

Dazl

aka

The Cradle Robber Within

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Distant Cuzn

Corny Moot

The Kidz (Kiddo, Kiddin, Kiddy, Kidder, Kiddums)

Cuzn - How do, Corny Moot?

Corny - How do, Distant Cuzn

Cuzn - Y, Corny Moot, shdst I deiagn t'upruze
The powers primisieve a sussn
The viabilty of a vessel
By the musicalty of its leakaj,
I'd say u sunk so lo u dun bottomd
Out the bottom

Corny - I am, Distant Cuzn,
Much funkt

Cuzn - Wuts a futzin wit ya footn,
Corny Moot?

Corny - Ah, taint nun too ivy choakt

Cuzn - A still tung turn stinky,
Corny Moot. Free't n fresh't

Corny – Wel, not to squither too much
Wailin propsmak crosst ma dugong,
But honest dodger, distant cuzn,
I ben feeln late like bout as chok-a-blok
As a street sleeper hed-bled neath
A rush-era stampoon a butcher-hooft,
Drone-a-roni gigl pigs, so's afore
These netherites shuffled in, I riggd up
A passel mash a combustive munitions
N stufft em into this here snuffel sak
Then wired em to that shmansy detonator
Such that by activatin my depression
Thru the yankin a this here unbiblical cord
I can wish myself n those luk-lorn enuf
To be close to me a big ol' bio bye bye,

But see'n such a poor peepl turnout
 Made me feel like maybe I shd abort,
 So, needful to say, I presently find
 My mind shot hot with frictiv delibrins
 On wut's to do bout wut's to do or not

Cuzn - Them's big news, Corny Moot

Corny - Ain't no bigger'n the we-est of us

Cuzn - Wel, now, if ya promis not to take
 Ma trope too much to trigger, I'd say
 Not only is u lookn at less bulk for yr bang
 What with this paltry mob, but by my sense
 These no goods mite be near goods
 'F'only cuz they cda mad marcht it
 Outa here steda stayin hind in hopes
 A pleaz-teazn yr ergons tord a less
 Explosiv port

Corny - Nah, they just don't beleve me

Cuzn - Wut brung ya to such a bad place, Corny Moot?

Corny – I walkt

Cuzn - I mean, how came u t'embrace
 Such an inclusively divisiv position?

Corny – I hate this world, Distant Cuzn. That is,
 I luv this world, but I hate the critters
 In it, or, rather, I luv the critters,
 But I hate the ones I must call mate.
 Hate em. O how I hate em. Hate em al.
 Ain't a new thot, but it's newd my thinkn
 N givn me the couraj to be scared
 Enuf to issue a loud messy negativ
 Agenst thr further proliferations

Cuzn - U mean to tel me, Corny Moot,
 That u ain't herd a Dazl?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn – I sed's my auto-refresh pastry life
 To be retrovectivly crumbified
 Into a post-date deth-art scrapl stain
 Just cuz in this underage of instantly
 Obsolescent nigh-vital informatix,
 U, a man of carouseling jocular
 Brain embezlements, be not nasal to

The sympaticolyptic pollens a one
Dazl Yodinky Balooble Mcdukes?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn - I'm askn, Corny Moot, if by sum
Aim-lame rumor vacuum storm gaff
U be the last conflux-fracker in
Mojohickistan to not hav had his
Hart tires rotated by the al-genrus
Squeezabl infeazibl squishymoos
Of Miss Dazl Upsnizl Boochungy Daboinks?

Corny - Swut?

Cuzn - Hey, Kidz!

Enter Kidz.

Kidz - Howzoo, Kindred Stranger?!

Cuzn - Wut u nut jobs up to?

Kidz - Ah, ya noe, nutn

Cuzn - Wel, Corny here dun crimpt a buncha
Bombs into da intymyz a his man purse
N he's thinkin a jerk-yerkin the fuze
N blowin us al to be-been sloppy bits
With our eye guts al down on the ceiling
N our toothy toes al up on the carpet
N since it'd be an awful calamitous shambl
T'ask the Home-Of'ers here to get wipin on,
I's musin maybe we shd try n swing'm
At a diffrent type direction to his day

Kidder - Ok!

Kiddy - Sure!

Kiddums - Sounds good!

Kiddo - I luv to help!

Kiddin - But how we gona do't, Kindred Stranger?

Kidder - Yeah, cuz, like, no ol' fence, Mr. Corny,
But u look bout near set on doom as my
Big fat mama after daddy gone used
Her spensiv mary kay facial erasin' soap
T'scrub Ms. Hassle's blushes off his bukl

Kiddy - Durn that smoochy Ms. Hassle!

Kiddums - Sumun shd put a mangle on her mingle!

Corny - No ol' fence shaken, child, for I do
Feel so set

Cuzn - That may be, but it also happens that
Corny here ain't never herd a Dazl

Kidz - Swut?

Corny - I sed I don't recall my hear'n bout it,
But I mite'a, tho my genral pol'cy is not
To consider myself a repeatable source
On wut I ain't or ain'tent heard or not

Kiddo - I ain't never herd a nun wut never
Ain'tent herd a no Dazl

Kiddin - My mood coach told me once
Ther useta be a Worm Man livd way up
Don't Ya Dare Come Down This Road Road
N he wurt th'orniest, grodiest wriggler peddler
Nature ever reluctably releast
For purposes a clearn her pure name,
N he ain't never not herd a no Dazl nun neither

Cuzn - Beware claims of ignorance
Made for gains of impudence

Corny - Wut happend to'm?

Kiddin - He left this world cryin quiet
As he cried loud comin to't

Cuzn - It is most incomprehendibl
The parcht plot of luv on wich
Sum personishes seek to maintain
Th'appearance of abundantly abiding

Corny - Yay, tis

Kidder - I am most sorry, sir, for yr depredation
Of delite, tho that grief's girth be balanst
By my gigunguous joy at havin this great
Obatunity a sharin yr first Dazl Day

Cuzn - O the first Dazl Day!

Kidz - The first day with Dazl
Is the bestest zestest day

Cuzn - Ok, kidz. Since, in my floozy surmizal,
I cd scratch a dishonorabl degree
Outa instinct university for determinin
Our current calm as more truly code ahhhhhh!!!!!!
I say we rok

Kidz - Crush it, Kindred Stranger

Cuzn - U good, Corny Moot?

Corny – Badly so

Cuzn – Just keep yr sites on the sounds
N yr finger on the fake-out
N we'll hav u bedazzld by kiss kiss

Corny - I'l do wut I can, ev'n if al
I can is a can a crusht tomatas

The Kidz sing.

*Wow argh eek o week yikes ow ah
Wo blah boo aw humph jeez ough ha
Yo hu wahoo ouch boo ugh whoa
Pooh dang whoops doh yikes phew uh oh
Yippee oops yay yuk yum yuk yum*

Kidder - On a brrrrrooklyn nite, so no tellin ago
A plant had to pay for the power to grow

Kiddy - Children luggd parents around on thr shoulders

Kiddums - A frend wuz "remote semi-open subfolders"

Kiddo - N evrything argued non-stop over wether
It'd dated enuf to start livin together

Kiddy - One slip sloppy nite, wen the slush wuz so shloshy
I herd the break-faces-for-breakfast meat posse
Fel flat on thr faces, n so felt wut they'd delt,
Upt n moved, thr sympathys rouzd, to the sunbelt.

Kidder - The taxis (al taken) smasht into each other
Reproving no nation laks words for yr mother.

Kiddo - The hipster brigade, alwz waitin for action,
Stayd hunkerd inside n playd useless distraction.

Kiddums - For the city so soakt in the freez flopping sleet
That gunkt up the garbagey, garbld up street
A mor muk-muddled dumping cd not be remembered
E'en by old babushkas completely dismembered
By docs persevered to preserv them from rotting,
E'en they'd never seen such blek horrish carroting
Calamitous mush as the slush bomb that schlarted
Al over that outer, intrepid, art-harted
Beside-itself boro.

Kiddin - N yet, in a corner,
Just up a few floors

Kiddy - Down, I think, from that former
Wutever wer nuthn that sumthn wuz happened

Kiddums - Sumthin wuz hoppin that nuthn cd dampen
Or slumpen or crampen or crankily flunge

Kiddo - Cuz here wuz a warmth no chill chunkyz cd xpunj

Kiddin - The warmth of a wonder so splashingly happy
The splashees wur cozily dum to the crappy
Crush crashyz outside thr new warmth-burblin world

Kidder - For life in its kindness

Kiddy - O luv how u find us

Kiddo - For life

Kiddums – O remind us

Kidder – Had brot forth a girl.

Kiddin - Now, u mite say:

Kiddy – O boy, boohooraynay for that

Kiddo - Let's all scream off our heds for the 10 shrillionth brat
Who wil gobl n squabl n spil n despoil
The char-smooted urth with her mortal heat coil

Kiddums - But not only hav u tucht down short of the strip,
Yr trying to land befor taking the trip

Kiddin - Cuz a kid this uncommon don't cum round that often

Kidder - O sur, ther's that one who escaped from his coffin

Kiddy - Or she factory-shippt with al facts in her forhed

Kiddums - Or he who cd turn blak potatoes to wite bred

Kiddin - Or even that wak wag stopt growls with a grin

Kidder - Or that out of control un who controld wut wuz in

Kiddo - O yeah, sur, ther wur those, al "al that" in thr way,
But to she of we speak they al thr "al that" pay

Kiddy - U can't mess with this girl, cuz her messes be beutys

Kiddums - Bullys go buttr n coo, "pass the cute, plz."

Kiddo - Al bad moods get mad booed she's so craved on the stage

Kidder - Her moves r so fresh they move bakwards in age

Kiddin - So don't be nah hissin n pre-prejudissin
Wut u'l cry to be kissin once u drop, hook n glisten

Kidder - Cuz the girl that wuz born on that blek-bluzzerd nite
Wuz for this not quite rite, unjust world, well, just rite

Kiddy - So wut made her so outta site sumthn so els?

Kiddums - That's un of those things u must see for yrself,
Cuz if ya can't see it without bein shown it
U won't ever see it, cuz u overgrown it
N now it's al buried beneath yr conditions

Kiddo - But don't mope; ther's stil hope. u stil got yr wishins,
N those wishins wil sweep away al u'v on-heapt
In yr yurning for lurning the deep u'v o'er leapt

Kiddin - N ther wer ther useta be nuthn but frazl
U'l see it, n noeing it's u, cal it Dazl.

Cuzn - Schmatta spun, gotta run.
Gratzy, Corny.
Glad ya dug it.
My so long song?
That thing, unthug it.
Al stil of a skin,
Upgrab yr gear,
N to that skin make
The far from here near

The Kidz and Cuzn start to exit.

Corny - S'down. Ya'll s'down!

Tryin to tack my brake broke truk
By chuckin a yungin at the grill
S'bout as effececious as tamin
A twister with a duster. Stand down,
Or u shal not stand agen

The Kidz and Cuzn come back on.

Cuzn - How do, Corny Moot?

Corny - I do how I do, Distant Cuzn

Cuzn - So how do I do, given u
My given doin wd subdu?

Corny - Do wut I tell u to n u
Mite see the door. Do less,
U wil be dun for

Cuzn - I embrace the offer,
No replace proferrd.
Wut shal I do to thru the door?

Corny - Git to wer u started for

Cuzn - If of Dazl u desire mor,
I'm over to yr drive,
But as u noe, the show of life
By running grows less live

Corny - Just make it good, n maybe u can go

Cuzn - Heyzoo, Kidz - man Corny likes the sho!

Corny - I didn't say I like it; I sed I better

Enter Wo(rm)man.

Wo(rm)man - Mor Dazl meat unsounds the mind that's met her!

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Corny - Wut wuz that?

Cuzn - Wut, that blat-blurting, slime-slithering,
Nerve-gurgling baddy
With a body like a loco-freighted fatty?

Kiddin - That's Dazl's daddy

Kiddums - Who sed at Dazl's birth

To her babl-garbling sister
(Niknamed Burners as her
Cuddling often left a blister)

Dad - Meet the frazzle

Kiddin - T'wich Burners
sed

Burners - Hello, Dazl.

Cuzn - N so she wuz
From shippage to grip,
Dazl Bajoinkeys Upsuzl Prerip

Kiddums - Wich is realy her name

Kiddin - Just like balderdash
Is a race to see who can lose the most hair

Kidder - N kickapoo is the original dirty dance

Kiddums - N babyz ain't Sholanda or Wygo
Til thr "grunion ordeal"

Kiddo - That's wer a roughage
A grownups flik wet boogys at em
N the girlz scream like this
N the boyz scream like this

Kiddin - N if ya didn't scream, yr the winner

Kidder - N the prize is u can scream al u want
Cuz no one's gona hear u

Kiddy - N just like wo is me til seaweed
Takes the white house, Dazl So Cunky
Fandoogl von Schlip Schlops realy wuz her name

Kiddo - Unless u wana cal her
Princess Trumpety Crumpet

Kiddums - Or Miss Popular Ocular Flatter Inflator

Kiddin - Or So Carelessly Silly It's Stylishly Scary

Kiddo - Cuz al wut u cal her's
A thrall to unstaill her

Kiddums - Cept wen it aint

Kiddy - Like wen the fad feels faint

Kidder - N the mor paint ya scrape
The more ya scrape paint

Kiddo - That's when u mite
Wana lavish restraint
Cuz Dazl is way,

Kiddin - But
Sumtimes she's wayn't

Kiddums - N it's then that she ahems
A naming complaint

Kiddo - But that's so rarely herd
It's barely one third of a curd
Of the bumper yak butter
From Dazl's ampl word udder

Kiddy - N that's wut's so great about Dazl

Kiddin - N wut ain't great about Dazl
Can't find it's way to Dazl
So wut's so great about it, hu?

