

"It Ain't Gonna Eat Itself"

(Carr Prichard)

There are two kinds of men. Those who eat ass and the *other kind*. I don't relate much to the *other kind*. For me, a great ass is both a blessing and a burden... an anomaly and an albatross. A great ass is the reason to wake up and cook eggs just right. At a low temperature. With patience. Have some fucking patience every once in while. A well cooked egg doesn't even need salt and pepper but you can't throw it on high heat for three minutes and expect anything but plastic. Christ! Anyhow... A great ass. A great fucking ass. Many a men have made it their life's work. And there is dignity in that.

Because there is something that happens to a man when a great ass walks into the room. When the thigh is strong and reaches up and out like a fanatic giving praise to God in the sky. Traveling along the Nile to meet with the meniscus of the hamstring... a subtle crease where one state becomes another. A line where treaties are signed, where battles have been lost, where time hiccups and excuses itself unnecessarily. Then up some more. The round mounds of the uninhibited. A whole fucking life of beauty and unknown lay waiting for you. The Catskills of the backside. Farms, lakes in the summer, a little house on the prairie and shit. haha. Michael Landon is fucking waiting for you somewhere out there. Magic, man. Round magic.

Everything that is magic is round, too. This magical, fucked-up globe, the shape of a wave in the ocean, tits, ass, and every curve on a Porsche. Everything that is magic is round. Now I know what you are thinking. I must think I'm some kind of genius. But listen, I know I'm nothing. And fuck you cause I'm comfortable knowing that. But in silent appreciation I have observed these things to be true. I simply observe and appreciate. I observe that when those two round, fleshy foothills dip back down to the lower back sharp as a spoiler on a 911 Turbo, that all is not lost. The o-zone may be depleting but we ain't frying yet. There may be islands of trash in the ocean but we can still swim in the summertime. Sure there are bodies buried in the concrete to conceal big money secrets, but we can still get pissed, eat fried food and buy in bulk. I'm no fucking optimist; no shiny, happy surrealist. But show me those two dimples that lay symmetrically on the lower back and I'll tell you two round reasons not to off yourself in the bathroom of your pathetic apartment.

I'm nobody you need to listen to. I'm just making a God Damn point. There are two kinds of men in this world. I, myself am a Jersey boy who probably sees himself in a kinder light than the fluorescent fuckery of reality. But I'm happy to be on my side of things. Doing my best to have some fun before I'm forgotten. And who would remember a guy named Carr Prichard anyways. Yea, fuck it.

I may not be 'Mr. Right' on the Pinterest board. The sweet babes of the world may not be dreaming of me tonight....

but I'll eat some fucking ass.

-Cookie