

## THE VENTRILOQUIST'S LAMENT

So this friend of mine has a nasty blow out with his whore of a wife. And he calls me up looking for her. So what am I going I say? I tell it like it is. She's was over at my place maybe three or four days ago. And she was watching TV, and just starts coming on to me. And I'm feeling like some kind of a stud, like I've always wanted her. But at the same time he's my buddy. It's not like he's here. And I'm feeling like all stiff. But I didn't do anything. He never would have found out. But it didn't feel right. So I sent her home.

Well, he calls me wondering about it all. So I just tell him that she was over. And maybe he'd better do something. Or maybe not. Well, I thought that my friend would get mad at me. Like he'd get pissed that it wasn't me who called him up to give the straight dope. Or why didn't I didn't say anything until now? But he didn't say anything. He didn't get pissed off. It's like he was giving me permission to fuck his wife. And that is how it got started.

No boundaries. Anything goes. And so I started my descent into pornography. I lapsed into depravity. And I thought nothing of it. Like I was just feeling it was the natural course of things.

It was like a science. Women knew that I knew something. That I could discover their pleasure zone, and this made them crazy for me to let them in on my knowledge.

When I watched a video it was as if I had x-ray vision. Or the video had been made just for me. The women seemed to be looking beyond the screen. Hey, you. They seemed to impart a special knowledge to me. They all appeared to give so much to the act. And I was overcome watching it. And this veil of enticement just rolled over me. I could stop it. The more that I got these winks from the videos, the more that I felt these women winking me at the street. At first I doubted the power. But once I started acting on it...

By the way I wish that I could say that I enjoyed my permission. Yeah, I took care of that little matter. Then after all that my friend gets all mad at me and tried to punch me out. I thought it had only brought us closer. I mean gee, we both shared something. Well, not really.

I told him that she was good, a good wife.

I wish that I could say that I was motivated by more than pleasure. Since I have started to act out my fantasies, I have been having a great time. I like to fuck and have met so many women who just love sex. It is essential, and I wonder how I got along the way I did. Sometime I feel that there is more to it. Like people have sex because they want something else. To be close. I always felt guilty about that. It was as if I was with some woman, and I didn't come back for more, then I had stolen something, her goddam soul. Now, I realize those types don't have no soul. The soul is just some wall that prevents them from enjoying their pleasure zone. As if guilt always held me back from being what I wanted to be.

It's not about my inner self. It about becoming something other than what I am. I noticed this with the videos. The women started to exist on a plane so far beyond their everyday lives. The mistake is when they give away their power. Think that it comes from some man. Those are the hardest women to get, to get to enjoy themselves. But they are the most satisfying. once they are released onto this path. They don't look back. The way of the flesh.

These women are just faithful because they are afraid. When they're drunk they want

every man in the bar to eat them out. They start taking off their clothes. They want a different man every night. But get one of these women on a night when their lover is out of town. And they've sucked your dick, you've touched every locale on the map of pleasure, and you're about to knock at the door, and they hear luvy in the next room. The key is to take them to the threshold just bursting with enthusiasm. Ah the wonder!

"Tell me what you want."

No, let me tell them what they want.

Conscience is for weaklings, always trying to figure out what they should be doing. I let them tell me what they really want.

"What kind of friend are you. She's my wife. I thought that I could trust you."

"She put her trust in you. She gave you everything, and you just held back. You're just pissed that she told me more in one night than she told you in all those years of marital bliss."

It's as if I've stumbled on a truth of the universe. The Big Bang or something. What makes it all turn around. The force, pulling in and casting out.

It's hard to start acting out your fantasies. And for me it was a bitch. I mean these are things that you're not supposed to say. Just to let it happen. And they never do. But once you start, then you're fantasies don't exist inside you anymore. They're for real. Just turn around!

So I begin a descent into the world of pornography. At first it started out as e-mails from friends, curiosities. Can you imagine this? What are you looking at? These images haunt my everyday. I'm in line at the grocery store and something tips me off. Or I make eye contact with a woman on the street, and I wonder if she has seen what I have. I can get off without imagining myself in the scene. I need to see more. Where previously the picture were unsolicited, I now start to look for the stuff. "Can you please send me some..."

And I feel that I am now walking in these landscapes. These dimly lit finished playrooms with the amateur suburban show off massaging her neighbors' enormous erect members. And although that is seldom the intention, there is some aspect of humiliation built into every one of these images. As if I need to wash my hands after just taking a peek. At the same time, the girl seems to look out to me to say help me. And I can feel her cry. She tells me that it's OK to touch myself anywhere anytime. Colleagues will come into my office, and I need to rearrange myself. Change the computer screen. I can't let them know that I am indulging in the very shots that they sent to me.

And then these really sick shots that go way past humiliation. And what do they say to me? Why would anyone submit to such a scene? That lust turns into this vomitous attachment, and I am a willing participant in handing the male actor the instrument of torture. And he has this big smile. And she is so coked out that anything and nothing will get her off. And his dick is hard as a board and resistant to every distraction. Me. Could be me. And I participate. Not then and there-- when I am safely at home in my bedroom. I touch myself. And everything oozes out--her life story. What got her into humiliation. Her history of sexual abuse and how I'm the only one who can get her out of a life like this. And her body--I am, she is what I want, she is--even in my fantasy I am at a loss for words. What I've had to do to get her to like me. To invent this history of submission.

–I'm not being forced to do anything. I like this. This is my free choice.

And I am no longer a tourist. I want to consume. I expect this ease of surrender on her part on the part of all these women that I am meeting.

--I want you to touch yourself.

Sex has given her a rather unambiguous character and she responds to a rather abstract command. Can she touch herself? Does she know how to touch herself? Would anyone but me be watching when she touches herself? Where is the self that she needs to be touched? Is it her whole body or something beneath the skin? Is she herself in the dark or under the influence? Then would it be any harder to touch herself.

And when she touches herself is she reaching through the image to touch me? Even the request that she touch me seems a lot more precarious. For now it seems fraught with risk, a request often met with her refusal. So the command of the pornographer as it appears linked with a lot more authority. I'll tell you what I want you to touch. To describe a place, a region of the body, a thing. While less ambiguous, this seems all the more insulting in that it so direct.

--I want you to suck my dick and polish my shoes while you're at it.

Now a sense of utter subjugation coincides with the command.

–I want you to touch yourself, and I want to watch.

She pulls up her dress and slides her finger down her panties. The elastic of the panty is extended as she stimulates herself. This tension suggests more than what I see. The strains of her pleasure as performed for me.

Stop...

Wouldn't it be difficult to get her to do this...she does this all the time ( We assume.)

–What have you been reading? Where did you learn about this sort of thing?

–I saw it on my computer.

–Is that what computers are for these days?

She's been doing this all along but to do it in front of someone else. She is responding to my request.

–Now that I'm doing what you ask, will you do something for me?

–It doesn't work that way. You can't ask. How you perform has to make me want to do something for myself.

She looks at me and knows what I want just by looking. She looks in my face and knows automatically what I want. And she wants me to have it. So begins my frenzied listening and watching. Going past the words to imagine what she is doing, what she wants to do. After you touch yourself, you will feel the spell. And she is again staring at me. Laughing and I want to get in close to let her know what I am feeling.

Let me touch myself, and I can touch myself without at all touching. And she is now my imagination. I can get aroused and stimulated without even being touched. Without doing anything!

--Let me touch myself.

I can touch without at all touching. Can you?

And it is becoming all the more real, so where is the fantasy. The frenzy that seizes me is real. And I am locked in this scenario.

An end in itself. to look at her touching herself. I want to drift to sleep. Another bedtime story. Another interruption. And I begin again.

–Have you ever touched yourself in the sort of way?

In the bedtime story, I am watching you get ready for bed. And you pop on a little teddy that reveals. And there you are in the bed pulling it up and exploring yourself, touching yourself. and if I could kiss where you touched. And you touch in a way that lingers too long except for the invitation that accompanies the touch.

I want to drift to sleep, but I can taste her fingers, her lips, her insides. And the more that her hands move freely inside her, the more my tongue slides along those sweet walls. And they become more and more slippery. And swollen. Take me. And even my breath is halting. My heart rate increases. I cannot sleep. Slip it in, in, in, in. She tosses her head back. Her eyes are closed. All that she can acknowledge is this pleasure. Knocked out by its intensity. And she feels me stiffen inside as I come. And I kiss her. The lips are now cold. But that seems so much more exciting.

The screen goes blank The story is over.

There is an afterimage of shame and vanity. And I am even more exhausted by this bedtime story. She is somewhere ready to start again.

–Do you have one more take in you?

Does she have anything left today? The parts of her body still hidden from the camera. The small of her back. The tender skin just below her sex. And the mirror of the camera slyly creeps in these forbidden zones.

And what is left for her is possession. Someone at home that holds too tight. That checks if she has been doing coke on the set. That comes inside her with a passion that he believes is the most intense.

She needs to protect herself against these intimacies, these invasions. And in the thin film rolled on the screen, that inside unavailable to all. What they all think that they are touching. What they are all too exhausted to complete on their own.

## THE VISITOR

I love how you can pretend that this is something entirely spontaneous and you just love me to make my visit.

Oh you find this so exciting! Like it is something that you just let happen.

Or something that never happened.

Or a surprise that you never meant to happen.

You don't expect this. Or you pretend not to be awakened by my touch And you lie there immobile letting something so overwhelming happen but hardly affected by its wave.

And I am pulled in by a fever, a moist affection, drawn into the decay. And our breaths are both hot.

The warm decay. And she senses a fleeting touch, a force that just waves past her

–I wonder in my heart if could ever scandalize myself.

Where girl ends, and woman begins.

–I feel no shame. For none of this.

## THE MEETING

--I noticed that you were following me.

She had noticed much earlier. She had wanted to be followed. She doesn't stop to scold me. Or to ask me to stop. We had made eye contact in the book store. And she left with that toss of her hair.

And now! I move closer to her.

--I want to offer you something. She lets me stroke that luxurious blonde bob that she has been slinging about her head.

–You're a dirty man.

–I just need to rest. Do you want to come with me somewhere and take a rest?

Is she really up to this sort of thing?

–I feel shame when I show my body to my boy.

What she is telling herself, what I can read in her eyes. The half smile. You are perfect for me.

And it is difficult pulling her skirt up. Her body seems to resist my motions. Too many layers and twist. What she does, does not want, will not. What is she doing?

The curtains are half-closed in the room. The ill presence of daylight when we need the cover of day.

When we are together...it is terrific. She is a powerhouse. An athleticism that seemed to contrast what I saw in the street. That is why I approached her. The flaw that I wanted to exploit.

–We are good together.

–I don't want you to think that anything special could come out of this. I had a good time, but..

She is in the process of dressing. She has her blouse on. She has straightened her hair. But she is walking around completely exposed from the waist down.

This is an intense reminder of our time together. An affront. A refusal. As she turns, the angle from the top her leg to the twist of her rear beckoned me, hooked me. For some reason she put on her heels without yet putting on her panties or her skirt, and this incenses my desire even more. I am still stunned by it all. Sitting on the bed. I pull her over by the arm and turn her around so that she was at face level. She. Perfect. Beyond perfect. And I push my face into her hair. My tongue sliding in the crevices, salty and electric. She gives into the lapping of my tongue and my saliva mixed with her wetness. Slopping. Both wetting those hairs, rough and inviting. As I lick, she falls on top of me. The pungent odor overcomes me. Who are you? I can't know the feeling smothered by the scent of her sexuality. The lips become engorged and her sugar walls became loose and swollen. I feel myself being drawn deeper and deeper in her. Here I can forget any sense of boundary between us. We two liquify. I roam in this sea. Only the movement of her hand and her the subsequent stimulation seems to offer any sense of punctuation to the erupting currents.

The layers of flesh that separate us become thinner and more transparent. And I rise and

fall in these massive waves, I feel them pulsating through and through

## THE JOURNAL

THURSDAY: She appears in a restaurant as he requested. And she is naked underneath her trench coat. She opens the coat to reveal a clump of hair. He grabs her emphatically, roughly. She lets him massage her in public view. She sits back and spreads her legs to better support the extreme movements on her part.

–Why are you doing such a thing?

And if she goes along with him. She feels that he is taking her back. And her excitement is performed for others to see so that they might become all the more excited by all this.

In this they are with her, part of all this.

That she would do this for him at any cost.

SATURDAY: I am having difficulty remembering this encounter. How they came together.. How he will draw her into his body. Her heels turn on concrete.

What I can't see? Will this end in the same way?

Will you take me again?

The heels scraping on a metal table to mimic the flow of their intercourse. Her legs seem so certain—the heels.

What happened?

He rolled my body out on a table. The natural inclination was to recoil in a sense of shame. But he completely saw me as compliant. And I remained like that for him. I lay back on the table and planted my heels on the table. I was still in panties and a bra. But they seemed to dissolve in his hands. I did not surrender my stance, my legs ramping up into the air up to the knees, the emphasis of the heels. He kissed the back of my thighs and I felt my whole body caught up in a whirlwind of caresses.

Imagine if this all disgusted you. If you had no reason to go along with him. But you still did anyway. And you would later tell yourself that you had regretted every minute of it. But you had really wanted him to degrade you more.

–Why?

–This would only add to the tension of the desire.

Her glee as she feels her body transported elsewhere.

--Can you describe what you see?

--It's hard to tell. I see a man and a woman. I can see her fear, his aggression. I can see her acquiesce. I can't.

–You have my permission

–He strips her bra off. He massages her ample breasts. He slips off her panties.

–Go on.

–He kisses her firm stomach. He penetrates her from behind. She coos. Now she is on top of him. She rides him.

–Continue.

–His hands surround her breasts. She extends her tongue to kiss him. She pulls down his pants and begins to run her tongue around his erect penis. She massages her legs to invite him. You see her ass. The plump cheeks. The cute bottom. She slinks around. She smiles. Her lips show her arousal.

–What next?

–He slides his hand between her legs, they glide along the moist lips. She sits before him and totally offers her nakedness. He digs deep into her. He thrusts but she but she complies with his motions. She offers her kiss to emphasize her assent. Her smile burns with an ardor that melts his resistance. His caresses slide down her breast.

>>She lets her love shine for the sunlight. Her love is full and awaits his entry. He gasps from how long she has waited. She slips out of her panties. Another scene. He takes off her clothes then he follows. He uses a sponge to bathe her. He massages her breasts. The reply of her firm stomach. He palms her vagina while she kisses her breasts. She gyrates as his hand reaches deep inside her.

>>He approaches her from behind. He pulls her body to his and they rock in their intimacy.

My head is full of these descriptions. How to sleep. I am so tired. I begin my nap by imagining that I am falling down the Grand Canyon. And I let myself go. I am not afraid. I know that I will never hit the bottom.

The last time I was asleep I was sure someone was sleeping next to me even though I had gone to bed alone. She noticed that I was aware of her presence, and she tried to jump up and slip out before I noticed her presence.

## **REVEALED**

The strip of hair that she shows when she slings off her panties. That patch. Slightly coarse, a reminder of this reality.

She lifts her body above his and starts to move in a gently rocking fashion. This is to imply the transport of penetration. That the intensity of her motion focuses on what is not seen but entirely implied, that he has engaged the entirety of her physicality in his intimate contact with her. That she pulses with the intensity of that contact. Her motions appear to exaggerate the rhythms of his internal blood flow.

We do not and cannot see the ultimate source of her excitement. And the success of the scene depends on her engaging our participation in creating what is entirely absent from our view. It is this excitement on our part that is entirely the provocation for her feeling. His presence dissolves in this enjoyment and we seem to indulge her whims. Our hearts start to beat fast and blood rushes to our head to suggest another layer of involvement in the scene.

Her breasts are prominent and draw attention to the motion by adding another plane of motion to the unified rocking of the rest of the body. They involve the hands, the desire to squish her body into his. For that moment the layers of her skin, firm but full, The curves of flesh mass together in her insistence. This is met by his direct replies as he pushes her deeper into him. She bends closer to him and brushes her breast against his chest. He grabs her legs and

slides his hands up her sides until he is letting this mass flow into him.

Here we await her excitement in a moan or a scream. Not resistance, but a total surrender to the movement.

I don't think that I can follow this description any further. If it's not real, then it just seems to prolong my misery.

If I could describe it in a way that I would want to be part of it, what would that include? What is that thing that just gives it all a tingle or, more than that, gives me the sense that it is breathtaking?

The flash of enjoyment. The sinuous waves of her body. The return to the body, the physical residue. My desire, enthusiastic past the wall.

Her bare legs show under the table, but the rest is dark, all the same...

## THE ANGLE

All these exhilarating moment lead to the one fact, that he is inside her. The angle suggests the she is floating in air—flying. As she begins to soar she sucks him up into the pull of her flight. She covers him, gives in to him, draws him to her surrounds him, and he is overcome by the energy that she sustains. He plunges deeper into her as he feels her hurtle past him. He sees without seeing. The universe flashes past him. He does not breath and is inspired by this wind. The universe bends back and he feels its force all drive full-face into him. His chest collapses in from this momentum.

Less and less breath and the buzzing in his ears. The sound now a roar, explosive, the big scream, fingers scraping against pavement. A massive wave travels from him and she feels the snap rush into her. She returns this thrust. I cannot take this.

She gives way to the contrary motions. She melts in its whirlpool. He recoils against this liquidity. Again locked in the flesh

Nothing less than a return to the same angle. As if they couldn't do anything but thrust into each other to maintain their balance. AH!