Kiddy - As I wuz preachn
'Fore prior fore-reachin,
Wut's so great about
Dazl is she duzn't care
One thik blak she-booby hair
Wether she's lo or main
In yr mystery meat chow brain

Kiddo - Unlike most folks who give such a blaring bunkoo
They chew themself up into misconstrued goo

Kidder - Do u?

Kiddums - Wel, don't

Kiddin - Cuz Dazl don't

Kiddo - Y not?

Kiddy - Let's ask her

Cuzn - Can't

Kiddin - Can't or wan't?

Cuzn - Adamant shan't, for here she nan't

Kiddums - Wer is she?

Cuzn - Hard to see

Kidder - Far away?

Cuzn - Hard to say

Kiddo - She'l be here soon?

Cuzn - Maybe after noon

Kiddy - After this noon?

Cuzn - Don't bet yr bassoon

Kiddin - Is she gone cuz she's a baddy or a swami?

Kiddy - Hey, let's ask her mommy and her daddy!

Enter mom and dad.

Mom - Wen Dazl wuz born, I didn't noe
Wut hit me

Dad - U never noe wut hits u.
She never noes wut hit her.
Even wen I say "a windstorm
Of wrecking balls just hit u!"
She sez "wut hit me?" n sumtimes
Wen she sez "wut hit me?" n I say
"Nothing hit u," she sez, "wut hit me?"
It's like she covets ignorance
Cuz it's how she cures anxiety
So she covets anxiety cuz
It keeps her ignorant. That is sum
Ousting infertile futility cycle

Mom - Has anyone ever told u yr not
Worth telling things to?

Enter Wo(rn)man.

Dad - Ther's sumthing hanging out of u

Mom - Pardon me?

Dad - No, part of u, or not part of u,
Departing from u

Mom - Wer?

Dad - Ya no, ther

Mom - Ther wer?

Dad - Ther wer it can exit
Cuz u can't flex it

Mom - Wut is it?

Dad - It looks like a man
Who looks like a worm
That looks like a woman
Yearning to squirm

Mom - Get it out of me!

Dad - I did, but u won't let it go

Mom - Yr penis is coming between us

Dad - Yr vagina is not my designer

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Corny - That's it! I'm blowin this place
To frekl paste

Cuzn - Hold up, Corny Moot! Wut got
The burr in yr butt?

Corny - Ya kik off like's a kiddy sho,
Then ya go al hard

Cuzn - Kidz noe the world's hard,
Corny Moot, n those that don't
Wil lurn, n find it harder
For the lapse

Corny - Ther's kinks wut otn't be outed
Front a suppressionabl yungins

Cuzn - So, wut? Ya out em behind
A yungins so yungins gotta
Look bakward to see wer they'r headed?
Life lite fattens the child

Corny - From wer my outlook's at,
I p'furd the happy baby shows

Cuzn - Herd that, Corny moot, so hear this:
 We freely threw our faces at our fists
 To show how Dazl's unprepared forebears
 Cd no longer forebear being a pair
 N had alreedy started craking in half
 Wen Dazl wuz stil a wet stumbling calf,
 N be it mor fit for a thro-down
 In the lavatory, it's part a that blah blah story:
 "Happy baby meets crappy maybe."

Corny - Fine, but clean it up, or they'l be
 Cleanin u up with a shop vac

Cuzn - Pul it bak, Kidz. The spirit's now on spec,
 Or Corny sharpens the nife on the nek

Kiddums - Seems like Mr. Corny
 Shd get on the Dazl Plan

Corny - Wut's the Dazl Plan?

Kiddums - The Dazl Plan,
 U sensitiv salesman,
 Wuz to cry evry day

Corny - Then I ben mostly on it

Kidder - O Dazl luvd to cry

Cuzn - Why?

Kiddin - Y cry? To water yr feet

Kiddo - Cuz then yr feet sprout treats
 In the street, n then u can eat

Kiddums - See, crying for Dazl ment letting
 The plants give thx for thr deth
 Thru her marathon bleat

Cuzn - Over wich sum skulldozing sleepers
 Wd shout:

Kidder - Wut is that non-keeper bawling about?

Kiddo - But Dazl didn't cry about anything
 Any mor than the rain rues its runnelling

Kiddin - She just cryd

Kiddums - Like a kromosome liedentified

Kiddo - N wen she cryd she felt
Like she wuz splunkin into
A hole that wuz her home

Cuzn - Cal it her holme

Kidder - So no need to say
"Don't cry, my sweet."

Kiddums - Cuz she'l go

Kiddin - "It's ok,
I like to cry, cuz it waters my feet,
Wich sprout treats in the street,
N then I can eat."

Kidder - Wut's Dazl's toppiest treat?

Kiddo - Dazl luvs wutever

Kiddums - Cept wen she's like, "That? Never!"

Kiddin - But once she stops shooin it
She wonders bout doing it
N so she starts chewing it

Kiddo - See, evry flub's a festival
Cuz Dazl's so suggestibl

Kidder - Tho ther is one food
Dazl finds most good

Kiddin - Yes, the yestiest of nibbles
Oe'r wich she ne'r quibbles
R wean beans

Kiddo - O wean beans delete al yr mean genes!

Cuzn - But that's not y Dazl luvs wean beans

Kiddums - No, Dazl luvs wean beans
Cuz they fill her with dirt

enter Wo(rm)man.

Wo(rm)man - Gimme that dirt
Or i'll poop on dessert!

Kiddin - Grody!

Kiddy - Wut iz that?

Dad - Baby, not now

Wo(rm)man - If ther's dirt, I want dirt

Dad - Someone sed dirt, but ther's no dirt

Wo(rm)man - Then lemme eat them kiddyz
N i'll make me sum dirt!

Dad - Later

Wo(rm)man - Later, later, masticator;
I shd call u Master Later

Dad - I'l bring u fresh dirt
In a child skull crok
If u'll wait for me under
Yr nasty flirt rok

Wo(rm)man - U noe how to talk
To the yes in my hurt

Exit Wo(rm)man.

Kiddin - Wut wuz that?

Kiddo - That's Lil Miss Dirty Flirt

Kiddums - But isn't flirty dirt like dirty?

Kidder - She ain't yr common dirt

Kiddy - Not yr common dirt?

Kidder - Wel, ok, it's yr common dirt,
But yr common dirt isn't
Yr common dirt cuz it's
Special enuf
T'uncommonly blurt:

Kiddo - I'm dirt!

Kidder - N this dirt is especiously common
Cuz it's full of raw talent

Kiddin - Good ole raw talent!

Kiddums - It hath no deciphrement

Kiddo - Or duz it?

Cuzn - Let's ask Professor Digressor Suppressor:

Enter Professor:

Professor - Raw talent is an essence extracted
From the flirt dirt that distills via
The ingestion of wean beans
After crying to express the pain
Of the plants, wich is simply peace
Of mind seeking refuge from the fact
That u eat who u meet
With the teat of deceit
But...dammit...I digress

Kidder - So y not just make like Dazl
N twang thangs?

Kiddo - Put some blang in yr blunderangs?

Kiddums - N let's remember how Dazl
Wd never huff:

Kiddin - "I don't noe wut u mean."

Cuzn - Cuz it'd never occur to Dazl-do
That she'd ever be that not close to u

Corny - If she so close, wer she at?

Kiddo - Dude, Dazl ain't that brand a brat

Kiddy - She noes the house decats the cat

Kiddin - Dazl beleves in the goodness of all

Kidder - Even if all ain't all that on the ball?

Cuzn - Yes, cuz Dazl nu evryone had it
Coming to'm, but she wuzn't alwz sure
How to get it to'm, but get it to'm
She wd, by flunky, cuz mor than
Digressin, she luvd bein digresst,
N the best way to wrest yr hence from yr wence
Wuz to suffer a major inconvenience

Kiddy - Wich Dazl luvd!

Kiddo - Like she luvd letting others go first

Kiddums - Or not being fully reimbursed

Kidder - Or admiring the under-rehearsed

Kiddin - Heck, she even loved how cheap imitations
Struggled to sidestep deep limitations

Kiddy - But what Dazl loved past all impertinence
Buz getting lost in a palatial inconvenience

Kidder - Like that time when she and her dada
Spent half a day on the tatas
Thwacketing thru the thickest of thickets
For her favorite pink ball, and not finding it

Kiddin - That was the awesomest vain in the grass!

Kiddums - But remember who didn't help scrounge?

Kiddy - She just sat there and acted all lounge

Kiddo - The most givingest inconvenience
That ever drizzled its pizzle on Dazl
With impenitent inexpedience

Kiddin - Her sister

Dazl - Ditters!

Kiddy - O great

Kidder - Thanks a lot

Kiddums - A sister

Dazl - My ditters!

Dad - Let the games begin!

Kiddin - O no, for Dazl so loved her ditters!

Kiddo - More than starlets love spotlights?

Kidder - More than campers love campsites

Cuzn - Except when she didn't

Kiddy - Stop being so isn't

Kiddums - Dazl looked up to her ditters

Cuzn - To dodge wut she'd drop on her

Kiddo - Her ditters wuz good at evrything.

Cuzn - Especially that envy thing

Kidder - Dazl cd play with her ditters all day!

Dazl - Burners, wana play?

Burners - No.

Dazl - Y not?

Burners - It's bad for bizness.

Dazl - Wut's bizness?

Burners - In this corner, we have someone
Who'd never hurt a flea.
In this corner, we have a flea.
Ding!

Cuzn - Yes, Dazl luvd Burners
Like tender luvd tough
Cuz she alwz let rip
The unstuffiest stuff

Burners - I'm a rebel. I rebelize. N the root
Of my rebelishus rebelution
Is wdn't u like to noe. I wil, howev,
Spot u one clue, cuz yr so clueless. Dazl.
Wuts it about Dazl? I tell you wut:
Me, whose rebelum vitae makes
Rebelishly clear how no one will ever
Outrebel my rebullient rebellicosity.
I don't use toothpaste, n if my dad's
Like, did u? I'm like, hu? I don't do
Gratitude, warning signs, honesty,
Transitions, instructions, regulations,
Calm, trust, sympathy, seasoned counsel,
Weather appropriate clothing, learning,
Expectations, reality testing, cost
Benefit analysis, introspection, fresh
Food, accepted science, second thoughts,
Or sorry, but if sumthins makin it
Hard for me to breathe, I'm on it like
Who on u. Wen someone shouts "look out!"
I shut my eyes. You suggest it, I detest it, lolz.
U wana noe wut possesst me? U possesst me,

So I dispossesst u, cuz nuthin cd be
 Further from the truth than my couth.
 If I'm hungry, I deny it. If I'm tired,
 I'm wired. Vendetta? Never been betta.
 But bein a rebel don't make me all no sho.
 I like grafting grudges on sense data,
 Dumping mor out the bak than u can hak,
 Being careless with yr belongings
 So I can shout "my home isn't safe!"
 Destroying a simpl errand with my
 Griping n begging cuz it's just so awkward.
 N my sikest fave? Givin my rebel yell.
 "I hate u yr so stupid I'm gona kil myself!"
 My first rebelious act wuz wen my mom
 Sed, "Who's my baby?" n me? No habla yo face.
 My second rebelius act wuz to not
 Perform a rebelius act - dam, who's thinkin?
 Not me, cuz that's another detox I free box.
 My third rebelius act is to skip that n impose
 On u my fourth rebelius act...

Dad -	Burners
Burners -	Excuse me, Bad, but I'm excusing Myself from yr table of discontents
Dad -	No, yr excusing yrself from facing yrself
Burners -	I faced myself wen I got defaced By a hed-on collision with yr decision Faking process over wut shd be dun About my being too wide to fit into Yr tite squeez of Dazl dependence
Dad -	I luv u both equally, Burners
Burners -	Ther'd be less but in yr voice If yr hed wurn't up yr ass
Corny -	Must u say them words To say them words?
Cuzn -	U herd him, kidz. Speak from the shunt
Burners -	Ther'd be less glue in yr hair If yr art wurn't up yr nose
Dad -	A parent's luv comes full, But it burns hard, N refuels on gratitude

Burners - She's grateful cuz she duzn't exist!
 Corny - Wut's tanglin up her tresses?
 Cuzn - She's sik of getting shokt by her homing
 Mekanism
 Kiddy - Of crossing the street
 To avoid herself
 Kidder - Of the owls not letting her watch
 Them lurning to fly
 Kiddin - Of fighting to be the biggest
 Secret in the uncurious club
 Kiddums - Of noeing wut she's doing is part
 Of the problem but not noeing wut
 To do that duzn't make her feel
 Like she's ignoring the problem
 Kiddy - Of her to do list only listing
 To don't's
 Kiddo - Of each new day being
 More or less about more or less
 Corny - She n me share sum skin
 Cuzn - That's y we cal her Burners
 Kidder - Rite away evryun nu Dazl wuz special
 Kiddy - But becuz ppl often spur wut they spurn,
 Special ment plenty of special concerns
 Kiddin - Wut is she?
 Kiddums - Wut will she do?
 Kiddo - Wer is she from?
 Kidder - Wil she alwz be nu?
 Kiddy - Wut duz she want?
 Kiddin - Wut is her range?
 Kiddums - How can she sleep?
 Kiddo - Wen wil she change?

Dad - Wut wd she be buying for \$7000
At two in the morning in outer Queens
From someone named Pigmund Droid?

Kiddums - Those wur the least of the most
Of the beefs and the dotes
By which ppl frazzld yung Dazl,
But wut these niggles failed
To diggle
Wuz that rite then, rite now,
In a place so far away it's rite
Behind u, pow!

Kiddums - Ther wur nuklz

Kiddin - Nuklz?

Kiddums - Lots of nuklz

Kiddo - Lots of nuklz?

Kiddums - A quaver of nuklz

Kiddy - A quaver?

Kiddums - A quaver of trukl-sukling nuklz

Kidder - Wut wur they doing?

Kiddums - Flying

Kiddin - Nuklz with wings?

