

Klatch

— Chicken legs and and turkey necks and they strut and crow
up at the crack of dawn with their cock-a-doodle-do
coxcomb raised and that look in the eye
as if last night wasn't enough

— It's true, poor things, always at you
— And thanks for that as far as I'm concerned
but where are they when you really need one?

— I don't know why we put up with them
— I know why *I* do, and they all laughed

— What gets to me is how they spend their lives
separating themselves, not just from us
but everybody

— Starting with their own mothers
as if they just popped up out of nowhere
— Then come back crying how lonely they are

— Always telling you what to do and to be

— And marriage, don't get me started,
lobotomy and clitorectomy in one

— Turns you into a fucking zombie

— TV brain and atrophied libido

— Locked down in the idiot rounds of domestic bliss

— Kitchen to bathroom to bedroom to laundry and back

— Until next time then. Goodnight, Ladies.
Bye for now

— Bye — Bye — Bye