Butcheye Aint eye awomink?

This yere public shink calls itself "The woman's review of books..."

An' some of youse might say "Butcheye, what's the point?"

Is there any more such a thing as a womink?

Much less a book?

To these eye sez:

Well, ain't eye a womink?

That man over there sez womink need to be helped into ubers...

Vive la difference!

...an' counseled about their unborn fetusesk.

But look it me. Look it my arm.

I've done 20 iron maiden competitions. Thousand sk o' handstands an' crow posesk...

Eye kin eat my weight in kale an' use google docs as well as any man!

They still talks about this thing: litterchurr.

They sez memoir ain't it. Ya, ain't it. Scif ain't it. An' comicsk ain't it!

If eye can't write "The windup bird chronicles"

Wouldn't ya be mean not to let me have my lil' comicsk book...

Mebbe eye got no right to be a womink.

I dunno, olive.

Mebbe comicsk ain't proper writin'.

Sometimes eye feels so downright deconstructed...

There's other categoriesk fer such as me I'm toldsk...

Well until they settles it on wikkipedia...

...I yam what I yam?

Fartoon, friend? You get my hamburgie wet...

An' mebbe eye should fergo this writin' biznesssk in favor of textin' n tootin'.

...or better yet—urban slang got comicsk...