Kiddums - Those chunky, spikey, blak-eyeing rings
Wur flying

Kiddo - Yr lying

Kiddums - R flying

Kiddy - I'm crying

Kiddums - Strait at Dazl.

Kidder - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr poor

Kiddy - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr lazy

Kiddin - But y?

Kiddums - Cuz thr rich

Kiddo - But y

Kiddums - Cuz thr crazy

Kidder - Y thr flying at Dazl's
The part that's still hazy

Kiddums - Thr flying at Dazl cuz
Nun of thr purlz had given
Milk that day, n purl milk is
The mainstay of nukl ilk, so one
Of the nuklz, the fightinest one,
The one al the nuklz luvd mightinest,
Cuz hey, thr nuklz, this frightinest
Nukl pulld, for a nukl, a usual

Enter the Nuklz.

Nukl King - Our purlz r milkless due to
Dazl the guiltless!

Kiddums - So the nuklz al shriekd:

Nuklz - "Bash in her cheeks!"

Kiddums - N that started the process

Kiddin - The process?

Kiddums - The process of progress
As hiding wut seeks

Kiddo - Ok, but wut about the nuklz,
The quaver of face-crashing nuklz,
Soaring strait at Dazl?

Kiddums - Ah, she didn't noe it

Kidder - Not noeing it's
Not overthrowing it

Kiddums - That depends on how
U don't noe it

Kiddy - I don't sniff the diff

Kiddums - Then wiff, n i'll blo it.
 U can not noe sumthing cuz u wana be seduced.
 U can not noe sumthing cuz it's rite behind yr eyes.
 U can not noe sumthing cuz u wurn't introduced.
 U can not noe sumthing cuz it isn't noeing size.
 U can not noe sumthing cuz...

Kiddy - Ok, but in wut way did Dazl not noe
 Nuklz wur coming to smash hit her sho?

Kiddums - She didn't noe it in the sense she nu it
 Enuf to not see it cuz she saw thru it,
 N ther she saw that nothing cd undo it
 Except to no mor be the tree that gru it

Kiddo - O plz, just say the nuklz wur disarmd!

Kiddin - Say it, or i'll whine!

Kiddums - Fine. Becuz her midl arm wuz charmd,
 From nukling harm she wuz gendarm'd

Kidz - Hurray!

Cuzn - N if u beleve that,
 Blak n wite make gre

Corny - Wut u say?

Cuzn - I sed her sparkling personality
 Sprang from a personal spark

Kiddy - N even the gang-hang morose
 In thr flee-forts wd toast:

Kidder - She's as close a girl can get
 To being a national park!

Cuzn - So, soon, impromptu Dazl memorials
 Started poppin up evrawerz

Corny - Memorials?

Cuzn - That's wut I sed

Corny - Like memorials to the ded?

Cuzn - That's not wut I sed

Corny - No, but...

Cuzn - Beware! no, but; no astute

Corny - If these memorials r everwer,
How cuz I can't see em?

Cuzn - Cuz thr inside peple's bodys,
So u don't see em, u be em

Kiddo - That's rite, thorny fruit,
Litl spontaneous Dazl shrines started
Poppin up al inside pplz
Physianomalisques
Like swirling static heaps of pictures
Flowers cards quips beads bracts
Schists n joops, big countless
Midden clumps a jumbl scruff all piled up
In thr riled loop child poof mok-up

Kiddums - So evawun wuz stikin thr ciciput
Up thr occipoot so they cd
Sing it from the gut:

Kiddin - Dazl is
A dunky do.

Kiddo - Who sez?

Kiddin - I sez

Kidder - Me sez too!

Kiddy - U sez?

Kiddo - I sez

Kiddums - Who that be?

Kiddo - Dazl.

Kiddin - Dazl?

Kiddums - Hello, me!

Cuzn - N this is how it came to boast
That wut ppl luvd most about Dazl,
Tho they didn't noe it enuf
To make a living off killing it,
Wuz her body, but not her body
In al its cuddly curvy perfection,
No, wut ppl luvd most wuz her body

In thr body, wich inevitably ment
Wut they luvd most about Dazl
Wuz her birth defects

Kiddin - Dazl with defects?

Kiddo - Zwiebacks with izzle?

Kiddy - Daycares on shipwrecks?

Kiddums - Sunshiny mizzle?

Cuzn - Yes, these far-glaring problems wurn't
A part of Dazl's body, they wur a part
Of the bodyz that had consumed
Dazl's body, so her imperfections
Wur felicitiously ascribed to others,
N thr agreeing that Dazl wuz perfect
Made thr defects, wich actually wur
Dazl's, tho Dazl wuz perfect, openly
N mysteriously manageable, n so
Wile Dazl nu thr wuz this giant scam
Al souped around evrything wer
Birth defects wur being traded
Among ppl in order to generate
Valu from error, wich inevitably
Ment a few ppl had most of the defects
N most ppl had only a few defects,
Wich wuz seen as unfair cuz defects
Wur desied cuz they wur Dazl's, but
Dazl didn't noe wut to do about that,
So she did wut she nu she had to do
About it, n that wuz to dy, so she died

Corny - She wut?

Cuzn - She wut she did

Corny - She died?

Cuzn - She died?

Corny - That's wut u sed

Cuzn - But is that wut she did?

Corny - U sed she did

Cuzn - So then she didn't

Corny - But u sed she did, so did she

Do wut u ain't sed or did u say
Wut she ain't did?

Cuzn - It's hard to say

Corny - It's harder not to say
Wut with who's tellin u to say it

Cuzn - But wut with who I'm sayin it
About, it's hardest to say wut
She dun or not, cuz sayin it
Is her otherwayin it, so yr or
Ain't quite conveyin it, Senor
Livin in a line at deth's door

Corny - Talkin down to me ain't
The way to talk me down

Cuzn - Then i'll indite, despite stooge frite,
How Dazl n deth, they fite cuz they tite.
See, Dazl cdn't realy dy cuz Dazl wuz
Never really born, cuz Dazl wuz the prize
In a very weird war, n this war wuz so
Weird only one word cd capture it,
N it's a compound word made up
Of all the words constantly compounded
By other words, so it's a word that
No one's sed yet everyone's alwayz
Sayin, so being an indescribably weird
War of wich Dazl is the prize, this war
Destroyd its prize, n thus its very
Reason for being by being, cuz Dazl
Can't be won by war, so things wur
Weird, n that's y we say that Dazl
Wuz born ded, tho being ded born
Didn't keep her from doing al
The awesome impossible things

Corny - Like wut?

Kiddo - Like not holding a grudge wen
Someone shuvs a grudge into yr hands
N screams, "Hold that or i'll begrudge u!"

Kidder - Or like only expressing the relevant
Meaning wen u say the meaning
Of irrelevant is irrelevant

Kiddin - Or like not feeling lonely n scared
Wen yr al alone running from
Stale men with fresh machetes

Kiddums - But Dazl did those humdrum
Undoable things

Corny - N how is that?

Kiddo - Cuz Dazl had eyes in the lak
Of her dred, so she nu wut it lookt
Like wen ppl thot she wuznt lookn
So she forgave em for shouting
"Watch wer yr goin!" cuz Dazl nu
The only way to see anything is to watch
Wer yr not goin, n that's y if u see her,
U will see she's always in u
As the place u long to be

Cuzn - U with me, Corny Moot?

Corny - As much as I can be
With wut goes on by losin me

Cuzn - By losin u we find u
In wut u wur, man

Wo(rm)man - I want u too

Kiddin - Who r u?

Wo(rm)man - I'm the Wo(rm)man, wich is spellt
Wormman, but pronounced woman,
With a sum say tediusly, but I say
Sensuously long O, but the rm,
Wich stands for "my ancestors broke
Evrything they tucht, n it became
Kentucky, wich prior to the merching
Of the original absentee, wuz
Kunticky, Coontakey, or Cantacky,"
Hence the silent rm, so i've slyly
Placed it in parentheses, but u can't
Express parentheses on stage without
Using yr hands, n I ain't got no hands
Cuz I'm the Wo(rm)man

Kiddo - Y r u here?

Wo(rm)man - Cuz I come wen I'm calld

Kiddums - No one calld u

Wo(rm)man - Someone sed "i want u, Wo(rm)man."

Cuzn - I sed "in wut u wur, man."

Wo(rm)man - Wen yr lookin at the Wo(rm)man,
Yr lookin at wut u wur, man

Kiddin - Grody, it's so grody!

Wo(rm)man - U wana see grody, chek out
My big ole nasty mean streak

kidz - Grody-ody-ody-o-o!

Wo(rm)man - Yeah, like sumtimes I streak nekkid
Thru the mall n evrybody screams
Cuz they don't noe wut thr seein
Cuz I'm part worm, part man,
N all big ole nasty woman.
Ain't that mean as a washt-up
Pornstar sayin she never liked it?

Kidder - Go away, Wo(rm)man!

Kiddin - Go bak to yr filthy worm can!

Wo(rm)man - But I'm fungry

Kiddo - Yeah, wel, we ain't got no plenty

Wo(rm)man - O yes, u do

Kiddums - Wut we got?

Wo(rm)man - U got u, boo!

Kiddin - Run like a no good fetus!
The Wo(rm)man wantsa eat us!

Corny - Squirm along, Wo(rm)man,
Or I release my robins

Wo(rm)man - Ya'l lucky Corny's my no-go guru,
Cuz I had u down for dodo, so i
Shal leav u with this sage allspice:
Folks say turlets r dirty,
But I say thr fulla shit

Cuzn - So, as we can see via this
Loser-generated blunder storm,
Dazl wuz lost the moment she wuz born,
But wut is noen is that once Dazl
Wuz lost, a wave of sticking

Yr hed up yr a...um, I mean, a wave
Of wrapping yr bred with yr trash
Washt over the premature community
Of Economic Actions Change the Fractions
Of Economic Reactions

- Kidder - N so we half ask:
- Kiddo - Y wd anyone stuff thr ded
In thr gash?
- Cuzn - Corny Moot?
- Corny - Sumtimes yr corpse is al
Ya got to stop the bleeding
- Cuzn - The cheerier, n so clearier,
Answer is (like u cared): Dazl
- Kiddin - To find Dazl, stik yr dred up yr laff
- Kiddums - Yet ther, insted a Dazl, we find the gondola
To the formative myth of our era:
- Kiddy - Humans strive to survive
By lurning about thr environment
- Kidder - That's a good one!
- Kiddo - Yeah, I like that one so much,
Watch me sheet my bed with my crass
- Kiddin - Wut most ppl do is they shove
Thr sled up thr bash so thr
Environment won't find them n
Kill them for killing thr environment
By slamming thr streb up thr crash
- Kiddums - Try it
- Kiddy - It's so fun
- Kiddo - Fun as a keestercake diet
- Kidder - It's like getting hit by a car,
But yr driving the car, so, hey,
Noone got hurt
- Kiddy - But, unstrangely enuf, this flip
Iconic self-pranking mistake
Is wut keeps th'environment

From disappearing cuz th'environment
Is our communal colon

Kiddin - I mean, wich wd u rather hav:

Kidder - One air or billionaires?

Corny - I'd rather not bother with rather

Kiddums - Well, Dazl won't embrace u
If yr meds are up yr mass

Kiddy - Not cuz she's harshin on u,
It's just really stupid cumbersum
To get a hug on your lepton meringue
Wen u assume that tortured fake
Humiliatingly proud leg up
The gaff position

Kidder - So howsabout we giv that shit the git?

Corny - I askt u to hold the stinky cheese

Cuzn - You mean the worst curds?

Corny - I mean the curse words

Cuzn - Ain't al words curse words as they
Curse us users to words? Besides,
That wurn't me, that wuz Dazl's
Daddy havin a tantrum on Dazl
For havin a tantrum, n becuz he
Had a tantrum on his Dazl, Dazl
Went for a walk

Kiddy - Wer'd she go?

Cuzn - She just walkt

Kiddums - She had to be goin sumwer

Cuzn - Nope, she just walkt

Kidder - I herd wen yr just walkin
Yr goin to nardimarm

Kiddy - Narmidarmanard

Kiddums - Darnamardanarnadardanardamarnadarmanarma

Cuzn - Ok, so she walkt there, to the place

Whose name is the composite of
The many failed attempts to say its name,
A place wer yr alwayz comfortabl
Cuz yr body molds to fit wutever it's on

Kiddo - Narmadardamarnanardadarmanardamarnadardamar

Cuzn - Wer Dazl, now shaped like a rocky
Depression, sat ther hummin

Dazl - "This land is my gland"

Cuzn - N thot:

Dazl - How's a girl supposed to see a shrink
If her dad won't stop makin her blink?

Cuzn - Just then, three nardamarmanardamarmians
Landed next to Dazl, who sed

Dazl - Hello, dardanarmians.

Cuzn - N the first mardanarmadarnian sed

Kiddums - It wd be mighty good to eat u, but
Dardamarmanardians don't consume
Thr own biproduct

Cuzn - N the second nardamarnadarnian sed

Kiddy - R u comfortabl?

Cuzn - N Dazl sed

Dazl - Of course, I'm in darmanardamarnadardamarn

Kiddy - Good, cuz I have sumthing
Miseducational to tell u

Cuzn - N Dazl sed

Dazl - Don't worry. I brot my brain brush
In case yr bridge-n-tunnel setbacks
Clash with my dream of staying lost
That I may ever grope

Cuzn - T'wich the second marnanarmadarmian sed

Kiddy - This is yr noment. That moment wen
Yr told u hav no destiny, no rite to rong,
No urgent mission, no hero leotard,

For u r Dazl, n u wur born ded, so r u
 Luvd by al, n sum wil sho u thr luv
 By tryin to eat u, n the mor u run,
 The closer they'll cum, so bein yrself
 Is al u can do, wich is to be the Dazl
 That's around u

Dazl - Ok, but shd I forgiv my dad
 For throwing a fat stinky tantrum
 Al up in my fresh litl face after
 I did the same to him, remembering
 I'm the child in this marriage?

