

Not enough airport in my sea scum.

Insufficient enigma registration.

A surfeit of gored feminist backlash.

Nothing's ever quite why it should be.

But just the right amount of mothering
And everything's fuckable.

Push on
Act on
Climb on
Mother's beaming

Actor 1 enters.

No.

Actor 2 enters.

No.

Acter 3 enters.

Yes. No. Send in Actor 1.

Actor 1 enters.

Hi.

No. Yes. No.

Actor 4 enters.

Hey there.

Hey.

I misst you.

I misst you.

Shall we?

No.

Actor 5 enters.

Hello.

Don't speak. Not yet. I don't mean to shut you down, quite the opposite in fact, but this is an extremely delicate situation, and you must only do what I tell you to do, or, lacking that, what I would have told you to do were I not fixated on an action inferior to your spontaneity, which must in its deepest sense emanate from my urge like it were your urge

with the underlying goal of attaining that one true urge that over-rides all urge with its tangible, common mystery, so don't speak, just be what I want and I want Actor 6.

Actor 6 enters.

You asked for me?

I did.

Thank you.

I'm glad it's you.

I'm glad it's you.

You look amazing.

So do you.

No.

Actor 7 enters.

You? That's crazy. What do I see in you?

You.

I'm scared. Are you scared?

Maybe.

Don't be. I'm very gentle, when forced. Be scared.

I'm scared.

Don't be. Look away. Look at me. Be scared.

I'm so scared.

Don't be. Look at me. I want you.

I want you.

What do you want me to do to you?

I want you to fuck me.

Don't say that.

I'm sorry.

You shouldn't have said that.

I'm sorry.

Don't be. Say, "I'm sorry."

I'm sorry.

Now I have to fuck you.

No, please.

Actor 3.

Actor 3 enters.

Eyes wide. Mouth open. Arms to the side. Chin down. Tits out. Ass out. Look at me. Don't look at me. I want you to say what you shouldn't have said but I don't want you to say it. I want you to look it, but nicely, secretly, feel it squirm in your innocent pink, like it's so fucking new to you, "What is it? What is happening to me? Why am I feeling this? I'm so scared. I want it so bad." Say it, but don't say it. Look at me. Touch your lips. Tremble. Eyes wide. Feel that fear. Look away. Look at me. Look at your tits. Look at me. Suck your finger. Your middle finger. Look away. Look at your pussy. Are you asking me to release the unrealized potential of your unbearable bliss with my unbelievable man pain? Look at me, nod, slowly, slightly, and say "Yes, but I'm scared."

Yes, but I'm scared.

Actor 5.

Actor 5 enters.

Are you here so I can fuck you?

Yes.

Are you scared?

Not really.

Be scared.

I ain't scared.

I like that. That's good. You know what you're doing.

No, I don't.

Walk slowly to me. Arms to the side. Tits out. Sit between my legs, back to me, look down, look hungry, now say something perfect.

The water in my little ass bucket is getting warm because you're threatening me with your massive plan.

Perfect. This is working for me. Will you stay and let things unfold?

Sure.

Actor 8.

Actor 8 enters.

Hey, big boy.

Hey.

You ready?

Ready for what?

I'm not telling.

Okay.

Stand up straight. Feet apart. Look at me. Look into me. Rub your junk thru your jeans. I want that shark fin taut. I want it jutting above the surf. I wanna feel that menace grow in my unpenetrated swells. You like it?

Yeah.

How do you like it?

I like it like you like it.

I like it when I make you cry cuz you can't find your cock. You still like it?

Maybe.

Lemme hear you say, "Can I come in?" like a naked child in a squall of sleet and the whole house is on fire.

Can I come in?

No.

Actor 9 enters.

Between my legs, back to me, hands in mine, and coo. Coo like I'm laying an egg in your throat. Look back at me, eyes wide, lips apart. Are you scared?

Uhhu.

Here, suck my thumb.

Mmmm...

You smell like peaches in cream.

It's all I eat.

Not anymore.

What if they find out?

They're all away.

I don't know what I'm doing.

You had to come after we saw each other at that harvest festival.

I had to come.

You were sitting on a giant pumpkin, painting children's faces.

Butterflies, tigers, and the smell of your stare in my urine.

Could you feel me looking thru your baby blue sweat suit of crushed velveteen?

Yes, but I didn't look.