They cannot stop. It's is not an option. Moreover, the ANGLE! All their being has and forever will be directed to this. This angle. I am. He is with her.

Nevertheless, this contact is an affront to him. That he could never have enough energy to counteract the challenge that is presented by their coincidence. Her. He is unsure of himself. Who he is through this progression as he feels the merging of all this is. And at this point he has been swallowed. Swallowed into a massive gel. He can feel himself struggle in the ooze. Where flesh is again a liquid mass. Drinking in the flow, quenching thirst, drowning in it to the point of suffocation. Inside all turned out. In me in me in you. Explode, the bodies compelled in to each other, one rushes over the other. She is inviting him, daring him to cross over and he can do nothing less than to take that challenge, take his life from him. I am watching you, I have been watching you all along. But it is he who glances down to know. And this is the challenge. Going along, all along just to be overwhelmed. And he is. He needs to be. Do it for enjoyment. That if you were in his place, you could do nothing but. Enjoyed as already exploded. You cannot even look on this or hear about it without that same sense of awe. So you must carry through.



Doubly defeated. Less himself to have been taken down this far. Less himself to have accepted a mission for us. Glee. He is there. This is his quest. And for that moment, he has lost his anticipation and again moves out of himself into her. THE ANGLE! They are conjunct. And in the potency of the contact, he feels marvelous. Selected to accept the ebb of this tide. All awaiting him overcome. And in this wave he gives and holds back. His neck is bent back in the tremor. His whole body is seized by this jolt. He braces for the intensity of contact and it does nothing less than come at him, shake him up and down. Yes! Dash against any form that he can retain. The two alike burn in this electricity. But the angle is wearing him down through its sheer ecstasy. I cannot do anything less than but be in this flow. The crackle. The grossness of this seizure. To the point of throwing out all his insides. Take me higher. I cannot.

He has not abandoned his allegiance to the flow but already there is so little of him there. Or he is only there. Flesh against flesh, the two battering against each other. And this rhythm speaks for them. Flesh counter to flesh, whipped together. Masses rolling over each other. Very physical, the slaps, to hear the contact in its insistence. That he is done for, but hardly done. Frozen together, bound together. Inside, yes more, over and around you. This unity vanquishing him. He is himself as almost a regurgitate.

She is both behind him and in front of him. The phantom of their contact. And the movement is not quelled. But he is so far in it that he is still. Spent while being entirely unspent. At this point, he cannot separate himself from it. Slips down by it. Battled and overwhelmed by it.

He falls through the floor and the fall will not stop. Spread out further and further in this free fall. There he is splattered in this descending eternity.

An itch. A reawakening to the flow. A succeeding tremor that he rides into her flesh. Take me as I am. He cannot sacrifice himself, now phantom, he can only go along to wonder how far along this has all gone.

Planted firmly in this contact, the angle. The two of them. Having obliterated any ghost that had waved him off this scene, he is in her grasp. And over her. The angle. A ripple, now a stream, an ocean. She is turned around in these currents, nothing less than the angle. Prepared all along to just be this. AH!

How he started off. Ready to go, as if he was watching as he was doing it all. Can you take more of this. Of course. And this course will not arrest its circle of flowering. I am sinking, deeper and deeper in that whirlpool. And the angle is an imprint on his brain. Etched deep. It is his angle to which she has conformed.

And she falls further and further into the spiral. Falling backwards, head first, flipping but not going over, so again held precarious by their thrust. Ah!

And he senses the coronation by the sunshine of their coincidence. More. More. More.

Here, thus and nothing more. This Angle

## RELAX

He fizzles. Nothing he can do, I can do. Where I have been led up to this point. I can't help it. THE ANGLE, so overwhelming that I gush. Obliterated.

This is the story of some kind of expert in pleasure. He does not just propose.

–I’ll take you all on.

He prolongs his pleasure.

–Thank you.

I’ve got this problem. Between excitement and climax. Boom. THE ANGLE. YOU YOU YOU are just so exciting. BOOM! Collapse.

Splattered against the wall he is. THE ANGLE. Her body. Existing only so far as he is there. I am watching them both and I cannot take it...splatter.

RELAX. It is not time to for you to give in.

“I’m not too good at this.”

Who is going to say this. Who? He is an expert.

When it gets too good, so good, so intense and this is so much that way.

THE ANGLE. Her feet, the shoes say her, him, I can’t.

This is starting to seem to real to restrain myself.

Taking it a little slower might better prepare him to...

Slammed in the head. This is too much for me to take. From the moment that I see the angle. The place of her body in proximity with his.

## THE GEOMETRY

Two parallel thin black straps cross her feet. They underline the angle of the foot in relation to the rest of her body. The angle is direct, an anchor to the lines of thrust. The body moving to reenforce these lines. The feet seem to be propelled by the shoes, propel to fly off the anchors, to pierce the wall. To counter his motion, to inject his movement with a frivolity. Where even she feels suffocated by the weightiness of her actions, of the imposition of the angle. So the shoes frame the triangles formed by each foot. And these triangles emphasize the dynamics of her legs obeying the rhythms of his gyration. These clear lines also reflect the certainty of his penetration. That nothing less is implied by this arrangement. From the moment that he appears to have slide himself into her, the two bodies are subservient to this geometry. The end is already implied in this beginning. Or there is no end, an eternity of her motion, the angle of her body. We are seeing it from her angle.

Then from his angle. So the triangles of her shoes anticipate the triangle of penetration. This is the immediacy of contact. Contact with her lips because he has been accepted into her. The lines emphasize this. And we see a strip of her hair, shaved to express the everything of these gestures. that no distraction would be allowed from the purpose they have given to their experience.

You are perfect. Or the geometry is perfect. Or I knew that it always was perfect. A greater perfection than anything that I have seen previously today. That I could conquer these lines even at the point that I felt the most woeful earlier today. That no rejection could overcome my present triumph.

He wanted what he saw, what he had see, what he had expected to see when he saw her turn around and glance at him. Are you looking at me? He would be looking at her later that night. Or he would feel and be where he now looked. Or he could not look or could not see

what it was, what it was could only be now where he completed the angle of her body. That everything about her body implied a place where he would be. The momentum would thus increase from his presence. Knowing that he would look. That he had wanted to look from the beginning.

Do you see it? Where the lines crossed and where they would cross to form an inside. The line that seemed to split her in half. Did you come to see me?

Yes. I did. The moist kiss as the introduction. As already there. It would be perfect if you took me like that. To hold on so tight. As tight as was suggested by her being ready from the beginning to submit to these lines.

## THE TRIANGLE

To have waited this long. To know what he was waiting for, but to wait and know. To see in the outlines of her...smile. Nothing less than an outline. Too much for words or only for words. This is what I expected from her. Didn't know what you would say. Knew all the time.

Do you have it? Or some time to spare. How can you say that? I like the way that you kiss would mean nothing at all about kissing. But contact. The lips, sliding together, the moist kiss. overwhelmed by the kiss as needing so much more. Do you know where this is going. Or do you have to know. Or do you already know. The lips are not lips. Nothing that she wanted to say, could say to stop it. A wink, the eyes. What are you looking at? All you have ever been looking at.

The crossing. Carried up in the excitement and the crossing over.

He pulls her over to him.

Or pulls her out of the way.

The taking off of clothes. Volunteering or allowing him to pull them off. The undone button. A clasp on her sandals. So easy to remove. That she was willing from the moment that she came in. He runs his hand down her...

Hand to hand. He pulls her over to him.

How much can we show, or do we need to show to let you know where this is going?

He kisses the back of her neck. She shakes her head, tosses her hair. Closes her eyes, opens her eyes to look at him. Do you have any doubt? Do you want to stop this?

Kiss me. He kisses her. He is buried in her kisses. Her hair in her face and he is buried in her kisses. The moisture brushes the hair. Already surrounded by the rush. Their bodies still separate, nervously moving toward each other.

And in contact the satisfaction of a desire that they had been carrying with them through time. Deep and elemental. And in their embrace a knowing inevitability settled the tingle of their bodies, as if the shivering could now stop.

He licks a trail along her stomach that stops at her bra. He surrounds her with cat caresses. He removes the bra and the breasts roll on his face. He is engorged with her fullness of her flesh. Again a trail of the tongue down to her panties.

How to imply without showing? How to show without showing everything? How to show everything and still maintain the excitement of the seduction.

His tongue is now warmed by the drift from inside. There the flesh is electric. Salty and animated. He can sense it sparks him completely. He has found a place that he wants to be. All absorbed by the delicate tenderness of her skin. The flesh dissolves in this current and he is gripped by its touch. Hypnotized by the silky glide.

When she draws him inside her, he can almost hear an intense shrillness. He pulls her toward him and cannot contain his ecstasy. His blood rushes to his head. Too dizzy. He runs his hands along her smooth legs. The rush is now so much greater. and he braces himself by driving deeper. And she accepts his motion. Pulls him out of himself.

In his hands he appears to attain the totality of her flesh and she is relentless in trying to draw him to her. She balances behind her and appears to disappear in this exchange. She will not let go. Nor will he. Not enough yet.

## SUSTAIN

The picture suggests that they have already made contact. Before this a hope that they might get past that moment of suspense. Holding there.. But already submerged in passion. Frozen in outline. Drained of any sense of attachment except the rawness of the shared mania. As such this would be so immediate, but then that would return both to a more drawn out isolation. Accepting what they don't want about each other, their sickness.

And so they contour what holds them together, a desire to push beyond contact. In this way the angle is way beyond itself. In the midst of enjoyment and long done.

Way beyond revelation, they work to pry open new frontiers. His tongue seeks areas for exploration. Her face registers a combination of wonder and unresponsiveness. Once a level of excitement has been attained, they do all but maintain it. He is focused on his own inventiveness. For her all this is expected. Less and she would lose what concentration remains. Once she has achieved such ecstasy, a light disturbance and she is tossed back into a sense of the ordinary.

This is the flip side of his attempt to relax, to meld with the waves of pleasure. From this side, she expects creativity. She looks for signs of his waning interest. Overall a sense of astonishment covers her face. Dedicated, but slightly bored. Here she does not continue.

## ILLCIT

She is so uninhibited with him because she is not in fact with him. He has betrayed Agatha with Novena. For him his encounter with Novena is eternal because it is temporary. Once the angle of her body has engaged his desire, he gives himself completely to the sex. He is not with her because he has convinced her that they should be together. She has been promised this utter release with him. That is why they do not notice Agatha in the room. That is why we do not follow Agatha down the stairs. We are looking for sex, not an adventure that leads to sex. We are privileged to this scene because it is illicit. It has nothing to do with the story. So we are not supposed to see any more of it. But we want to see it and enjoy it. We don't care about the story. Novena is everything that Agatha wants to be and cannot. Agatha is going to spend the rest of the movie trying to be like Novena. Novena is taking it for what it is.

Agatha took it because it was part of a promise. Face to face with the white hot passion of Novena, he cannot resist. He knows this from the beginning. He wants Agatha to be like this. She tries to be. And she just exhausts him. And she still hasn't got her point across. He has just been in her. But Novena is getting to him, at least until he put himself in her. He can never contain this passion; he must yield over and over again.

Will he wonder if Novena is with someone else when he is not with her? Of course, she is. Through the whole movie she will be fucking someone. So he has to have sex with her. Otherwise, she'll be with someone else. And something about that physical connection will escape. Agatha will look up at him after sex and ask him if it was good. She'll ask for more because she'll think that she need to exhaust him to make him feel good. Novena knows that she is already too much for him. Agatha has something to say about it. That's why it's her movie. Her sex will never match what she has to say. Novena's pleasure will always be more than what she says. So she has no need to talk about it. He doesn't want to lose Novena. He will give her things. He will give things to Agatha because he feels obligated. And sometimes he will plain forget. Agatha will wear a tight sweater so that he will want to see what is underneath the sweater. Whatever Novena wears, he will want to see underneath. We will always see what is underneath. He can't help giving in to her.

–Why are you with that woman?

Agatha knows not to ask. For her adventure, she needs to end it with him then and there. and she knows this. She's held herself back previously. She never felt that she could trust him. That is why she is attracted to her sex teacher. But she never could give in to his lessons because she always held back for her lover. No she knows that her lover is with someone else. So she can give freely to the lessons.

## **THE DREAM**

I am standing outside the back door of the office where I saw Novena and the man have sex. She leaves the room. She is still in disarray, enough to engage her sexually at that moment. I can see her pubic hair and her naked breasts. She seems to recognize me and stop. If I had met her on the street, I would have coveted such a moment. As abrupt as it was, it left nothing available for me. Next thing we are sitting across from each other and she is still in a state of undress. It would be so much easier if she just touched herself to give me the needed invitation. but this is not about our sexual congress. She has no intention to get close to me. Just as he could not resist her body, she cannot resist the need to talk to me.

I want to tell her about my experiments, how she is my sex eternal. But this would not make sense for her.

–Why can't men resist me?

–Is that a problem?

–I just give in too easily.

–But they can't resist you?

–Maybe it really isn't that way. Maybe it's me.

–What do you want?

–That’s just it. I get what I want. I don’t even have to ask. So when they ask, it’s so automatic.

–So you want to go back in that room and say no.

–It’s not that easy.

–Do you want to go back in the room?

Her legs seem firm and succulent. They are not wet but seem to reflect a glistening light. I wish that I could go back in the room with her. But for us it would mean something else. She cannot be with me. It would just give her reason to resist him. And for the moment we can say that he is still in the room.

In this conversation there can be no resolution through touch. She will not touch me. I cannot ask her to let me touch her. She wants to end that cycle. That is why I see everything. I see her because it is all done.

## THE RENDEZ-VOUS

I get my best candidates in book stores. Sometimes people are such fools. They let strangers know who they are without saying a word. The book is my best opening. Women telegraph their heart to me. There’s nothing to protect them. Why are you talking to me? You? I was talking to the reader. Someone who’d rather read than really get down and dirty and do it. Do it to herself. And to make you want to turn the page so bad and I just peel that book from your hand.

–You want to grab a cup of coffee.

–Coffee. For what. I’ve already figured out what you want. Something a lot stronger.

–And what is that?

–Sister, don’t play cute with me?

Romance is the code. And I play it like a real snoop.

–All your life you’ve been waiting for an opportunity like this. Let’s go somewhere really private.

Underground parking garages in the back of minivans are choice. Why are you driving around in this thing anyway? It’s a regular bed on wheels. Just climb on up.

–I really can’t take you to my place.

But that’s where I really want to go. I want to score some souvenir of the kill. It’s not like she’s going to track me down and say remember that time I cheated on my lover.

And you just show up unexpected in the same place, in her neighborhood.

–Did you come back for more?

–Actually I was looking for your friend. While we were having sex in your bedroom, I was staring at her picture.

–It’s not like she ever comes here.

–She’s supposed to meet me here.

And she stares into space with her mouth wide open.

–Here’s a book I thought that you might like...

I just sneak out of there to meet her friend. And she’s still wondering where she misplaced her address book.

I once knew this girl who'd call me from work on her cell. And she'd be in the bathroom masturbating on her break. And we'd be talking about any old shit. The market or gossip. And her hand was deep inside. Or both hands, as she held the cell with her shoulder. One so easily sliding back and forth and the other prolonging that tingle.

–Do you want to get together later?

–Later. You're some kind of sex fiend. You're just dirty. This is all I really need.

And she got plastered in the middle of the afternoon. She kept calling. This continued on for a year until she married some lawyer from the office. Now I think about her now and then when I'm beating off or having some other women. But that's about it. Nothing really nostalgic.

### **THE ASSIGNATION**

–Are you following me?

Or she was expecting me to follow her. It always starts out that way. More than that—we're both heading in the same direction. And she starts to get aware of me. It's not like I'm stalking. It always starts with a signal

### **EXHAUSTION**

How old are you, how big's your penis, how much money do you have, where do you work, what kind of car do you drive? Who are you with, do you like it here? All these questions are distractions.

I am eternal. I'm a professional lover? Where can we go?

### **THE HUNGER**

I sat on the bed. I was holding my penis.

She looked at me and smiled and then laughed.

–What is it?

I was naked. She was not. This was unusual. I don't know why.

–Are you going to do something?

She still said nothing.

–Aren't you interested in me, she wondered.

–Is something wrong?

–I don't want to have sex with you.

–Did I get naked for nothing?

–Why do you ever get naked?

–You're being flip.

–You're still holding your penis.

–Do you want me to massage it?

–It's not doing anything on its own.

–Maybe you'd like to massage it for me.

–That’s suggest some kind of interest on my part. It’s not like you’re showing anything to me.

I fell off my horse.

–Why don’t you come over here and do something for me?

–I think I’ll just get dressed.

–You are dressed. Maybe you could take your clothes off and then just come over her and make love to me.

–Make love. You just want me to fuck you.

–I wouldn’t object.

–I would.

–What do you want?

–I want to leave.

–But I’m already naked.

–And you were born naked too. But that alone doesn’t give you any special privilege.

But it did. All I needed to do was to go over to her, whisper in her ear, rub my body against hers. And my inability to achieve arousal was only due to the a lack of proximity. And I gradually felt her warm insides surround me.

Of course, it does not happen like that. That is some other man. Someone who has already broken the thread. And if I let it break too, then I have lost the erotic link between us. Then it is just sex.

She remains at the other end of the room and starts to massage herself, as if she has picked up the fantasy that I have just traced. She collapses in a corner of the room and continues to masturbate. Now the pleasure is solitary. Her eyes are closed.

