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Lolita Repellent

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Lolita Repellent

Lolita, my spanish queen. You silly maraca player. You daring disciple of percussion. You beautiful crowd manipulator. You fashion statement-making pixie. Lolita, my love, why did you run so far away from me? My person contains not a single flaw. I am the best. My eyes reflect the majesty of a sunrise in the Colorado Mountains. When I sleep, I resemble an innocent child, carefully tucked in a crib, free of every care in the world, bathed in nothing but beauty. Lolita, oh my saucy spanish little butterfly, why would you leave such a wonderful demi-god? Don't you realize yet, what any woman in her right mind wouldn't give to be in the heels you're wearing? What threatens you? My colorful emotions? My perfect teeth? My strategically plucked eyebrows? You envy my attractive disposition, don't you? Admit it. Just admit it. Life will be much easier without that burden on your back. I notice it in the way you glare at me. You are nothing but astonished by me. Oh Lolita, my spanish dancer, don't bother to look for me in the lost and found...I won't be there.

-Curt Clendenin



"Jeannie in the City" Andy Beier