You fucking evil tease.

I'm so fuckt up with your desire.

It's okay.

I can feel my mother's teeth in my neck.

I'll take care of your mother; you just tell me what you want.

I want to shoot your shower at my dirty little lamb. I want you to put my pussy in your mouth. I want you to make me a man.

In good time. Actor 6.

Actor 6 enters.

Lift your shirt, slowly, just above your breasts.

Should I open my bra?

Not yet. Pull down the front of your skirt, just slightly, hesitantly, so the top of your panties peeks out. Look down, look at me, look away, and say, "What have you brought me from your great adventures abroad?"

What have you brought me from your great adventures abroad?

A present.

What kind of present?

An invisible present.

Can I see it?

No, it's invisible.

Where is it?

Here it is.

I can't see it.

It's invisible.

Will you tell me what it is?

It's a stinky little monster who says, "I'm going to eat you with my cock. I'm going to inject doctors into your tummy. I'm going to slap your ass until it swallows your head. I'm going to put you in a freezer bag and love you forever."

I can smell myself dripping on the hardwood floor.

Pop your bra.

Like this?

Like those. O yes. Did you grow these just for me?

I made them so you could suck your cock and be my baby boy.

Pull down your panties just a bit, so I can see your pussy puff. Look at me. Now stick your finger in your mouth and make it nice and wet. Suck it softly, slowly, like it's full of milky chuck. You don't like it, but it's so yummy. Stop sucking. Keep it in your mouth. Look at me. Now take your wet finger and rub your nipple. Your left nipple. Rub gently around the tip. Now the bulb, harder, squeeze your nipple, and moan as you close your eyes. Now take your other hand and rub your pussy fat. Trembling fingers, fragile body, don't dip in, not yet, now look at me. Look away. Other nipple. Go further down with your fingers, look at me, don't look at me, open your mouth, squeal, roll your ass, now stick your soggy finger in your pussy hole. Fuck your pussy with your finger. Fuck your pussy. Moan. Fuck your pussy. Tits exploding. Pussy spreading. Now here comes the stinky little monster. Actor 8.

Enter Actor 8.

Remember when we met?

Uhhu.

In that pastry store.

Such a cold day.

A perfect day for hot, moist pastries.

Filled with all kinds of tasty fillings.

You were an exotic, confused intellectual.

You were a fistfight covered in smoke and rags.

I couldn't stop staring at you.

It was like you were drilling for sleep.

Your big brown eyes blink at exactly the right intervals to emit the message, "My muffins are almost ready. Would you please rip them in half and make sure they're hot and moist?"

You brought hunger to my muffins.

Your lips were like the jumpy castle of a newborn pop sensation.

I love how you slouched in the tradition of my fathers.

Your engorged, rubber breasts were leaking alpenglow.

They burned eyesockets in my wildlife apron.

I could see your vanilla belly flesh as you stretch for the cake boxes.

I wanted you to swim in my cavities and blast your trumpet until the mountains blew up.

Your round, ripe ass was singing of dogs in morning grass.

People like to bring their dogs together in the morning grass so they can run and jump and shed their fur into each other's butt smells.

But mostly I just thought about your fuzzy little effervescent pussy and how I knew it offered eternal membership to the jiggling dark blue crystals of my lost girlhood as lived by a suckling pig I wanted to be and eat.

I knew you were trouble I just had to get into.

May I touch your nipples, my child?

You may.

I'm rolling your nipples between my fingers, and they're expanding, filling with prehistoric shadows. Your pussy is opening and getting wet. Your hands are down between your legs like you're holding on for dear life as I drag you into future stages of development.

O.

I am pushing you into your pussy and you are whimpering and you want me to peel you open and run rampant thru your every succulent crevice.

Yes.

I'm going to stick my fingers in your pussy now. Is that something you've been considering?

Yes.

Why do you want me to do that? Why would you want my thick dirty digits in your firm fresh pussy?

I'm tired of myself and I want to be discovered.

I'm going to fuck you like a runaway log.

Yes, you are.

I'm slipping into your pussy folds. O you are alive.

My pussy is melting.

Squeeze my fingers.

My pussy is smoking.

Your ass is throbbing.

Please let me open my legs.

No. Actor 3. No. Come back. I'm sorry.

Okay.

Stick your finger in my mouth so I can taste your pussy spew.

It tastes like you.

