Goodbye Horses

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Palomino loins, pallid naked genderfuck Jesus torso twists inferno-like to Q Lazzarus croons. The kimono eats and teases, a half-baked Gypsy Rose Lee. Such cheap vermillion Wet n’ Wild lips. Such a waspy flyaway Victorian coiffure that speaks of fourth horsemen wielding handguns to repay you for the skin you borrowed. You wear it now, carelessly as those blue fishnets and that lopsided Sweet Transvestite grin. Would you fuck me? I’d fuck me. I’d fuck me so hard. Tim Curry couldn’t do it better, but he sure as hell stayed away from the skin trade. You slither and shimmy, your own lazy shutter shade tipsy with too much Zima in its veins. The more you slither and shimmy, the more you lose to that chasm of a bleeding cut tattooed across your breast. A necklace, a makeup brush, a chicken bone. Like what the dirty now-waif you haven’t crossed off your To-Do list uses to lure your bitchy poodle down that well she’s trapped in. Precious! Precious! Come on, you little…You’re a deaf Narcissus, all sleek and tucked away, skinny androgyny. Turn and curl and catch and burn like your case study set aflame. You, Icarus, your kimono sleeves spread out like wax wings, don’t care. You’re flying, flying with those horses with your rippling flanks. Catch them. Those horses…those pretty, pretty horses. You’re lying, lying, lying over them…passing into the night, as the sky begins to fall. Their skin will never be your own, you bitch of Buchenwald, you sick pretty thing. They’re lying over you.

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