





It's okay that sometimes I just want to get fucked

Naa Asheley Afua Adowaa Ashitey

I am not a Madonna in any sense.
I take my communion with my hands tied behind my back, and
with my eyes closed in prayer,
ensure that I consume every drop of nature's wine,
almost in tears as its warmth coats my throat.
And with that same esophagus that has now been lubed,
I am now prepared to give a flawless sermon,
addressing how the scientific fallacy of my discipline came to be,
and instead, valiantly demonstrated how new life and discoveries
can be created outside the status quo.
I ignore the stares and suppress the pitiful laugh I so desire to let out,
Watching these beings who say my position was acquired through an
under the table agreement,
readjust their pants before they can stand—as if I'd ever praise such
undeserving gluttony—
and begin the normal process of discourse and inquiry.
Their intimidation is the perfect foreplay for my nightly game of Vore.

06:20 ↗



Photo



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nnormalnorma Please can some foreign guy fall in love with me pleeeeeease i want a visa 🥹

Let's miscegenate and destroy the right wing PLZ 🥹

I can't take it anymore

This whole nationality thing is the sorting hat no one asked for

Destroy all borders

I love 🍆 of all shapes sizes and colors



I don't want to be kept away from beautiful 🍆 for a silly thing like the wrong piece of paper

3 hours ago

If You Try Drinking the Milk from Your Wife's Breast

Benjamin Redwood

The technique hardly comes instinctively.

First attempt to simply drink. This makes nothing happen. Next, work the jaw in a cycling motion, exaggerating increasingly. Results are still limited. You know you mustn't use your teeth: that would be Game Over for everyone involved. Beginning to give up, you suck as hard as you can. The nipple stretches into your mouth, more elastic than you recall, but yielding nothing.

"How do you do it, then?"

"Dunno. Ask your son."

After further discussion you agree on a method: shield your lips with your teeth and attempt a gummy chomping-sucking, but rhythmically, with your mouth taut. You barely notice, but this does succeed. The taste resembles that slightly chemical-y thinness of skimmed milk, though also surprisingly sweet, like oranges.

"Well. That's another thing we've done as a couple."

Now imagine telling people.

"Sorry, I have to duck out of the meeting: my husband needs a breastfeed."

“Not to worry, no need to leave! Just tilt your camera away from the little guy.”

And think of the practicalities!

“You can have one of us on each boob!”

“You’ve heard of ‘Irish twins’—but the meaning of ‘English twins’ will shock you.”

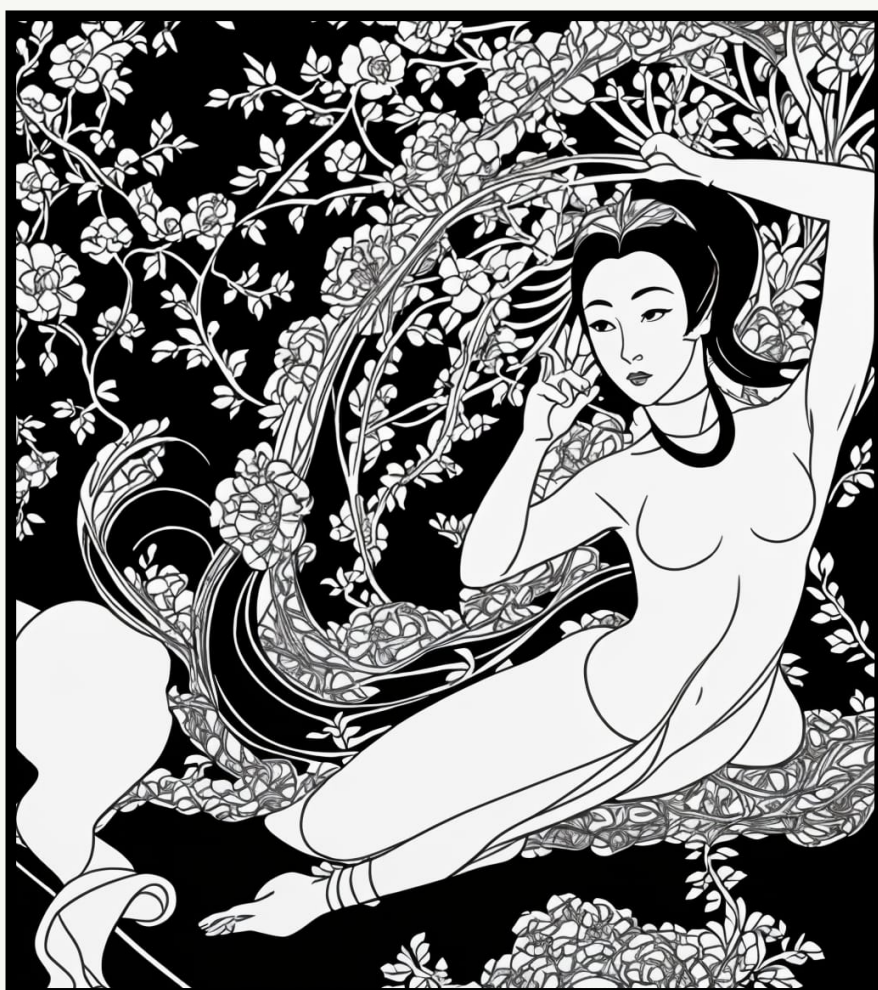
Then you hear him begin to cry downstairs.