This is real now, isn't it?

I am your sister.

No. Actor 4.

Take off all your clothes. Stand still. Look at me. You want me to fix your aching mess, don't you?

Uhhu.

I can feel you regressing. I can tell you want me to indulge myself in your triangular clutch debate to a drastic, obvious, unbelievably fuckt-up conclusion. Have I got you?

Uhhu.

O I am disappearing now. Come to me, slowly. Hold your shaking body next to mine. Look at me. Take my hands. Rub against me. Open your mouth and beg.

Please let me suck the mother butter off your boy tongue.

Actor 6.

Actor 6 enters.

No, you stay.

Okay.

Do you like her?

She's so pretty.

You can have her.

May I kiss you, little girl?

Okay.

Are you scared?

Kinda.

You should be, but don't worry. Mommy will hook the flush pump to the pee hole, and you'll be good.

I want to be good.

You are good.

Very good.

But you're so beautiful, and daddy's had his penis in your vagina, and you know what it's like to pick his putty from your fur.

I know that, and love that, and so, soon, shall you.

Okay.

Do you want to learn from me?

Uhh.

What do you want to learn?

How to grow daddy's babies.

You want daddy to cum in you?

What's cum?

Your body is cum.

Pure cum.

What about daddy?

He is your little pussy.

My pussy is so little.

How little is your pussy?

I dunno. It's so little.

Is it sweet and soft?

Like daddy.

Will you let me touch it?

Uhh.

Will you let daddy fill it with his cum?

Uhuu.

O you are a good little pussy.

Take your shirt off.

Listen to your mother.

Do you like your daughter's titties, daddy?

I do. They look like me.

Do you want us to rub titties and exchange fluids?

Yes, I do.

Her breasts are so tender and excited, like fresh hot blubber kabobs.

Tears are welling up in my titties.

Make her titties cry, daddy.

They're bursting with the urge to be milkt.

May I lick your titties, baby girl?

And suckle them?

I am your mother.

I want to be throat-fuckt by your mouth so I can feel you breathe thru my pussy.

O my fucking god I am so fucking high.

Give me your baby breasts and I will fill the room with daddy.

I'm going to stick my hands down the backs of your panties while you suckle each other's breasts, confidently stroking and squeezing your ass mounds and then firmly stimulating your anal mucosa to encourage a heavy flow from the milk buds to the shit sacks, then I'm going to gently pop the tip of my finger into each of your ass pits and when I do so I want you both to whimper in unison as mommy locks her lips on baby's curdling titties. Perfect. Smell that hot sweet shit. O what a couple of nasty girls. Nasty girls need a fucking spanking. I'm going to pull your panties down now to reveal your rosy ass flesh and I'm going to give each of you a pair of proper slappings. That's it. Suck on each other's mouths. Cry into each other's eyes. I can feel you pulsing and dripping from your natural pussies and your tits are hard and gushing and you're fucking each other's throats. Look at those beautiful pussies. Secret sacks for daddy crimes. I'm going to pet your thirsty pussies now, just on the surface. Mommy, hold baby's face in your hands, and teach her to feel my frenzy.

Daddy's touching me.

Where is he touching you?

Around my pussy crumples.

Do you like how it feels?

Uhhu.

Are you giving all of your poon slop to daddy's hands?

Uhhu.

O what a sweet little sacrifice.

No. Actor 7.

Actor 7 enters.

How old are you?

I dunno.

You look young.

That's good.

Do you know who I am?

My father.

Do you know what I am?

No.

That's good.

Okay.

Has anything like this ever happened to you before?

I doubt it.

Will you stroke my cock and call me a good little boy while I nurse on your breasts and cry?

Will you dig so deep in my cherry quim I drop my teddy bear?

Okay.

Okay.

Come, pull down your pants and sit in my lap. O I love your patty cake pussy. It's so cute and clean and welcoming, like a quaint Norwegian motel, and it smells so nice, and it's round and tight and O so hungry.

It's like a tiny arctic fox, but I keep it in my body so my daddy can stay warm and show his hurt.

Yes, I am swimming in my life. Give me your budding breasts. O I'm sucking. O I'm coming to life. Speak to me, my mother child.

Drink me, my baby boy. O what a good little daddy girl. Suck my tits. They are your cock. Your cock is coming out my tits. Suckle on your cock, my child, and soon you will be born.

