

All of Her Mean

"What do I do?" She ponders the pipe, her lips puckered for a kiss, "What are you promising me, boy? I just want to suck out all ya bliss."

She's too pure for her words. Too pale and clean. But when she cracks her kisses, all that she gives him is her mean.

"Here," he flicks a lighter, his hands worn and lean, "It's simple. Like a joint. Fill your lungs with it, but not too much. You're a frail little thing,"

but he imagines she'd be a good fuck and his brain goes obscene. But he knows

she's too pure for him. Too pale and clean. But when she puckers up to the pipe, she gives him some heat, like a cooing, white-pantied teen.

He wants her to give him all of her mean.

She inhales, her brains hanging out like guts. She bits her lips so hard, it cuts through her thoughts, splits them apart like atoms, twinkling like stars. All her dreams, he thinks, must be captured in jars.

Her eyes flutter into her head. A breast slips from her shirt. Maybe he could touch her. No. He pushes the thought back into the dirt.

"It feels like my brain is out of my head," she moans, "Scrambled like eggs. Oh, boy, you got me stoned."

She touches her thigh. He shakes down to his bones. he's listening to her, listening to her

moan, " I'm watching my own brain cook.
I'm
so lost, sugar, you've got me hooked," she
closes her eyes, lost in a dream. she's such
a pure, dirty thing.
and all he
wants,
is all of her mean.