“Quick.”

“You’d better wipe it clean.”

You can’t use anything too severe, no bleach. But it has to be antibacterial: your mouth will carry too much bacteria for him. And wipe it dry—it mustn’t taste of wipe. He can’t know you were there.

He can’t know what you’ve taken from him. The food from out his mouth—your own son! Not to mention the inviolate bond between baby and mother. This has been an intrusion. A betrayal. His bond has been supplanted by the older bond she has with you. He didn’t stand a chance. A bond so open, comfortable, trusting, and winking, that you could parody his source of life, and of love, just for laughs, because the bond you have with his mother is this hilarious and messed-up and beautiful. He will never know that.





Butterfly Kisses

Terry Trowbridge

Fluttering your eyelashes
gently against a precious cheek
with love – ” ” ” ” ” ” <3

Butterfly kisses sound cute
until you're in the ER
because your eyelashes are stuck
in somebody's jacket zipper
and one of your eyes
is swollen like a grapefruit
because it turns out
you're allergic to makeup.

Maybe butterfly kisses
feel like being tickled
by an angel's feather.
Theologians may speculate.
Philosophers can compare.

Maybe, though,
those little bristly hairs
brushing a cheekbone
feel exactly like centipedes
landing on a face
then doing somersaults.



where the hell is my inhaler

Sia Moon

Things I Want Strangers to Know About Me

-I'm asthmatic, tired, and allergic to walnuts, cashews,
And pecans. I don't carry an epipen or inhaler on me.

-My emergency contact is saved in my phone under
"mama," and my password is 0000.

-I have a fearful longing for death.

-I don't want to rot in dirt but to be caught
By the wind current.

-When saying "goodbye," I will always look back.



you + i in a hentai

airport

my soft moan, of pleasure
your grunt, of pleasure
leading me, filling me
this bed, this boat
hours still, hours float
plop, plop, plop, please more
tight, expectant, round, receptive
you slap it, then enter
drifting down the euphrates,
drifting down the james,
wherever you wish to take me
just take me
whatever you want to do to me
i'm yours.



a decade to write home about in tekni- kolor kodez unwanted

Scott C. Holstad

they are thinking of heritage now
demons merely posing as angels
home and abroad
at kourt kathedral
while still
trembling under the weight
of a wordless world

N0!

voiceless
they musta been screaming
when the ceilings krashed in
kashing out meds for
not-bombz

see

they say/repeat the Enemy is the Other
but who kan say/tell/see/survive
anyway i saw
the she-
child ask herr famous speaker of
kollege dreamz years off though
konfused source only to be
assured shit didn't matter cause