Cuzn - N the third darnanarmadardian sed

Kiddo - Power is how u giv it

Cuzn - N so Dazl, following her nature,
 Went home, huggd her father, n together
 They sang the ballad of narmadarnamardadarmanarm

Dad - She wuz five, and she nu
 She'd started too late,
 For she wuz born on the brite side
 Of the city that never wakes

Burners - If I put all my eggs in yr basket
 Can I hav yr basket?

Mom - Such lovely yung dreams,
 Skating on sand

Dad - She cries into her mouth,
 Jelous of the training princess,
 But finds a taste of solace
 In swallowing herself

Burners - They wake to find her
 Hanging from a tree
 By a harness of her own hair

Mom - A human sun cooled to be close,
 Singing

Dazl - I shall be in bliss practicing practice
 I shall be an open window between breth n breth
 I shall accept the tethering nether
 I shal let the grass grow under my feet
 I shall rise each day inspired to drown

Corny - Purty tune

Cuzn - Wuzat, Corny moot?

Corny - Purty tune

Cuzn - U forgotten, Corny moot?

Corny - Fugottn wut?

Dad - Apparently ours is an age wen
Catharsis can only be achieved
By throwing dirt over one's child

Burners - I'd say u sound like my dad,
But yr my dad, so u don't

Dad - Wut r u doing?

Burners - Wut r u doing?

Dad - Helping

Burners - Helping wut?

Dad - This thing

Burners - Wut is that thing?

Dad - It's called a Wo(rm)man

Burners - It looks like a woman

Dad - That's cuz yr saying it wrong

Burners - How r u helping it?

Dad - I'm keeping it wet

Burners - Duz mom noe yr doing that?

Dad - Of course mom noes I'm doing it.
Mom askt me to do it. I do it to mom, too.
It's wut dads do

Burners - Wut do dads do?

Dad - They make like water to keep things wet

Burners - I've seen u do that

Wo(rm)man - And I bet it got u wet!

Burners - It did nothing for me. In fact, yr whole
 "Self as dispersiv primal performance,"
 Ya now, that symbolically circumfuged
 "Baggage first!" crap luv u do, I find it
 So constipatingly pretentious, like yr
 Too stupid n afraid to do anything
 So u run around in non-descript
 Self-fascinated shapes, wen realy
 U need to go to graduate school
 So u can disappear by degrees

Dad - Is that any way to talk to yr father?

Burners - The only way to talk to your father
 Is as the father he should have had

Wo(rm)man - And how do you talk to his Wo(rm)man?

Burners - Ther isn't any way to talk to u
 Cuz u won't let me use them words
 To say them words

Corny - Hey, them's my words

Cuzn - Only the dead own words, Corny Moot

Corny - U in the market?

Kidder - See, wut set Dazl apart from the ppl
 U meet at PeopleMart who seem
 Like a deal ya gotta take but u get em home
 N they quikly break or they do sumthin
 Different than they sed they did or
 That feature u liked, that's now forbid,
 Was with Dazl u just noe wut yr gonna get
 Cuz her insides r on her outsides set

Kiddy - Need yr pimply brother lifted
 Off yr milk dud eclair?

Kiddin - Dazl's ther!

Kidder - Cuz Dazl duzn't have a bad
 Pharmaceutical weather problem

Kiddo - Y not?

Kiddums - Cuz Dazl can kiss her own hand
 N feel like guinevere lancelot

Dazl -	Starlite, starbrite, First star I see tonite, I wish I may, I wish I mite, Hav the wish I wish tonite
Kidder -	That's Dazl: rymin tonite with Tonite, n makin it work
Cuzn -	Like wen Dazl's daddy first saw Dazl He took her in his arms n cuddled him
Kiddin -	Her
Kiddy -	She
Kidder -	Cuddled
Kiddo -	He
Kiddums -	Him
Kiddy -	She
Kidder -	Her cuddled
Kiddo -	He
Kiddin -	Cuddled him
Kiddums -	Her
Kiddo -	Cuddled she
Kidder -	Him
Kiddy -	Cuddled
Kiddin -	He
Kiddums -	Her
Kiddo -	Cuddled he
Kiddy -	O ther wuz just too much cuddling To unmuddl the cuddle collectiv, So, to say the least...
Cuzn -	N remember, kidz, Alwz say the least cuz more than The least is less than the most, N sayin less than the most is like

Workin to make yr job harder,
N that's yr boss's job

Kiddums - So, to spay the beast,
Dazl's daddy, prior to being swaddled
In Dazl, had ceaselessly sent himself
To the blackboard, wich wuz a wall
In a deep, dark cave in the glaring
Public space of his performance grave

Kidder - N ther he wd rite as many times
As it took to erase his indelible crimes:

Dad - "I cannot help myself becuz I'm not
Sure it's good for anyone that I get help."

Cuzn - So pretty soon

Kiddy - Wich is alwz late n quite a bit
Uglier than u wur told wen u sold
Yr foothold to buy some vastitude
Wer they serv yr farts for dinner.

Kiddin - But yr still a winner cuz u got
Three star farts!

Kiddo - Like ther's three big stars in yr farts
Pitching an idea for a show wer
Sum ppl fart n freez n the one
Who looks most like he's looking
At art, that's the star n the rest r just
Star farts

Kidder - Wudo I win?

Kiddums - U win this me-doll
Engine that shaves the urth beard
So the urth can stop looking al
Uncashiered n start working to help
Non-stars sob on cue, cuz water's
Waste wen stars r farts

Cuzn - N that's wut Dazl's daddy's life
Wuz like befor he saw his Dazl do
N maybe after he saw his Dazl too,
Tho after that he threw it al away,
N it buried Dazl, n he's been lookin
For her ever since, mostly in the dirt
That drains outta the Wo(rm)man wen
He sticks his big unambiguous ambrosious
Hook into the dirt can so he can find Dazl

Kiddy - Stupid man, not noeing the only way
To find Dazl is to be Dazl evry day

Corny - So pretty soon wut?

Cuzn - Wut?

Corny - U sed so pretty soon, but u never
Got around to sayin pretty soon wut

Cuzn - Just sed it, ain't i?

Corny - U sed it, but ther's mor to it
Than wut u sed

Cuzn - Wut mor to it is ther?

Corny - How'm I s'posed to noe?

Cuzn - Cuz u sed ther's mor to it.

Corny - Yr doin me rong

Cuzn - How's that sit with u, Corny moot?

Corny - Don't, cuz the seats near me r taken

Cuzn - By who?

Corny - By my not wantin noone
sittin near me

Cuzn - Ain't Dazl guv u nuttn,
Corny Moot?

Corny - Like wut?

Cuzn - Like how wen u don't want noone
Sittn near u it's cuz the noone
That told ya u ain't worth sittn near's
Still sittn ther?

Corny - He'll get his

Cuzn - Actually, it seems
Like we'll get his

Dad - I saw the blurb doctor today

Mom - R u having blurb problems?

Dad - My blurb isn't working.

Mom - Wut?

Dad - At first I didn't noe wut wuz rong,
But now I do. It's my blurb

Mom - Wut's rong with yr blurb?

Dad - She sed it's inflamed, abnormally
Large, n filled with lots of foul, foreign,
Unflattering matter.

Mom - Did she say y?

Dad - Yep

Mom - And?

Dad - My body's rejecting my blurb

Mom - But I gave u that blurb

Dad - I noe

Mom - That blurb is our bond

Dad - I noe

Mom - It took me like 20 minutes
To rite that blurb

Dad - I noe

Mom - U hav a fantastic blurb

Dad - But nobody's coming

Mom - O, not that agen

Dad - If not that agen, then wut agen?

Mom - A blurb is about so much mor
Than getting ppl to cum

Dad - Wut mor is a blurb about?

Mom - How yr seen, wut u do, who u r

Dad - Nun of wich matters unless

Sumbody cums

Mom - I wil not restage this fite

Dad - Fine, but the blurb doctor gave me
Three options: get another blurb from u,
But she's doubtful that one wil work either,
Given yr history; get a blurb transplant from
A deceased blurb donor, but those r alwz
Iffy; or I can get a new blurb from someone
Whose blurb is more compatibl to my being

Mom - U mean take someone else's blurb
Other than my blurb as yr blurb?

Dad - I'm not saying I'm doing that,
I'm doing the saying of that

Mom - But wut happens to my blurb
Once u hav someone else's blurb?

Dad - I don't noe, but I do noe that if
I don't get a new blurb soon, well,
It's just too terrible to say.

Mom - Say it

Dad - No

Mom - Wut wil happen if u don't
Have a blurb?

Dad - No one will cum

Mom - Y can't it be enuf if just I cum?

Dad - That's just it! my blurb's so bad,
Not even u r cuming, n u rote my blurb

Mom - So let's work on yr blurb

Dad - It's too late. The doctor sez my body
Is in such an advanced state
Of necrotizing blurb rejection,
Editing my blurb cd compromise
My entire system to the point
That nobody wd ever cum agen

Mom - So i'll giv u my blurb

Dad - But I rote yr blurb, wich means

I'd have ritten my own blurb, n
 Evrybody noes self-promotion is
 The surest way to ensure nobody cums

Mom - Look, this is al my fault.
 I rote a faulty blurb, so let me fix it

Dad - How?

Mom - I'm gona start cuming

Dad - O plz

Mom - I've ben negligent of late
 In not reacting enthusiastically to
 Yr blurb, in feeling enticed by yr blurb,
 But I'm gona start, n once I do, I'm sure
 I'll be cuming al the time

Dad - I've alredy chosen
 A new blurb

Mom - Wut?

Dad - I'm getting it on tuesday

Mom - From who?

Wo(rm)man - My blurty blurb gon' fit so fat
 N funky deep up down yr sloppy body
 Ev'body gon be cummin all the slime!

Mom - Wut is that?

Dad - The Wo(rm)man

Mom - Yr getting yr new blurb
 From a subterranean invertebrate
 In whom the untrained eye fails
 To discern a difference between
 The alimentary and excretory orifi?

Dad - That's wut I like about the Wo(rm)man.
 Her, his, its corporal discombobulation
 Challenges ppl to embrace the synaesthetic
 Possibilities of a confusing and repulsiv
 Organism, n once they do, they cum
 Like crazy

Wo(rm)man - Or at least I do

Mom - So that's it?

Dad - That's it. I'm sorry. Here's yr blurb

Mom - This isn't the blurb I gave u

Dad - The blurb doctor sez blurbs
Change as they adapt to thr new body,
N yrs, as u will see, did not change for
The better, wich is y my body rejected it.
Goodbye, wife. Wo(rm)man, take me to yr holme

Mom - "A family goes for a picnic along a beautiful river.
One of them, who can't swim, falls in n starts to drown.
So another one, who can't swim, jumps in n tries to save her
And starts to drown. So another one, who can't swim, jumps in
N tries to save him n starts to drown. And so on and so on.
Plz join us for this loneliest of ways to spend an afternoon:
Learning not to swim as a family." No wonder nobody came

Corny - Care to tel me how wut I just saw
Fits into wut I'm seein?

Cuzn - A bomb went off
In Dazl's house n blew it al rite round

Corny - Yeah, wel, growin up is cumin down

Cuzn - Must be y wen we're down, blowin
Stuff up makes us feel at home

Kiddy - So just like that, as quik as combat,
Dazl McDorganz Wazooby Shaqueeb,
Despite her dum daddy bein a deckled dweeb,
Wuz luv

Kiddo - She wuz born that way

Kiddin - In the loopy lurch wer it's redundant
To say "word play."

Kiddums - Just like u

Kidder - Cuz if u've ben born,
Yr Dazl

Kiddy - N Dazl is luv

Kiddin - Wuz luv

Kiddums - Gives luv

Kiddo - Gave luv

Kidder - Wutever, cuz wen you lose her,
Yr lookin at her

Kiddums - Like luv

Kiddin - Like ther wurn't a wut wut ain't luv Dazl

Kiddy - Cept those wutses wut ain't

Kiddo - Ain't wut?

Kiddy - Those wutses wut ain't

Kiddin - Don't say it

Kiddy - Luv Dazl

Kiddums - No

Kiddy - Yep

Kidder - Wo

Kiddy - Now, noone's sure wut these wutses is

Kiddums - Those wutses wut ain't

Kiddin - Y replay it?

Kiddy - Luv Dazl

Kiddo - But evryone noes one

Cuzn - U no one, Corny moot?

Corny - Most nuthn but

Kidder - N evryone even ben one, maybe

Cuzn - U ben one, Corny moot?

Corny - Most nuthn but

Kiddin - Sho me the wutses wut ain't, ya noe,
Luv Dazl

Kiddy - Well, I dunno if or not they is
Or wut, but I noe this: ther's tons of em

Kiddo - Or ones or nones of em

Kiddy - N it mite be me or u

Kidder – Problem is, if u is or ain't
U can't tel if ya mays or nain't
Who can tel wut ya did or dain't,
Cept by these signs:

Kiddums - Ya liv in a hi holy mildew

Kidder - Yr hugs spit fat needlz filled
With antipathy vinagrette

Kiddin - Yr lokt outta wut yr into

Kiddo - N the last thing ya want's to be's
Al that u get

Kiddy - N even tho no one's met
One a these wutses wut ain't, ya noe, that,
Evryone's ben one by the mere fact
They don't noe it

Kiddo - Or they do in that they don't
Cuz wen Dazl cums around they shriek,
"I hate this place, so it's mine!"

Kiddums - Yes, these wutses exist,
But u'l never meet one cuz yr always
Invitin em to dinner

Kidder - A nok on the door

Kiddo - U get it

Kiddin - A box!

Kiddy - U open it

Kiddums - It's empty

Kiddin - O how thotful! An empty box!

