

I Just like you, I used to believe that my penis was a shit and a woman's vagina was a toilet. I was terrified that if I ejaculated I would lose my penis like a shit flushed down a toilet. I would go for months without being able to ejaculate. Just like you I would plead with it. I scream at it. I accuse it. Get down on my knees and beg it. But just like you it would not get off. It was so embarrassing. Especially on the subway at rush hour. And then I met Mary. She told me that I am angry at my mother and instead of expressing my hatred inside my mind, I withhold my hatred because I love Mary's vacuum cleaner and I think Mary's dishwasher is my mother and just like you I'm punishing my mother's juicer by not letting Mary's garbage disposal satisfy me. I am being stingy like my father's portable drill. So just like you, I believe when I am making love to Mary's compactor that my father's drill press is ripping my mother's blender. Just like you I got love for withholding my Hershey Bars till I reached the appropriate candy store but do not feel love when I withhold my whipped cream from Mary's cuisinart. But Mary thought me that when I am making love to her sink, I should say in my sewer: Mary is my mother and I am my father and I won't give her the time of day much less my precious sperm that I love so much because it's so much other milky warm and huggly diamonds and pearls and rainbows of sweet perfume loveline ss. These all helped but what finally cured me was when I met Phil and he told me the truth. Just like you I wasn't a man at all. I was a woman. He forced me to look between my legs. There was no penis there. Just like you there was a glorious technicolor breadw inner rocky road cookie and cream love gurgling harbor of hope orgasmatron vagina. Now I have started the Phantom Penis Foundation. I am offering to share with you for a mere ninety nine ninety nine my four video pillars of wisdom to help all of you who suffer my plight. Their contents: Tape One: The Chandelier Sidewalk: When your lover says you don't love his or her microwave, say you love his or her toaster oven. Stop trying to get your lover to reject your shower curtain first so he or she won't reject your venetian blind before that. Never get down in anyone's used living room rug gutter. Invite them to walk up on your vestibule's new drop dead chandelier sidewalk. Tape Two: The Sandpaper Toilet Paper Tube: You either have orgasms or you do not. Unless you are struggling in or on a sandpaper toilet paper tube, trying to have an orgasm is like Santa Claus trying to have a red suit. Don't let your toilet paper tube be afraid of being dependent on your lover's garbage can. Fear of dependence is a cover up for a real deep God fearing wish for clean old-fashioned love of dependance. Go ahead. Be brave. Tell your lover all your secrets. Give your lover your money, your credit cards, your check book, and the key to your safe deposit box. Trust love. Just because you want to murder your mother and father doesn't mean your lover wants to. Tape Three: Forget Brillo: Be very careful of what you say to a lover. Say the wrong word, like ouch, and they will never forgive you. Penises and vaginas are babies. When lovers make love their genitals are baby skin on baby skin. Forget Brillo. And now here comes the one I really like: The final video shaft of light that sums it all up: Tape Four: The Oyster Chakra: At least once in your life look between your legs and see what you have there. It might surprise you. Just like it did when I met Joan and she showed me that I really had a penis but I couldn't see it because I didn't want to see it which kind of brought me back to where I started but somehow I know that I'm different now in a way that is impossible to express with words. Something is moving deep within my oyster chakra. It's so mysterious. It's so dark. It's magnificent. I am so humble. It's happening. It's fur but it's hard. It's creased but it's round. It's all elbows. It's of itself sweet as sugar but hoplessly hungry. It seems to be a voice in my wilderness. It's low. Oh. It's husky. It's trembling. It's murmuring low: OK! OK! Make up your mind already. You want a sausage smoker or a George of the jungle? I'm gettin tired of all this is. You want a fur burger or a flying blowtorch? You want a chochka or a kasatski? A bearded clam or a balon eypony? You want a love lump or a pink piston? You want a steam room or a pocket rocket? You're gettin me all confused. What you want already? A cannon in your crotch? A zit in your schvitz? A pink pencil in your side smile? A trout in your meat grinder? A yinger shvontz in your oltercocker? A brain in your senate? OK! Stop tying bowling balls on your ankles and tuna tacos in your armpits. Give me a break. I'm going crazy! aNd ThAt'S wHy ThEy CaLI Me, MaD mAn SeGwAy! I want to give all this away. But my wife won't let me! She says I'm crazy or as the late great Willie Howard used to say: How do you like that? Thee only thing that kills the taste of pickled herring: Sheeee can't stand. Stars shine bright on shatter light. Blinking on and on and on: Don't stop. Whatever you're doing. Don't shtup. Don't shtup. Whatever you're doing. Don't stop. Don't shtup. Don't stop. Don't shtup. Thee. Thee. Thee. That's just like you my star gas mother says I should say no no no but do it again, fusions.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A PHANTOM PENIS INTO A REAL INFOMERCIAL SHVONTZ GATE