<her> value lay in her sperm
collecting skills N0
i mean

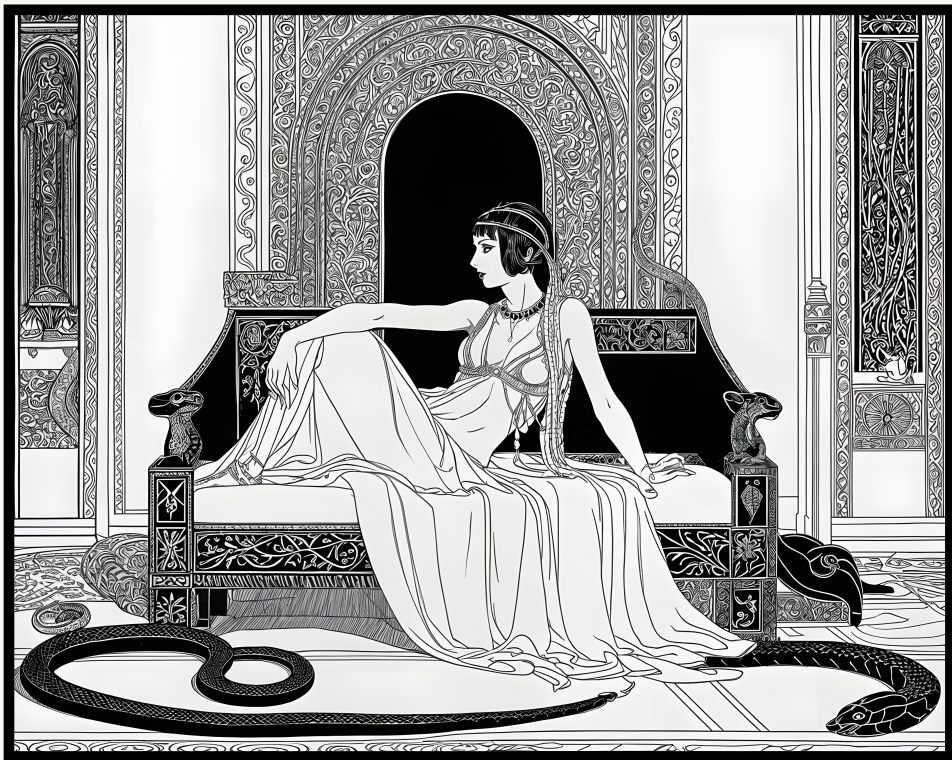
breeding suxxesses
prey lord
she'll be no
Boleyn girl failing to
produce mailz so that
maybe a revitalization
of French Revolution-tinged
kutlery solutions for the
not Handmadez will
N0

see
pugnacious apathy
& abject stupidity
have been the 21st
century key/slogans

Atwood and the rest
wonder whereto oh
22nd century

but who will answer
that kall...?





HOW YOU FEEL INSIDE

Stephen Philip Druce

They'll criticize your image -
all your efforts cast aside,
it's not about what others see -
it's how you feel inside.

They'll criticize your tatty boots -
your old flea-bitten three piece suits,
they'll slam your purple skin tight jeans -
your underwear behind the scenes,
they'll roast your cheap and plastic shoes -
your dated baggy flares amuse,
those earrings that never match -
your lipstick smudge and denim patch,
they'll ridicule your tiny specs -
your Botox and your muscle flex -
complain you're fat and then too thin -
they'll taunt your punk rock safety pin,
they'll mock you in your party shades -
and crucify your tailor-mades,
your tacky bling and pompous tie -
your piercings and stocking thigh,
they'll disapprove your skirt that splits -
your low cut overhanging tits -
offended by the wet see-through -
your mink fur coat and face tattoo,
your imperfections magnified -
so what? - it's how you feel inside.



