

## Oxymoronic

She wa' onea them attitudinous A-negative type docta chingadiras.  
Wore onea them Orthochronoculars, ya know, like circular somebitchies ont her hade  
What gotsa shiny side anna hole instda midst.  
Light hit ma eye comin downta hall en la Ho-pi-tal whilst be vistin' ma sig-oh.  
Threw up left lewie fo sum shade — splained "Whoa".  
She burn me big wid da eye scorn thang.  
Ah say "Sup?"  
Eyes narraw. but her yap stay shut like some slow faux who'e.  
Cannotbe cause: she stylin' the docta suit cum-Turin-shroud chinga onher bod.  
Figras she not be spendin' her literal clitoral collateral on my gangly shanky wanker.  
Wentonby, ma hade ro-tate-ted, pegs her butt.  
Man, she did waken my most severely mistaken bacon.  
Do like em in white virtuous weaves like 'at —oof!  
Some virtual virginal non-vacuous vulva vendor show sure  
Ob-vee-us wan nothin ta do wid dis groaty morin' scrotal scratcher