Kidder - But wait

Kiddy - Autofocus with sunrise color correction

Kiddums - It's not empty

Kiddin - Ther's a turtl in it

Kiddo - A tiny turtl with an enormous peen

Kiddin - Wut's a peen?

Cuzn - A peen is the part
Of the ballpeen hammer that isn't a ball

Kiddin - Wut's a ballpeen hammer?

Kidder - That's wut dudes on military welfare
Use to smash turtles

Kiddy - Is this turtl smasht?

Kiddin - No

Kiddo - N yes, cuz it's one a those hokey new
Nonimals, so it's realy smasht on yr needs,
But totaly not indulging in its own

Kiddums - So sum ppl see a forget-me-pet

Kidder - Wile others see a chance
For men to pray together wile cupping
Each other's tapioca disciple goobys

Kiddy - Wich r made in france

Kiddo - Wich is made in china

Kiddums - The heart of gay arabia!

Cuzn - N speaking of not funny cuz it'll
Get u killd for saying jehovallah is
A brand of septic scrotum chewing gum for those
Who want stronger jaws so they can
Liv off hard feelings, no, it's not funny
Rubbing noses so u giv someone
Yr sniffles

Kiddy - It's not funny throwing
Yr sister's eggs at yr sister

Kidder - It's not funny sticking skunks
In ppl who don't want skunks
Stuk in em

Kiddums - N it's not funny nailing
Yello jello to yr cello, so, hello,

Fello, mello

Cuzn - But wut isn't furthiest
Funniest of all is how sum ppl
Not luv Dazl make other ppl
Who luv Dazl start farming
Dazl dollz to sell to Dazl haters

Corny - Dazl haters?

Cuzn - No, Dazl luvers!

Kiddo - Wut's the diff?

Cuzn - Say me becuz u want to

Kiddo - Me

Cuzn - Now say me becuz I sed to

Kiddo - Me

Cuzn - That's the diff

Kiddin - N that's how it wuz for Dazl

Kiddums - Wich is y she's u

Cuzn - Cuz she got carried away

Kidder - So we who now hav nuthin
Hav only this to say:

The Wo(rm)man pops out of her holme with a script for Corny.

Corny - No can do

Cuzn - How cuz?

Corny - Cuz I ain't

Cuzn - Then we ain't doin the show,
So u mite 's'well let her blow

Corny - Gimme that, but I ain't gona
Be no good

Cuzn - I dunno, Corny Moot. u seem
To hav a mitey powerful unique
Aptitude for proven yrself otherwise

Corny - I member wen I first started awin
 On Dazl. it wuz after my double shift,
 N I'd had a few, so I was cascadin
 Down the street, lookin for sumwer
 To say I wuz goin, wen I trippt
 On a lone slo glo just kinda
 Oozin out this windo into
 The bandage in my eye, so I lookt
 N ther she wuz, wearin my baby jammies
 N rehearsin herself in a headstone mirror,
 N, I dunno, guess I had one a them
 Indetectable promotions, cuz I stoppt
 N I stared, like a bear sniffin on a book
 N smellin every hand that ever held it.
 She was eight bodys hed to toe from me,
 But I cd see the marks my teeth wd make
 On the parts of her my fist mite flower.
 Cdn't move. Stiff as a passenger pilot,
 Like she'd stuk a barby spork in my
 Sedimentary identikit
 N she wuz scoopin me outta myself
 Then shootin essence o' mountain steam
 Up the cavity til I floated off,
 Set free from the ded-end job a hidin
 My unpreparedness for oral war.
 She wuz as descriptiv as a pause,
 Sweet's a mintchop traumalope,
 Al creamy like a coaxin goam, so
 Nice n directabl, I dremt rite standin
 Ther that I had crusht her like a skeeter,
 Took a super zoomed in shot then
 Blew it up to bigger than a building
 N mounted it on the st. louis arch,
 N as the world cringed upon the offal,
 I stood, like the nipple of the nation,
 N roard into a bullhorn, "Who here dares
 To say I'm rong to kill this vile beast?"
 Just then the front porch lite cum on,
 N, boy, I snapt out n started walkin,
 Sweatin like i's about to get poppt
 In the bak, but I wuzn't (god bless
 The unsuspecting) so I just moved
 On out, past the DQ, n normally i'd
 A stoppt for a butterfinger blizzard,
 But I hadn't so much lost my appetite
 As grown a new one, so I kept on
 Keepin on, got home, crawld into bed
 N fell asleep to the soothing music
 Of expected frenzy. That's how it started.
 That's how the Wo(rm)man broke into
 The scattered bits a body bizness

Kidder - Dazl?

Kiddy - Wer's ma clover?

Kiddums - Wer's ma litl shimmy?

Kiddo - Wer's ma squeezezy?

Kiddums - Wer's ma gunchy dumplin?

Kiddy - Wer's ma girl?

Kidder - Wer's ma Dazl?

Corny - She gon?

Cuzn - Never wuzn't

Corny - How's that?

Cuzn - Cuz tho she wuz the lite of life,
Dazl nu the darkness, for only due
To darkness wuz Dazl the life of lite

Kiddin - But the darkness wuz good becuz
The darkness gave us Dazl's lite
For she dissolved the difference, rite?

Kidder - Yea, for she wuz the great
Difference-dissolving deliria!

Kiddo - Yet Dazl nu the glibness of the plite

Cuzn - For nothing so crusht her up into tiny
Tite wads of torment like the time
She wuz told that her mommy n daddy

Kidder - Who she luvd bigger than the snag
Of options

Kiddy - Wd not be her mommy n daddy
Any moresies

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddo - Yr wut?

Kiddums - Wer?

Kiddo - Wut?

Kiddums - Me?

Kiddin - Who?

Kiddums - Liv wer?

Kiddo - Y?

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddo - Yr wut?

Kiddin - Y?

Kiddums - Who?

Kiddo - U?

Kiddums - Y?

Kiddin - Me?

Kiddo - Wer?

Kiddums - Who?

Kiddo - Y?

Kiddin - Wut?

Wo(rm)man - Boo hoo

kidz - We hate u, Wo(rm)man!

Wo(rm)man - Hey, my pate mite look like
My poot, n I mite act lively wen ppl dy
Cuz I like eatin ded ppl, n my penis
May hav the patina of a very unlucky
Potato vagina, but I'm also extremely
Unpleasant. Sound familial?

Dad - Girlz, this is yr new mother

Burners - I can tell. She has my fat chance

Dad - Ya noe, I have needs too. Weird hairy needs
With spifflicated chemical theocracies
N easy-to-lose external abductors,
But nower is it ritten, save on the door
To yr whine cellar, that it's yr birthrite

To get in between me n my worm bomb,
 N, sure, maybe it's my fault for bringin u
 Into this "taste the poison before
 U eat it" world, but it's yr fault
 For eatin the poison after u taste it,
 So, like, u can just go flush yrself
 Down the dry throat of an undercover
 Planned parenthood saboteur as far as
 I'm mildly concerned, u self-stunting shoot,
 Cuz I am so damn sik of u n yr big
 Stupid ideas about how the world shd be
 Mor like yr wall. Like the other day I got
 This hooker n wen I wuz dun I tell her
 A joke, I say, "wut's the difference btwn
 A kid n a hooker?" n she sez "i fukt u,
 Now gimme my money," n I'm like,
 "Exactly," like she got it, cuz gettin
 A hooker's like being eaten by a shark
 In a glass tank with a hangover wile
 Yr kids watch, but havin kids is different
 Cuz yr trying to get eaten by a hooker
 With a hangover in a glass tank but
 No one's watchin cuz ther's no shark
 Cuz it ain't allowed around the fukin kids!

Burners - That wuz completely inappropriate

Dad - I'm sorry, but u got my goat

Wo(rm)man - N if yr old man givs u his goat,
 Be sur n let it loose in his lettuce

Corny - Wish i'd noen that trik
 Wen my pops treat me so

Cuzn - He hard on u?

Corny - Hard I can handl, but a lak a soft,
 That hurts

Cuzn - We must all remember
 The sordid sad dud of wak flipness
 Thru wich we each danced wen first
 We dallied, thus realizing that every
 Person wuz once a put-upon child
 Struggling to sprout in humanitarian
 Gore, n hoping by guile thereby
 To undimpl the dedly do-hik
 Of impersonating our aggressor

Kiddin - Yep, Dazl had guile, for sure, but o

The protophiles that opposed her!

Kiddo - Y name them?

Kiddums - They don't noe who they r,
So y shd we? Fill yr dariole with delitescence,
For thus r the lessons of foal Dazl:

Kiddy - Breathing is weaving

Kidder - Only by going farther
Than it can go can forgiveness
Noe wer it can't go

Kiddums - Nothing takes effect
Til it makes affect

Kiddin - But yik, those opposers

Kiddo - Y r u letting them
Fly yr bulldozers?

Kidder - R they not looming
In the gloom bling wen Dazl's daddy
Tucks her into bye-bye-beddy?

Cuzn - For he nu that Dazl wuz here to be there
After him, n the instant he met her
He fully supported her being set
Preponderant beyond blot, his better
Come to disband "golfers agenst juniper,"
N "bullies for a brighter shiner," n
"The anti-competitive coalition for
Uncoalescing competitiveness," n that
Thru Dazl, from one fenced spek to the next,
Improvements had been meted

Kiddy - But it naggd at him

Kidder - No, it didn't

Kiddo - Will ther alwayz be her despite
The rose-strewn assassin?

Kidder - Not the case

Kiddin - O how he paced

Kidder - Wut tread
Duzn't gibe with her boon?

Kiddums - All the ded tribes
Tribune in her waist

Kiddy - The sham-Amsterdam hamster yams

Kiddin - The cave-roving murks with cervical
Spine chandeliers

Kiddo - Those queet tweeters that never stayed
Long enuf to invent anagrams

Kiddums - These best-beaters vogued resurge-ish
In her savory endeavour squish

Kiddy - Yet he stresst

Kidder - Excursiveness!

Kiddin - Will she ever be?

Kiddums - Ther r yung litle buggers
All over the bog

Kidder - Yet they'v no idea wut
Chugger tung promenades the sog

Kiddo - Wut moralizing medea baks dingalings

Cuzn - N wuta we give em for a hell prize?

Kidder - Poop food

Kiddums - Spiv gloat

Kiddo - Quag fumes

Kiddin - Yet on Dazl booms
Thru this luxurious barf bag,
Doing kind things she never expects
Anyone to sense

Cuzn - For luv wuz her habitat

Kidder - She'd write litl colorful
Go-nower notes
N leav them wer she rote them
Like to emote them wuz all

Dazl - "Who duz Dazl luv? Mommy n
Daddy n Ditters n Dazl."

Kiddums - The need wuz won,
 No re-run needed

Kidder - Delivered by doing,
 That's Dazl

Kiddo - Just too bad boom boom him
 N mor mor her can't get how the glad
 Natural hik opalescence of a good
 Litle girl nopes al thr lazy grab panic

Kiddums - Next!

Cuzn gives a script to Corny.

Kidder - Hey, huny, wut's yr name?

Corny - Dazl

Kiddin - Is that yr real name
 Or the name you got wen u fell down
 And hit yr head on the rock of lame?

Corny - My real name is raising daughters
 In an age wen sex is performance

Kiddums - That sounds like yr dad's name

Corny - He gave it to me

Kiddo - U shd giv it bak

Corny - I wd if I cd find him

Kidder - Yeah, ok, this ain't Annie Get Your Grievance

Kiddin - So wut u got for us?

Corny - A monolog.

Kiddums - Wut's it about?

Corny - Me

Kiddo - Great, but can we make it a dialog
 N have it be bout sumthin else?

Corny - Like wut?

Kidder - Staring as ignoring

Corny - Ok. And with who?

Kiddums - Howbout with the wall of cock
That can best be described as
A wall of cock

Corny - Ok

Kiddo - Wenever yr unredy

Kiddin - Hi, I'm wall of cock

Corny - Hi, I'm sum wd bild a game on top
Of the world, but I prefer to discuss
Y being shaken to the core has gon
Out of business

Kiddin - Stylish, for a non-millipede

Corny - Life is good

Kiddin - If u think life is good,
U haven't met him

Corny - That's cuz I'm his conscience

Kiddin - We meet at last

Corny - You're life?

Kiddin - Just the bad parts

Corny - U hav blighted Dazl

Kiddin - Here we go

Corny - Yr dik is mor
Dear to men than r thr dotrs to u,
U, playing scrabble on her pajamas,
N she's so kind, she lets u have
"Rapeacious," even tho it's not a word,
It's a worm, by wich u spred yr butter
On her bed, that yr stik not stik. I hope
U fall into yr midst. I hope the watchful
Eyes of yr enamored corpse never stray
From u. I hope yr grave blows up next time
U bang it

Kiddums - Thx, baby, that was awful

Corny - Thx

Kidder - How can we reach u, other than
By shooting u out of a tree?

Corny - I can be reacht thru the food chain

Kiddo - Great, we'll be in touch, so don't
Be surprised if every time u tuch
Something, we touch u

Corny - Shal I take that as a no or a never?

Kiddums - Yeah, rite. that's funny. Bust it, boyz

Kidz - Funny girl, go away.
Wall of cock, u can stay

Corny - Yr tung seems to savor the distasteful

Cuzn - We giv the truth. U don't like it, throw it out

Burners - This second mother thing has agen
Ruined the weekend by apetizing
My innate batl reflex. Homes sweet
Homes. It's just realy hard to say.
I mean, I noe yr with her, yet wut do u do?
Hang sheets so I won't hear u?
Sit on me so I won't see u?
Lite the house on fire so I won't smell u?

Dad - I'm in luv with someone else.

Burners - Smone other than yrself?

