

The Mojo and the Sayso

Blood: I had a woman wants. She worked at the express counter in the supermarket. Are used to make seven, eight shopping trips a day just to walk through her line. Every time she saw me she smiled and I was sure she really loved me. Whenever she asked me if I wanted a single or double bag I knew she was really pledging her love. And all those times I replied, "Single bag, thank you." I was really asking her to let me drink her bathwater. Although I never knew her name, we were very happy. All over the city I made graffiti red hearts for her. No clean space went unmarked. I even added some of my blood to the red paint. When I pricked all of my fingers and toes I started on my knuckles and ankles. It hurt like hell! One time I stayed up all night making hearts for her. Next morning I ran to our supermarket and got on her line. Some man was with her and making her laugh. She didn't even know that I was there. I just stood there looking at her. I screamed at her silently, "You love him and not me. You want his low voice, his strong chest, and his big thighs. Why can't you want me?" I was very angry