

**THE TRANSFORMATION OF A
PERSONAL FASHION STATE
MENT INTO A LIFE SIZE
BOTTLE OF
PERFUME GATE**

*this is why my mother tricked me into getting that
abortion: she just didn't want me to get into a major purchase:
No? she wanted me to make a real personal fashion statement: No?
how long could i go on just wearing hostile t shirts? No? she wanted me
to make a personal fashion statement i could commit to: No? she
wanted to get me into a car: No? not a hint of a car but a real up
scale high energy car. No? i was to be a white mercedes midget ragtop to
go with my ice heels and my yogurt gloves and my gypsum pocket
book and my talcum dress: No? her enriched elite dream was of an
unpretentious pizzazzy well designed hell on wheels all white daughter:
then she stopped dreaming: No? she got into reality: No?
she woke up and smelled the b ? she got into reality: No?
some NJ road kill on my cham NUIT DE
three hours before she mad GRAISSE
spray a new car smell can in DIESEL
of stp oil treatment and armor
graphite gun i mean to the botto
devour prunes for real skid marks on my unisex jockey shorts and
wrapped my bod in luxurious real morocco leathers and faux
chrome tapes and made me nibble authentic peacock burl teak and
i screamed in ecstasy: No? i feel woody! and my chest shines turtle
wax hard! and just a little flowery! and my ass is curvée brass glass!
and my feet feel just a soupçon spicy! and gray poupon girds my hot
rubber loins! and maybe a little sweaty fruity eau de big rig appears on
my brow vapor! and burnt autumn leaf smoke is shooting out my eye-
balls: No? did i just fart a white death mushroom downer? No? it feels
like a brown recycled paper bag of six week old veggies and a sports
bottle of distilled chernobyl valley spring water way down into my
dark trunk! and o my god it's outrageous! it's unacceptable! No? my
stretch goals shrunk? No? it's better than that: No? thank you: Mom:
i screamed out in ecstasy: i'm a truly important: woody: flowery: spicy:
fruity \$300 an ounce life size bottle of nuit de graisse by rudi diesel:*

Stars shine bright on shatter light: Screaming: Why this charmer cannot be your daughter: Why she looks
Like a sophisticated major purchase? No? There: The: That's one must have paid a high quality of
Attention to one's daughter for her to have made such a trendy life choice? No? Folks?