

Whitehouse, Daddo

You'll never look this good again
You'll never be younger than this

No

The words that slide out of their lazy holes are the same as any other road noise
Noise as sad representation

Myth

A safe remove, aggrandising, desperate, resigned and ultimate separation

Only words

But they're words I collect

Words I fuck

Thoughts and campaigners I covet and care so very much about that I keep the showy wrapping p

Say it: only words

Say it: it wasn't her fault

Say it: monster

Nightmare

Perfect pure product

Bugs flit around looking for an in

Something comfortable

It wants truth

It wants to be fooled

It needs to be convinced

It's looking for a little religion

A suggestion on what works

Listen

Concentrate

Mummy taught you how to like it

Daddy taught you how to sleep

You don't want those tangles in your hair like when mummy pulled a comb through, do you?

Pay attention

Let me wipe your face, your little lip and cheeks

This is what adults do

This is what adults do

Say no

Say stop

Say no you're not

Right now, mummy said don't

I wanna go home

Mummy said

This is what you get

What you take in

It only happens once

I'm going to teach you to sing

And teach you to worry about others

The way you worry about yourself

So why don't you talk to your daddy any more?

Name yourself

Not Cunt

Nothing happens

Not this

Not cunt

Not just this

Not just another hole

A tighter comparable pit

This time saying

Why

Fair

Not cunt

What's bad?

What's bad for you?

When did it stop being enough?
Doing good enough
Not this
Not just this
Not just another hole
For baby?
What did mummy say?
Does mummy let you do this?

How do you apply lipstick?
How do you apply blush?
How do you fold scented kleenex?
What's talcum powder for?
How do you put on your knickers?
How do you pull on your tights?
How do you cross your legs?
Where do you wear perfume?
How do you walk in those heels?
Little miss
Little doll
Little dolly
Special

You'll always be this beautiful
No matter how old and stupid and blank and pinned-up and tucked and sucked in and high-heeled
Little full empty head
You were born for this
What do you think the makeup's for?
The kleenex? The blush?
The cocksucker red lipstick?
The bleached hair?
The talcum powder? Your knickers and tights?
The heels? Mummy's shoes?
Your painted toenails?
Do you know there's nothing more?
Pout
Kiss
Smile
Slide
Your coming tits
Your ass
Your cunt
What the fuck do you think it's for?
You'll never look this good again
You'll never be younger than this
I can see all that
And I'm not wrong about any of it