

the agony and mystery of a post-op shelter rat

belly Queen like jumbo brassy take it fleecy nylon, carpet of wax once th_ do-gooder's gone, leafy crumb of a temporal orchid strewn agile and tipped off, enigma ordinarily eroded—one freeloading babe or five, this hoochie gonna clean sweep, no dumb cluck, she'll fuckety-ow'll leave you one dead bang goner since a gloss plaited trannie in th_Chinese Opera, she dished acrobatic gruesome over radish and fondue. slumgullian Sea Gypsy moaning ☞ “C a n c e r o f t h e e s o t e r i c m i n d!” how came you to curse in pandemic color? was it the spellbinder ~~his~~ glimmerglass awry or was it yesterday's stage door johnny having lip-split 'em & crump in top 2:00 minute slots, Question there. she's odd and bloody; pistol whip Girlie *swaaag* anarcho-syndicalsssp unfried an' hamstrung free to enfranchise th_ ugliness of N O W; we're only talkn one punkass lil' fuck end user-hater of tiredbeat trousers n' shirtwaist boys, despite an anonymous carnage about her—means of boondoggle in th_ whole hog hour, easily she mutilates ☞ “
peremptory fabricated hurting things—
NO MORE!
NO MORE!
NO MORE!”