

THE ARTT

JOHN GALVIN & i r rockstars tonight. im sad & hes just a little bit horny. some1 in the audience knows it & yells 'how apropos.' damn rite, fucker. our gigs r spiritual like anne waldman texts. john is from texas the very big lone star state & im from the quaint midwest. we r just two catholic girls. we love george w. bush 1 of us is always drunk ive never lived more than a mile from a river thats the way it *should* be.

i woke up this morning & told john we r an art form. john nodded w guitar riff so smooth so sexy. i opened the window a bit to let the sweet sounds fuck the street; it was an air raid 4 the repressed & frigid business types below. listen: our sexy sounds. john went to take a shower. 'y not' i said.

when i made breakfast the spirit of a dead man sang 2 me. john missed it he was in the shower. i felt a little obvious. the dead r too soulful. john was a whirlwind when he found out. 'good grief!' i yelled ten times too loud. thats not where it ends, tho.

'next saturday is an event,' i said. john said, 'each saturday is an event when u let it b one.' i nodded for an eternity & when i let up there was still more to affirm. whats a girl to do!!!

who knew it, there was a little fit in my firepit! i wanted nothing more. john has a dog that sheds all over the sofa. 'stop it!' i scream. john likes that too much. the thrill is gone.

lunch came next, what a meal! 'oh john,' i said, 'bread is nine dollars today!' it was so sad--all nine of those dollars went 2 the bread man but 1 extra dollar--a tenth--floated up up away in2 the sky. 'we r lost,' john said & knowing me, i couldnt help but agree

johns a fag & im pretty queer when u get down 2 it. ppl yell at us from below the stage 'ur band is something else.' its true!!! john never sings & i never sing. 'who is singing?' the audience asks. i dont know, ask our manager!!!

john fucks a boy in chicago i do the same in jersey then thunder lightning bby we hit the road. this tour will b our last. we live for the art but im fading, john. 'im fading, john,' i say. he nods real quick. i cant even place it.

cruel summer (obviously); for dinner we ate rice & felt the poverty in our bowls. john says, 'c'est la vie' but neither of us speak french. what a coincidence, how it all worked out.