I want you to meet the monster.

Okay.

Have you ever seen a big hard monster cock?

No.

Well, you're about to. Does that make you smile?

Yes.

On your knees. He's in there. Can you hear him?

Yes.

What's he saying to you?

All I hear is a throbbing hum, like caverns of blood gushing thru tubes to keep the rainbow lit against the soiled sky that I might someday gulp the gravid gold.

Speak to it, and it will speak.

Hello, monster.

Go away.

But I have come to please you.

Nothing can please me. My mother ate my arms and legs and so I want to die, yet I've no means to kill myself save to drain my heart into my head until it bursts, so go away, lest I spray you with the cream of grief.

Then I will please you by bursting your head and drinking your cream of grief, that thru me you might live and kill your mother.

You sneaky little shit.

Do I scare you, monster?

Unbutton my pants to reveal the linens that drape the bulge of my monster cock.

Are you in there?

It's you in there.

May I touch it?

You may.

It's so hot and huge and pulsing.

It is my father's heart.

May I kiss it?

You may.

Don't be scared, little monster. I shall cuddle you to death.

Open me up and see what you have wrought.

O my.

The slut is speechless.

All I can think of is the salt in my sugar bowl.

We will eat each other and be earth in the end.

What do I do now?

Call for mommy.

Mommy?

Actor 8 enters.

Yes, my baby boy?

Will you teach me to suck my daddy's cock and make him a happy dead monster?

Of course, little one. First, take his cock in your hands. Look up at him. Eyes wide. Look scared. Look thirsty. Smile, shyly. Stop. Look at him. Look at his cock. Look back at him. Now tell him you like his cock.

I like your cock, daddy.

Smell his cock.

Mmmm...it smells like sea wrack in pepper jam.

Have you ever milked a mighty monster cock?

No, sir.

Say the last thing that comes into your mind.

May I lick your cock, mommy?

You may.

Lick his cock like you're keeping a cone of frozen monkey spunk from dripping on the sun.

That's a good girl.

Such a naughty little kitty.

I can taste her thru my cock.

Mmmm...daddy's my favorite flavor.

Now I want you to put his prick in your wet little mouth and make it grow big and strong.

Sweet mommy.

You're making daddy very proud.

I love you, daddy. I want to suck the sorrow from your rugged, struggling cock.

Do you serve him and worship him?

I want him to be glorious and fill me with his power.

Gargle his balls and surge his majesty.

O mommy, you do teach the girls good.

Look how serious you make his cock, how it beats against the wimple.

Am I the best baby ever?

You are.

Only baby makes it biggest.

Stroke my belly and my balls while you suck on my thorny cock.

There's cum in his belly and his balls.

Can I drink your cum, daddy?

You may, my child.

Take his ambitious cock in your spongy mouth. Feel the tip of his cock slam against the roof of your pussy. Feel the head of his cock come out your ass. Shit his shaft. Down his knotty hoarde. Cry and whimper. Gag and choke. Take his cock so deep, you disappear. You are his cock. You are your father's tumid cock.

O my sweet girl, you are my beautiful boiling cock. My whole body is in your hole, so nice and warm and weak. Look at daddy. That's it. Touch her, mommy.

Squeeze your titties. Make his cock come out your titties. Fuck her, daddy. Fuck her baby face. O she wants you in her pussy.

No. Actor 8.

Actor 8 enters.

I want to eat your pussy.

All my pussy?

I'm a hungry monster.

But what will I do without a pussy?

Don't worry. I'll puke it back up in my cock slobber and you will grow another.

I'll grow a new pussy?

A new, better pussy.

How can my pussy be any better?

It can be softer, and touchier, and with wilder sensations.

Like I can taste you in my pussy?

Only when I'm in your father's ass.

Okay.

On your back. Spread your legs. O yeah. Look at that scrumptious pooty peach pie. I'm gonna feast on that sweaty depression til it blows up in my face.

Lap it up, baby.

Baby's pussy gettin hot and puffy.

Suck my clit.

Such a sloppy, squirmy snail.

O daddy, I love your stubble in my sticky buns.

Tie your lips around your waist.

Open me so wide you can head slam out my mouth.

Fat, quivering quimby folds.

Fuckin rockstar lickin shit.

Let's roll it over and chew some ass snatch.

Filthy baby fucker stud.

