

Publicerad 2014-03-14 07:10 av Jonas S. Lundström

*To all poker lovers. Photo: "New Gonzo"*

### **SweetChuck, Gonzo poker and 2012-12-21**

I had been on a grinding tour to Stockholm . One of those hellish trips you know.

Where everything from piss drunk soccer supporters on the train to punks who steal your drugs as soon as you land kills your desire and where not even a little time in the bar with the Pirate can turn the mind from the coldness the hysterically laughter of the ever so cold deck now have created.

I sit there smirking on the river with 99 on a K982K board and I have the whole evening been waiting for a situation like this against this over- aggressive old Asian man .

Every time he smiled , it was as if I felt a shiver from my toes to my eyeballs when my heart was met by his complacency .

I 'm sure that the fairly seldom seen fairy fortune now will smile upon me.

That I soon can buy some pot from someone and a juicy fat burger in the Casino bar where the Swedish dansband The heirs now are performing in front of wild, crazy and insanely drunk and self-pleasant gamblers.

- All-in !

The old Asian man says with a smirky mocking grin. .

In the true spirit of Tommy Angelo I say call, make a courtesy fast roll hence gently yet hastily throwing my testicles upon the table.

The Asian man is just sitting there icy for ages before he slowly turns up K20.

It is rushing in my head I want TILT . Hard and horny raw fucking Viktor Blom tilt , I want to rape this old man with my own money.

But Angelo spoke to me like Obi-Wan and since I covered the old man I take the chips left on the green cock - felt and get up and go.

In the smoking both I meet a criminal Slot-Jockey who sell me some LSD.

I go to the bar where The Heirs are playing and ask for six tequila shots but get only one .

You see, at the stately owned Swedish casino's they want you to be drunk but the state must pretend to look the other way. So in order to get shitfaced you have to run around in various bars and order to be served.

The drug's are kicking it loud when I am running around all the bars in the Casino downing tequila to what

is now a mixture of The Heirs , oddly dancing dwarfs and pink hippos around the blackjack tables .

I quickly get thrown out.

Everything is green and beautiful , small gnomes in happy costumes follows me out to the street and leads me to the nearest gay bar . Even before I get into the place a young transvestite, which in my eyes look like a hot sexy Reese Whitterspoon, is begging for a smoke.

I give her one rolled with ketamine I bought from Johnny No Cash in the frenzy that was before they threw me out .

I've already been fucked by three men today said the tranny with a smile unknowingly smoking my ketamin bastard. Afterwards she leads me to the club and on to the dance floor . Once there, the Ketamine kick in at the same time as the Bubbeltron and the DJ kicks off Cher's I believe .

There, in a sea of soap bubble's with my arms raised towards space, flying around among all these gorgeous gay men, lesbians and colors I felt reborn , DE-tilted.

I thought about life and love again after the old man's vile slow roll . Now there were just colors and an ever hornier tranny.

I do not know how we ended up at her house but there sat a fat old man on the couch . He was from Iraq , he could not speak Swedish and he wore a Tap Out T-shirt. He did not care that we fucked right there on the couch, I think he was jerking off even .

I floated in Nirvana. LSD and Ketamine are magical and potentially lethal drugs combined with transsexuals.

When I wake up in the morning I immediately realized my destiny. I lie train with the tranny and the fat old Iraqi in an old Ikea bed. I am in pain . It smells like ass. I am naked .

Reese Whiter Spoon now looks like Woody Harrelson and no Pot , LSD or Ketamine in the world can now change that fact. I flee back to the forest.

A few weeks later I get a letter saying I have to go test myself for worms and syphilis.

Fun life.

//SweetChuck

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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