The Sitter And The Sat

His niece arrives with smell
and lolly stickiness.
She says, I’m aw a mess.
N’kay I kiss the glass?

He’ll sit a demoness
that likes to spit and tell.
She kicks the television
and now requires cake.

His power cord’s her snake,
a lamp her popsicle.
She yuks as toons rip off
their pants, hers start to trickle.

Explaining the handkerchief,
that nose does not feed mouth,
he sings a nervous hymn,
she pirouettes for him.

This siren loves vibration
and hugging big big things.
When mama comes he says,
my, time had big big wings!

Her hugs have rub-a-dubbed
him a toy of princeliness.
His sister asks, you trying
for children of your own?

Wiping a phlegmy glob,
he says, I will some day,
but now it’s hard just being
a fetus in the bathtub.

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