

Judy Juanita

Note to my younger self

Dick don't do friendship, missy.

Dick isn't a friend.

Dick doesn't console.

Dick is a missile. Long-range. Short-range.

Remember.

Think, sweetie.

Missile sits in a silo in a weapon launcher.

It carries a payload.

Dick is not your bosom buddy

Dick is a war mongerer.

Dick is a missile, one that rapes and pillages.

Remember.

Dick is not even a friend to its owner.

Dick ain't about loyalty or comforting you.

Dick doesn't give a lick about peaceful co-existence.

Dick leaves bodies strewn over fields.

Bloodied legs, open skulls, glazed eyes.

Dick rapes women, children, men in front of women, children, and men.

It's called purview.

Dick doesn't make babies. It doesn't even make sperm.

Dick shoots sperm.

Think, sweetie.

Did Dick take your prenatal vitamins?

Did Dick's ankles swell in the last month?

Is Dick walking around with stretch marks?

Dick is a surface-to-surface missile waiting for

General Big Bubba Tubba to give it the go.

Dick aims to cover the distance between your lady parts

And your beating heart.

Here's what happens when a missile hits its target:

Explosion. Not a pretty sight.

Dick is to friendship as Putin is to Trump,

Dick being the operative word.

Dick made this country and don't you forget it.

Dick-on-a-stick, otherwise known as a gun, killed the buffaloes

In a bid to extinguish the Indians, enslaved the Africans.

Dick ain't nobody's friend.

And here you thought Dick was a night out,

A few drinks and a friendly fuck.

Not so.

Every conquest Dick makes is a giant step for mankind.

And that's a misnomer.

Dick doesn't do kind.

Dick does war. Dick wants the Middle East now.

Dick is about override.

Dick-ocracy. Dick-attitude. Dick-atrocity.

Dick wants women in veils and out of cars.

If women who think they're free really saw

Dick ravishing choir boys in supine splendor.

Pushing grieving widows onto their husbands' funeral pyres

We would abhor every single acquiescence the world over

And Dick would die on the spot.

Shrivel smaller than Harvey Weinstein's mogul-dick.

Die, Dick, die.

Die, even the proxy dildo Dick, die.

Silence, quell, stop, Dick, stop it.

Don't get pious about Donald Trump

He's one Dick in a billion.

Women of the world, unite.

Lysistrata is postmodern revolution.

Lysistrata is a dick destroyer.

Lysistrata is universal antidote.

Let's make Lysistrata a verb

The way O.J. became a verb (He O.J.-ed her)

She Lysistrata-ed Dick

With the weapon at her disposal.

Reverse the tactic. Like the pitiable girl in “Schindler’s List” calling out

Goodbye Jew. Goodbye Jew

A worst example of learned hatred.

Instead we take that spleen and call Dick out:

Goodbye Dick, Goodbye hard violent Dick

Goodbye, you son of a Dick.

We should all be so disgusted by this perversity

That we boycott the Academy Awards and Golden Globes

As the pimps and hos conventions they are.

Orchestrated by clones of the ones who acquitted Trump

We should stop their obscene sexual Congress

Dick to Dick to Dick to Dick to Dick to Dick,

Stop watching the nubile bodies they peed and shat upon

We should be so horrified that we can’t bear the sight of Dick.

The hypocrisy of the lot of them, the ones who knew

The ones who looked the other way

Dick is not your friend, sweetie.

Dick doesn’t need your nectar.

Dick craves aspiration. Yours.

Uses it until it asphyxiates on it.

Love alone conquers this hardness

Deep in the heart where--dickless, soft,

Alive and responsive to ourselves—we

Can shape a world without missiles,

Drones, assault rifles, towering

Penile-shaped skyscrapers

Waiting to be penetrated by foreign objects.

This truth is yours in abundance, my dear.

It can make Dick dust.

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