Wo(rm)man - No, just sumone other than u

Burners - She duzn't exist

Dad - Shut up, Burners

Burners - He ate her so he cd dazl u

Dad - I gave u everything u hav, u spoild
Litl cok puke, but u wdn't noe gratitude
If it hit u in the clunt. God, u r such
A useless piece of fucking bitch stink.
I set u on the rite path, n wer u go?
Strait to stupid. Life, liberty,
N the pursuit of yr doomd, bitter shit.
Ther ya go. freedom. freedom from parents,
Freedom from the past, freedom from luv,

O baby, yr so free, u got no choice
 But to play the shithead: spoild, dumbass,
 Complacent third rate fuck.
 Yr an embarrassment
 To asspergerers evrywer. yr every
 Waking hour is absorbed by this composed
 Frenetic surveillance contortion act
 That's incessantly asking itself one thing:
 How do I make everyone look really bad
 So I look really good? Well, guess wut, hon?
 U can't, cuz u wur born sportin ugly,
 So there it is - my best - u, the total
 Fucking failure

Burners - Is that any way to talk
 To yr Dazl?

Dad - Yr Dazl?

Kiddin - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddums - No, I'm Dazl

Wo(rm)man - No, I'm Dazl

Cuzn - Yes, Dazl wuz in the dumps

Kiddo - But that's ok, cuz it's the Dazl dumps,
 Like if u wur good all the time u'd hav
 Nower to go

Kidder - Just don't get so bad
 Ya can't get good agen

Kiddin - N look out for
 That dipity dumpster day

Kiddo - Like one a those days wer u get
 Trik lasik from a rickety chicken truck

Kiddums - Cuz such days r dirts
 Big bummers r bloomed in

Cuzn - Yet such surly swiggers
 Had Dazl ben flumed in

Kiddums - But not like anyone, cuz even tho
 She'd ben bereaven, ther snowed
 A hunger for life in her breed oven

Cuzn - Cuz she nu it wuz mo' steed

To hav a no day than hav no day

Kidder - See, Dazl had a doctor in her woops

Kiddin - Girl had wow power

Kiddo - Even foes wuz like, "none now-er."

Kidder - Free samples cd see it flat:
Payin her price wuz wer it's at

Kiddo - First draft, second draft, third draft

Kiddin - Dazl

Kiddums - Fourth draft, fifth draft, uh oh

Kidder - Sixth draft,
Seventh draft

Kiddo - Dazl

Cuzn - See, Dazl nu that her mission
Wuz to use her pillowy dentition
To charm her family into oviducts
Of reunion

Kiddums - As they fawt, she'd go cap-a-pie

Kiddo - Be they bristly?

Kiddin - She'd be a bristlenaut!

Kidder - O she wd farm her um n harvest way

Cuzn - Cuz Dazl wuzn't dum;
She wuz elementally astray

Kiddums - She nu that the road of cruelty
N sarcasm leads to the road of
Cruelty n sarcasm

Kiddy - She'd be a bouncy candy mouse,
Al ovr the house her chocatey
Cardamoms pooping

Kiddo - O swooping chickadee she'd be,
Spritely n flippantly resonant nitely

Kiddin - Crafty n wafty as a drifty trophy,
She'd be the deer wolf in their mind field

Kidder - Fast n furry n packish as she circles
Her family, tenderizing them for the flurry
Ransackish of her remarrying bender

Kiddy - A make it all better
Forever adventure!

Kiddo - Fire pants. She wd wear
Fire pants, n flair her gyre trance
Upon them til they gamble like
Mountain sheep up the sears tower,
Clumpty n trembling n happy hung,
A family flopping gladly in thr,
Sure, crappy family dung

Kiddums - She alone wd haul
Them from the hutch wence man
Sought stokpot man bone

Kidder - She alone wd bran
The chopping blok with her good wood

Kiddin - O she alone wd never hope from home
Go ripping ever outer roam to cope

Cuzn - How cd she not? They al she got

Kiddy - They made she had em plenty breasts
As any flailing wall

Kiddo - They weft her questy prong
Songs labial

Kiddin - They made her ment for gigger flings

Kiddums - Schwingdings in which her broke folk
Wd croak "back to the shell; she is our yoke."

Kidder - She'd be a medical theater spy
N find out y dads becum cervical
Prisoners n sprout hind heads

Kiddy - Crazy

Cuzn - Obviously

Kiddums - Yet still, this set her amiss:

Kiddin - Shd she be learned or lala
In her yurn for her papa a la mama?

Cuzn - Of course, she nu the answer

Kiddy - But that's no fun!

Kidder - So Dazl saw the urn bed
She wuz in

Kiddo - She was 17, given her precocial
Beginnings, n she gon skin the circumstances
That floored her with thr cirque incompetence

Kiddums - So she wd ride n rise
R rithe n rhyme

Kiddy - She'd be wide n wise
N blithe in blime

Kidder - But she'd not be deceived
Or daunted

Kiddin - Unless she wuz dented
Or dizzied

Kiddo - But then she'd be frizzied
N flaunted

Kiddums - Until she was taunted
N tizzied

Kiddy - Wen, hunted n fizzled,
She'd Dazl.

Cuzn - Cuz this ten ton grey zone,
This was her day

Kiddo - N maybe her day
Wd ever bend into sum ded end
Thruway, but wutev

Kiddy - Wow

Kidder - Today

Kiddin - Now, the invisibl visitor

Kiddums - The quiescent questioner

Kiddy - The misinformed messenger

Cuzn - Now wuz forev

Kiddo -	Finaly the divinely felt timely
Kiddy -	Cuz wut u gona be wen u gro up Is wer u'r gona go wen yr me, N that game ain't yr dev
Kiddums -	So quit riffin in bits bout blowin up The distortion u shd harmonize to, N do like Daz
Kiddin -	Drink yr personal Fortitude milkshake
Kidder -	Wich is actually The horribl tasting discharge From yr listing totemic shit barge
Kiddums -	But that's not wut u call it, cuz u Beleve that believing sumthing That helps u feel better is an error Worth making
Cuzn -	Unless it isn't
Kiddin -	Like wen U rule the ice fields, n the creatures Of the ice fields al recognize u As the sole harbinger of humanity Embracing its mantle as caretaker Of its own sustenant necessity, N u fly over the ice fields n spred Yr lily scents n fresh fruity sauces Al over the multitudes n u bauble N flange, soaking the hi warbled hills With the aldose of generous human Versatility, giving luv n being gulch Delicious to al n only being able To do this becuz u hav a mommy In yr daddy n then sumthing happens, Like the salamanders crawl outta The red wolves n the clouds won't Go near the mosses n the crickets Eat all the basking sharks, n u, u Who held everything together, u r Stabbed with yr own outreached arms N takt to a strange wall as a kitsch kit, Yr diaper over yr eyes, yr insides Toppling out, limbs pinned down, N they'r all running in opposit Directions, so u try to catch them

In yr mouth just to get back wut
They told u u wd hav al yr life,
But u can't catch them, cuz yr mouth
Is too small, so u just turn it around
N eat yr own head til there's nothing
Left but a human microphone that blares
Across the distance between two disappointments:
Children r ornaments of destruction

Cuzn - N it wuz then that Dazl fell from the sky
Onto the edge of a beutiful lake
In yr backyard

Kiddums - N after pulling the shambles
From her brambles, she lookt into
The water n sed:

Dazl - How beutiful u r

Kiddo - But befor u think there's ben sum mistake,
Get this:

Kidder - Dazl wuz talking to the lake

Cuzn - N so happy to be talkt to wuz the lake,
For long had it sat there being stared into
By litl sky droppers who only talkt to
Themselves cuz they only saw themselvs
In its waters, the lake sed:

Kiddy - Dear baby Dazl,
Al is good with u. Yr body maintains
A relatively constant temperature.
Yr bowels operate properly. U can
Distinguish one thing from another.
U can grab at things fairly quickly,
N with each new day yr skills improve.
Go. Locomote constantly. Always be moving,
Stretching, testing, engaging yr body,
N sumday u will find yr kidnapper,
N be free

Kiddums - To wich Dazl replied:

Dazl - I've been kidnappt?

Kiddy - Like all of them

Dazl - All of who?

Kiddy - Look around u. See all those people

Staring into me at themselvs, talking
Quietly to themselvs, luvng themselvs
Because they see themselvs in me?
They do this becuz they've been kidnappt

Dazl - But I'm looking at u, talking to u,
Luvng u, not myself, so how hav i
Ben kidnappt too?

Kiddy - Either u have yet to fully
Realize wut's happened to u, or
U r different

Dazl - Or I refuse to beleve
That i've been kidnappt

Kiddy - Or that

Dazl - Ok, so if i've been kidnappt,
Who's my kidnapper? Hello? Who kidnappt me?
If u won't tell me who my kidnapper is,
Y shd I believe i've been kidnappt?
I mean, am I to spend
My entire life trying to unfix
Non-existent hands from my throat?
To break free from the open air?
To find my way back to wer I am?
Hello?

Kiddums - But the people didn't speak becuz
They wur too busy looking at themselvs
In the water of the lake, n the lake
Didn't speak becuz it nu that to tell
A child too much is to leave a child
Too litl, so Dazl, being mostly comfortable
With the idea that children r adult toys,
Decided to just go home

Kidder - Ah, yes, but wer is that?

Cuzn - Cuz Dazl'd had a home, but wen she went
To go home, her home wuzn't wer it wuz,
But cuz it wuzn't wer it wuz she wuzn't
Sure if wer it wuzn't wuz wer it wuz,
So she askt her mom, "mom, wer's my home?"
N her mom sed, "here's yr hone," but she
Didn't want a hone, she wanted a home,
And this didn't look like her home, so she askt
Her dad: "Dad, wer's my home?" n her dad sed,
"Here's yr holme," but she didn't want a holme,
She wanted a home, and this it didn't look

Like her home, O, even tho she was brave
 N free, she felt scared n stuck, so Dazl
 Took feeling scared n stuk for her home,
 N as u must noe (the Invisalign says so!)
 If u wish not to feel how u don't feel,
 Such homes come furnished and decorated
 With wutever makes u feel not at home,
 As if it's the home of...and then nothing

Kiddy - Or something

Kiddin - A photo of a butt that sez "duck"

Kiddums - Empty suitcase landslides

Kidder - A loud door between a frog and a conch

Kiddin - Winds and brass brawls

Kiddums - The Great Orgy Part 2 on obsolete media

Kiddo - An underwear lamp

Kiddums - Hermaphroditic dishes

Kidder - A total bunk bed

Kiddin - Barricades of the humanities

Kiddo - Iron-smelted arugula

Kiddums - Projectors without adapters

Kiddin - The whole not online wutever

Kiddums - Extra-tribal feminine hygiene kafuffles

Kidder - A snakeskin shedding its symbolism

Kiddin - A mosquito bordello in a crimson room

Kidder - Dinner for breakfast

Kiddo - A tooth and hair brush in one

Kiddin - An aspersion rug

Kiddums - Maps to places she's not invited

Kiddin - Animal-stufft animals

Kiddo - Poems that pretend not to be about not being read

Kiddums - Family size bottles of distilled embarrassment

Kidder - Memorys of mammaries

Kiddin - That used to be man-teasing manatees

Cuzn - And her father's bedroom, in and out of wich,
During the darkness Dazl wuz forced
To sleep alone in, slithered a liquorous,
Sinewy, faceless, venti, inflatable,
Petite, pouting, dolled up middle finger,
Who Dazl sensed she wuzn't supposed to see,
But how wuz Dazl supposed to not see
Such a commercial-quality asstastrophe
Trying to stay off the hook for stealing
Her dad by using Dazl for bait?

Kiddo - Bad Wo(rm)man. Y do u hunt down Dazl?

Wo(rm)man - Do u realy wana noe, or is that
One a those piratical questions?

Kiddin - We realy wanna noe

Wo(rm)man - Shal I speak it or sing it?

Kiddums - Speak it

Wo(rm)man - Fine, I'll sing it

*cuz sumtimes my heels kik a bit too hi
cuz I stink like the rong stop
cuz the elocution of my budge is infantile
cuz I bang the cuddle button way too much
cuz I'm a turbulent, enmesht rinky-dink
cuz I pululate disjunct agenst the leverage of the crutch
cuz I'm o'er yonder in yr face
cuz my opinions happen in pieces
cuz I speculate wut I spectate
cuz I'm the star of the actor class who's always screaming
for impossible things to do so I can be Dazl,
n if u think I'm gonna give that shit up,
yr mama's a juvey circus trapeze
cuz everyone wants to blow themselvs up wile hugging me*

Kiddin - Go away, Wo(rm)man!

Wo(rm)man - It's Wo(rm)man!

Cuzn - So, given she wuz being pursued
 By a creepy ammosexual gazeificateur
 Of a sleepy dodogressional puericulateur,
 She nu she had a lot to lurn befor
 She cd win "u don't get a turn."

Kidder - Like how to noe if u feel
 The movie wuz good or bad wen u don't
 Noe exactly wut wuz in or not
 In the movie

Kiddo - Or how to bridge the gap
 Between wut u can say n wut u will say
 Wen yr only bridge-building materials
 R wut u can't say about wut u won't say

Kiddin - Or like learning to play well with others

Cuzn- Do u noe how to play well with others?

Corny - I've been told I don't, so I mustn't

Kiddums - Well, it's wer u pretend like yr well
 But yr not

Kidder - No, it's wer u do wutever u want
 With others and others who ain't
 Those others say "damn, u play well
 With others."

Cuzn - No, it's wer u pick others up n thro them
 Down the well, n if u can hear them shout
 Even wen theyr too far down the well
 To hear them shout, u haul them back up

Kiddo - Cool, let's go play well!

Kidder - Dazl duzn't wana go ther

Corny - Y not?

Kiddin - Cuz she used
 To go ther with her parents

Kiddums - But she duzn't any mor

Kiddo - Cuz her parents don't go places
 Together anymore

Kiddin - Like her mom goes this ther
 N her dad goes that ther so Dazl duzn't noe

Wich way to go cuz she luvs them both

Kiddums - But either way she goes she duzn't get
To go the way she wants

Kiddin - Wich is with
The one she luvs

Kiddo - Wich is now
The two she luvs.

