

Think big, girl, like a king, think kingsize. Did you learn nothing in America? I've placed four big bananas in my lap

In New York I don't dream. I always wanted to be less subculturally lonely, but here I see no subculture. No, no future. No big science. No big bananas. But I found no, no future

I rock the bananas gently, move back and forth. Don't wake them

What is soft dick rock? Using the elements of dick to create a softer, toned-down sound. I sing to the bananas. The skin is getting thin and brown

Norway. The girls are pretty. I'm one fourth Danish. If you have a child you better learn how to bake. I beckon the cupcake, the huge capitalist clit. I search the oven, scrub the racks, put my whole head inside, but I just can't find it. It's like looking out the window in there

The bananas rot slowly in my lap, silently, wildly, girly. The rash is an opportunity, a common disease, something in common, a community, the definition must be: something attacking itself

Four flaking, flaccid fingers. No future. Oh, the fruit flies