

Pussy pussy pussy what what

or

Au lait day Au lait day

Astrid Lorange, October 2010

Pussy pussy pussy what what
figured out the wattage of my
reading lamp: seventy-odd. A
lesser girl O wouldn't've O no
couldn't've. I predict longlove
with Pussy the softish Basket

In an earlier version Pussy pussy
pussy what what asked about the
moonset schedule for the newly
season and I answered: patience!
what what sloe down and you'll
nab a good over over San Ho-zay

Pussy pussy pussy what what
spoke only in nicotine fingers
New Jersey tin factory strange
buttocky slapsounds pinyin oui
especially a drunken rock chord
rock chord like a wawa croissant

Pussy pussy pussy what what throw
a slipped disc in a catscan! throw an
almond in a greased curve throw
a cover up a drinking straw throw up
the taxation throw a throw rug! Au lait
day Pussy this is thrice my microwave

Many airs all outside your inside
photo. Pussy pussy pussy. Three
a piece a dumb chorus. O I heard
true paragraphs in a dog bowl with
a poor cancerous cat begging for
milkfats and begging for you, What

Pussy pussy pussy what what more
or less walked in, spoke of warfare,
rallied the fingerlings and earned an
eisteddfod for a shimmer pot of glitz
and left the restlike teary carp bodies
rattling deadlike in the flailing cafeteria

Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! Gone one up
in the stakes a buzzing little wager.
She has three distinct modes: the
architectural the spelunking and the
emphysemic and then the fourth (a
hologram) the squaredancing one

Left open Pussy pussy pussy what
what likes a backyard dining area
set up for the scientific breeding of
rats and the scientific uprooting of
bulbs and tubers and the scientific
fossicking for poisonous oily marbles

What about as big as three names as
strapped together What about as as
firm as a tinned fish was about as as
the same state as copper wire What
as as per a telescope pointed to the
nearest rubber fire as a rubber fire

Someone is like earthenware. Pussy
pussy pussy what what more even
than muglets. O lady pussy muglet
denser than blowtorch'd choc bars
stuffed in your spreadsheet. Denser
because of what what, O lady muglet

The trouble with this handkerchief:
it is laced together from butterpats
slender at first and then tending to
the pixelated – in some terms silver
like a sandwich. The trouble with it:
it is three times too dense as a kipper

Pussy: fitting like an anecdote. Free
banjo tabs crowding up the boot. She
has fists like goat. Goat tracks eke out
slang for coastline. Get it here get it
what what get fit like an anecdote. Puss
writes this letter from St Eliz: *a brownie*

Pussy pussy pussy what what!
What's the sweet Greek statue
in the mirrorshrub in the wet
in the ketchup screaming up
the ear fond of this shanky prime
rib fond of the yawn for florals

What fenders A Thousand Island
more dressy than a foxglove out-
searched of a desert. You've got to
fold me tighter, *yeah*. Pussy pussy
pussy is the strangest equation fit
with steel balls fit with flypaper

She will look at you until you
whimper into the muglet and pray
for a photo exhibit and a shank
and a contemp. yeah yeah and a
WhatWhat and a dishwater newsletter
and a backflip and a fundamental

~“Dear all. As you probably know
last week on a Tuesday I backed
into the curb with my several cars
some of them only barely a cars
as of a day ago I am now seeking
to fix the curb with my bare muglet”

O kat O puss kat all ammonia
all ammonia like hosiery. Finger-
ling pot grog'd up and making
the sleep drunkish. Puss like a
beer can two thumbs and a whiff
of a steelmill. Puss a speech act.

She walked in here, more or less
with a muglet. High on clay. More
or less worthy of conjugation. Let
the thumbs work it all over topics.
She walked in here, should've seen
her coat fanging like cadmium

Pussy pussy pussy what what
marbled for fat's sake across a
rubber disc under the spine what
a principle this stream, nabbing
vermin trouts in a clubby move:
one heartattack slapped on a curb

Out for oxytorch. And she has a
typically synthetic handkerchief!
Puss walks in more or less a joke
and looks on until someone cries
or prays for a muglet for the vermin
or feels up the buttocks of a steelmill

Not wanting to be out of the syntax
we made a fantasy involving suds
a handful of allergens some sexwax
a ketchup an obvious Kissinger a
strand an old flavoured waterhole etc.
And then became aroused by *logic*