

We dwell on the bottom of the oil black canvas,
Where transparent Billipeds, parent their off springs, the Millipeds,
Where the café serves micro soups, with fermented deoxygenated five inch long
hairy snails, highly juice and known for their soft and moist exteriors.
My mother a half breed, both West-Bolognial and North-Preccalate. The star
shaped stomach changes from neon purples to iridescent greens, attracting the
Archapilics, the constant sex crazed loose springs.
I dodge their penetration, hiding in the mallet shaped Orchikes, a gigantic dread
like head poiseness to over Sexed Fins.
My immature erection arouses no alarm, as it waives its dreaded arm. We are
Akuakians
The bottom is black but not dark. The star-ghosts, a numerous bunch, light an
orange-cream colored ooze, which in unison spreads like spilled spaghetti
lighting the dark into a visible fire, even if it is always night.
In the salty underbelly my father creeps, hunting with his spinal back elongated
into a predator tale. His black blue lips, hide well and kiss better then they look,
my mother bubbles about when she got hooked
His flat nose spreads underneath his massive hide, in the bottom universe, this
menacing sign of his once pride. When he fully spreads he's like a man-ray, one
sharp arrow, cutting the water deep, spreading it thin and making it decide.
I have his brooding countenance and sharp dark gelatin eyes, bruised raised
hump butt, and harp like vein sprouts, which grow with my ever increasing lies.
The known prince of these morphing caves, absorbing delicate supple secretions
we've come to dispense.
Everything here feeds on everything here, the pointy One-Tooths hide in erected
snake like sculptures, called Slimdicks, their frosted stiffness behooves a perfect
camouflage. You would think their dead, but nothing dead lives here, spreads
fear, and sheds tears.
My best play area is the magnifying blankets, they appear once every third star
shine, feeding on the spaghetti confetti, engulfing them like high tide, a
transparent magnifying glass surface, malleable and serene, cautious and with
no spleen, a contouring cloud pouring ecstasy, it is my fun house.
And there's my friend Alugar, always present before he's seen. Yes we smell,
our arcane abodes a fermented spread of our reeked waste and here some
dispense more then others, some worse then lovers. We trouble shoot this
infested night life. Him and his crusted bread skin forehead, pot belly gut with
visible intestinal curvatures losing their plantacidic waist, greenafying the odoring
hull, I see him before my eyes are on him. We laugh about our smoldering dull.
But here we lay and here we stay, this is my home and where I play, until this
night turns day or my life gives way to hungry One-Tooths or our bodies rot in the
simmering black of decay.

Little Acar

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