I get dressed and leave. The thread is already broken. And now I know that I have succeeded. Her whole life has been given over to physical pleasure. Anything less and she cannot survive. I can never partake of her pleasure again. But she cannot escape the hunger. And in her future when the right stranger approaches her on the street and just says, “Do you want to fuck,” she’ll melt in his arms. From then all she’ll wander the streets in the hope that she’ll find men who notice that glint in her eyes. Men who aren’t afraid to ask. Ask in a way that she can’t say no!

I needed something to make...to make up for how I was feeling.

–Honey, you’re a good lay and all. But I don’t know you and I got to get up at 7:30 in the morning. So you’ll have to get up and out when I get up.

What am I becoming?

I started to feel like some kind of whore  
wait  
you’ve waited long enough...

## THE SHOW



I turn the channel to the movie. The jumble of legs, breasts, hips. He puts her breasts in his mouth. What this can imply. What they will not show. A close shot of her breasts.

What I want to see and what they will not show. And how they will imply something, something that I want. A hand that blocks my view. Is it part of the action or does it hide what I want to see.

They are in the bath together. Most of their bodies are submerged in the soapy water. Through the bubbles her legs bounce up and down as he caresses them, kisses them. His gestures carry us along to what lies below the surface of the water.

The focus, her breasts. So that they are saying so much more. Something he can react to. She can delight to his caresses. Their prominence on the screen. I can sense her delight. More intense, sense her touching me. My touching her, she gives way. The exaggeration—her breasts.

Another scene—the same rules of engagement. Her hips. She twist toward the camera. It cuts before we see a frontal shot. The breasts are suspended just above his mouth. A number of obligatory kisses, as if.

But the he indeed puts the fruit of desire in his mouth. He reacts to the impression of the nipple his tongue. The fullness of the breast more than his mouth can contain. In this his hunger feels a sense of satiation. And this again implies more, more than we are shown.

The promise of the scene fuels a desire. And the incendiary quality of what is shown is meant to be satisfaction itself. Enough to push a participating view way over the edge to a supremacy of pleasure. She is here, she wants me, she surrounds me, I am losing my head.

A close shot of her breast. A crappy image. But this only adds to the reality of the scene. The images are transformed from plastic to flesh, as I compensate with my attraction for her. My pleasure adds to what I cannot see. I know that I am meant to be part of this scene. This is where this film draws me in. What it does not need to show. The sex is in the way. Actually part of it, I cannot pull back for a medium shot, or cannot move around the bodies for an extra close up. They are entangled each in each. Legs entwined. A mix up And I like it.

Now if I had the close up! More realistically, I am starting to feel less aroused. What is not sex in this scene? Or what I want that could never be in this scene. Afterwards. I don't want to wait around this room. Wait for her to digest the whole experience. Imply more.

—I suppose this means that everything is all right between us.

He talks to the camera apart from her: “I just lost my desire for her body. And I started finding little things to fight about. Or I just wanted to fuck her. That was all. She wanted tenderness and I...”

Is this the same movie. Can this add anything to the viewer's feeling. Or it leaves me wanting to see more. Wanting to see them conjunctive. What do I have to go through. More phone conversations.

—Are you having an affair?

And if he answers yes, will the sex be more or less intense? He hesitates.

—Who is it?

He still will not answer.

—Do I know her?

It's your best friend. And do you want to join us. You can feel so much more direct in your attitude toward me.

She starts to cry, and now we want to see the woman who he is talking to on the phone. See her take off her sweatshirt. Rub her legs with skin lotion.

–Do you live with someone? Is she there now?

–I'm going to take this is in the other room. Just hold on.

He turns to his wife: "Honey, this is business."

Dirty business. So dirty that we will not see what he wants. If his wife comes around the corner and sees him stroking himself.

–You **are** beautiful.

Can't you say more than that?

–I feel like I'm living in an ice house here.

Where will they meet? In a supermarket parking lot. And have sex while the shoppers are passing by the car.

–If we went to a hotel room, this would suggest that we want to cheat.

And they do not, do they?

We want to see him go back to his wife. We want her naked body stretched out on the bed begging for the fuck that had become so alienating to her. Knowing that if he would not fuck her, take her apart. That what awaited her would be so much more painful–excruciating agony. This is gross. pathetic. This is the farthest thing from what she ever could want. He is being force on her. She needs to go. But she is staying for my benefit. Staying because I am watching her. She is fucking him for me!

ME

talks to me

where does she talk back

WHITE SILK PANTIES

what covers my desire

my object of satisfaction

"Put these on for me my sweet"

**PORNOGRAPHY**

I turned to pornography after my ex left me. Voracious. A career. All I could think about was sleek abs or ample curves or pathways or crevices, turns of flesh, architecture, flourishes, revelation, insertion...all I could think about was what was underneath and more than that..The folds of the flesh. What she had been doing, was doing. The brain flash and flesh. When she wasn't with me, she was practicing with this faceless mass. When she looked at me, I knew her. But then I would lose her in a mass of bodies. Somewhere for me make contact, find comfort. put it in.

I enjoy the company of women. Only those that I can eventually fuck.

My ex is married to a dentist now. I always thought that he diddled her when she was out on anesthetic. She came back all excited one day.

–I just love going to the dentist.

What was that about?

## THE WOMAN

–How can you read this stuff? Watch this bull shit?

–I’ve wanted to be an erotic writer. Maybe change from my attachment to pornography and you’ll write “I grabbed her tit.” or “I fucked her good.” You think any woman is going to want to read that shit.

I didn’t want her to think that she was getting to me. Why was it bugging me?

–I’ll introduce you to my Mom as Leon Blaine author of *Loaded Peckers*.

–That’s just silly. Besides my name isn’t Leon.

–Has a nice wring for a pornographer. Why can’t anyone in the flesh industry be themselves? They all got aliases like major criminals.

–They’re stage names.

–Names for their pricks. It’s just the same. They all feel dirty about sex. And then can’t write about it in any other way.

–You got to say it. My pussy this. My pussy that. My pussy got me by today. Save my pussy.

–That’s just it. Half the time female eroticism isn’t much better. It lasts for the time being. But after a while you realize it’s all about pleasing little boys who won’t grow. A caress, a touch is just that. Not a prelude for you beating her with your cock.

–You like sex too.

–What’s that supposed to mean? Like I like to breathe. Or I like to eat a steak. You’re believing your own bull shit. Like the only women who can understand your shit are the kind of women that you don’t want to take to bed. It’s the other way around. You can’t appreciate anything natural. It’s all synthetic to you. Some lip gloss and pumps. It’s guys in drag..

What?

–You know what I’m saying. What’s natural ages and gets lost in time. You’re trying to escape your own mortality.

–Who isn’t?

She wasn’t wasting my time. She was confirming who she was. Helping me make sense of my confusion. But why was she wasting her own time.

I wondered, “What do you want to do now?”

–I thought that you had something that you wanted me to read.

–I do. But it’s not very good. I thought that you could help me.

## HER SELF-HATRED

Sometimes surrender to the excitement needs to be unambiguous. Nothing does the trick like immediate revelation. Her surprise at my arousal leaves no doubt about my intentions. It is an indefensible position on her part. I have never met a woman who did not give in at that point. How could she do anything but?

Sure the act of undress must be planned. She has to think that this is what she wants, not something that I am forcing on her. At the same time, she needs to be struck by the utter daring on my part. He's not really doing this is he. And I am going along with it. I can't let her break her concentration or this would be the kind of thing that would get me arrested in heartbeat.

That I need to make her feel amazed before she can catch her breath. She needs to feel that utter disgust awaits her if she does not follow through with this fantasy. She knows that a complaint will be her only recourse so my gestures must be direct and enticing.

Here she is facing the utter risk that accompanies our biology. That this desire is so dependent on what we are given and what would lose all quality of interest if it was taken away. That is what I am challenging her. She fears that this opportunity might be taken away from her. And this is every desire for her. The hope that she can break away from that useless lover of hers. That she can move to a better place. That she can have a better job, more money. She'll throw away everything that she has, fuck me in the living room of her wealthy lover. Almost ask to get caught, because all along it represents her promise for something more. That she can have the wealth without the servitude. That the only yoke that she needs to feel is the explosiveness of her own desire. I can't ask for anything more than the immediacy of that revelation.

## THE EDITOR

I need to confess that I have been intimate with the staff of female readers at our publishing house. It is a necessity, my duty. So I was in utter shock when our director called me in.

—How long have you been at this firm?

—Twelve years.

—And you've been one of our best assets, a real asset to the firm. In fact you've been a teacher to all the new hires. But you've certainly crossed the line.

—What?

—Rachel

—What?

—She's agreed not to file a lawsuit. But you can't embarrass us, boy. I'm going to need your resignation.

—What the hell are you talking about?

—Let me tell you that this is not the first report on you. We've tended to hold these things in. But there is nothing gracious about your method.

—You're leaving me in the dark.

—Rachel is ready to swear that you exposed yourself to her and then you asked her to perform oral sex on you.

–Are the two of you trying to get back at me?

I am convinced that the director himself is having an affair with Rachel. The director is married.

He gives me a profound scowl. He remains silent in his righteousness.

–I’m tempted to file suit against the both of you for slander.

–You are hardly contrite after you’ve been found out.

–Found out! It’s not like I caught the two of you banging each other on the desk.

He turned crimson.

--We’re prepared to offer you an extensive severance package. It includes stocks as well. It’s just better that we put all this behind us.

–I would if I didn’t feel that my integrity wasn’t being assaulted.

–I’m doing the best to be civil. You’ve been the one who’s been the dirty player.

Confess up and take your prize and just wander off.

I want to hit the sanctimonious bastard..

–After what you’ve done I believe the firm is being extremely round with you.

–Get her in here, and let’s see what she really has to say.

–I don’t want you intimidating her more.

That was hardly what she said when I had her stooped over a desk. For once in her life Rachel was faced with real passion and what it might do to upset her ordered life. It was confusing for her to admit that she liked random sex with a man who had no intention of pursuing anything else with her. That she liked it more than what she had with the director, more than she ever had in any commitment. Down deep she was hooked on this mystery. I knew it; it had frightened her. That’s why the assignation had been so easy.

–I know what you think about yourself. The director glared at me. You think that you’re some kind of stud. Well, this sort of thing has a way of catching up to you.

I can tell that he is not measuring up to her fantasy. She is days away from cheating on this sniveling little cheat.

–Just remember that she loves it from behind.

## BOOKS

So I am looking at some books on Japanese art and I see the manager of the book store and a couple of employees huddled around and pointing at me. The manager approaches me. A couple of his employees stand behind him like bouncers at a road house bar.

–I think that you better leave the store.

–I know the owner. I’m a constant customer. What’s the problem?

–We’ve had a complaint from a female customer. That you were hassling her. That you said some lewd things to her. That they gestured to you in a funny way. These are not the first complaints.

–I don’t know you. Are you new here?

–The other employees said some things about you. You don’t sound like a very savory character.

–This is so ridiculous.

–I think it would be a good idea if you didn't come back to this store.

–I'm a customer. A good customer.

I have a large volume of art in my hand. Maybe this is making things more embarrassing as it is erotic art and the picture on the front offers the image of a man delighting himself with two naked women.

–We'd also advise you to put the book down.

Now I feel like a thief or worse.

–Have you ever taken a look at some of the picture in this book? What kind of place are you running? At least if it was a sex shop, I'd know what to expect.

And what does he think. That people come to this place to buy books. This is not a nursery school. If it wasn't for the cruising, they wouldn't have any business. I'd be sitting around looking at a book and have to take a pee. I'd go into the toilet and see an employee stooped over some customer.

I continue to guard the book

–Put the book down and leave the store, or we'll have to call the police.

This is only getting me more excited.

Are my skills getting rusty? Bad reports circulating about me. Desperate times require desperate measures. Needless to say the book is sitting on the coffee table. And I decide to go went back to the book store that evening when the managers have changed. I want nothing less than an employee to prove my point.

She's a college student, an art major. I tell her about the book of erotic art that I had bought that afternoon. That piques her interest. But it's not like I want her thumbing through it in my living room. She probably doesn't wipe her feet before she goes into a room.

–I love the human form. The body is the greatest form of art.

–I wish that I had the same ability to capture the sinuous lines of the body.

She looks straight in my eyes. I feel a charcoal in my hand as I trace the flowing curves.

–The mind is the best artist of all when desire invites the heat of the beholder.

My last comment causes her to blush. She looks deeper into my eyes. Then she turns away.

–Art is physical. The contact of the paper and the pencil when I sketch.

–Or the contact of a man and his lover.

–You're not are you...

I again gaze into her eyes and then lead that gaze away. She is looking down.

–Sometimes it's better not to wait. If you really want something in life and you wait, then you miss that chance. And then life just becomes a dull routine.

–Adventure.

Would it become necessary to open another volume of art? To ask about various positions. To drop a book and have both of us reach down to pick it up.

I brush the length of her long brown hair with my hand.

–I guess that I'm going to have to pay for this.

–Maybe, I can help you pay for it.

–Do you have a break coming up?

–They're not going to miss me on the floor. I'd like to show you some special books.

Next thing she's in the back with her skirt hiked above her waist. And she's not wearing underwear. And she takes me hot and anonymous. This is her art and I can sense a talent. My kisses seem to rub across her face.

She wants to tell me that this is the best that she's ever had. Not because it's slow and prolonged, but because she is risking so much in the process.

The manager eventually gets fired, and I continue my winning ways. Nothing more happens between me and my art student. How can it? She cannot deal with that much destructive force in her life.

Except for that threatening smile of hers. And she's taught me about the bookstore's secret collection that I feel the need to share with the other customers.

## THE HOME

I generally make it a principle never to conduct my business in a lover's home. I don't want to become attached to her surroundings. Then I'll feel the need to take something to remember my time spent there. An ashtray or a vase. Nothing major. Just enough to disturb the sense of completeness that goes along with her place. The awareness on her part that some other man can feel comfortable in these surroundings. Her hope that she will not get submerged in the emptiness of her own desire.

I like that sense of power. If I cared more, I could just drive a moving truck up to the place and take away everything. Then I'd show up the next day and make love on the empty floor. Semi-clothed writhing in the midst of nothing. That is all we'd need.

She smiles. Maybe I could bring the furniture back.

If I promised never to return.

—Are you ever afraid of sex's incredible power? That it can cause you to do anything. I knew this man who was a record exec. And he had this client. A really famous rock star. Well, the band's on tour and the exec would visit the star's house and make time with the star's lover. So the guy returns from the tour and finds a journal entry where she describes having sex with the exec. Of course the musician has pull at the company and the exec gets fired. His wife leaves him. He has nothing.

—What's the punch line? That he stopped having sex.

—He gave up everything that he had.

I am simply amazed that the record exec didn't assert his privilege. All these stories seemed headed in the same direction. Detection and punishment. Is this what we want all along?

I always had a fascination for public sex. After all we're all subject to gossip. And we want to probe the lover's insides. Not just physically but an inside even deeper than that. And conquering that initial embarrassment is a passing through a wall, a place of incredible power. Nothing can distract me from a purpose, nothing can distract her from her revelation because what she is showing me is so much more incredibly humiliating than any embarrassment felt at the public eye.

Gossip is the expectation here. Dying to be reborn.

Temporary because it is eternal.

After such an adventure everything else seems faded, boring. No one can complain how I failed to measure up. Because my measure increases a thousand fold. Who else has the staying power to be watched.

She is humiliated because she hates to admit that nothing else would ever get her off. She is worse than a thief. Sex has stolen from her and now she wants to invade every public place with its scent. Her panting.

–Do you want to fuck me here?

–We’re going to get arrested.

When nothing less will do, she realizes that she has to ask for it anywhere, at anytime. A whim in a supermarket. The bluntness that put times at risk for that second. Stops his heart while he looks at her and recognizes nothing else, realizes his utter uselessness before this reality. And he is giving away to a power that he has never known before.

No longer does he wonder why me. Or does he check himself in the mirror to see if his hair looks right. He is afraid to face that ravenous creature looking back at him, feeding on his own helplessness.

–He found out and he left me. He called me a nympho. A slut. I told him that I liked it. that he always held back so much of himself and he didn’t even realize what he had become. That he had no power. That I could stomach his weak penis hanging there waiting for a response.

>>He wanted to fuck me then and there. And I wanted nothing to do with him. No parting shot. If he wanted to leave me, then he could just go. For that instant he realized how powerful I had become. I was his goddess, I was immortal. And I felt that every man would just freeze before the cauldron of desire that I now exposed.

Now that she can touch this power, she is useless to me. She has conquered the public, and now she is nothing but entirely public. I cannot share in her triumph. For her it is short-lived. It will devour her. It will devour me.

–So we have nothing to talk about.

–You know what to do. You have to get busy. The world is your oyster.

This is too easy. If I want it, she would give me--the keys to her place. Sign them over to me for good. I should have never brought back her furniture.

Did I have my powers back...

## **THE ARREST**

–Ed, I need you to bail me out. There was some confusion about a check that I wrote. I know that they’re going to clear it up on Monday. I just don’t want to spend the weekend in this place.

Ed is an English prof at the college. Sort of a freaky type. The word always was that he and his wife were having these orgies. I never got invited. But friends of mine would say that Ed would greet them naked at the front door, and there’d be all these naked bodies crawling around the house. Once he told his wife to go out and fuck some guy and then come home with his cum on her face. Needless to say she divorced him.

He was the last person that I needed to give me a lecture.



–Did a woman complain? I’ve always told you that there are limits.

If there are limits, then he’s crossed over all of them. He was once the model for my adventures.

