

Primordial

"Detachable Penis"

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I woke up this morning
with a bad hangover
and my penis was missing again.
This happens all the time:
it's detachable.
This comes in handy a lot of the time:
I can leave it home
when I think it's going to get me in trouble,
or I can rent it out
when I don't need it.
But now and then I go to a party,
get drunk,
and the next morning I can't for the life of me
remember what I did with it.

First I looked around my apartment
and I couldn't find it
so I called up the place where the party was.
They hadn't seen it either.
I asked them to check the medicine cabinet
(because for some reason I leave it there sometimes)
but not this time.
So I told them if it pops up to let me know.
I called some other people from the party
but they were no help either.

I was starting to get desperate.
I really don't like being without my penis for too long.
It makes me feel like less of a man,
and I really hate having to sit down every time I take a
leak.

After a few hours of searching the house
and calling everyone I could think of,
I was starting to get very depressed.
So I went to the Kiev and ate breakfast.
Then as I walked down Second Avenue
towards St. Mark's place where all those
people sell used books and other junk on the street,
I saw my penis lying on a blanket
next to a broken toaster oven.

Some guy was selling it.
I had to buy it off him,
He wanted 22 bucks,
but I talked him down to 17.
I took it home, washed it off, and put it back on.

I was happy again.
Complete.
People sometimes tell me I should get it permanently
attached, but,
I don't know. Even though it's sometimes a pain in the
ass,
I like having a detachable penis.

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