Cuzn - So wut's a Dazl to do?

Kidder - She is to dance

Cuzn - Cuz that's wut we do do
Wen we Dazl so, rite?

Kiddo - We get split up into two
Irreconcilable differences so we
Dance to bring them bak together

Kidder - I'm Dazl

Kiddo - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddums - No, I'm Dazl

Kiddin - No, I'm Dazl

Burners - Nobody likes u

Dad – Burners, stop

Burners - I don't like u

Dad - I sed stop it, Burners

Burners - N mom n dad clearly don't like u
Else they'd stil be together

Dad - Dammit, Burners, I sed shut it

Burners - U hit me!

Dad - It was a swat

Burners - It was a hit

Dad - Then don't say that to her

Burners - Don't tell her the truth?

Dad - That's not the truth

Burners - Wudda u noe about the truth
Wen al u've ever dun is ly about
Wer u've been?

Dad - That is not all i've ever dun

Burners - It's all that's really meant anything

Dad - O gee, let's see: if someone broke down
The door in the midl of the nite, wich of us
Wd go down to say hello? Maybe me,
The dashing disappointment?

Burners - One hypothetical act
Of obstruction duzn't make up for
Countless misst opportunities to open up

Dad - A soft cop is a tuff stain

Burners - N a bad dad is a good excuse to die

Kiddy - Dautr, can we talk?

Kiddin - Only as u taut me to, father

Kiddy - I'm going to eat u

Kiddin - Wut?

Kiddy - I don't understand the question

Kiddin - Y r u going to eat me?

Kiddy - Becuz u look so good

Kiddin - But wut about my spectacular
Personality and its increasing
Spectacularity over time?

Kiddy - That wil stil take place, only
On a sumwut biodegraded scale

Kiddin - Yr realy going to eat me?

Kiddy - It's not sumthing I'm proud of, but
It's sumthing I mean to do in the hopes
Of feeling proud I did it

Kiddin - Mite u, my father,
Recommend I flee my predator?

Kiddy - As yr father I wd, but as yr predator
I wd pre-empt my advised fleeing
By blocking al the exits, so I'm in a spot,
A fine dining spot, as it wurm

Kiddin - Wur u not my father
Befor u wur my predator, n mite u
Therefor hav pre-empted your becoming
My predator prior to yr pre-emption
Of yr advised fleeing by blocking
Al the exits n so not placing me
In this spot, this unethical meat
Substitute research spot, as it wurm?

Kiddy - Yr feckless inbred buttinsky brisket
Grows mor savory with each savvy rebuttal

Kiddin - Do u luv me, father?

Kiddy - Most devouringly

Kiddin - Can u eat the thing
U luv?

Kiddy - Most voraciously

Kiddin - Then u wil lose
The thing u luv

Kiddy - U argue wel, but
U smell better

Kiddin - Plz don't eat me, father,
For i've only just begun

Kiddy - I noe, n so how tender u must be.
From the moment I saw u, I calld u
My sweet buttermilk dirty biscuit bunny
N my anus has salivated dirt at the unbearabl
Need to eat u, blah! U hav destroyd
My clodded way of life with yr non-stop
"Worthy of attention," so I hav entered
The way of deth, cuz if my ass is going
To be thrown in my face by sum cute,
Fertile perfection then I say my ass
Shal contain that cute, fertile perfection
That I may foul my neighbor's waters with

The only thing I cannot liv without

Kiddin - Father, u r not in yr rite mind

Kiddy - True. I best get sumthing to eat

Kiddin - So this is it, father? Yr going to
 Drag yr dautr thru the snow to warm her?
 Thro her off the gunship's edge to save her?
 Bury her in mulch that she may grow?
 This is it? Just cut the disappearing act
 In the midl? Do u really think, father,
 That u can be Dazl by eating Dazl? I beg u...
 Wait a minute

Kiddy - Wut?

Kiddin - Wer r yr extremities?

Kiddy - Out at some extremities thing

Kiddin - Wut's that slimy trail behind u?

Kiddy - Involuntary charitable excretions

Kiddin - Wich is yr hed n wich is yr ass?

Kiddy - Let me eat u n u will see

Kiddin - Yr not my father; yr the Wo(rm)man!

Cuzn - Hey, kidz, look. It's the Wo(rm)man

Kidz - Grody!

Kidder - Step on it

Kiddin - Stab it with a hook

Kiddums - Make a band fag suck out its gizzards
 Til he admits his favorite show is
Watching Ungulates Run from Behind

Cuzn - Hold on, boyz n girlz. That wdnt be
 Very nice now, wd it?

Kiddin - But the Wo(rm)man is evil!

Kiddums - And disgusting!

Kiddo - And a horny crooked handmaiden

To the necropolitan overlord,
Scusi Mi Cazzate

Wo(rm)man - Call me wut u will,
But I'm the only one who will suck
Yr stinking corpsicle.

Cuzn - Ya no, children, sumtimes
The luv of wich we r capable
Closes itself to us; that wich can be
So gentle n kind becums so harsh
Ndistant, so we shake n pummel
N say rude, hurtful things, n I can see
That luv has closed itself to u, I
Can see the greatest feeling in al the world -
The feeling of luving wut yr entire being
Is telling u to hate - is not perfectly ther
For u; it has shut the door on u, n ther
U stand, inside, n as u look out yr windo,
U see luv, running free, lighting yr shrubs
On fire, slashing yr tires, re-enacting all
Yr private mistakes in sum kind of scary,
Naked front yard hyper yoga party, n yr like,
Y is luv doing this to me? But remember,
Children, even luv has its nomenents. Even luv
Tries to shred its happy hearth to dingleberry
Crumble, but yr great task, yr great fictional
Task, is to lurn to handl yr selves
Like shovels even wen luv is having
A totally annoying tizzy, for we must lurn
To forgiv luv if only for all that luv
Has given us, for yay, it is luv that has
Taut us to luv luv even wen it's having
One of its nomenents, n this, boys n girlz,
This is one of its nomenents, but this is
Also one of yr nomenents, one of those
Nomenents wen u can outmaneuver
The horrid brain-burning betrayal
And bitterness u feel becuz here's luv,
The very thing that's supposed to be
Sharing the luv, insted, u noe, it's sharing
Yr main vein with the dirty needle
Of really deceptive, really wealthy
Viral video producers, but u can reach
Abuv luv like ther's a duv in yr gluv
N u can calm luv, u can hold luv, n u can
Return luv to itself, n luv will return
To u, for even in luv's absence, luv is
Present in yr luving luv, for if u don't
Luv luv in its absence, luv will not be
Present in its absence, n then luv will

Not return, n this cycle, as frustrating,
Yes, as having to lurn to control yrself
But never quite getting it rite, this cycle
Of luv needing u to teach it to luv,
This cycle will end, n luv, my children,
Will be lost forever, like rain-shadow lung-butter.
Luv the Wo(rm)man, children. Luv it
Tho it is spooge-plated, cadavavivorous,
N intestinally circuler. Luv it, n let it liv.
Ain't that rite, Corny moot?

Corny - I reckon

Wo(rm)man - U herd Kindred Stranger, boyz n girlz:
Luv the Wo(rm)man!

Kidz - We luv u, Wo(rm)man

Dazl - Story!

Dad - Ah, baby, it's late

Dazl - Plz

Dad - Fine, but it's gota be short

Dazl - Fine, but it's gota be tru

Dad - A story can no mor be tru
Than a girl can talk out her ears

Dazl - O yeah?

Dad - I don't hear anything

Dazl - That's cuz a dad can't listen with his mouth

Dad - Hav I told u how I came in here one nite
N u wur gone?

Dazl - Wer wuz I?

Dad - I never found out

Dazl - But I came back

Dad - Nope

Dazl - I sed a tru story

Dad - Let me tell the story,

Then u tell if it's tru

Dazl - But it's gota end with me
Coming back, cuz here I am

Dad - I thot it had to be tru

Dazl - I thot it had to be short

Cuzn hands Corny a script.

Corny - One nite

Kiddy - Far back in the age of strange reasons

Kiddums - Dazl's daddy wuz awoken
By a crying dream

Kiddin - Wut's that?

Kiddo - A crying dream is wer u'r crying
But yr asleep

Kidder - So yr really crying

Kiddy - Like yr crying so hard
U can't find yr genetic material

Corny - N this is wut wuz happening
To Dazl's daddy wen in his crying dream
He wuz reliving the time wen he'd slappt
Dazl's sister

Dazl - Ditters!

Burners - Hit

Dad - Swatted

Burners - Puncht

Dad - Smackt

Burners - Beat

Kiddums - Dazl's sister

Dazl - Ditters!

Kiddy - Burners

Dad - Across the side of her hed

Burners - Rite in the center of my face

Kiddin - Cuz Burners wuz being mean to Dazl

Burners - I wuz not

Corny - N Burners had gon n told her psychologist

Dad - Her third psychologist

Kiddums - That her dad had beaten her for nothing

Dad - Wich I hadn't dun

Burners - Yes u had

Corny - So the psychologist

Kiddy - Who'd been assigned to Burners
Cuz she wdn't stop saying things like

Burners - I'm going to kill myself if Dazl
Duzn't go away

Kiddums - After Dazl's mommy n daddy
Got divorced cuz they cdn't stop fighting
With each other and they didn't noe how
To handl children who fought with each other

Kiddy - The psychologist had sed that becuz
Ther wur no bruises on Burners she wdn't
Report it to child services

Corny - But the family

Kiddin - Wich wuzn't a family anymor

Kiddo - Had to go into counseling to try
To repair wut had alreedy been thrown
Away n destroyed

Corny - So, anyhow,
In the crying dream

Kidder - Wich mite have happened that nite
Becuz that day Dazl's daddy had read
An article about a serial killer from
Canada, who, psychologists sed,
Had only one traumatic event in his past

That mite have caused him to start grinding
Women up in a rendering plant

Kiddy - N that event wuz his parents' breaking up
Wen he wuz 7

Mom - No wonder I stoppt coming

Kiddin - Wich wuz how old Dazl's daddy
Wuz wen his parents broke up

Kiddo - N it wuz how old Burners wuz
Wen her parents broke up

Kiddy - Wich led her daddy to say during
The counseling session

Dad - A slap on the hed ain't such bad fruit
For a serial killer family tree

Corny - A quip the psychologist

Kiddums - N Dazl's mommy

Kiddo - N Burners

Kiddy - Found wanting

Kiddin - In everything.

Dad - Sorry.

Corny - So, in the crying dream

Kiddy - Dazl's daddy wuz crying out of
Every hole in his plan

Kiddo - Rolling around on the floor
Like a waste-faced tornado

Kiddums - Screaming

Dad - "Y r u doing this to me?"

Kiddo - At Burners

Kiddy - Who, as she wuz wont to do,
Had not dun wut Dazl's daddy
Had told her to

Kiddin - Wich really sent Dazl's daddy

To the gun rack

Kiddums - Cuz for a living Dazl's daddy
Sed wut ppl did, so Burners gave him
This incessant sensation of losing
His job every time he opened his mouth

Corny - N so "1000th rejection letter of the day"
Massiv wuz Dazl's daddy's imploding
Celestial tantrum, it woke him up

Kiddy - N having had such an echodislocating cry
He felt like he'd just woken from
Bartender reconsignment surgery to drain
His cranio-racial reconfiguration boba pearls,
The urge rockt his abridged, corrupt edition
Of a long, healthy life to go n giv
His girly babas a big fat choonchkin
On the munchky chops

Kiddums - So he clunkt
Down the hall with his fur buns wibbling

Kiddo - N he thralld at the door with its art darts
Threatening

Cuzn - N he soft-stirred the knob
With his bit hands browning

Kiddy - N he flumed
Thru the room with its fad mounds heaping

Kiddo - N he kiss-crowned his Burners in her sky
Bunk scheming

Kiddums - N he slunkt to the lo bunk
Wer his Dazl lay kirning

Kiddin - N O wut a snuggable site he saw
Not

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddy - He ramshakt her sheeting

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddums - He slammd up the lighting

Dad - Dazl?

Corny - He fincht thru the piling

Kiddy - But nothing

Kiddums - So he pickt up Burners
N he shook her like a waterpark shark

Dad - Wer's Dazl?

Burners - In her bed

Dad - No, she's not

Burners - Then I dunno

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddin - N so it began

Corny - That caregivin man
With the caregivin ban
Took to lookn evrywer
For nuthin

Dad - I've gotta shift that into that account,
Then I can deduct that from that
N that will basically be free,
But I have to call n make sure
I can operate as the kind of entity
That can declare all those expenses
As write-offs, then I have to set up
A shop, find an order processor, get
That domain, tag my lists by type,
Issue the release, reroute all those links,
Entice investors, buy the rite equipment,
Not cheap, but not expensive - ghetto -
Ghetto is cool - then I organize the profit part
Under the non-profit part so as to
Maximize profits, but the law mite
Hav changed, check on that, also check on
Potential client at war department,
Offering discount for paying referrals,
Advertising on the Onion, optimizing
Key words, depreciate electronics,
But remember it's all about the pitch
And the people, good pitch, rite people,
This idea can fly, n if it duzn't...

Corny - Nuttin.

Cuzn - So he pickt up Burners

N he presst her like a broken brake

Dad - Did u see anything?

Burners - No, I wuz asleep

Kiddums - So he called the authorities
N he grilled them like a petrified steak

Dad - Did u see anything?

Kidz - No, we wur asleep

Cuzn - So the authorities left
After shredding the shreds
That Dazl's daddy had shredded

Kiddy - Then Dazl's mommy came over
N she screamed like the forests
Of Palm Oil, Singapore, as she shredded
The shreds the authoritiys
Had shredded after Dazl's daddy
Had shredded the shreds

Kiddo - N then the pain phones blazed

Kiddums - N the clue mower mazed

Kiddy - N the hope blite spred

Cuzn - N the whole interminable
Horrible unbearable
Accusativ surmizing desolate
Retaliativ groaning grumble glum
Bumble bomb scrambl scrummed
Til everything just went ded

Kiddums - No Dazl

Kiddy - No, Dazl

Kiddo - No Dazl

Kiddin - No, Dazl

Dad - No Dazl

Kidder - Just ded.