–Times have changed. People aren’t so up front about their desires. You have to be more devious. Meet a girl at choir practice, and then just tell her what a stand up guy you are.

Dumb at that. Had he lost his touch? Was that why he was lecturing me?

I really don’t know what got me arrested. It’s not like I’ve been doing anything out of the ordinary. And even if she decides to go further with her charges, she can’t make them stick.

You can’t ask to see something and then complain when you don’t like what you see...I don’t want to pretend. Things like this happen. I think one thing, so does she and then bam! I’m getting fingerprinted in this old station house. Maybe I’m not as selective as I used to be.

But then how can you be? Sex is like that. When you start to really savor it, you look for prospects who have that same flair. She seemed a very perfect candidate. When I looked at her I imagined undoing the strap of her tan pumps, sort of a sling in the back. She was sitting down and looked up and smiled.

–New shoes.

–No, I really should get this strap fixed.

–It just won’t stay closed.

–Life sometimes has that same tendency.

–Mine does these days. I just got my wallet stolen.

–Today.

–Actually it all started a two weeks ago. I go to look in my purse for my credit card and it’s not there. So I cancel the damn thing figuring that someone took it.

By this time I am sitting next to her.

–Well, yesterday I’m making a purchase with the new one and it comes up no good–cancelled. And I look down and realize that it’s the old card. Shit! And the thief had gone back into my wallet and taken the new card and replaced it with the old one. Who knows how long it took before I realized it was gone?

–So how much did he take?

–What?

She suddenly realized that I was sitting next to her, sitting very close to her...

–Do you mind moving away please?

–Is there some problem?

I started to feel like the credit card thief.

–I don’t know what it is. I get claustrophobic.

It’s not like this was a crowd.

I’m telling you this because I really can’t remember what happened next. It ended up in a hotel room, and I was making love to her. We were there an hour and a half and the next thing I know I’m downtown locked in a cell.

Ed is real cool about everything. Sure I got a lecture but he did come and get me.

## THE GREAT DIVIDE

How the object of my fantasy is nothing but that. Immediate in how real it is and might be. So nothing can stand in the way of my desire and my satisfaction. And how I pose my satisfaction suggests something about its immediacy of satisfaction, objects existing for just that. That my desire already has a place of satisfaction. So I can never be divided from the object of my desire. That she is real only insofar as she could satisfy my desire. That she could even assume to exist apart from my satisfaction—a travesty. It is ridiculous to assume that anything could even separate me from that fantasy. It is satisfied in its conception. For I can already anticipate every crevice that yields to my suggestions. Resistance would only be layers of skin that would unfold and give way under my touch. From the burning of my desire to the reality of my presence to the accession of her will, there is no hesitation. You are here. “You are here.” Thank you.

She is there to welcome me and already is. If I said maybe, then she would say yes now, all now, you are my now, immediate, perfect, now. Anything before could only be a preparation or would only be forgotten. Or remembered as faded. That we are meant to be together, to fit together.

Against this fit, she might wonder, might long for me when we are apart. Fantasy of fantasy. An object of my desire become a real object. Everything that I wonder about is satisfied in how the object is. And if it was any different, it would not satisfy my desire. It would not be an object for me. As if I anticipated all that it is before it a fantasy for me. For her it might have all been different for all that it is. She might not have met me. I might not show up that night. But for me the object is just that. In spite of her. And she knows what that is. Wishing it were not so, but knowing just that.

And she tries to think like that, exist apart from the fantasy. But her fantasy is just that—that she cannot exist apart from it. But for me, it is already part of me. She cannot have it or take it from me. My object. And for her without it. She wishes for it. She cannot exist without it. But for me it is. There is no need to fill myself with an object to preoccupy my attention. It is the object of my attention, and in that we come closer, she comes to me.

I am always and already there. To say it is to see it, and I do.

She being it can only be separate from it. She desires what she does not have. I possess it because I want it. Vive versa, if he wanted some hank of my flesh for hers, she could never have it by wanting for it. She wants me because I want something of hers. It all started with my pursuit. In that she might doubt it. I can describe what I want. She can only want what she does not have. When I see it, I know what to want, where to want, because it is flesh. She commits sins of the flesh because she wants to be wanted. She cannot have the object by wanting it. There is no mystery. Once she wants, she wants it because she had it and does not have it. She dies when I take it away from her. But my object of satisfaction is already taken away from her. It does not clothe me, or enfold me or surround me. It is part of me. She desires what I have taken from her. And what I give and take back. For everything that she gives of herself, she desires me. And I want it to be that way, that is my object. That is her flesh. It does not fold to escape me, it escapes her. She cannot get it back, she feels it cut her from the inside.

Her hair is piled in disarray on her head. She has a very frazzled look. I don't want to hear about her man. Or their plans to buy a house. Or what kept her up all night. She is wearing tightly fitting sweat pants, and when she moves, she offers an inadvertent revelation of flesh. And her curves make me want let my hands wander over her body. And I can feel open her intimacy to me all hot and wet. Can she sense the messy connection that we're sharing.

–I'm not worried about him at all.

–Want some really dirty sex?

And she feels her romance for men, anywhere anytime. And what she has given up for this guy, this house. And if you show something of yourself, let me just take it on for you. And just as I feel how easy the sweat pants slide off. And she wants me to slide myself in her. Where do you want to take this?

Here and now.

She has that weird smirk on her face. I want her to stare in my eyes, to see what I see. Nothing is said. Nothing can be said.

Did I want to rush home and fill in for what she could not say? Or did I want her to take care of me here and now. somehow. And the fantasy became more intense and more prolonged by what cannot be said.

And when you look at pornos, what they show, what they exaggerate.

–My what a big cock!

And not only in desire does the object sustain arousal. But the more the focus of enjoyment, the more the focus of exaggeration. The grotesquerie. Everything speaks the unmistakable. Do it.

The breasts in the face–the hair–hands, face, ass...undone.

–You have the perfect body to help me act out my fantasy.

–Act out and fantasy are the key words here.

And the body of the desired becomes a necessary part of your body.

What I like to see best was the exaggeration. I did not like it for itself. I liked it because it reminded me that point when I started to do things not because I liked them but because I was driven to do them. That this power seemed to take me over, and I felt totally vanquished by this onrushing tide.

It wasn't like we were doing anything. Our machines were doing it for us. And I felt our bodies collide.

–You looked away so you wouldn't stare. But I knew that you were staring at me. And I went home all sweaty. And in the bath I touched myself and thought about your big cock just coming inside me. I want you to take me somewhere just dark and fuck me over and over again. And you don't want to waste what the two of you had worked for. But it hadn't been working–not in the least. And you want get fucked in a way that had nothing to do with the house or his work or his shitty mediocre problems. And all that promise that you had as a girl came down to this. Maybe a good fuck could remind you of what you meant before you got lost. I needed a good image to complete your offer. What neither of us could fill in by our glances at each other.

I want you, you here and now, no pretense, no promises, no make believe.

And for me this is the best make believe. To make up for what I can't do, can't say, don't want to take the risk, when I have already thrown it away.

It's a toss up.

## GINNY

He brought her from Texas with the idea that she would marry him. It never struck me as too bright a move on his part. But it wasn't as if he had found love in the city. And he felt that time was running out. I was expecting some clumsy neurotic who needed someone to help her get dressed in the morning.

Of course he ends up helping her to get dressed every morning. But it's not as if she needs any. What did he do to deserve an affectionate soul like that? From the moment that I see her I take it as my mission to liberate her from his gaze. When she first looks at me, she has that special knowing smile that she continues to have to this day.

–Ric told me that you are an artist.

–I write.

–What? Travel books.

–No, I write dirty stories.

–Do you have some kind of problem?

–Don't you like dirty stories?

–I like to laugh. But I'm a good girl. If you're into perversion, there's got to be something wrong with you.

–Perversion. Who ever said perverse? We all love dirty stories. It's part of our nature...

–So why do you need these dirty stories. Is there something wrong with you.

–Do you like to masturbate?

I always thought that this was a stupid question. Do you like to like what you like? Of course not. But it always worked.

–What are you asking?

–Would you let me touch you?

–Ric...

–Screw Ric. Would you hold my hand while you beat off with the other?

–And then what are you going to do?

–I'm going to suck the other hand clean.

–You know that you're a pig.

–We all have appetites. I know how to satisfy mine.

I had already planted the seed for my adventure. Ric did not deserve such a passionate creature. But I could see him tucked in bed with her, his tongue between her legs while he tells her how close he feels to her. There is no faithfulness on his part because he does not have the imagination to cheat. You can't be faithful unless you have an actual temptation that you have to resist. Otherwise faithfulness is not a choice, but just a way of forcing her to stay with him. It was my duty to break them apart.

When you meet someone with whom you have that sexual chemistry, you can't fail to act on it. Otherwise, you lose. I need to hold out a promise to her for a more intense enjoyment.

She already knows that I want her and my perverse interest complements her desire for me. I don't want her to go back to Ric. I want her so humiliated that she can only return permanently to Texas.

–Did you have sex with Ric last night?

–Why did you think that I came up here? I wanted to be with him.

–So did you masturbate after he put that pathetic dick of his in you.

–Ric gave me pleasure. I didn't need anything else.

–It's not just about filling a need, it's about fulfilling a desire.

–I'm satisfied.

–So would you mind if I touched you.

–I told you that I am satisfied.

–Well, I am not. Give me your hand. Would you mind if I touched myself while I held your hand?

She laughs.

–You are weird.

–If you had sex with me, would you tell Ric?

–I wouldn't have sex with you even if I wasn't with Ric.

–Why?

–You're a dirty man. You'd have sex with me and then I'd never see you again. I'd just be a conquest.

–That's not how I am. I really wish that I could be with any woman that I make love to. But it never seems to work out.

Ric has an incredible weakness for strippers, and nothing captures this better than the image of his diminutive head nestled in the bosom of a lusty dancer. I want to engrave this image on Ginny's brain so that she can give in to me. And then her only option would be to hightail it on next plane back to Texas. But now Ric has his own private dancer, and the dance is going to keep on, until she realizes that there's no money in this game, and she has saddled herself with this sex-crazed freak who brings next to nothing to her table. This is the city, not some fishing village on the Gulf. And there's a world here that she has never dreamed of.

Dreams--what if she'd become a dancer? What would drive her in an insatiable allegiance with lust and money? I don't want to appoint myself as her liberator but she did not grasp the extreme servitude to which she had surrendered herself. In my recent isolation, she offered more and more appeal to me.

Looking at her, I fantasize myself propped above her naked body while I kiss her and massage her breasts. Then I tingle in the electric moment of our two bare bodies on top of each other as she takes me inside her.

–Where's Ric?

–It's not like I'm his keeper.

–And you suppose that I am?

–That wouldn't be too far from the truth. Before you, the only way that he could even get close to a woman of quality was by paying her.

–And you're implying that he's doing as much with me.

–Let's say if you're getting nothing in return, then you're getting nothing.

–I care for Ric.  
–Is that before or after you get high?  
–I don’t get high.  
–Then I don’t know what I’m smoking but I just can’t see what you see in him.  
–There’s a difference between guys like Ric and guys like you. I’ve had guys like you all my life. They promise me the world but hey just want a roll in sack. Ric wants me.  
–Because he can’t get anything else. At least there was a sack to roll around in. With Ric, you’d be better off falling off the edge of the world.  
–You don’t know what it’s like.  
–Let’s just say I don’t have to suck the little twirp’s dick to know what it tastes like. I’m gagging already just thinking about it.  
–If you love someone, then you do things for them to make them happy.  
–No, it’s vice versa. You love someone because they can make you happy.  
–And he makes you happy?  
–He’s good to me.  
–Is that good to you because he’s no good in bed.  
–Ric’s a great lover.  
–And what’s your comparison, your Dad?  
–What?  
–Fantasies.  
–What?  
–Back to the dirty stories. They have to start somewhere.  
–And.  
–Yours start with every guy in your town wanting you. Rubbing their bodies against you in the Wal-Mart. Trying to take a peek at what you got. Having your body be the only topic of conversation for days on days. And some of them know every nook and cranny of what they’re talking about.  
–I’m not some kind of whore.  
–But it’s part of your power, your mystique. That every boy would give up the world for you. So you never have to give up a single thing to any of them. You can have sex with as many as you want, and you’ll never expose an inch of that tight little ass.  
–Is this how you make love to a woman?  
–I’m telling it to you like it is. And here Ric comes along, and you think wow he loves me. But you got tired of all those hicks back on the Gulf, and you thought oh boy here’s my ticket to the big city. Did Ric sneak you in a suitcase?  
–He paid for my flight.  
--I’ve got you going. So you wake up in the middle of the night and faucet’s dripping and you say. “Hey, Ric baby, can you fix that faucet?”  
–He’s not a plumber.  
–And he’s going to rust your pipes. And you’d better get it fixed while you can now. I am moving so close to her, too close.

–It wouldn't be too far off if I said that you want to fuck me right here. You want me to bend you over, pull up that skirt and just shove it in. Bang you right here where he could catch us. You're not wearing any panties now, are you?

–That's a private question.

–You're not, are you? I know you Ginny. You get wet just hearing me talk about sex.

–It's not like that.

–You can't help yourself. When you get a whiff of dick, then you're ready to go down on the guy.

–If we went somewhere, you wouldn't tell Ric would you?

–Tell him what. That you let me lick your ass.

–I'm not going to let you do those things that you do to those whores that you hang out with. Just straight sex.

–And you're going to let me put it in.

–I just don't want you kissing me. Then, he'll know.

–I want you to love me, not to hold anything back. To want it over and over. to be willing to sign your whole world over to this one twist and shout.

–Nothing's that good.

–Nothing's that good, because you've been holding back. Thinking that it's you who chooses who you have sex with. When you know it's sex, that power that is uncontrollable for you. Everything, every second a tribute to the fact you're a fox, drop dead gorgeous.

I'm telling her all this and I know that's what they made her believe in Texas. And we're in the corner of the warehouse, and she pulls up her skirt, and her juicy ass is face to face with me. And my tongue goes to town. Tracing the crack down to her mound of hair. And she is already wet. And my tongue slops around in the mess. She is in throes of passion. Her legs are thin and firm. My invitation. And I reach to massage her clitoris. And the attack is double and overwhelming. And I lick and lick and lick and the waves of excitement roll and roll and roll. And the next step is automatic in its simplicity. she takes me inside her. And I move to kiss her and she smells sex and is intoxicated. Once she has passed the bounds of the illicit, everything goes. And we thrust against the building, our clothes slashing against the brick. What she does not give up to this moment!

That night she comes to my bed all curious. And she leaves with nothing unknown. Ric comes looking for her the next day. All her stuff is gone.

I really wish that I could stay with a girl like Ginny. But what would we talk about? The sex... Sometimes our bodies are too much for our brains. We have to give in, because if we didn't what would we spend our time thinking about—other people having sex.

Even if Ric has a pot to piss in, what could she become? His sex slave. It'd get old, him telling her do this or that; it'd get old quick. She has a power in her and she has to use it. Otherwise, it would go to waste.

And me. What kind of writer would I make? I couldn't even sustain the seduction past the sene by the warehouse. What if Ric found out, found out before anything happened? Then she would have rushed in my arms.

–I'm afraid of Ric.

–What happened? Did he hit you?

–No, but he might...

–What?

–He thinks that I'm fucking you.

–What did you tell him?

–Nothing. But he has eyes.

–Did you tell him something.

–I said that if he didn't treat me better that I'd leave him for someone else. Then he said that no one would want a whore like me. Then I told him that you'd want me. That I'd seen how you look at me.

–What are you putting me in the middle of things?

She starts crying.

–Come here.

I hug her. Tears in her eyes, running down her cheeks.

–It looks like you just came in from a spring rain.

She smiles. I stoop down and kiss her

–I didn't want that to happen. You're not going to tell Ric.

–He already hates me. He thinks that you're cheating with me.

–Let him hate you.

I know where this is leading.

–You better leave.

Better means that I want her now. But she won't give at a moment like this.

Now I am on my way. Which is real and which is the fantasy. Her hair, her hair! Kind of unkempt, all wet like a spring rain. And I trace my tongue along her smooth legs and she shivers slightly until she is warmed by me insider her.

And that thought lingers with me as I watch Ric wander around in the dark, all drunk cursing the cruelty of his fate.

This story is worth one more visit. I don't want to waste time on this fantasy. So I'm wandering around the tool room looking for screw driver. And she's looking for some sex toy or something and I don't see her in the air. And we both crouch down to look on separate shelves and when we stand up, we're eye to eye. She smiles and then blushes.

–What are you doing here? Ric didn't tell me that you'd be in here.

–I'm looking for a driver. A screwdriver.

Her blouse is low cut and just drapes across her breasts. She seems sweaty and I imagine that I can see her butt cheeks at the edge of her skirt.

–So have you found what you're looking for?

–I wish that life was that easy? Where's Ric?

–He went out for a video.

–And he sent you in here to look for some needed tools. Something to compensate for his useless trick.

–I came in here on my own.

–And are you going to leave on your own.

–It's not like I really want anything out of you.



–But if you could get it, then you’d take it.

I imagined holding my body against her. And in the disgusted state that I was, I’d take pleasure in her brushing her body accidentally against mine.

–Why are you holding my hand so hard. You’re hurting me...

–What?

–Did you say something?

She’s still standing about three feet from me. And I’m wondering how I’m going to get over there without making a fuss.

–Hand me that hammer, will you dear.

–You going to do some banging. It’s getting a little late.

