

Bongwater, Chicken Pussy

I'm in the one room apartment, located in the basement under the Polish National Church.
It used to be a club.
And then a mental health outpatient clinic.
Now, I call it home.

There's a king-sized mattress in the middle of the room,
Where me and the big fat lead singer from Canned Heat
Finish up an afternoon of incredibly hot sex.
Boy does he have a big one.

Joining us for late afternoon tea in a 4-way
Is my old next-door neighbor Jimbo and his wife,
Who is a chicken.

Since I'm the only woman there with hands, I soon find myself fully occupied.
I can't help but wonder how Jimbo and his wife had their baby, who had been sleeping next to us, k
She must be able to change forms, back and forth.
And what about chicken pussy?
Is it enticing? I mean what's the story?

Me and the guy from Canned Heat,
climb into a nondescript 4-door sedan,
We drive up the hill and around the sleepy suburban neighborhood.
I can't help but notice all the beautiful pine trees that abound.

I see all the housewives, through their kitchen windows, making dinner.
For their husbands who should be returning home from work just around this time.
I start to feel cheap.
Is this the fulfillment of a fantasy hoped for?