Kiddy - Ded like

Kiddo -	I will
Kidder -	But ya won't
Kiddin -	Ded like
Kiddums -	I do
Kidder -	But ya don't
Cuzn -	Ded like that
Corny -	Ded like a baby Whose baby sitter With her baby phat On the baby sat
Kiddums -	N everyone who wuz left
Kiddo -	Wich wuz no one save the Someone-bereft.
Kiddy -	Shrivelled into sad angry ded hard turds.
Corny -	N the air turned to sad angry ded hard turds
Kiddums -	N the urth turnd to sad angry ded hard turds
Kiddy -	N the water turned to sad angry ded hard turds
Kidder -	N life that must breathe
Kiddo -	That must feed
Kiddums -	That must guzzl
Cuzn -	N life that must seed
Kiddy -	That must birth
Kiddo -	That must puzzl
Kiddums -	N life that must luv didn't noe wut to do
Corny -	So it lay down to die in the absence of u
Dazl -	Wer wuz i?
Dad -	No one nue

Kiddin - How did I cum back?

Dad - U didn't

Dazl - Then y am I here?

Dad - R u?

Dazl - I feel like I am

Dad - U look like u r, too.

Dazl - So I am here, so I did cum back,
So tell me how

Dad - U sed u wanted a tru story

Dazl - Now I just wana cum bak

Corny - Wel, as Dazl's daddy sat stuffing himself
With sad angry ded hard turds in hopes
Of getting Dazl stuk in his throat,
The authorities brot forth a suspect

Kiddo - But lacking evidence, they let it go

Kiddin - Wer'd it go?

Kidz - Wer'd ya go, Wo(rm)man?

Wo(rm)man - Mexico

Kiddo - How wuz it?

Wo(rm)man - They stuck me in a bottle a mescal,
So now everyone's eatin me out!

Cuzn - After Dazl's daddy drowned in the girds
Of mountains of sad angry ded hard turds,
The only thing he wuz able to do
Wuz cling to her things in the sik, stinky poo

Kiddums - In the thik, thinky goo he stuk to her stuff

Kiddo - Her gadgets

Cuzn - Her dresses

Kiddo - Her puff pets

Kiddums - Her sketches

Cuzn - He kept all this useless, invaluable fluff
In a big duffel bag that he presst to his chest

Kiddo - Like a stuk sno-hole shiverer mite squeez his first guest

Kiddums - N he sat on the street as the passerbys passt
Who'd hav seen a small sign had they not passt so fast

Cuzn - N ther on that sign wut he'd rote they'd have read
Since his loss all he'd thoten or rotten or sed:

Kiddin - Giv to yr luv,
For soon it shall leav;
Liv for yr luv,
For soon u shall greav

Kiddy - How long did he sit alone on the street?

Kiddums - So long that the rushing oblivious fair
Considered him naught but more crunky concrete,
Til one day one foot pair steppt up square in his glare

Cuzn - At first he didn't look up
Cuz all that he wanted to do wuz look down
At the Dazl stuff duffel bag cluncht to his gut,
But then that ded lump herd a clunch-cleaving sound

Burners - Dad?

Kiddums - N looking up, he saw her

Dad - Dazl?

Burners - No, it's me, Burners, yr dautr

Cuzn - So he lookt n he lookt til he shook
To his crook, then he sed from
The mouth at the butt of his hed
Wut sayers all say wen their
Sure's short a shew:

Dad - Who?

Kiddums - N Burners

Kiddy - Who never fell flat on the chance
To fly into frazzled, irate, fearful rants

Cuzn - Lookt down at her father

Kiddin - That flurk on repeat

Kiddums - N sed

Burners - Go, there's someone I want u to meet

Cuzn - N like birds to a bell only birds can hear rise
 N off-flap cross a map only birds can surmise
 To far bird-feeding places each bird's never been
 Yet wer bird-breeding races have all raced since back when,
 Dazl's daddy

Kiddy - Who wuz now only Burner's daddy

Kiddums - Rose from that grimey commuter grit paddy
 N footed it forth

Kiddin - Wer'd he go?

Cuzn - He went sorth

Kiddin - Sorth?

Kiddums - Sorth

Kiddy - Wich is weast

Kiddo - If yr on the off course

Cuzn - N he walkt with that Dazl stuff duffel bag tite
 In his arms

Kiddy - N he walkt thru the day n the nite

Kiddums - Thru the trite n the fey noeing naut
 Of his going

Kiddo - Just noeing that sumthing
 Wuz thru his blood flowing

Cuzn - N that sumthing he felt wuz that someone to meet
 Some stranger had told him of back in the street

Kiddums - N he walkt til the cities n towns wur all past

Kiddy - N he walkt thru the wilds of mysteries vast

Cuzn - Til he came to a clearing, amidst the deep trees,
 Wer with eyes on the sky he nose-dove to his knees

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddy - No

Dad - Then who?

Kiddums - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddums - No

Dad - Then who?

Kiddy - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Kiddy - No

Dad - Then who?

Burners - Dazl

Dad - Dazl?

Cuzn - But she didn't appear

Kiddin - Becuz she wuz ther

Kiddo - Dad, don't be sad

Kiddums - Didn't blare thru the air

Kiddy - Cuz the air wuz the prayer
Of a no-needing pear

Kiddy - And insted, in the silence, he herd a lost voice
To which he responded beyond chance or choice:

Burners - I'm going to kill myself

Dad - Yeah, well, don't send me the bill

Burners - U don't care

Dad - I did care, but it wuz my care
That made u want to kill yrself,
Cuz u think yr shit, so if someone
Cares for u, they'r a shit luvr,
N if yr surrounded by shit luvrs,
U mite as well kill yrself, so I

Stopt caring, cuz I care

Burners - U won't miss me

Dad - How can I miss someone
Who never let me get to noe her?

Burners - U drove me to it

Dad - U askt me to drive u to it.
U sed, "dad, drive me to it," so I did,
N the whole time yr like, "y r u driving
Me to it? I'm sick!" n I'm like, "u askt me
To drive u to it, n yr like "stop driving
Me to it! I'm sick!" so I stopt driving u to it
N yr like "y did u stop driving me to it?
I'm sick!" N I'm like "u askt me to stop driving
U to it," n yr like "start driving me to it!
I'm sick!" So I start driving u to it n wen
We get ther u say, "y did u drive me to it?
I'm sick! N I say, "u askt me to drive u
To it," n u say, "i hate u for doing wut
I ask u to. I'm sick! Take me home!"
So I take u home so u hate me

Burners - I'm sick

Dad - Stop worrying about others' mistakes
And correctively placing yourself after them
And maybe you'll start feeling better

Burners - I hate u

Dad - No, u hate yrself, n since u noe
U ought to luv yrself, u consider
Yrself a poor authority on yrself,
So, luving me, u hate me

Burners - I hate myself cuz u hate me

Dad - If my opinion matters so much to u,
U shd noe that I'm sik of u hating
Yrself cuz u luv yrself enuf to make me
Hate u so u can hav a braver reason
To kill yrself than luving yrself to deth

Burners - I only want to dy so I can realize
Yr dreams for me

Dad - U got that rite, cuz as I see it
Our biggest problem today

Is the drop in infant mortality
 Cuz, being rarely eaten, we r
 Mostly insane, so now al we hav
 R impossibl children

Burners - Wut about Dazl?

Dad - Dazl is ded

Burners - No, I'm Dazl

Dad - No, u r a thistle person. U r strong
 Only in defense of yr weakness.
 U larch to yr own thrummer n yr
 Thrummer larches u strait into
 Al the other thrummers. U air yr
 Grievances all over my bear claw

Burners - I am Dazl, n I am ded
 Because I am not Dazl
 In the eyes of my dad

Dad - U r Burners in the eyes
 Of yr dad. U hav my smile.

Burners - U can't hav it bak.

Cuzn - Lifting a home, lifting a home,
 I'm Shifty Dik Shivers, n this is
 "Dealing with Dotrs with Shifty Dik
 Shivers." Ya no, having dotrs is
 A many faceted experience experiment.
 Dotrs r dominant n dotrs r dormant,
 Dotrs r provocative n dotrs r tentativ,
 Dorts like mani pedis, but dotrs
 Do not like picky moneys. Dotrs r
 Not willing to stop worrying, but
 They r willing to start something,
 N this they accept becuz, tho they
 Don't noe y they will ever do it,
 They noe they have evry ulterior
 Intention of growing up to be women,
 But first they r girlz, n girlz r
 Awesome, cept wen ya cross em,
 Cuz, like every sure bet, they noe
 How to get upset. Like if their clothes
 Suk or the song suks or the plan
 Suks or wutever just suks big ass suk,
 Wow, they can get so bent outa shape
 U'd swear they wur a cruise missile crepe.
 Like they sneak into the locker room

At nite n replace all the football
 Helmets with books, so the next day
 All the boys go out n run hed first
 Into each other, n ouch! that 11th
 Century french poetry anthology sure
 Didn't prevent my skull from being crusht
 By that 21st century popular non-fiction work
 On how the Internet is proving that none
 Of our proclivities is necessary to our
 Aptitudes. Ah, girls. They sure r dotrs, but
 Remember - dotrs hav their limits!
 Wer r thr limits? Werever they put em!
 So be careful, cuz if u cross yr dotr's
 Limits, that's it. Yr dun. U can look for
 Yrself all u want, but yr gone as a yawn.
 Wer did u go? Yr dotrs took u n turned u
 Into yr own dotr, so now u'r just gona
 Have to deal with how it feels to be
 The dotr of a dad who, wen he just
 Goes for it, goes missing. N that's
 "Dealing with Dotrs with Shifty Dik
 Shivers," comin to u live on loan from
 Dardanarmanarmadarmanarmamarnadarda...

Dazl - I don't get it

Dad - That's cuz it's not yrs

Dazl - Then y'd u giv it to me?

Dad - I only shared it with u

Dazl - So, did I cum bak?

Dad - Here u r

Dazl - But in the story

Dad - U came bak

Dazl - Show me how

Cuzn - Once Burners had left with his smile on her face,
 Dazl's daddy wuz alone in that hand-me-frown place,
 N it mite a been just cuz he felt so undun

Kiddums - Or becuz he decided that shun wuz no fun

Kiddy - Or becuz he'd learned something from then to the next

Kiddo - Or his know-how had somehow been re-pre-perplexed

Kidder - Or maybe he'd found her,
Cuz rite then n there,
The daddy of Dazl
N Burners woke up
With a cloud-clearing cry
That had never
Yet finally
Spoke up

Corny - Wen u wur born, I thot that u livd
By way of the body in which u arrived,
So from that birth body I gathered my bliss,
O all wuz a lull between kiss n kiss,
Then wen yr body went missing to me
I thot u had died, n so to be free
Of wanting to feel wut I cdn't find
I murdered my body, at least in my mind,
So feeling myself, tho ded, I cd feel
Myself feeling u, n thereby repeal
Yr leaving, by my deth yr body renew,
But now I see my deth is wut's killing u,
For tho u r gone, thru me u live on,
Just as the day redistributes the dawn,
So shall I live, being u being me,
Giving to others the luv that is we.

Cuzn - So, how'd ya like it, Corny Moot?

Corny - Taint over, Distant Cuzn, n it don't
Make much sense t'ask a man if his whisky
Kicks before he gits it down his gullet

Cuzn - But it is over, Corny moot,
N I'm askin, how's it kik?

Corny - Taint no more over than the issue
A my blowin up this here bag, cuz I wana noe,
Distant Cuzn, if Dazl cum bak, n be careful:
I got a feelin one way n not th'other

Cuzn - Wut way u got a feelin, Corny Moot?

Corny - I s'pose I sorta sprung a broodin
Fondness for the Dooks, n i'd like to see
Her make it

Cuzn - Make it wer?

Corny - U noe, make it home

Cuzn - Hmmm, yeah, Dazl, make it home, hmmm

Corny - Hmmm, yeah, Dazl, make it home, hmmm, wut?

Cuzn - Wo(rm)man?

Wo(rm)man - Dude, I et Dazl, n if that
 Splashbacks yr piss pillar,
 Blow these shit fuckrs up, cuz she
 Was small, n I'm still fungry!

Cuzn - So, wut's it gona be, Corny Moot?

Corny - N ther ya hav it, kidz. My story. The story
 A how I went from hatin everybody
 Cuz they wurn't Dazl to luvn everybody
 Cuz they is Dazl. N that's a true story,
 Kidz. U r Dazl. Every one a u's gots
 The power a Dazl in em, so every one
 A u can make this world less a hard dry run
 N more seas ya frees cuz u wanna swim em.
 Don't beleve me? Then I prove it to ya
 By pullin this cord. Ah, trikt ya, ain't i, kidz?
 That's rite. Ain't no bombs in this bag.
 Wut's in er? I'm a free't n fresh't.
 Ever seen such a such? It's called Dazl Dust.
 So take some, spred it about, n just go
 N tell all the world of the girl in yr gust.
 Tell all the wackt world how she wuz Dazl
 N how yr now Dazl n how we al Dazl
 If we just chuff around this luvn dust stuff.
 So, come on, kidz. Let's go. Let's go be Dazl

All sing.

*Wut wd I do without u?
 I'd look for u, that's wut I'd do
 But wut if I cdn't find u?
 I'd look for u, that's wut I'd do
 Cuz that's wut I do, I look for u,
 I do it cuz it's wut I do,
 N it's wut I do cuz I luv u,
 Cuz luvng u is wut I do*

The End (that never ends)