–I don’t know what Ric would say if he caught us together. Although it’s not time I’d mind.

She hands me the hammer and I pull her over to me before she could let go. I let my imagine get away from me and glides up her legs to those firm cheeks. She gives in just enough and then pushes me away. Then she slaps me.

–You liked that.

–I slapped you.

–You took a while.

–I slapped you.

Enough of her skirt is touching me that it gives me the leverage to pull her over to me. She falls in to me, and I catch her. She braces on the table to get away. But my grip is firm. I do not force her. And she holds me for an instant, holds me to say yes—give it up...

I pull her close with her skirt flying up. And we fall together. We embrace each other and we start to pull each others clothes off. I nibble on those succulent breasts. And her stomach is full exposed with its invitation to her panties. I am overcome with the flesh. So solid. and the appeal of silk. And I pull down the panties with my teeth. And I am buried in her hair. And the moisture of her insides. I explode and explode. The buzzing in my head.

She is grabbing at my pants. Her hands reach down my underwear. Erect and ready for her. She swells around me. I do not thrust into her. Gentle waves rolling over and over and over and over. And this enjoyment rings around her and approaches me from behind and I am caught up by the flow to be pulled into her. The scream. An inner yell. And the blood rush. I cannot hold back. And I feel the walls break apart. I am not coming. I am fading into her. And the fade becomes permanent. And I look back and now she is deep inside me. The laugh. And then a return into the flesh, into pungent odors of her body. Nauseous because I have reached satiation, and I want to transform into something else so that I can have so much more, more than this. I am prostrate before this immensity.

–Who are you? You can’t leave me.

And in this giant wave, I feel the wash break over me. And we fold into each other and take up so much of the other. I want to turn away by the fear of this invasion. I hardly know Ginny. And now.

Can her leaving permit me forget that power? And I feel so destitute before the experience.

The fantasy needs a coda, an after dinner mint.

Her bags are packed. Ric still knows nothing. And she stops by to say her peace. This is of course ridiculous. Her exit requires that she reject me and Ric. But I need the fantasy. She is in heels and a frilly dress. No hose. And her bare legs are too much to let go.

This is so automatic that it has to be someone else's story.

And I feel my hands rub against her legs until they twist into her sex. And she coos. Again fantasy as she looks at me across the room.

–This was all a mistake. You, me, this place, Ric. I should have stayed home. Gone to Dallas.

Become a stripper. And I see myself walking across the room and pressing my body against hers from behind.

Again fantasy. But I definitely feel the satin dress pull up, and she is not wearing panties and I caress her lightly, tickle her until I could feel the suck of her pussy drawing me in. And she bends down and let me slide myself between her legs. And I felt that woosh and an Ah on her part as we drew together. And my gentle rocking is met by her stubborn replies. And as she pushes harder, the rocking becomes a sustained thrust. And the undulating is frenzied but so very constant. She bursts with the excitement. And I fall over her in my completed enjoyment.

She would have needed to avoid this final contact. Unless sex was already so much a part of her being. The rawness of contact. Why Ric? This is still new to her. New because it had been with her along. She had hoped his money would make her new again. But Ric has nothing. And he never will. He treated her like a dog. I knew that she wanted to be humiliated. But I didn't give in to that. I let her humiliate herself.

## WHAT'S INSIDE

I don't know how I got this picture. Maybe I took it myself. It's of my ex, April. I think I found the picture in her things. The dentist took it. Something of the amateur photographer.

She's naked. She has sort of a glazed-out smile. Like she's under anesthetic. Maybe she sent this to me in spite. I can see the edge of her intimacy, her pubic hair coiffed to cradles her sex. And it can tuck completely into a revealing swimsuit or pair of panties.

I remember my nights with her, and what I can't remember. Too afraid to face her new conjunction. And the picture suggests exhaustion. She says exhaustion. Her body speaks for her in what I see and what I don't see.

Inside. You can't see inside.

This picture could launch a thousand ships. It could inspire in reality more than she could ever imagine inside. The picture marks where she hits a wall. Where she stops at the smile. She tries to move outside of herself and hits the wall of the flesh, of her own body. Too much to contain in any one imagination.

This complication is underlined in the sure line of the razor on flesh. Not a full growth, lusty and comforting. But this certainty, her intention for sex. I cannot lose myself in this abyss. This is her new language, where she instructs the tongue in its inimitable duty.

What are they saying about her? That she cannot move outside of herself. That she is what we see.

And what's inside is her resistance to this image. Can you still love me the way that you used to? And I am trying to penetrate this image, to see what I saw in Ginny. What I felt with her. But I needed to let go as she took the plane back to Texas.

So what is inside is what she won't let go. What hasn't been uncovered by those endless nights of passion. What became that stalemate between her and me. The more that she talked about herself, and the more that I sensed the energy that motivated her, the more I felt that I knew what was inside.

The night that she was down in the kitchen crying by herself. She looked at me with a strange look. She wanted me to go back to bed.

I wanted to stay down with her, to say something. But the maybe I was the cause of all this.

—Maybe I'm unhappy because of you.

And our plans. The sacrifice. Has she just stepped into someone else's life.

—Don't you love me anymore?

What was still inside after all our time together. And if she took that from me then it was something that was inside me.

—You cannot know things that I really feel. What I've always felt.

I thought that was what our love was about. How we had started to move together, to sense things about each other. But I couldn't deal with her unhappiness. More than ever this is what she held inside. As if I became angry when I saw her freeze up.

—I can't enjoy making love to you anymore.

This picture seems to suggest a contrast. An exhibitionist, that she might try anything new. But I still knew what would never satisfy her. If he probes her with his drills could the pain provoke some remedy to what she felt inside.

## WRITER'S BLOCK

My new career would have never taken off if I was still subject to my writer's block. As I feel my hand move along April's body, I can sense an excitement fuel my imagination. The muscles in her legs give reply to my caresses and I bury my hand in these lines. She turns her head to give a sign of a developing zeal. Her thighs pull up at the knee as I follow her gesture. Her inner thigh is so smooth.

—I know that you want me.

For once I do. And I can feel my imaginative power sharpened by this progression. And in each step, I sense an affirmation of our time together. When we discussed the shortcomings of representative art. Or when we planned her art show, a mixture of sound and images. Or how she tried to confront the success achieved by other less creative, but more aggressive artists.

I doubt that her dentist lover has given her the same kind of encouragement. Here my fantasy hit the same wall. Restrained in the dentist's chair without anesthetic waiting for the drill.

April blindly attained the Elysian fields. She walked on bed of flowers with her eyes focused on a her own morning star.

When she first moved in with the dentist, she had come back to get her stuff. She wanted me to convince her to stay with her. She saw my collection of videos.

–What is this stuff that you’re looking at?

–Do you want me to say it’s art?

–Is this why you lost interest in sex. Is this the kind of woman that you’d rather hang out with. Have you been having sex with one of these girls?

–It’s not like it a catalogue, and I can just order one of these girls up to my place.

–Then why are you watching them? It’s not like you just started since I left.

It was if they had told me something about her that I never could say—something that she had not realized well enough to say to me. And I felt that if I kissed her at that moment that I could have brought all those moments, all those girls together at once. Even so, I now feel even more attached to that moment.

But she was screaming at me. And we felt like we were light years apart from each other. Somehow in the midst of all this turmoil I got that photo of her. And now my imagination seemed to bring it to life. And only he could arrest my fantasy.

Without his influence I think the fantasy could be more powerful than ever being with her. It is my way of getting back at her for all that had happened between us. The curse. The very thing that she despised, the pornographic, keeps her alive in my imagination. And she who was so devoted to depicting the human figure has the image of her body burned on my brain.

Her body is almost made of plastic, and its lines cling around me. But these fibers seem to squeeze tighter and tighter. And I can hear his laugh.

## THE LOVER

Lover, what’s the price for your freedom. Each part of her body had been rented out to her former lovers and as I touched her body I recalled these intrigues.

–They pointed at my breasts and they laughed I knew that they were talking about me and they wanted to touch me and indeed they were touching me. It made me all warm inside.

--I don’t suck penis.

The feeling of his penis inside her became so captivating. She wanted to surround that feeling. The gross, physical reality of her sex became so concrete by being utterly abstract. She was projecting that engulfing back onto his penis. And she wanted and wanted and wanted it. Wanted to take back that feeling. But in that effort she let more of herself go to the lover. To suck his penis was to think about nothing but dick. And in those moments when his intimacy seemed to desert her, she sought the same level of devotion in other guys. Huddling over in a crunched up Volkswagen and going down on some guy that she hardly knew. And for that moment she was take by his, not her, vulnerability. And she took that in more and more.

–Can you take me inside?

–I have a boyfriend.

And this stranger wondered if he subjected himself to more of this, would he lose all sense of proportion in the rest of his life.

On one such encounter, she felt her strategy placed in doubt. Again stranded with some guy in a car, she felt herself immersed in this alcohol and pee-soaked world.

—Is this what my relationship is worth, she wondered to herself. And she felt herself coming kamikaze down into her self-made explosion.

She liked this. She liked it more than the programmed emotions that was parceled out by her lover. This made her afraid. How could she ever hope to sustain anything more than this random encounter?

The lobes of her perfect ass seem to sparkle in the heat of passion. As my hands spread across them and squeeze them, I feel gratified that I could erase the imprints of a former suitor. Her she recalls the session during eighth grade library hour. She let him reach under her panties. And his little hands treasured her firm behind. But this was where she stopped the exploration.

Now I wander around the fleshy cheeks, and curled in the forbidden crevices my tongue finds its rest. Gentle licking. And a more profound invitation.

—Don't do that.

At no other time did his erect penis ever seem so formidable. And she knew that her pleasure to this point had not been sufficient. Don't, well... What she had given up. A guide to that deep tickle. And then you seemed cut in two, welcomed to a new brutality. Something separate from you that really focused your lust. And from this point you led the intensity. You had yielded to the insertion of his penis, too much pain. The buggery.

In piercing the thin membranes of her inner cavities he found himself drawing blood. Face to face with this, a legacy of raw power, I am bewildered. I teeter before the full impact of this intensity. It starts to uncover desires in me that I hate to admit, but ones in which she seems to take particular delight. Her escapades have driven her to a point that anything less lacks the ability to stimulate. And the fear that I might enjoy the same quality of dominance confuses me even more.

—Don't do this.

Where she has abandoned the least semblance of a sexual boundary and where she crosses over to the frenzy of these unleashed energies.

If I allow the tension to release, I might lose the profundity of her sexual dynamic.

—Sometimes I think that you're afraid of me, afraid of what I tell you about yourself. You were sort of a phony when I met you. Now you've almost reached the style of lover that I've always dreamed of.

## **YOUR STORY**

I meet you in the sexual underworld of Charleston. I am already immersed in the clandestine intrigues of the respectable libertines. Only their masquerades sweeten the lazy nausea of the city's tradition. I felt that my jaded nature had found its check in your apparent naivete. Maybe you would be the willing initiate into my debauchery. But your apparent lack of experience was hardly in evidence when I heard you talk. You found it easy to burn through the hypocrisy of the city's aristocracy. And I was seduced by your string of commentary on the dead end presented by this underworld.

We became fast friends. It was at this point that I appointed myself as your biographer; You adopted me as your ghost writer and felt at totally liberty to divulge your story to me.

You were waiting for a train at the Marta station in Atlanta. A stranger accosted you and was seeking sexual favor. Desire had never touched you in a such a precipitate way before. Only a stranger could engage you in such stark encounter with pleasure. Why had you not avoided his advances?

Years ago you would have been aghast to imagine yourself participating in such a secret society. Now you pretend that you are partaking in a coffee group or a sewing circle. It would help no doubt if you had paid better attention to the reading assignments before you signed up for this group. Or it you had better contemplated the geometrical arrangements that this society would challenge you with. That you would need a mirror both to brace yourself against the monster that seems to so attract you and to fortify yourself for a further metamorphosis of your sexual tastes.

Nothing is shown in the open, nothing is risked, nothing is lost. But the vortex that now gazes back at you is the basis for a meditation on offenses past. Either you are seeking absolution for deeds yet undone or you are trying to arrest the free fall that now appears certain.

How in the midst of all this can you still believe in some grand design to this universe? More like a Grand Inquisitor. So that you might make sense of this torture you think that if you write his name on the sides of building that he will appear to you. He has already been a part of your experience and you failed to call him by his name.

So we are under a pretense that you have stopped by the wrong rest stop and that you are seeking directions back to the main road. In this spirit, you can begin a self-examination. How you have been constantly trying to avoid these devilish circumstances and they in turn have picked you out as their most likely victim.

You long for a day when matters of the flesh were as remote as possible from your everyday world. I am take in by the rather saccharin origins of such a libertine. Behind it all I see some cosmic coupling that ties you to an absurd universe. Something left inside to ferment. Hence you seemed attracted to great divide. A galaxy of invention cleaving together. Against the rather infernal motive that underlay your vision, words attained a liberating magic. If you ignored the flesh because it weighed you down to the earth, then words inspired lofty passions. A refusal to be taken in by the most mundane concerns of those around you. Beat you if they must but you would not surrender your rendering of your world in verse. Dragged down by their prosaic commands, you dulled their sharp rebukes with rhyme. They feared your poetry because it meant shutting down their moral regime. A sprite! You engaged the darkness with an eternal lightness, and they fell before your humor. Lest you might occupy a day with dread. The butterfly bounced gaily away.

On first view nary a dark cloud could penetrate your radiance. But the storms blew far off. And their portentous horizon threatened. As if a hand reached across you and traced its dark blot. And the stain so enraged you by its mass that you could not shut down its trespass. Where was the point that this darkening has proceeded too far. Where the daises seem rusted by some invading hue.

In this storm you felt the reach of an invisible hand. Your cooperation with this touch released an incredible shame in you. Sunny climates no longer offered protection against this intrusion. You wanted the punishment that you had previously blunted. Punishment now provided a perverse thrill for you. But where your previously angelic turn had created some resentment against you, your new imbalance still remained relatively undetected. It was not enough to believe yourself damned. You needed to make those around you aware of your new fate. Hence, the attraction for misdeeds that you used to avoid.

You needed to recruit accomplices for your adventure. You remembered stealing a necklace from a playmate. Of course, you couldn't wear the purloined jewelry out. So you made a pact with your mirror and delighted in the brazen image of you dancing naked before the glass wearing only the necklace. Somehow you were already transgressing the images of childhood, and you hoped this offense might suggest some adult deviance.

Theivery was not sufficient to crown your pact with darkness. But certainly you loved displaying your treasures before your reflecting companion. Such childish debauchery no doubt required confession and forgiveness. Since you wished to resist any form of restitution, you needed to avoid detection of your riches. You kept the private dance going, but then at other points you let despondency serve as your contrition. Hence, a cycle was born and this led you to finer and finer forms of personal delight. Sure you avoided gossiping about your compatriots. But you could not avoid reasoned assessments of their transgressions. Occasionally, you shared these judgments. But too often you had to fend off their darts, and you felt too perceptive to kill them with your cruelty. You reserved these more severe judgements for private. And in public you led the offenders into predicaments too overwhelming for their limited wits. Thus, a romp through unfamiliar woods or the meeting with an unfriendly neighborhood pet.

As much as you were in the forefront with your adventures, you held back significant moments of your experience from the public eye. Then desires for revenge offered no succor for the depths in which you plunged. And only an attachment to some grand design could make you feel there was some purpose for your condemnation. As of yet, you had done no deed that seemed to allow such a settlement. And your appeals seemed entirely in vain. The glamor of the day turned into a mockery, a prelude to your nightmare. And the sweat beat you down in preparation with the ghostly encounters after dusk.

Is this why these visitors now haunted your shadows? You found yourself yielding to their desires. You mimicked their pleasures. And thought you were in paradise when they seemed to have arrived at ecstasy. The wailing from the dark corners of your room. Lights flashing. This hurt your eyes. Still your desire to lead these profane rituals. Where previously your rhymes had a life of their own, this shadowy existence had a personality of its own. And you became entirely proficient at this assault against yourself. These entities reached out of your eclipses.

Heaven help that these monsters might emerge when you surrounded yourself with your sunshine companions. Sure you were given to your secret maneuvers, but they could never imagine a pact entered in under such perfidy. You coveted their innocence as it hid their more profound yearnings to stain their purity. You watched their hands wander in imitation of adult betrayals. And you tried to warn them of the forlorn results. But that would only inspire their pursuits. In the end, you would seek such alliances.

At this point, you would rush home to consider what remained of your girlish crushes. Down deep you feared that your companions knew. Knew that you had nothing to share that could make up for their lack of acquaintance with their own deviousness. The more that you felt crushed, the more that you felt its pain. You sensed rejection before the projects could be formulated.

Part of you hoped for a compatriot more brazen than yourself. Someone who could shake you to the ground of your existence. You knew that they all were faded borrowers ripping their schemes from misguided parents. But if you could at least temporarily engage such conspirators. Hands that did not fumble clumsily. Dirty little boys who moved with clear direction. The prospects attracted you but the consequences still frightened you. For investigating such a path, you felt the need to descend one more stair into your private hell.

To hide your new passion, you surrounded your world in pastels. An occasional rendezvous with the crimson pirate needed to be compensated with a bath in the cleansing waters. And the deep colors faded before the wash of chlorine. You could smell the cleansing. And you covered your body.

Better still, the security beneath your covers. And you pulled the white starched sheet over your head. It all had the antiseptic clean that you had been craving. And now you felt the further thing possible from your fallen nature. This is where the universe responded to your confusion. This was the desired order of things.

