

Prologue

William Control

Allow me to be frank at the commencement
You will not like me
The gentlemen will be envious and the ladies will be repelled
You will not like me now and you will like me a good deal less
as we go on
Ladies, an announcement
I am up for it
All the time
That is not a boast or an opinion
It is bone hard medical fact
I put it round you know
And you will watch me putting it round and sigh for it
Don't
It is a deal of trouble for you and you are better off watching
and drawing your conclusions from a distance than you would be
if I got my tarse up you petticoats
Gentlemen do not dispare
I am up for that aswell
And the same warning applies
Still your cheesy erections till I've had my say, but later whe
n you shag and later you will shag
I shall expect it of you and I will know if you have let me dow
n
I wish you to shag with my homuncular image rattleing in your g
onads
Feel how it was for me, how it is for me
And ponder
Was that shudder that same shudder he sensed?
Did he know something more profound?
Or is there some wall of wretchedness that we all batter with o
ur heads at the shining live long moment?
That is it
That is my prologue
Nothin in rhyme
No protestations of modesty
You were not expecting that I hope
I am William Control
And I do not want you to like me