

I wear tampons as earrings, and my white shirt has two almost symmetrical red brown stains on the shoulders.

Hurray, love. When sex, I finally dude. I have green chest hair and my tongue drags onto the floor, I wrap it around my neck and tie into a bow I put into my shirt, I look like a corrupt publisher. Of his daughter's dreams.

Bikini is too small, everybody saw my tits. It made me terribly horny. I was left falling from a building for 25 minutes until I've reached the home of an aboveground swimming pool, pink and full of rubber bunnies.

The spaghetti finally dropped into the tub. Black from all the tears and drafts. Hypocrisy has become expensive, I can't afford the ticket anymore. Love met another man, I was left alone yet again, by love. Tie me your tie around my wayward breasts, push your thumbs into my eyes, I'd like to never have to look into the sun again.

Graffiti of sunken braids disappeared into mirages of stolen carts. Graffiti of wayward tits of mine run away to the pockets of desert hyenas, pressing their fists. An endless sunset, and all of a sudden, nobody cares anymore.

Simplicity is sold out, my friends moved away. City is broken, the hoops burst, they crawled into themselves and pulled themselves back home. The collar is metallic - haven't you heard the new, golden class? No, I only listen to the ruby platinum dick they play through the ventilation system. And fuck you, stupid toy. I lend no pennies to no hustlers, I only lend to rainbows. The catharsis had began, I'm sure they gave me LSD with my English breakfast.

Caricatures haunt me, they wake me up and scream to my face that I'm ugly. Ice is melting, a mountain split in two. Cry! So loud, a boy turned into a woman. So loud that casualties were given names. Songs have cried in my arms.