Someone found it his sick game to lock you in closet and there you learned that the darkness has a solid form. Just as you understood that this form embraced you, so you felt it could offer you a path of escape. It had swallowed you up and you were going to take it apart bit by bit.

Still you felt this imprisonment had to be some punishment and you devised some offense on your part to merit such a fate. And the more that you felt the cloak of darkness, the more that you drove inward for the source of this exile. Nothing could deflect the weight of these chains. There was no mirror to absorb and reflect your desire to get away.

There and only there you hoped that someone might rescue you from this morass. And you toiled in the darkness under the vague hope that you might find a way out. This hope became cloaked in a new reality, as the visitor emerged all ready to break into your imprisonment and spirit you away. In time the visitor would dominate this darkness and bless your universe with his charms. And those charms would dominate all your imaginings. Worse, you would be totally susceptible to comparable appeals in your everyday world as you would yearn for his return. Any occasional encounter might offer some glimpse of the mighty pleasures that had haunted your wandering nights.

In the indulgence of your vanity you felt superior in moral culture to all other creatures. Your heart swelled to the edges of rapture as you were filled by these feelings of pride. In this vision you felt yourself spread out before the sky for all to see. Since you had given so much of your life to this sacrifice, your passions had been curtailed. So it was easy to give yourself up these delights. You did not see this indulgence as a corruption. Rather you felt that you were only sharpening your conscience in a way to leave no other equal. Your eyes looked in



disgust at the creature that you were. But in the extremes of repulsion, you achieved a most extreme transport and became lost in self-admiration. Thus you could correct your imperfections by a falling towards correction.

–I do bad things. I’m not always consistent. But I am constant in my desire to be saved.

You felt both entirely alone and entirely desired, and hence everywhere connected.

Everyone wanted you. And you surrendered to the absurdity of this desire. And the more you felt this new perfection, the more that you thought yourself beautiful in this intense light. What else did that beauty do but emphasize your purity. And the more pure that you felt, the more that you felt blessed.

Here lay a severe discrepancy. How could you really trust that purity if you were never subject to temptation? In that light you had to consider all the bizarre predicaments to which you could subject yourself. No temptation would be worth its salt if it couldn’t bring to a boil the passions. So your imagination became an accomplice in trying to shore up your virtue. It was almost an internal battle to set off this new purity. You needed sufficient passionate interest to make temptation a real feature of your experience. But your will needed to be sharp enough to undercut any process of temptation.

At first, the solution seemed obvious. Short-circuit the temptation before it had a chance to take form. And this was the technique that you perfected. Perfected because this formerly had been your manner. Nevertheless, you breached a strange fear—that maybe you were finding delight in the temptation. If you gave into this feeling, then you lived for the temptation. Would such a position towards temptation imply that you were indeed endorsing the object of that temptation? This fear was becoming particularly ugly. It was starting to drag you down. Down, but this was also the source of a hidden pleasure.

–If I taste it, how can I ever avoid its influence.

Now torn between seduction and resistance, you required a special force to intercede. More than your purity, you found a unique quality to the graces made available to you. Did these powers permit, almost necessitate your descent into the world? They gave you licence. With that licence, you could explore the roots of your pleasure without ever acceding to the effects of such immersion. You could taste without ever being overcome by the poison. You could sample without ever being weighed down by the feast. Here was your diet—delight without aftertaste. You were becoming so adept at adorning your beauty that you could participate in this investigation. And in this reconnaissance you noted all the highlights. You catalogued. You collected. You sought remedy, antidote, counter spell.

Here came another dilemma. Were you becoming accustomed to the dark arts where the tainted rewards to the senses only meant enslavement to the overall allegiance to the body? Was temptation in its massive form enacting its toll? Even though you supposed that you were not imbibing in these wonders, you were now a devotee of all the pleasure that you had formerly eschewed. You had simply become adept at the razor. But piece together these individual events, and you were immersed in the seduced’s lament—Oh my!

You were really torn apart. You had perfected all these arts with the desire to enhance your virtue. If you let go of these crafts, then you would also lose touch with your ability to resist temptation. It wasn’t so much that you were given to the artifice. You had learned to trick sin,

and you needed to maintain this cunning if you ever were to stay immune to the appeals of the world.

Hence you terminated your conflict by your new devotion to the body? How else to eliminate the influences of corruption. Evil had taken the form of disease. Anything that preserved your health was only a step towards further rescue from the tempter. You believed more than ever the natural inclination of the body towards good.

–Confessor, is this not the natural order? We have been created to see the world thus. The more perfect our bodies, the more perfect our souls.

–That would be true if there was not a natural bent in the body towards sin. That is the whole scheme that grants revelation the privilege over pure feeling. You cannot validate emotion on its own account. Only when it is informed by a higher inspiration.

But you felt that you already had access to that higher revelation. And the more that you crafted your body to take that imprint, the closer you felt to the heart of that revelation. You were indeed blessed. For a moment, an intense desire seemed to burn in your heart and inflame your whole body. You allowed the onset of these feelings. You relished in their delights, but you cut short the completion of this fantasy as it would only result in impoverishment of the spirit—oh thanks!

So in the intervening duration, you worked to maintain the purity that had been strained by your wandering. A flaw tore apart your being as you had always used adornment of your physical attributes as a way of attaining greater inner perfection. But this exterior ornamentation only made you prey to vanity. You had almost included this vanity at heart of your devotion. This had become your pattern of sanctity. How could there be any distortion in your aspirations.

You worked to reorder your pursuits. Maybe it was not the appearances that had dazzled you. Just your manner of devotion. You looked at yourself in the mirror and still considered that you were blessed. What you had undergone was hardly a real temptation. What if some disease ravaged you. Now that would be actual temptation.

So you returned to an image of sweetness and purity. Under these circumstances, you could continue your fealty to the mirror. So you sought a absolute stillness with which you could preserve your attractions. You would not let them spin around themselves and seek acknowledgment in others. They would find satisfaction in themselves.

You sat meditatively at your table. Occasionally a glance over at the mirror. All this balance by a gaze upwards. You sought inspiration from on high. You deserved such recognition. The glow of the believer shone on your face. You felt your spirit arise in your elevation.

So you were the attendant at heaven's gate. The increased sense of uplifting made you feel that sacred embrace. Everything vibrated with that communion. You had been assumed into that inner congregation. Your whole body bore the imprints of holy desire. You had traded a part of your body for something far greater. More than ever you feared eternal damnation if that beauty suffered any blemish.

Now the only access to eternal damnation was through impure thoughts. They could clothe the transfigured body in vulgarity. You resisted. With each day your self-admiration increased. Each day you appeared more and more perfect. Or you would isolate some flaw to pretend that you were not absorbed by your overall perfection.

Deep in your heart you reserved a place for a supreme being who might offer you the crowning achievement for these feelings of superiority. That he might adorn how you look with an aura so blinding that no form had borne such an imprint.

Any taint might appear to drag down my commitment to my virtue. But I know how I can resist. I know what are my origins. So you turned to this model that you could adore. Not some shell, but the source that you could worship without any reserve. Now, you were attracted to that essence that would never perish. You had discovered the genius the spirit to crystalline network. With study you submerged in this myriad. Only untold self-denial could prepare you for the inevitable magnetism that drew you to this one, this place. In this overpowering moment you felt the voluntary pull that engaged all your resources?

–To resist would be torture. I am yours.

Since you had become a spiritual intimate, you feared that others might be envious of your rewards. You needed to extend your study to ward off these vain influences. You sought a purity of intellect to correspond to what had transpired in your soul.

You found a testament of faith and with this work you had your source for inspiring passages. These you copied into your instruction book. Then you transferred the lessons to your everyday exploits. There was still a glee that carried through your meditations. You feared that others would ridicule your discoveries. That they would mock your diary entries. that they would never understand the spiritual passion that enveloped your being.

You had a dream that was haunted by fire and a scream. Someone had come in your room. They had pried in your diary. They had tried to destroy the symbols of your commitment. This made you ill. The nightmare was becoming too real. You could sense their eyes always watching.

–What do you want from me? You cannot have it. He has show his love for me. He has come for me. He is my lover.

This nightmare became more complex and merged into your everyday life. Something that was going on.

–This force seems to be molesting me.

How could your ever preserve you virtue if the temptation had made itself into your protected chambers. You locked the door and remained in your room for days. You fasted. Even your body started to seem foreign to you. In this your risked the gravest temptation—that you might find delight from your own touch. This fear became all the more oppressive.

You ran from your room. You were a raving lunatic.

–I need to touch of a man.

The halls echoed with your cries.

You despaired to the loss of your virtue. Even your form seemed to bear the burden of your fall into sin. Why had he not come for you? Why did he not rescue you?

**–You can't give in to your feeling of depression. They will only make you more susceptible to depravity.**

**–More, less, it's all the same disgust.**

**–If you don't change your ways, you will have no concern for others and even less for yourself. You will give in under the least pretext. Do you not see how far you have**

pushed yourself and how lost you are becoming? Is there no way that you can see the totality of your error. You are emphasizing your isolation so that you seem beyond salvation. And in that state, you only make yourself a worse candidate for temptation.

>>Worse, you are creating a ready-made personality who will resist all attempts at saving. You are only enhancing your vanity. The greater that you are plunged in this vanity, the more the appeals of flattery will be the only entreaties that you can feel. You will bath in the depravities of your lost soul. There will hardly be hope of rescue for you.

>>Can you not recognize the personality that you are fashioning. You are enhancing her mask and hardening your heart. You will become adept in the ways of complement. And it will be so easy to accept the gifts that accompany your new state. You will start to expect such tributes. Your heart will pine when you do not find such rewards. So you will slip deeper and deeper in that same illusion. Where is there rescue to be found.

–I have always found support in the past.

–Again, you see your pride intervening. You have fallen even deeper than I once thought. Where once I felt hope, I fear that you now resent any effort to offer you aid.

–But all along, Confessor, you have offered me the support that I need.

–You think that you can even seduce me into your way of seeing things. You are indeed beyond help.

–Then you are only condemning me to a worse despair.

–I am only trying to break down those idols at whose altars you now worship.

Smash this idolatry. Smash all reflection of such base devotion.

–Where then is my hope?

–Can you admit to the depth of your corruption.

You were frightened. You felt that you had made a breakthrough. Finally, you had found something that you were good at. Finally, you had been broken free from these intense burdens that had dragged you down. Had you given in to a universal temptation. You tried to regain your breath.

Were you totally isolated in your journey? Were those who sought to guide your back to the right path only causing you to deviate even more? Your own body seemed to turn against you. You could feel such pleasures welling inside you. But these waters were indeed churning, and in their cauldron you could feel the mix of a more severe condemnation. Temptation and punishment. What had you done—nothing—you had enjoyed life. And now you felt pursued by an inner death. Who, what had betrayed you? So that you might take even greater pleasure in a darker night.

You needed to recollect, to find the heart of your being. But in this flux, you were being introduced into such unfamiliar territory that the former points of reference seemed no longer to apply. If you could only be seized by some immense power, then you could let go of your hesitation. You could give in completely without any concern at to what might follow. Such was to be your dilemma. And in the winds that ravaged the landscapes of your soul, you swirled and tossed and turned and twisted.

–Now look at yourself. Look, my child, what you have become!

And you saw the horns. You saw the fierce beauty. Never were you so attracted to an image in your life.

**–Come for me now. There is nothing that can be done to stop you.**

**Even though your vanity drew you deep into temptation, you hoped that your sorrow might immunize against any actual shortcoming. Perhaps desire was part of your nature but you wanted to break its regime. Unless you attained the skill to completely rout this dominion, you would remain inclined toward sin. In this inclination, a curse seemed to descend over your being. And you wondered if you could somehow subdue its affects. Maybe if you devoted all your efforts to counter this decline you could eventually compensate for your errors in judgement.**

**–I never actually resolved my search in favor of wickedness. I have always tried to shore up my defenses against depravity. There was never any real danger of me being seduced by the flowers of evil.**

**But you were immersed in this netherworld. The panic became worse and worse. The possession took you over. Forgiveness followed you everywhere. You could not escape the knowledge that it implied. You were ever besieged by its obsession.**

**Your weakness only suggested a new form for the temptation. That your lover could nurture you and offer succor for your fallen state. You had sold your soul for a place at his table. You would be one of many who had gone down this same road. And the depths dragged you further and further down.**

**–There is no mercy here.**

**–Mercy is the price that you must pay. Nothing here is free.**

**And you saw the fortunes of your persecutors increase as you slid into a despair without words. Your body burned with a fire that raged with greater and greater intensity.**

**–I have made mistakes. But that is not who I am. I have a sainted nature and all that I require is the chance to win my way back. Give me the opportunity and I will again set myself on the right path.**

**–You think that you have more lives than a cat.**

**–But is that not the spirit of forgiveness. The limitless well.**

**–But if you assume that the well is limitless in and of itself, it will only overflow and drown you.**

**–I need true salvation.**

**–Then don't aspire so high.**

**You checked yourself in the mirror. Could you really give in to the rigors that he contemplated.**

**–Have I really fallen that hard? You told me not to despair.**

**–I am your adviser, and in this role I need to inform you how deeply you have fallen.**

**–You're just repeating back to me what I said earlier.**

**–But I'm doing it in the right order. You were just mouthing the words in the hope that you could reach paradise.**

**–And I won't.**

**–Not if you don't change your ways.**

You could not wait for this hoped for deliverance. You had waited too long. You needed some immediate assurance. Was this not your darkest hour. Even sin seemed only a hollow reply to your dilemma.

–I don't want your help. I don't want anyone's help. I can do it on my own.

–That is the worst sin of pride.

–But it is my pride. And I'm very proud of it.

–Don't destroy the veil while it can still do you good.

–Don't destroy the good in life just to keep me in this veil. I want to fly.

–Just don't look down.

–Is that all the advice that you can give.

–You make me afraid.

You did not react.

–Child, you could have been saved but instead have turned your back on the only validity in your life. I have done what I can.

But I have not. In you was emerging a being that no longer sought integrity from the outside. You were still haunted by your fall, but you were no longer restrained by its effects.

All your life you had felt this city scurry by inside you. This was your fiefdom and you were enjoyed by your rule. For too long the city had been under a dark cloud. The storm was now dissipating. If you were to begin your journey, you had to make the step now.

–Let the city spread out. World, here I come!

And so you escaped.

You felt your world emerge from its darkness. The sun baked your skin brown. Your hair was golden in the sunshine. Your abdominal definition seemed to be the reward for the summer sweat of your exercise routine. Your muscles held taut to your frame. Each movement exuded your new confidence. The glare of the day hid your former preoccupation with the shadows.

Women surrounded his every step. His caress trailed from one to the other. Each tried to hold his attention where he seemed lost amidst this crowd.

What a haughty bastard!

–You want to dance?

–Do I know you?

–Your friend introduced us last week.

You were trying to brush him off. Polite.

–You're looking really great.

You knew what he wanted. He was attracted to your new look. The sharp lines etched by the sun.

You didn't want to look him in the eye. That would give him a sense of overconfidence.

–I've really got to go.

–I hardly talked to you. Maybe I could get your number.

–And do what. I don't think that we'd get along.

You dreaded getting lost in a trail of conquests. But you took his number.

When he first met you for dinner, he seemed to have lost that independent swagger. At times, he seemed shy. You loved his honesty.

–I used to draw and paint a lot. I always thought that I had talent. But I was afraid of what people might think. That I was wasting my time. Especially my Dad. He thought that anything that didn't make money was a waste of time.

–Do you still do this.

–I just doodle.

–Did you save any of your old stuff?

–Somewhere in a box in the apartment.

He convinced you to come over that night after dinner.

It became his mission to find the pictures. Over a bottle of wine, the two of you shared his reminiscing. And in his bold figures and soft lines, you felt your own hand guiding the charcoal on the page. Felt his caresses on your dark skin.

He pulled you toward him. He kissed you. It overwhelmed you. All too fast. If you gave in now, you'd have no resistance to brace yourself.

–I need to go now.

–It is getting late. I got to be up for work.

He wanted things to proceed faster. But his patience surprised you.

As you fell asleep, you felt his kiss sear passionately to the heart of your being. It both attracted you and reminded you of that strange darkness from where you had emerged.

His touch warded off those bad spirits of a former time. You could feel his body warm against yours. You slept restfully and awakened refreshed.

Part of you wished that he wouldn't call you again. If he would just go back to his other girls. Something seemed to remind you of something that you wanted to forget.

–Sorry, I haven't called you the past few days. Things have just got crazy at work.

You imagined him with some other girl. And maybe it could be you. You stretched out on your bed all self-assured. You could make him love you, have eyes for no one else.

The phone cord twisted around your body.

–I might be free tonight. But I've got some school work that I need to get done. An essay that's due next week.

But you don't do any work that night. He took you to dinner, dancing. And he moved so gracefully. And his knit shirt hugged his trim body. His muscles were solid underneath.

You're at his place when he gets a phone call from a girl.

–I need to go.

–I'm going to break up with her.

You wanted him to. But you hadn't yet had the courage to tell him not to see other women. After all he hadn't even slept with you. In fact, it was remarkable that he hadn't pressured you to have sex. In spite of this, you felt down deep this need to be with him, for him to be inside you.

And the more that he seemed to deflect his attraction, the more you felt the pull of raw desire. It was as if he was poisoning you with some love potion that drove you crazy.

He kissed you on the way out. One of those stay with me forever kisses. And you gripped his firm ass, move your hands along his pant leg.