Marc Isaac Potter

Well, I was limping, I had a remembrance of my dad saying the word dust

His mouth was bent to the side because of his stroke

And his balls were bent to the side because of his strok

This would have been nineteen ninety two or three

The wind washed twirling and bending and twisting like that strange road-
.They have in one of the big cities in the united states

The cities were all the hippies back in the nineteen sixties, would f*** each
other constantly

My father was not exactly a chicken pot pie. He was a man of purpose. Si-
lence He worked at the lorraine assembly plant in lorraine, ohio on the line

Only after several decades of working on the line was he given the chance to
take a special test, not joking? You took a special test, which if he passed,
he would be the supervisor of the new automatic. Welding machine online
on the line on the line. There was no online at that time

Xxx nor was my father ate beef pot. Pie, he had only we've done his education to grade 6 when his father had said. I need your a** in the field. You're not going to vote. I don't want to school anymore

So passing that test to be the supervisor of the machine, the new welding machine on the assembly line was a big deal in his life

It was the only time I saw him break his pattern of behavior of coming home. Sitting down watching TV for hours saying absolutely nothing. In next and going to bed

During those few weeks, he studied those papers like it was. I don't know like him getting a chance at parole or something

He would sit at the kitchen table in an unusual hump squinting his eyes. I could see his shoulders in his spine calibrate their prayer toward the sky

In the end, he passed a test and without him ever telling us anything about anything ever. I was proud of him

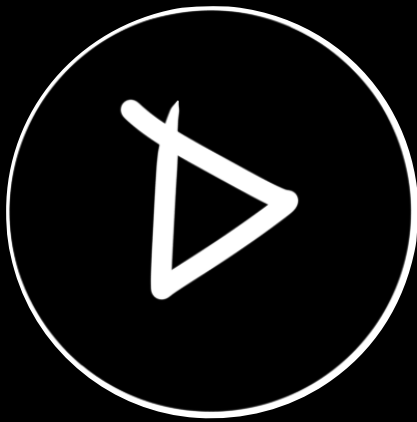
Here's cigarettes, which always sat on the little table beside his lounge chair. No, not allowed, chair. What do you call it

His cigarettes were my lover, even to this day when I'm in the alley. I'm waiting for the other prostitutes. I hold the marlboroughs in my left hand just to see dead, and I did, I smoked them in my right hand just as he did

When my father was in World War 2, he was an ambulance driver. He drove around in London, picking up parts of bodies from the German things. Keep bombing

Now that I am a middle aged man living in this alley as a prostitute, I too concern myself with bodies in a very similar way





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“It’s okay that sometimes I just want to get fucked”
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“(after foucalt)” by Norma Nobavong

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by Benajmin Redwood
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Website: <http://benjaminredwood.com/>

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Website: <https://www.researchgate.net/profile/Terry-Trowbridge>

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by Scott C. Holstad

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“HOW YOU FEEL INSIDE” by Stephen Philip Druce

