

Ennui

King Missile

Personally, I'm more than a little disillusioned with castration. I've used it numerous times as a literary device, and it seems to have lost its punch. I'm sure it isn't the last taboo; no doubt there are endless avenues of violence and depravity for me to explore. I've done child molestation, president-fucking, golden showers, in fact, I believe I helped popularize the phrase "I'd rather be pissed on than pissed off"! I've written about mass suicides, mass murders, and God help me, Christian masses. I have blasphemed heinously, although, I admit, not nearly as heinously as any major religion, try as I might. Some of the shit I've done with shit would make your shit turn green. I've played with and eaten my own vomit. I have fucked your father's corpse in every available orifice and have punched out a few new ones, and there's not a fucking thing you can do about it, and tomorrow I'll do it again. I've done bad things with relish, and good things with pickles. I regret nothing, I apologize for nothing, but it is all so appallingly pedestrian, and none of it thrills or shocks me anymore. It is so sad. So maybe I should just go back to the flowers and the bunnies and the sunshine and whatnot