

WOE BETIDE HIM THAT HATH A NARROW HEART

The studio was an abandoned gas station in Nebraska, reseeded with new purposes, the weeds of its old purposes pulled out root and all. They had toppled over the big sign and taken apart all of the pumps, and hung canvases over the edges of the roof overhead of the pumping area to create a sort of canopy tent out of the sort of geological feature of industry. The shelves inside were carried one by one out into the parking lot to rust like misshapen cars. Sound paneling was put up all around the inside of the station proper, and deep- and rich-hued curtains hung along the walls and overhead across the ceiling, the old fluorescent lights foregone, and instead just some covered lamps with black lights inside, on some dressers or little tables that were scattered here and there.

In the break room, the door closed and the bolt locked, a green light bulb instead of a black light. On the walls, a painting hung of a dog's vulva, her heat glistening in the painting's sunlight, a notebook page taped up with sketch studies on equine anuses, a notebook page taped up with sketch studies on canine anuses, marker drawings straight on the walls of humans kissing dogs, dogs kissing cats, cats kissing birds of all different species and sizes, stamped prints of dog penises, developed photographs taped up of horse balls and dog mouths, a poster taped up of a dog in knights' armor humping an anime woman with big breasts and long hair, a poster taped up of a human middle finger entering into a mare's wanting sex, and many, many more works, a thorough collage of zoophilic passion and

lust. At the floor of the room, three big blankets strewn around, each of them torn here and there, the stuffing inside touchable, coarser stuff than the soft fabric without. Midas sat with his back against a wall, eyes closed, and playing a mellow, repetitive line on his black bass guitar, as Jon nuzzled into Midas's left armpit, rubbing their face into his armpit hair, taking in long, pondering inhales through their nose. When Midas didn't need use of his left hand, playing the bass's deepest register, he rested his hand on Jon's sweaty back, and massaged their back with pressing, petting movements of his thumb, groping, caressing movements with his other fingers. Jon, with their left hand, played on a keyboard that rested against Midas's stomach and lap, the keyboard rising and falling like a boat on a lake with Midas's breaths. The line for the keyboard slithered down Midas's legs, went through the space between his big toe and the next one, and then crossed the blankets on the floor to some synth equipment that was stacked in the corner.

Midas reached past Jon, and grabbed a microphone that rested on the ground. Jon moved a switch on their keyboard that keyed the microphone on.

Midas spoke, orating a tale off the dome of dogs manning a spaceship, cruising the galaxy for aliens to sex up. The dogs ended up on Earth after some other planets, found that monkeys were some fun but much too crazy, and so the dogs bred the monkeys generation after generation to be more docile, until they were humans. By this point the space ship had deteriorated, and would need to be repaired to fly again. But the dogs were having so much fun sexing up the humans, some of the dogs had even fallen in love with the humans, and so the dogs did not repair their space ship, but instead buried it in a desert, and built a great pyramid over the top of it that nobody would remove. The dogs and the humans kissed and rubbed and inserted and romped and howled and walked and wrestled and threw sticks and brought sticks back and feasted and enjoyed all, and Midas spoke the name of the album, Woe Betide Him That Hath A Narrow Heart, for there is love and knowledge found aside of the path, if one looks to their left or to their right. There are not men and women only, but a splatter painting of visions of sex and gender, and all of the beasts of the land, birds

of the sky, monsters of the waters. Joy betide him that seeth them; Joy betide him that hath a heart increasing; Joy betide him knowing of knots and rubbing at bellies; Joy betide the lover of animals.

Seth, who had been sucking Jon's dick, began a guitar solo.