

## Pig "Peoria"

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I met her in Peoria  
250 lbs. of flabby harlot woman flesh  
Is wobbling around the hotel room, farting  
Mucus is dripping from her pig-hole nostrils into her  
mouth  
Nah, streaming  
Steaming, streaming great green rivulet  
Her tounge makes sure no leftover chunks go astray,  
miss their mark  
Mom I mean buisness  
Put your finger on the button  
Yeah, will do  
Just let me finish this page  
I said (hog call)  
Sticky, sticky, sticky, sticky, sticky  
Tounge's feeling dry, swollen up like a pocket full of  
lint inclusive  
Know what I mean  
Know what I mean  
Know what I mean  
Failing that, the falling fat  
Crack another six pack and get on with the job at hand  
Many hands make light work  
But makes palms broth  
Fists flying and slipping into hole after hole after hole  
after heat  
Hey, she buys cayenneby the quart  
Filled up to the elbow bone, fried up to the joint  
Filed at the shin, skin hanging off in sheets and shards  
You do this shit for a living  
Those grimey, greasy pores exuding their slimy  
mixture of filth and puss  
In little white whorled pustules  
Every time she smiles that yellow, shit-eating grin  
That shit-eating grin  
Christ, she was beautiful

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