

Hungry Slingshots

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VIREO GOES WHIP TIM KELLY

justlearning: Who's Tim Kelly?

one; two; three; four; six
hip; hip; hip hurrah boys; spring is here
chortle-deeeeee

chew-chew-chew
listen to my evening sing-ing-ing-ing
tic-tic-mcgreer

shook-shook-shook-shook-shook
je-je-je-je-je-je-je
pill-will-willet

ra-vi-o-li
kit
cheer-up; cheer-a-lee; cheer-ee-o

whoo-eeek
jeeeeeeee
check

click click (typewriter-like)
oh; dear me! (three blind mice)
where are you? and here I am

too-too-too
who's awake? me too
here-here; where-where; all-together-down-the-hill

who-cooks-for-you; who-cooks-for-you-all
(a ping-pong ball dropped onto a table increasing in rate and pitch)
pleased-pleased-pleased-pleased-ta-meetcha

but-I-DO-love-you
I'm-I'm-I'm-so-sweet
sweet; sweet; sweet; little-more-sweet

quick give me a rain check
qu'est-ce qu'il dit? qu'est-ce qu'il dit?
cover-it-up; pull-it-up; pull-it-up

come here Jimmy quickly
spit and see if I care; spit
Madge; Madge; Madge pick beetles off; the water's hot

here; here; come right here; dear
quick; three-beers
fire; fire; where? where? here; here; see it? see it?

hurry; worry; blurry; flurry
more; more; more cheezies; please pink
drop-it; drop-it; cover-it-up

dear; dear; dear
here; here; here peter-peter-peter
po-ta-to-chip (and dip)

kicky-chew; kiki-krrr; pee-pee-toe
see-bit-see-bit-see-bit
see-see-see-see

gulp; gulp; gulp
hot dog; pickle-ickle-ickle
chuck chuck chuck-it-too-ee zheh zheh

I am so laz-eeeeee
please; please; please squееееze
t-cheer; t-cheer; t-cheer

cheer-cheer-cheer-purty-purty-purty
chip-chewy-chew
veer-veer-veer-veer

skaip
chatter
eh-eh; eh-eh

ah; ah; ah; ah
few
pee-trip-treee

tu-tu-tu
spring-of-the-year
no hope

haa-haa-haa-haa
wuff; wuff; wuff; wuff; wuff
tree; tree; tree terwitter-witter wit

tea-kettle; tea-kettle; tea-kettle
pit-sit
tee-seep

turdle; turdle; turdle; two-to-you
twit-twit-twit; sweet-sweet-sweet
zweet; zweet; zweet

yoo-yoo; yoo-yoo-yoo
shaaaaack paark
Pe-cos; Pe-cos; Pe-cos

THE MOMMY COLLECTION

After *Roses de Noël* (1843-1878) by Théodore de Banville

It seemed the only thing you could do is crawl under the bed, and start saying, over and over and over again: I want my mommy. Mommy mommy. Please, make it stop, mommy, I don't like this. Mommy, this is very bad.

—Errol Morris

TEAR SQUISHER

If you don't see the face of your son
Under the crate (delivered by a professional)
If for you the child you sawed and hammered to sleep
Remains a crate, then Mum

Let me get stoned on the smoking resin, your voice, again
My poetic, my first sleepover
Kneeling here beside you
Rest my head on the skirt flap

I want to become a blubberer again, I do
Forgetting the touch-screen, be RE-LIVED
When a comb'd gently pass through my hair
A golden one — from fairyland!

At your hand folding down my lids
I'd waken, stoned
Euphoric, tingling, nourished
In the empty, dry volume

Cadencing motes
Darkdreaming alongside you
I want to reflect on pouts again and that when I get high
I'm a bitter somnambulist

You used to say: My son, one day you'll suffer
Let's put off the bad
Hide in my arms
And those kisses I received

This category of France's "lie"
We both knew
Made their truth
Yes, the only! And now, I hallucinate

Mum! — let me say that word
Charm and let forget — there is nothing except this moment
If I'm happy again
When I forget and when I cry