

# Full Frontal Shameful Replication of Incorrect Anatomy

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The sign above the shimmering silver shower curtain fonts of poor graffiti and it shouts IS EVERYTHING ONLINE ALWAYS EVER?

I look down at my free of clothing genitalia and curiously note that the testicles sprout from *above* my erect penis, and my scrotum is so taut, hard and shriveled as to conjure squished images of a gigantic pink peanut.

Bright memories of kindergarten, where Mrs. Valdez had us cutting colored construction paper into the various shapes of Santa's head.

Being a five year old with no firm knowledge of beard anatomy I glued Santa's moustache *over* his nose. I was the only one in the entire class to make this mistake.

My shame replicated in dreamform forever forever forever to infinity on the Teletubby screen of my naked chest. The cold stale water of my childhood apartments. Cowering comes in the color maroon.

