

MARY POPPINS SWIPES RIGHT FOR PENNYWISE

I don't mind a fixer upper who loves to dance & has the minds of children wrapped around their slimy claws / We all start out as monsters who feed upon the attention of others until we're ready to slough desire off onto a nest made from our own lofted expectations / At least he knows what makes him happy & a good imagination is challenging to find on these dating applications / I once sat through an entire Peking duck's worth of Imperial good-ol'-days stories & I am only one more woebegone away from crawling back into my chimney hiding hole never to reemerge / So he's lost a few charges? Even the best of us have bad days / I once got an entire family stuck inside a snow globe & I *still* haven't figured out a plan on how to get them out that doesn't involve smashing the damn thing / Which I have already tried / We all tell ourselves we are above appearances but if I'm being really honest Bert is my goto unit of comparison meaning you have to be just as "fun" & "sweet" as Bert if you want an invitation to ride *this* carousel which explains why ticket sales have been low / It's not that I'm not trying it's just that I get bored of men too easily & a genuinely sweet & charming man that's hard to come by is even *sweeter* after stringing him along for a few centuries / I'd eat them up in a minute if I don't don't spend decades pounding out on their tight flesh a mallet made from my made up games & insecurities / Tender is the flesh of men you keep coming back for every decade & a half / A symmetrical smile wrapped around a strong jaw line weakens the knees of even the strongest willed witches / Which is why so many of us sign away our souls & end up on the hunt for other people's children / Oh, Damn. The dancing clown blocked me again. I mean not this again. I really do hate these things.