

BBQ Chicken

by dada *Thursday, Aug 9 2007, 1:16am*

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I usually pick up a BBQ Chicken at the end of the week, more from a need to avoid cooking than as a treat. I hadn't seen the shop assistant who served me before, he was very particular about which chicken I selected, he gently prodded a few, very gently turned a few over all the while commenting on moisture content, texture and oven position. Very dedicated I thought as I pointed to a small plump chicken. The attendant smiled approvingly at my selection. As he placed the chicken in a take-away BBQ bag he gave me a knowing wink and said, "good selection, the pretty ones are not for eating." He then ritualistically handed the bag to me with both hands as if making an offering. Very odd behaviour I thought as I headed for the fresh vegetable section to obtain salad ingredients.



I had long since given up on reacting to winks, innuendos and various body gestures; the world is full of weirdos. But on the way home I wondered what the lunatic was on about.

It is probably necessary to mention the occasion I discovered my dick sitting on the perch next to my pet budgie. I watched my dick sidling back and forth along the perch as adept as any caged bird, it was bizarre watching it bobbing its head in sync with my pet bird. But amusement had long since turned to impatience, I needed my dick in its socket for pissing, fucking and a host of other phallic tasks, but this dick had somehow developed a mind of its own - and a predilection for birds it seemed.

The salad was prepared and the rolls buttered, time for my chicken dinner. No sooner had I taken the chicken from the bag and placed it on a plate than my dick jumped from its socket wriggled its way between my belly and belt, jumped onto the table and began ravaging the BBQ chicken on the plate. I watched the stuffing forced out of the neck aperture as my renegade dick penetrated the rear orifice of the chicken. This was too much, not only had my dinner been mangled but my dick had begun to assert itself and challenge my authority as master of my body and mind. I realised this attack on the BBQ chicken constituted a serious threat to my sovereignty; something had to be done to redress the natural order of things. No dick should ever be allowed to take control of its host!

I decided to use a combination of physical restraints and aversion therapy to rectify the situation. I had a leatherworker make a small studded bulldog collar with attachments on each side for two small chains. After fitting the collar tightly under the head of my dick and locking the chains in place around my waist and groin, I began the slide show I had prepared. I should mention that my dick was able to dislodge itself from its socket but it couldn't escape. I laughed as it attempted to release itself from the collar and chains - after numerous attempts it returned to its socket and began to sulk.

The slides had been carefully selected for maximum impact. My dick had somehow acquired a fetish for birds. Each slide depicted a naked bird in a lewd posture, however, clearly visible were nails, pins, razor blades, tacks and other sharp objects in locations that renegade dicks usually favour.

To cut a long story short ... the strategy was only moderately successful. I have been forced to wear the collar and chains when in public. I was in a rush on one occasion and forgot the collar and chains. Unrestrained, my dick dislodged from its socket on the train. Before it returned a number of schoolgirls and secretarial types had been seen twisting in their seats and making faint squealing noises. It seems that nimble detached dicks are more welcome in certain circumstances than entire bodies. But this is really a story about reverse logic, dislocation, aberrant behaviour and dissociation.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-645.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-18.html>