

Hitchcock Robyn, Spoken Word Intro

"Go," said the enchantress, "and see ye the one known as Clint. But be warned, his medicine is potent; few have entered his cave, and even less have returned. So take with you this talisman."

She plucked it from her ample chest and thrust into his sweaty palm a tiny upright mexican bean. He pocketed it and crawled across the mountains for twenty eight days. When his labours were finished he fumbled for the bean but could find it no more. He crawled back another twenty seven and a half days to where he'd come from and saw the enchantress standing bemused by a series of petrol pumps.

"You forgot the bean, didn't you," said the enchantress.

But he was unable to speak, his tounge swollen and parched with his labours over the crucifying desert had grown so pulpy in his mouth it was as if he had two sausages and a severe dental case and couldn't speak at all.

"Seek ye the one known as Clint, but be warned; few have entered his cave, and even fewer returned. Take you this talisman, one small mexican bean, and remember: go."

For twenty eight days he crossed the desert. His eyes glistening with the parched waters of love, his mouth snarling for the occasional plant and jack rabbit that danced into the uterine thing of his part. Nobody could stop him now.

"See ye the one known as, Leo? Jeff? Dennis?"

For twenty seven days he crawled back across the desert. His tounge so swollen with pain he could barely lick the occaisional spike from the cactus to deeply needed nutrition from way below the ground. Eventually he crawled over the ridge, and there standing on the petrol pumps was the enchantress.

"Forgot his name didn't you?"

He was unable to speak.

"Go, seek ye the one known as Clint, but rember few have entered his cave and even fewer returned. Take you this, take you this, prawn, onion, bicycle cap."

Now they were really stuck.

(Which just goes to show that love is the distance between reality and pain.)