You left aching for more. You wouldn't let him drive you home. You ended up taking up a cab.

You couldn't sleep that night. The light of your desire filled your bedroom. Exhausted, the dawn invited you to sleep.

His technique was flawless. He was making you want him. Holding the door for you or filling your room with flowers. His rapport with the waiters, the wine lists.

Dessert. You melted in the chocolate miracle. The minute swirls intoxicated you.

He pressed your hand down against the table.

Kiss me now.

You let the caramel surprise do the talking for you.

You had anticipated this sweetness all your life. The total domination by this feeling convinced that this was the perfect thing for you to do. Nothing had ever felt so right. You needed it to feel this right. He wanted you to convince yourself of as much

To another's eye he might have looked slight. But you noticed how his work out had given him a sculpted form. He became your Adonis. And you wanted his body to shape yours as you hide yourself in his sure lines. You craved the union of flesh on flesh.

Already you felt that he was cocky. So you tried to withhold your affection. Or to divide it into apportioned doses. Not to let on how fine he was becoming for you.

You could feel the seeds of destruction of your affection in each fragile embrace. Only his kiss awakened something unnameable in your passion. And you drank of that connection freely, a hemlock for your soul. And you knew how much you were becoming addicted to this elixir.

You wanted to expose yourself utterly naked to his desire. The more that he seemed to ignore you, treat you badly, the more you wanted to keep this going... Sometimes you just wished that he would go back to his other women.

*She was never touched by a power so great. And she expressed her will towards it by her total assent. In this there was no holding back whatsoever—this is what made it so frightening.*

*She reviews how she sees herself. How everyone else sees her.*

*—They all want me. I don't know what it is but they can't help but want me.*

*She wanted them to treat her with reverence. So she let them bless her days with magic*

*—Look how they look at you.*

*All heads turned your way.*

*—That still is not enough. It is never enough.*

*—What do you want—worship?*

*—Down deep, I am still very unhappy.*

*She felt that everyone wanted her. Not who she really was but just how they expected her to be. And she wanted it that way.*

*—Something's wrong with me*

*—Your memories have created who you are. You have never really gratified your desires. But this revelation risked turning her into a monster.*

*—My heart is breaking. I can feel them breaking into my dreams.*

*But her sleep was so restful.*



–I want you to do something for me.  
 –I’ve been in this scene before.  
 –I want to see you naked  
 –Let me just take my top off.  
 –I’m not even touching you.  
 –When does the touching start?  
 –Kiss me.  
 There’s no rescue in any of this.

*I could feel myself slip into the passionate sighs. My world swirled around me, and I felt myself sucked down. In this coincidence, I was together with him. I felt close to him—intoxicated by his breath.*

–Give me your hand. What are you afraid of. This is your game.  
 There is no escape from this place. Suffocation in your anxiety already has you folded over in pain. You wish that a blast of fresh air might penetrate the dank and give you the strength to right yourself. But even your attempt buries you deeper in your pain.  
 This is too strong to suggest that you enjoy this. But the expectation of a lull is itself a delight.

*He buried himself inside my flesh. And I surrendered in him. He eased over my initial sense of discomfort. Now this was the only that I could call living. Everything else reeked with the same burden of being.*

*His body made me shiver. I trembled when I touched him. But I became lost in that hollow. It was all too honest.*

*–I feel that I am dying when I am with you.*

**I trembled when I touched him. I hid in this layer of skin that seemed to surround him.**

*–He gradually expanded his hands to trace the muscles of my back. I needed him to stretch my skin, to touch me deeper. He slid the oil down my stomach. I opened up to his caress.*

*–Maybe you could teach me something.*

*–Surely.*

*I ask you to complete the picture.*

*The brushing of her hair—the brush of her hair. A honey blonde. I kissed her deep. I wanted to kiss her, to say something. She looked at me. I wanted to complete my gaze by devouring her body. She turned to me to smile.*

*Her friends stands the way of my view. I stare at the gentle curve of her ass. I am sucking on the full cheek.*

*–Please move while I continue to stare.*

–I need your touch--more than that.

–We need to talk about how they feel

In the Charleston scene, there was fascination for such talk, beyond talk, the purity of the word itself. The women that they desired. The smoothly shaved legs. The silky dresses.

*I feel myself lick along the boundary between her self and nothingness. And she dizzily negotiates this precipice. Her rhythmic breathing and deep sweat drenched kisses mark this fervor that keep her on this side of oblivion. More restless. More inspired.*

*There is a spring in this path. The firm skin, the moist infection. The feverish breath. Breath to breath in me, on my face.*

*Her hair is damp and clinging to her face. She smiles. I dissolve in her.*

*I move so slowly along her skin. We merge. Ah!*

*Later she turns to face me.*

*–You’ve made me understand something about myself that I never saw before.*

*What can I possibly do with such knowledge? I mean what would she have said if had told her that before we slept together. I can make you understand things about yourself that you’ve never seen before. And it frightened me how much I have been believing this sort of thing*

*I am shaping myself around what cannot talk. I am a mold formed around silence. What I had most wanted. And now it seemed just impenetrable to me.*

I need to sleep or I’m going to go completely off the deep end. I am so happy! Drenched in my awareness. I am inside you and outside—watching from afar.

–Are you touching yourself? I need to see you. Put on a skirt and no panties. Everything in my outside is inside you. I need to be with you. I need you to wait in your car.

–All these guys see me as their fantasy. I want everyone to give me head right here right now.

–I am your fantasy now!

*She lifts her shirt to show her stomach. She discusses his conquests to make him think that he is special. She just wants him inside.*

*She is succulent. To feast on her flesh!*

**You were lost in a vague feeling that you could take on his pain. In that you gave his cruelty much more validity. In fact his pain ended up being the disguise for his cruelty. But you felt that you needed to accept such discipline. Only then could you return what you had abandoned in those long nights with your former lover. Now your attachment was to a persecutor. This was a fate that you had so long contemplated in your dreams. Now this vision was driven deep into you. So it was something that you felt you needed. You acted so he could punish you. Relish his punishments, you did.**

–What about me? My body.

–Your body. I have needs too.

–But my need are independent of yours. And they have to be met before I can ever give in to you.

–We’re in love. There is no independence. That is an illusion.

–But I am drowning in your love.

–But I die when I do not have your love. What can I do?

**Is something going on here? Something that would preclude you giving your love to someone else.**

–**This really doesn’t involve you.**

–**Who does it involve.**

–**That is none of your business.**

–**But you told me that you loved me.**

–**Told you. And that doesn’t obligate me in any way. Love is not about obligation.**

**That’s your thing.**

–**Then you can do whatever you like.**

–**So can you.**

*I’ve lost the only person that I can confide in. I am definitely trapped. Why am I letting this go on?*

*He is so jealous. He suspects the wind. He hears a phone ring, he hears a knock on the door, he sees a man in the street—suspicion.*

–*I’m becoming more and more attached to you.*

–*But you told me that he threatened you.*

–*He said that he would do things to me if I left him. He had these screaming fits in public.*

**The stories go along with you assurances about yourself. You are so deep in this mess. But you find a new joy in these depths.**

–**He is giving me something that I never had before.**

–I want you to suck my penis.

[*I don’t remember this scene.*]

–I’m not feeling it right now.

–I want you to get me hard, and then I want to put myself inside of you.

You give in. You lose yourself so deeply in his penetration. There is no recovery.

*I have to break up with him. There is no choice.*

You found a REMEDY. It kept you up all night long—a solitary pleasure.

–Get on with it!

–“No one that I’ve met has really satisfied me. This is more than SEX!”

**I could predict like a science what would follow next.**

Through me he acquired an intimacy that made him seem to understand He gave you the impression that you could maintain that intimacy. That's why you fell for him.

–That's why I've fallen for you.

–And?

–You're taking total advantage of **your** position. I don't want any more complications. I don't want anyone angry at me.

**–I'm not trying to damage her reputation. Or devour her like a piece of meat.**

–You're right. I need to stop this.

–I'm not saying that at all.

She wants to end it.

–You've got to let her know--it's gone on long enough

I'm going to write that book that I've been telling you about.

--That's funny because I've been making notes too.

--About my story.

--Yeah.

--Can you write it for me—write up your notes for me?

–You asked me to end it.

–Look how far we've come.

–But you said that you'd go farther. That you'd do it for me.

There is the suicide watch—all that night—then the silence. Utter silence. Then you take some pills and head for the mall.

You are in a mall. It is as if you are pursued by this monster—a gargoyle looking down from a balcony.

–That's bull shit!. He never had that dream. Of if he did, you had nothing to do with it.

In the dream, the boy kills the father. And you, the mother, decide to accept the blame. The burden is so great that it starts to tear you apart.

–I don't like that dream.

–The dream that you told me was much worse.

–I felt your hand pull me back.

*I still want to be your friend. It is not what you think.*

*–It's still penetration.*

*–I never agreed to any of this.*

*–You still went along*

*I really need your help. You're the only one that can see what is going on.*

*–Why do you make me bear this burden?*

*–Am I a burden for you?*

*–You never do what I advise.*

*–I still need to hear your advice. It makes me feel assured.*

**[Away from your view I decided to rewrite your story:**

**He felt this incredible need to maintain appearances. For she had shone a light on this part of himself that had always been empty, an emptiness over which he neither lingered nor admitted. And if she was indeed right, then his appearances might eventually imply something real.**

**That the catastrophe might cause her to ask for something more than he had been prepared to give. But for her this was request was no more than he had already promised.**

**For him, what he had promised was much less than the immediacy of the feeling that surrounded her. What he felt when he was with her and what he associated with that feeling when he was not around her. For him, the promise that he made to her was therefore no more than that insurance to himself that his feelings for her were far greater than any promise could encompass.**

**For her, it was entirely the opposite. The promise implied the projection of feelings on his part far greater than she has sensed in his affirmations of love to her. At the same time, the full expanse of this promise was far less than the richness of feeling that she had savored in the physical contact between them. For her the physical contact was evidence for the extravagances of her attachment to him.**

**The physical contact between them became this ever tenuous link between two forces that each pulled in the opposite direction. She could not be any less aware of the likelihood of this band breaking. Under these circumstances, she could wish for nothing less than a catastrophe which might test his promise. Nevertheless, she dreaded the onset of such a catastrophe.**

**Her dread invited a tendency which had so disgusted her in her youth. She stayed with him.**

**–It's not up to you to question my motives.]**

Henceforth, her experience changes.

–I don't think I can keep doing this.

–Why?

–He's going to find out.

–I thought that was your whole reason for doing any of this.

–Now it's different. We really are together.

–Let me kiss your breasts. Run my tongue along your legs. Revive our fundamental passion.

–I don't need this.

Or in the retelling, I take over his role.

–You're not giving me a chance to leave.

–Where are you going to go?

–I have places.

–They're all the same. You destroyed your last refuge when you came with me.

–I wished that I hadn't.

–Wishing and doing end up being two entirely different things.

–Going somewhere.

–For a little trip.

–You have something that belongs to me.

You have something that I want.

–I do.

–I don't think that I can protect you anymore.

–I don't think that I can protect myself

--Maybe this was all an illusion that never existed. I met you at an orgy. Sure I wasn't a participant. And you were only there reluctantly. But we both have more or less subscribed to the same culture. Let's not try to keep our blinders on. For whatever that means. You're way beyond innocence. If you're enjoying what you're doing, that's one thing. And if you're not, you can keep on pretending that it will all work out.

I just don't know where it all gets messed up.

–You want someone who doesn't give in to your advances. But when they resist, you turn on the after burners.

–As long as we can both maintain the illusion that there's more that we can get out of this.

–So why don't you give in all the way. You have to test everyone. Keep them all on the line at once. It's time to just hang up.

–That's going way too far. Way too far indeed.

–If I lift my skirt up a bit, are you going to look?

–You know that I'm already looking. But none of this really works with me.

–If you just keep acting fast enough, none of this will catch up with you.

–If it does.

–I'd love if you'd just hold me closer.

–You both want it and don't want it—is it all the same for you.

–I feel that I'm getting closer to something.

–And the stronger that you feel, you think that you're on to something really powerful.

It's just you. It's the illusion of the one on top at an orgy.

–We've all thought about it.

–And you think by acting it out that you're going to finally make it happen.

- For the moment it all feels right.
  - Once you show some guy your breasts, how do you draw the line?
  - There’s always a line. Always a point where he can reveal an ugly side of himself.
- When you just want to tell him to leave.
- Or you don’t want to exercise that prerogative. You just spread it for him then and there and you let him take a snack.
  - I’m not like that.
  - We’re all like that. You’re on a roll and tanked enough and you’ll push that button. I know you all too well.
  - So you do?
  - I’m trying to be nice.
  - I’m trying to stay in bounds.
  - But a good fault now and then really gets the game going. It inspires all the players to jump up and declare victory.
  - So we all should have when we’ve had the chance.
  - You’re pushing for an end game.
  - As I always do when I’m in a room with an adult who has his clothes still on.
  - Would you suck me off for old times sake?
  - Would you stick a lemon in it for old times sake. You really are walking on a thin line.
  - My whole life has been about cutting it with a razor. As yours has been as well—I can testify to that.
  - And so it goes.
  - I’m not here to tell your story. That was some other guy.
  - What are you here to do?
  - Give you a massage.
  - You’ve been doing pretty well with your words.
  - And I wouldn’t mind obliging with my fingers.
  - We still haven’t figured out all the things that we can do with the words.
  - Like attached.
  - Like going with.
  - Like gone in with.
  - Like going down on.
  - Is that something special?
  - It’s either very important or nothing important at all.
  - How can that be?
  - When you give something important to someone you don’t care about, you have to make it mean nothing at all.
  - So much for the good times.
  - You can’t keep a good boy down.
  - Amen, sister!

We sit staring at each other nervously. For most of our time together, we have been checking each other's weaknesses. We have been pushing it so far along. We can't fulfill our needs as that would only create new ones. We stay in this hell.

I have already recounted her history, and I feel that I have real insight into her future. I just don't want her to break down here and now. I feel that I have a personal stake in her. Worse, I feel that I am gambling, and I want to shore up my risk.

You can rescue a lost soul for a night, but that does not make a night. And this night is starting to seem more and more like a loss.

Given the temptations that she has described, I detect no resistance on my part and little on hers.

### A SCENE

- What kind of games do you like to play.
- Ones that I can't remember in the morning.
- How do you do that?
- By pushing out so far that there is little to recognize in what happens.

Is this my cue to leave. Have I always been afraid of this sort of recognition.

She rests peacefully next to me. She hardly makes a sound. I hear nothing. No one even knew that she came here. No one even knows at all.

### A RECOLLECTION

- I can't take it any more. I can't take you. I just don't like living like this.
- This has nothing to do with me. We hardly know each other.
- You know everything about me.
- It's not that kind of knowledge.
- But the way that you looked at me. I have always been afraid of that look.
- Why?
- That is real desire.

I try to revive her. There is no waking her at this hour. The night has been too long in her. I open her eyes, but she does not awaken. She will not. She refuses. For now she has left her body, and she is not ready to return.

- How far do you want to take this?
- It depends on what you want to show me.
- On what you can take. How long you can hang on? How hard can you make it? How hard can you really hold?
- Enough to not let go.
- And if I resist. Will that add to the feeling?



- I don't know. Are you into that sort of thing?
- I've never felt it any other way. I don't want to let go until the sensation stops
- There is the danger. The end of it all. The shortness of breath.

Here's where it really gets tricky. Where the story changes.

**This is the secret.**

-How long do we have?

If we change the focus. Make the concentration more desperate. Then she can't let go.

No one can.

So my gaze becomes more extreme. I am piercing a veil. And I hold it in my hand. What I have been gazing at. It is like a dove taking flight in my hand. I am frightened by it independence, fearful that I might impede the flight.

This is the originality of our contact and where we hold together. She is fierce.

Without this gaze, there is a turning away

You know it just by looking at it. That is your in. Having the bloody touch. This story has been about having it. Finding it, getting it, and keeping it. I'd be a fool to act as if it wasn't there when it was.

So who are you? Where do you really fit in this whole story? If I found something, either you've got it too, or you're clueless. It just looks like you're in the know. When it's just another appearance. And the heart of the matter is totally out of your grasp.

Or that's where hand to hand meet heart to heart.

- Is there no hope of reviving you?
- I live on fresh blood?
- How fresh? How much?
- Enough to drain a life of its force.
- And what is their in return?
- Pleasure.
- That may not be enough to take you through the consequences.
- I'll take my chances.
- We all do!

If you are really concerned about this, you're going to follow this through. But the lack of resolution is the only thing that can make you hang on. It means that you do not have to surrender whoever is pulling the strings. Just as climax is achieved, you can pull back-- disappear.. The only real contact is then with the air.

If I see you like he sees you, then I have become him. That is your fondest dream so that you can begin this story again. Linking up with somebody who doesn't have a vision of how the world turns around.

Whatever I see, whatever I hear when you talk to me, your smile, all of it comes down to this one thing—this explosive quality. This It that I can hold in my hand. Or what just slips away and has always slipped away.

Hidden in your aspirations is this basic wish. Just to self-detonate in the moment. Face to face with that kind of excitement, nothing else comes close. Here you confront the confusions of self. Who is making this all spin around. And can you make it go again.

## IT

IT is the partition between me and my pleasure. By provoking the expanse of this barrier, I start to sense delight. I can feel myself losing awareness, an ability to move. What first covers my hand next seems to envelope all of me. I feel taken over completely. This oozing mass solidifies and absorbs me. As part of me, it is just that and nothing more and I come to take the unity for granted. Automatic. To seek satisfaction is to be satisfied. It is as if I am humming to myself. And this tune is that pleasure. No vision, no touch, just this incredible warm feeling taking me over.

