

Love

by verless doran

Goddamned crabs. He got em. Lenny. He all eat up with em. Itch. Itch. Itch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. All day long. Bits of dead skin under his fingernails. Bits of baby crabs. His old sack rubbed plumb raw. Red. Sore. Bleeds sometime, he scratch so hard. Can't help it. Can't not scratch. They everywhere. Thinks some of em up in his asshole. Burn like hell. Can't stand it. Scrubs and scrubs. Tries to wash em away. Soap no good. Bleach no good. Alcohol no good. Matches no good. Can't kill the little bastards. It worse at night. They come out to feed. Eat him up. Leave little blue spots on his balls. Leave little crab turds in his underwear. He kill a few of em. Mash em up with his fingers. Can't get em all though. They too many of em down there. Too much fuckin goin on down there. Itch. Itch. Itch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. Can't sleep at night. Can't stand up straight. Can't walk right. Can't get out of bed sometimes. They livin it up down there. Havin a big old time. Them. Itch. Itch. Itch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

Bitch. She give em to him. He didn't ask for em. He want that sweet thing in her panties. She shake it in his face. Rub it all over his lap. Make it dance to the music. Make his eyes water. make his mouth dry. Make his old dick hard as a rock. That what he want. That sweet thing. She give it to him. Itch. Itch. Itch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

He go to the doctor. Lady behind the desk stares. Knows. He can't help but scratch. Can't help but have what he got. Rolls her eyes. Old man. Dried up. What he doin fuckin? That what she think. Who he find to fuck? Who he find that fuck him? Some old whore probably. Some thing. Can't do no better. That who. Itch. Itch. Itch. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

Doctor come in. Wedding band on his finger. Itch. Itch. Itch. Pictures of his wife and kids all around. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. Got something. Him. Not crabs though. Not that. Something else.

He get out the magnifying glass. Look his old dick and balls over.
Tell him he got the crabs. Tell him somethin he don't know. Get him
some salve. Say put it on three times a day. Say the itching go away
in a day or two.

All Lenny want to know is when can he go see her again.

