

Bongwater "Chicken Pussy"

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I'm in the one-room apartment,
located in the basement under the Polish National
Church.

It used to be a club...

And then a mental health outpatient clinic...

Now, I call it home.

There's a king-sized mattress in the middle of the
room,

Where me and the big fat lead singer from Canned
Heat

Finish up an afternoon of incredibly hot sex.

Boy does he have a big one.

Joining us for late afternoon tea in a 4-way

Is my old next-door neighbor Jimbo and his wife,

Who is a chicken.

Since I'm the only woman there with hands,

I soon find myself fully occupied.

I can't help but wonder how Jimbo and his wife had their
baby,

Who had been sleeping next to us, but had since fallen
onto the floor.

She must be able to change forms, back and forth.

And what about chicken pussy?

Is it enticing?

I mean what's the story?

Me and the guy from Canned Heat climb into a
nondescript 4-door sedan,

We drive up the hill and around the sleepy suburban
neighborhood.

We can't help but notice all the beautiful pine trees that
abound.

I see all the housewives, through their kitchen windows,
Making dinner...

For their husbands...

Who should be returning home from work just around
this time.

I start to feel cheap.

Is this the fulfillment of a fantasy hoped for?

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