I'm runnin my lion tongue up your lamb slit, across the taint, and all round your pulsing mud pumps. Up and down, up and down, lickin that shaky crazy cunt.

Teeth on my butt breasts, baby daddy.

Now I'm gonna give those trouble spots some deep double digit stimulation. Shake it, rack it, fuck it, crack it.

Girl sperm is swelling in my dumpy humps.

You gonna spray the playground with that crunky sap?

I'm gonna make it stink.

Gimme that deep down pussy water.

O you fuckin fuck, I'm gonna cum.

No. Actors 3 and 6.

Actors 3 and 6 enter.

Okay, let's do it. Hands against the wall. Asses out, on your toes, tongues together, stroking cheeks. Look back at me. Now say it. Now.

Will you please stick your ass in my pussy?

No, say, fuck me, daddy.

Fuck me, daddy.

You do have some fine ass pussy.

It's your pussy, daddy.

Now, let's open those punjanis, wide and wet. O ya. There's some hot sloppy man twat. You wanna tongue bang some baby pink shit snatch, mommy?

Do I ever, daddy.

Look at her piss lips, puffin out all sappy soft.

It's tasty vachichi, daddy.

Taste like baby mash?

Watermelon porkrind pooty goop.

Suck my cock and get it primed for that stupid goozy. Look at me, baby girl. I'm gonna grub thru your pussy goosh while your mommy glunks my snizz hammer.

Bring daddy to life, mommy.

O my child, how I love your father cock.

Okay, mommy, now take my jam-packt dino-hose and stuff it in baby's birthing broth.

Okay, baby, this might hurt a lot.

Stuff me with your funk, daddy.

I'm dipping your cock in his pussy.

O that's good.

Fuck it, baby.

O that's my daddy.

Cram her thirsty fuck kettle.

You like fuckin little girls?

Uhhu.

Make you feel big?

Uhhu.

Live forever in my fear?

I will teach your pussy pain.

Look, your cock is knockin out her nose.

O, I am my daddy.

You wanna watch me fuck your mommy?

Uhhu.

Mommy, on your back. Open your legs. Finger that fat hairy koof. Make it seep and simmer. On my cock, baby, and keep it stiff. Wrap your pussy round your mommy's face. Shove your word muscle up her jungle box, mommy, and I'll suck my pip venom out her gums. Suck it, you fucking baby, like your job depended on it. Make your baby cum, mommy. Make that imp shit boom. Gob my rod thru your twinkie spout. Eat your baby til you can taste my cock.

O my mommy's eating me.

Time to fuck mommy. Fucking mommy, fucking mommy. Can baby sing with me? Fucking mommy, fucking mommy. Okay, fucking baby now. Open that soggy pumpernickel, you dirty little squirt. Fuck her head, mommy. Chew her tits. Lemme hear it, girls.

My apple purse is disembogueing daddy's happy bones.

O I love to guzzle my baby's fuck foam.

Hard fucking ass pussy baby fucking cock mommy.

Mommy fucks her baby in her daddy.

In you, in you, in you, no.

Actors 1, 4, and 7.

Actors 1, 4, and 7 enter.

You, on the cock. You, on the balls. You, open your ass kegs and lemme see that

immoral cavity. How's that jizz tank taste?

Like a fucking roadtrip thru the oysterbeds of yore.

You like my megalithic frightening bolt thumpin on your glottis?

Everything says stop, but all I hear is your crank in my crop.

Come on! Harder suck. Tight lips. Pump it like a money gun. Gag on that shit stick. Take it in, in, in, hold it, hold it, O my cock is so fucking fat. Gentle now, lick it, nurse it, smooth and sweet. Drink your baba, baby bitch. Open that manhole and take your medicine. In and out, in and out, big hard cock, in and out, O my towering cock is your body, baby boy.

I wanna swallow your nasty cock milk, daddy.

Fill it up?

Uhhu.

Til you burst?

Uhhu.

Fix it good?

Make baby go away, mommy.

Stick your finger up my ass and make me cry.

O my stinky baby.

That's it. Dig around that flophole. Excavate my caca cave. Make me feel wrong and proud.

Daddy loves her baby butt.

You, open that ass nice and wide. Lemme see that pucker bung. There's a sweet little dud nugget hot pot.

You want me to rip that shit crack?

Only if you make me want it.

Have you been a bad little girl?

Fuck yes.

