Impending Halfhead

Propagandhi

He had a stack of dimes for a dink that he kept hidden from his young tormentors. She crapped her pants and when it started to stink they laughed her up a railing high above the river. A goddamn beige curse. She couldn't imagine worse. She once was known for her art. Not anymore. His mom caught him jerking when she got home from work and it drove him to stick needles in his arm. She gave one blow job in the back of a van and the clap quickly spread across her lips. Oh fuck! There's a fucking curse! She couldn't imagine worse. They thought she was such a nice kid. Not anymore. A bumpy road for thimbledicks and pube-less dweebs. You with the natural perm! The brown-toothed the bald-spotted bottle-glassed puds (Fucking Halfhead). Boneracked spazzes with limp handshakes, zit cream ordered by mail. No-boobed girls, man-boobed boys. His mom picks his clothes and SHE smells like pee. These are the mean streets. Don't kill yourself yet. Adulthood's worse. Don't kill yourself at all. Yet.

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