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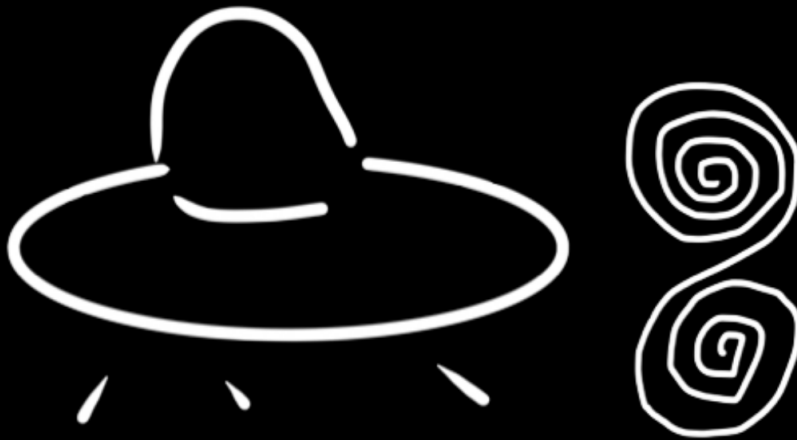
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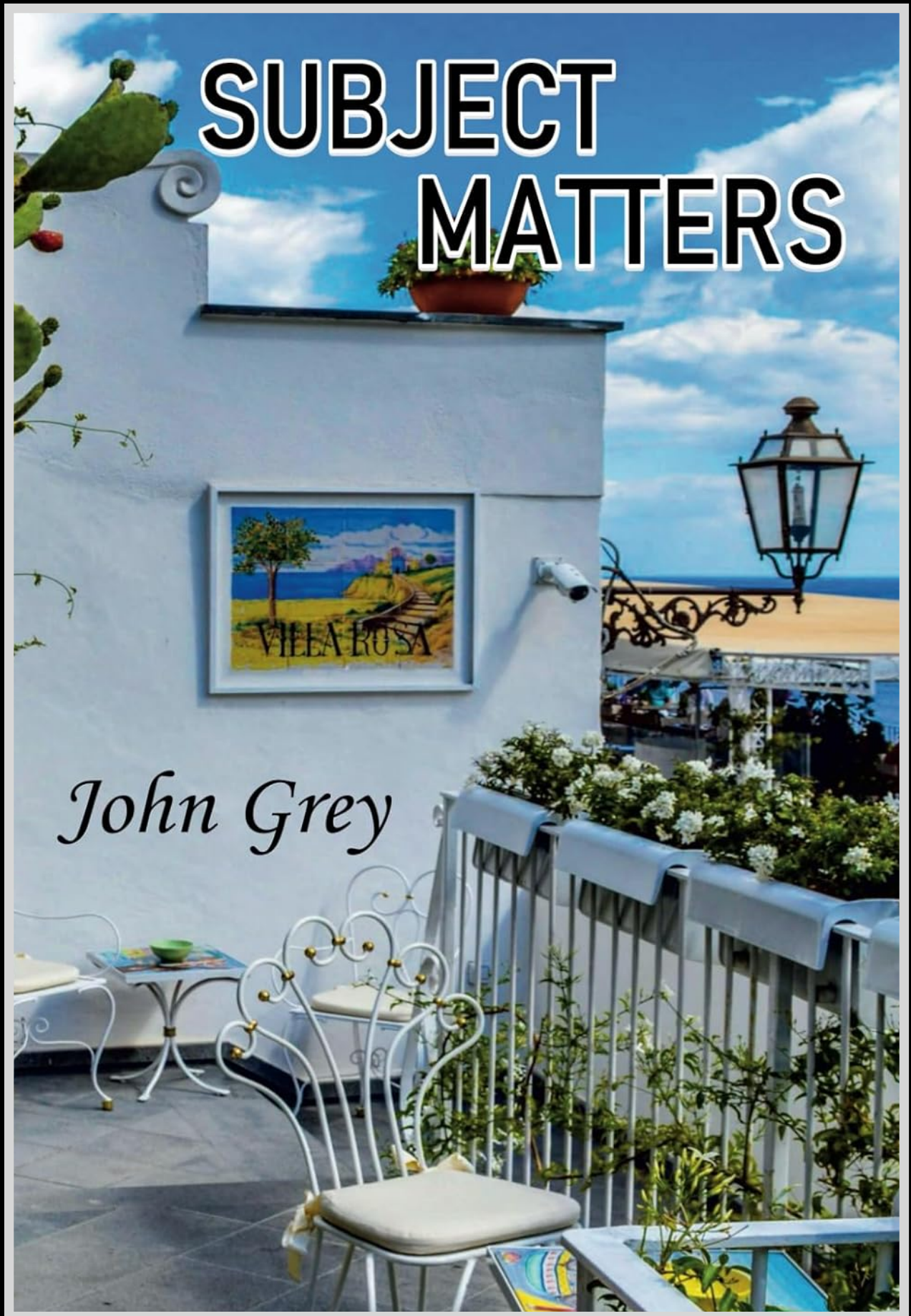


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