

gravelortian part 12

by Chad Smith

He said his friends called him the Deer Tick
Which was fine but
What were we supposed to call him?

We found a private spot in Der Hundland
For our picnic
A little clearing in a patch of furry wood
The giant trees like follicles
Massive hairs like black trees
Scrape the sky
This could be the day that
I tell you I love you

He would have kept walking but
You were always so nice to everyone
You waved and called him over

Boasting braggart talked about
Something called a deer
From Otherworld
Said he shoved his ugly face into
The animal's belly, gnawed open the skin
Gobbled up the guts, smashed his head into the meat
Emptied out the carcass, ripped off the head
And wore it like a hat
These crazy horns called antlers
He said

I scratched up a handful of soft
Pimply ground
Nibbled as he talked

He said I was doing it all wrong
Opened up his ghastly mouth
Shoved his head down with one enormous bite then
Chomped and chomped and slurped
Tearing up the ground, pushing his head in deeper
He was stuffed in past his shoulders
A slight tremor was felt

It was quiet again
And it was just you and I
You hadn't been listening
You had been dancing
Spinning around in the clearing
Quietly singing

I ate another clump of ground
Watched your beautiful body as you danced
You are firm and strong
Laughed
You smile
I love to watch your behind
I love to watch your behind as it spreads
And oopfs out a beautiful white egg
You spin and quickly oopf out another
I love to watch your bottom

