

Did you know that I have eighteen legs to call home with but never use one? I'm an ingrate artifact from the time of dust in corners. I live on root beer sucking candy and no sleep. All I've ever wanted for christmas is my two front teeth, and yet they grew in through my ass and make it hurt to swallow. Does the sound of his voice make you melt away? Nay. That is not lust, that is not liking, that is nothing more than giraffes masturbating into the face of the sun. You know what I mean. Strangely, coincidentally, yet you do. Afternoons passed and nothing happened. The winds came and I waited for my beloved Freddie Mercury poster to blow away. It never did. I sat for four days, all the while imagining the next gust would steal him, but it never happened. I thought perhaps it was his mustache, that startled look in his brown eyes, he weighed himself down on the thin sheet, and nothing they could throw was strong enough.