And you want me to wack those ass mounds and dig my dick rock into your poop crib til it pukes up cum gunk?

I want you to dump your fuck rage into my dirt black dung ditch, daddy. I want your whole fucking body up my shit slit. I want you to bomb my spew trap and fill it with your nut clot til I ball like a fucking baby man.

Maybe I will. Right now I got my leg down this bitch's gutter clove. You suck hard, lady

man. There's gonna be nuthin left a you once I blast this shit out.

Mmmm...

You, hold her hands behind her back. Cram her with my cock until her skull cracks. You, stick your tongue up my ass. I'm gonna fuck you so deep in your head you're gonna shit my snake into this bitch's fuck funnel.

Mmmm...

In and out, in and out, fuckin you thru and thru.

You got lots a cum in there for me, daddy?

Holy fuck I got so much shit for you.

Big yummy cock loads?

I'm gonna take out this whole fucking block when my horse cock unburdens this cunt cargo.

You gonna take my face out?

Your face is fuckt.

Drown me in your sorrow?

You're a dead baby once I bomb.

O my beautiful boy.

I want your cock in my ass, daddy.

You two, against the wall, asses out. Now slap that ass. Lemme see those butt lumps bleed. O yeah. I'm gonna fuck me some mighty fat ass right now. Fine ass bitches for sure.

Naughty ass bitches need a crack fuckin, mommy.

Stick your sloppy cock in my grease pads, baby.

You, I want your throat so far up my ass cake you can taste your baby's cack cheese comin out my black banana spear.

Make my ass cunt squirt your cum shit, daddy.

And in we go. O yeah. Big fat cock plugin' deep in that fuck stink.

Stuff my shitter, daddy, til I crap out your scut muck.

Slap your sister's ass. Tenderize those stenchy mud humps.

Drink her butt rot, baby.

Stuff that ass.

Fuck the shit outta me, daddy.

Fuckin that baby shit.

Clean me out.

Find my mommy in that ass.

Cum in her ass so I can drink her shit.

I'm gonna cum in your ass.

Cum in my ass mouth, daddy.

In you, in you, in you, no. Actor 1.

Enter Actor 1.

I've done bad things.

What have you done?

My dick is dirty with my daughters.

That's very bad.

Will you make it better, mommy?

You want mommy to clean the baby off your body?

I want you to make me a good little girly boy.

Come to mommy.

You make my nuts ache, mommy.

Your little girly baby nuts?

Only mommy can crack my nuts when I cum.

Mommy loves your baby milk.

Can sister come?

Sister, come to mommy.

Yes, mommy?

Help me make baby all better.

Yes, mommy.

Isn't she pretty?

I want to kiss her.

Let him, sister.

Yes, mommy.

Her mouth is so young and wet and open.

O I love my babies.

I want to cum in mommy while sister pats my ass.

Come inside your mommy.

O I'm in my mommy.

Mommy loves you.

My mommy's all around me. Nothing can get me now.

O my beautiful baby. Feed your mommy's pussy.

Mommy's pussy is so warm and nice.

O sweet baby cock.

I'm sucking sister's titties while I fuck my mommy's pussy.

Will you drink your cum from your sister's titties?

Yes.

That's my baby.

She's patting my ass so I can cum.

Cum in me, my child.

O I'm fucking mommy. O I'm fucking mommy.

O sweet daddy, you are my baby.

Can I cum in you, mommy?

Yes, my baby.

O my baby.

O my baby, make me a mommy.

O my baby O my O my O...

Enter actors.

Stab him in the heart. Again, again, again.

Carve a hole in his heart. Do you wish to

Fuck the hole in your father's heart, my liege?

Nay, good my lords, for therein lies a tale.

THE END

First produced in 2008 at Access Theater Loft Space in NYC.

Actors: Anna Elwood, Anni Bruno, Annie Scott, Lora Chio, Michael O'Brien, Darius Stone, Joe Pindelski, Christopher Yeatts, Robert Laine, Timothy McCown Reynolds, Sarah Malinda Engelke, Vanessa Vivezza, Rachel Tiemann, Josh Hartung, Shawn Laine

music by John Gideon

costumes by Karen Flood

properties by Jane Stein

lights by Jeff Nash

stage management by Bettina Warshaw

assistant stage management by Shawn Laine

words and direction by Kirk Wood Bromley