

Use Your Inside Fists and Take Up Knitting, You Nutty Butter Ball

how do **I POLITELY** explain to you: even though i don't always know whether or not you're being honest, there are many times i can tell when you lie--it has the effect of raw fuming onions. my shadow absorbs a little of my **COLOR** every time; and i'm terrified of becoming it, always walking under someone else in the sunlight. multi-dimensional hearts like ours have chambers of violence that leave marks of violets.

someone i barely know is trying to talk to me about **THE WEATHER** as i'm giving you this monologue **IN MY HEAD**. it's raining, so i tell him, "you have to go through the storm to reach a strike of enlightenment." he regurgitates a nervous laugh, he must think i'm mental lentils, as no one really speaks in metaphors anymore except those pricks with soggy unlit cigarettes between their lips like a couple of engorged clits soaked in spit. i should knit you a sweater for the cold weather, '**CAUSE** it's gonna be more nippy than a witch's titty.

you tell me it's pretty hard for pretty girls to say "no." I say maybe you can dump your purse on dr. phil, and then you and him can both suck a fat fart because all your words slide right off the turd, it's all flatulence ripping with vengeance. **DON'T** mind me, humor is my only coping mechanism

i just wanna say that you hit like an inflatable gaping vagina. but my skin tarts like lemon acid when it feels **LIKE** you want me to return the slaps; but all i have to give is slapstick and gut screeching. great consequences leech themselves to wild confidence; and it's a **PITY** that you can't let yourself realize, the consequences of you rolling the dice with my affections have cut our chances.