It acquires a voice. I give it commands. It takes form.

It flaps and I am engaged by these vibrations.

—Touch it and you can ingest those rhythms.

I am shaken by the tremors. I want to hold my feeling in. Already tearing me apart.

—It is not that I have a perfect IT. I am the It

—Beth, do something for me. Shake it. Do it!

Can I see it for what it is? Her hands in her panties taking my commands. Her fingers in her mouth. Shaking it until it won't move anymore. Pulling all these mysterious forces from it.

IT in itself.

—It means so much to me.

—Do I mean what it means to you?

—What do you want it to mean?.

—Eternal flux. That you won't let it ever stop.

—I have to do other things.

—And everyone wants you.

## BETH

Entirely given over to it. She forms her body to leave no doubt about her intentions. Constant exercise. Rewarded by how she makes her lovers feel.

IT.

Just look at her face, and you know what she is thinking about.

—Touch it.

—Don't you object.

—That's why I'm here.

She laughs when she is touched. It always means too much.

—Can I see if for what it is?

—Whatever is that?

–Have you forgotten who you really are—what are your origins?  
 –You’ve come to set the record straight.  
 –You can’t help it. It’s in your nature.  
 –And you find that nature pleasing. Maybe I’m just doing this to get you going. Have you ever wondered about that.  
 –I’ve wondered but I never thought that it was really like that.  
 –You sort to have to believe that it’s somewhat that way.  
 –So if I believe. What can I really do about it?  
 –You can’t do a thing and either can I.  
 –So what are you going to do.  
 –I’m going to perform for you. Let you watch. And you’ll think that you’re seeing just who I am.

### JOCELYN

–I want you to do something that warms you all over.  
 –Do you want that warmth to spread?  
 –When I touch you, I want to feel the heat radiate from your body. I want your body to glisten with sweat. A mass of sweetness that just overcomes you.  
 –What do I need for you to want me? What do I need to do what you want me to do?  
 –There’s that core of who you are. An intersection between what you can touch and the sensation of being touched.  
 --So you are searching for that heart of the magnetism. What pulls one body to another. What projects the body out of itself.  
 –Then you think that you can oblige me.  
 –How can I do any different?  
 –Are you afraid of me?  
 –Where can I go that you do not haunt me?  
 –When your outside is your inside

As I watch, something makes me stay attached to both participants.

–We will protect you.

Jocelyn winks to me. Beth’s legs melt into my desire.

–I’m not ready for any of this. I like to have the chance to just come and go when I need. If I didn’t I’d feel you swallow me up and leave nothing else.

–Can’t you love anyone?

–I can’t love you.

–Not me. Anyone. You’re afraid of your own shadow.

–It’s not fear. It’s just the routine where you find that you’re doing the same things over and over again. You just can’t get yourself. I mean you can get the jolt. But not that overwhelming whirlpool.

For the time being, I am drawn in by these machines of desire. They play, but they never feel any fatigue.

To remind me of the reality of the scene, the room is full of this sick smell. The more that I am touched by it, the more I get used to it. I almost like it.

## **MORE THAN HAT**

Beth is nothing less than IT. What I have sought all my life. What I need to bring to life. Without her contact with Jocelyn, Beth would have remained forever pre-emergent. My theory would have had no real support. But here she is in all her immediacy. Beth has found what makes her complete. It is tangible. It is her.

Jocelyn projects in this space to make Beth so ultimately aware of her power. Here! Now! Forever.

The ruse is that Beth will associate this new found power with her coincidence with Jocelyn. I can hope for nothing less as this connection is only a meager illusion of the circumstance. If the two women happen to touch themselves while engaged in the same room, I can only hope that Beth is made aware of the incredible power in herself that she always ignored. It is not as if she has never masturbated. But now this stimulation fills her entire perceptual screen. She watches Jocelyn reach under her swimsuit. She can feel Jocelyn stimulate herself, and her realization is transmitted immediately to Beth. Beth can touch herself in the knowledge that Jocelyn is experiencing the same awakening. She can feel Jocelyn touch her. Moreover, they are both focused on the same fantasy. This makes the experience all the more intense.

In the absence of Jocelyn, Beth would not have carried on the fantasy as long. This prolongation is entirely the source of the pleasure for both women. It is also the heart of my desire for Beth. I can reduce all my needs to nothing but the power to obliterate all that exists in Beth. She has totally given herself over to Jocelyn's guidance and in this exchange, it seems that she has also let go of the very power that moves her along. In fact, the exchange opened up an infinity of discharge in Beth. Her energies communicate the massive rush of this current. And I have hooked into the flux. Beth had become part of me. She feels that she has been assimilated into Jocelyn's world.

The longer that Beth touches herself, the closer that she feels to Jocelyn. At this point she cannot express that feeling for her. But Beth is entirely moved by the influence of Jocelyn. It is more than being brought into her sphere. She senses a vague attraction for Jocelyn. But this attraction is being expressed by a deepening space in herself. She has found a massive force within herself. I am held by this contact. So far in herself that she has attained an independence from her image. She is in a place that allows her to affect me directly.

So I detect the crossing of these lines of force in her sex. The prominence of the It. And how she has finally coalesced all these powers in this intersection. All that surrounds it, all that nurtures it. So there is Beth. Under these circumstances, she is carried away by the presence of Jocelyn. It is a connection that lingers even after the two women have attained climax. The explosions are so intense that they did not permit further exploration. But the lingering feeling suggested a multitude to Beth. Has Jocelyn already been aware of these desires in Beth? Is she finding a way to bring out all these combinations.

She thinks about the muscular guy who served as the inspiration for their adventure. What would it be like if she could just follow through her fantasy with him? Could he really

bring out the same level of passion that she attained on her own. She wants to talk to Jocelyn about what has happened. But she is afraid that this will commit her to further adventures. Already this has meant too much for her. She is still trying to sort it out.

She doesn't feel that she can tell her lover about what has happened to her. It has gone way beyond that. He would only feel that there was something perverse in her adventure. She ends up drifting back to Jocelyn's. She is in the hot tub and invites Beth to join her. Beth feels the waters gush into the heart of her.

The two women share their sexual reminiscences. Beth's parents were away for the weekend. She was staying with her older sister who had a guy in her room. Beth was really feeling motivated. But her sister was supposed to watch her. She could hear her sister's sighs through the door. She tried peeking under the door. If it was only her inside with the boy. As she stooped to look at them, she felt herself stimulated. It gave her a real thrill to touch herself. It seemed to transport her in her excitement. So she felt herself taking her sister's place. And she seemed so much more adept at love making than her sister. That morning she and the boy seemed to share a special secret.

—Maybe it's that oral secret. You just have blown him off while your sister had her back turned.

—I probably did. After all sis never was that good at the arts.

—She really tried to keep you in your place.

Jocelyn continued with her story. It wasn't shocking—just basic.

When I was at college, my roommate had this guy. We were sharing a house, and this the guy always seemed to be over there. One afternoon, Crystal was supposed to have met him for lunch. But he missed her. I figured that I was alone in the house. I had just taken a bath. James had come in while I was rubbing on some skin cream. He walked by my door. When he realized that I was in there, he turned away. But he had already seen me naked. I had seen him through the mirror. I turned to look at him.

—Why don't you come in and sit down?

—I don't think that Crystal would find this very pleasant.

—Crystal isn't here.

—I let him watch me rub cream all over my body. But I wouldn't let him touch me. He sat across from me. As I moved down my legs, I gradually spread them more and more. First he could see the pubic hairs. Then my crack, then the pink flesh. I continued rubbing and he could see the fingers penetrate. With the gentle touch, I fell deeper and deeper into a trance. I sucked on my other hand. I was completely free. There was no shame in my gestures. I could feel him inside. But I wouldn't let him come any closer. He wouldn't. But he could sense that contact. He faded into these depths as we merged in the same fantasy.

>>I most enjoyed the forbidden part of this ritual. I led him in a place so far that only betrayal helped him maintain his discipline. He wanted to be devoted to me not her. Otherwise, he would have voided our pact. He never said anything again about that moment. But I knew that he had arrived at a summit that he would never sustain by some other experience.

—That story is amazing. You really have a way. I am being hypnotized completely by your telling.

Beth wants to touch Jocelyn. This is certainly part of Jocelyn's ruse. And it is working. Where Beth seems to surpass her initial biography.

–I feel that I'm so much more than I have become. You've got this nice home. And a great guy. You're probably wondering what am I doing hanging around with you.

–Your career is so much more exciting than mine. And your guy is really dashing.

–That's a lame excuse for his lack of passion.

–What would you think if I touched myself while we were in the pool? You wouldn't think that I was coming on to you.

–Not at all.

–I have been all along. From the point that I let you tell your story, I've been playing with myself. It made your story seem so much more real. I'm touching myself now. I want you to feel my hand.

Beth touches her hand.

–Beth, let me help you do the same thing to me.

Due to Jocelyn's urging, Beth is now touching her. Deeper and deeper. She lifts Jocelyn up to the side of the tub and spreads her legs. She proceeds to lick her. She immerses her face in Jocelyn's crotch. She licks deeper and deeper.

–Oh, Beth.

Eric is upstairs. He is watching the two women by the pool. Now Jocelyn is going down on Beth. While she does, she massages her. He wants maximum pleasure, not simply the suggestion of it.

–I don't know what to say.

Jocelyn has been doing this sort of thing before. Eric delights in their new recruit. He imagines himself on top of Beth banging away. Wouldn't this feel so convenient?

He goes back to his work. He'll continue this later.

Beth and her lover are invited for dinner that evening.

–Beth has always seemed so free to me. She was an art major in college. she was even an artist's model. She still has a great body.

–Do you want to see it?

It is almost as if she knows that Eric had been watching earlier that night. What is different is that Bill is now here. She is doing this for his sake. To embarrass him.

She actually takes off her clothes. She delights in everyone seeing her pussy. It is the focus. It is my story so I need to keep it going in this way.

I want to see Beth as she is. What can the three of them now do. Jocelyn expects as much. Eric is gleeful. Bill is embarrassed. He had thoughts of marrying Beth, but had held back. He could not allow the vague sort of marriage that held together Eric and Jocelyn. Now he is afraid that he has wasted all his time with her. What can he do under the circumstances. If he leaves now, this will only add to his embarrassment. It would further jeopardize his hold on Beth. He might risk that connection on some freaky experience. But nothing seems obvious.

Jocelyn tries to break the ice. She takes off her top.

–Bill, whose breasts do you enjoy more. Mine or hers.

–I shouldn't let my wife make you feel bad.

–It's not my fault, honey.

Beth tries to smooth over the situation. She goes to sit in Bill's lap. Jocelyn gently nudges her aside.

–Bill, do you think that I kiss better than Beth.

–I don't think that Eric would think it OK if I kissed his wife.

–Go ahead. It's just our little game.

–I'm not really fond of games.

–But I am, honey.

Beth sits back in a chair and encourages him. She challenges him. It makes him feel uncomfortable at the core of his being.

He is paralyzed. Beth walks over to Eric and straddles him. She whispers in his ear.

–Did you like our show at lunch?

He smiles. She starts to kiss him. She gyrates slightly with the expressions of the kiss.

–Come on Bill. It's your turn to play.

Jocelyn joins in.

–I want to play.

Bill stands up. This breaks the power of the moment.

–I just want to go. It's that simple.

Beth disengages from Eric.

–Honey, I was just enjoying myself.

–You were going to fuck that man in front of me.

–It was a game. You've lost your sense of humor.

–You call that humor. That was nothing less than perverse.

–I was having fun. You made us look like prudes. Don't you like sex anymore?

–I like sex with you.

–It's been sort of hard to tell recently.

Jocelyn decides to pursue Bill. She shows up at his work and exposes herself.

–Wouldn't you like an early lunch?

–I don't play like this.

–You already are. You like my legs. You're staring at them. If I show you my panties, you'll try to take them off. You won't be able to stop.

–What if I don't play along.

–What if I pull down your zipper and give you a blow job.

–Then maybe I'll pull your panties down.

–Then you'll put it in, and they'll be no stopping from there.

–I don't really want to do this.

–Where do you think your lovely Beth is right now? She's with my husband, and he's banging her away right now.

–Two wrongs don't make a right.

–Two fucks don't make a third, but we could try.

–Someone might hear me. Or they might come in with work.

–I told her that you were going to be busy all afternoon. And I sent her home.

–She could be watching through a key hold.

–All kinds of interesting possibilities could be happening. But they're not.

–Give me the blow job.

–Now you're getting nasty.

–Pull up that skirt again and I'll kiss that little ass of your. Then I'll ram my hard cock inside you.

–And Beth will love every minute of it.

–I always thought that you were faithful.

–I have been.

–Bull shit. You wanted to fuck me from the moment that you saw me. What has held you back? Devotion to Beth. Come on. You've had sex with that secretary of yours.

–That's nonsense.

–Nonsense. Look at that gap in between her legs. Something that you've nurtured with your cock. I can tell what she's not getting at home. We ought to have her join in.

–Is this what got it all started? Did she bring you in on this. Is this some game to discredit me.

–You've already discredited yourself. So where do you want to start.

Beth is having difficulty playing the role. She probably would enjoy eating out Jocelyn. She is already developing a fascination for Jocelyn's pussy. But she is feeling more and more disengaged from herself.

She had planned to see Jocelyn. She doesn't realize that Jocelyn is taking on Bill. Instead, Eric is waiting to start a tryst of his own.

This is too much part of Jocelyn's scheme. She is already feeling independence from that story. She takes a cab down town. She has lunch on her own.

–I don't know if I can go back to any of them.

Beth plays her own role.

She's walking on the street. She begins to talk to a well-dressed man. Is it Bill? Is it Eric?

–You look really sexy. Where have you just been?

–I went out for lunch. I worked out, and then I went for lunch.

–You look great. That light green suit looks really stylish.

–Thanks.

–Where did you eat?

–The club

–What club?

–The Tease

–What kind of club is that?

–A man's club.

–There are only men there?

–By no means.

–And what do the women tell you there?.

–That I look killer.

–You do.

–How are the women?



- They're hotties.
- What?
- Drop dead gorgeous.
- Maybe I could work there.
- You probably could. You'd earn as much as your present gigs.
- You can't say that for sure.
- Let's just say that you have something that everyone wants there—boys and girls.

So I become Beth's audience. She escapes his former constraints.

- What can you do to make me feel good. To entertain me.
- >>Can you see that. Do you see how that vibrates? Feel that. See what it does when it touches me. It's making me so happy. Can't you see the glow on my face.
- I touched her face. It was warm. Sort of a sweaty warmth.
- Do you like to touch me?.
- I was just checking.
- But you do enjoy it?
- I thought that you might be feverish.
- Sort of love fever. You can see the fluctuations. My heart's beating hot and cold. Do you like that feeling?
- I do a lot.
- What would you call that?
- Passion. Are you feeling passion?
- Do you like that? You feel like it's you. Like you're causing it.
- It could be me. I'm in the room.
- I'm really vulnerable to that sort of thing. I mean I have been thinking about it all this time. Feel my skin. It's burning up.
- I already touched you.
- But I'm on fire from inside. What can you do about it? Can you put it out?
- I don't think I can help.
- Quick! Quick. You need to hold me so I can transfer some of this heat to you. I'm burning up.
- I can feel that. What's going on?
- I just burn on. Quick, lick my body.
- Now you're being silly.
- No, really.
- She starts to come alive. She takes shape. Swells. Surrenders to my caress. Her hair is wet. It sticks to her forehead. She extends her arms to assimilate the passionate tide.
- You know it's you who's really turning me on.
- I laughed at her suggestion.
- It's not really what you think.
- Oh, but it is.
- Whatever did she mean?

--Just let me open a little more to you.

She undoes a couple of buttons on her dress. It sticks to her body and seems transparent. The cleavage of her butt. Her breasts, her sex. Very high on her legs. She pulls it down.

–You do love how I like. Don’t you want to be inside of me?

Of course, I do.

–What are you waiting for?

–This isn’t real. Not for me.

–I could make it real. We could go somewhere and have some fun.

–I’ve had enough fun to do me for a while.

–No, you don’t know what you’re saying. I’m sort of bored.

–For now you are. But later on, you’ll find someone else to spend time with.

–It’s not really like that.

–Beth, I’m starting to understand you too well.

–My heart beats for you. Put your head on my chest, and you can feel it.

–Then I’d be putting my head on your breasts.

–Let me give in to my fantasy.

–And what is that. That everyone wants you.

–No, that I can have everyone but no one can have me.

–It doesn’t work like that. They get you when you have them.

–Not if I suck them dry.

–That doesn’t necessarily sound like such a bad proposition.

–We’re talking about draining to the marrow.

–Go to it.

–I’m trying. You just seem to be getting in the way.

–I’m here because you want me to suck all the heat from you.

–Now you just seem extremely cold. I’m really losing interest fast.

–Look at me. Are you really losing interest? We could play a game. Introduce some danger in it all.

–Like what.

–I could kill you if you didn’t get me off right away.

–I thought that you were omni-sexual.

–The better to frustrate you with. You do enjoy being frustrated.

–I just want to get involved.

–I’m going to get naked in public, and I want you to join me for some fun.

–That’s just silly.

–I’m not wearing any panties. You can see my bush. I want you to put your face under my skirt. Doesn’t that fit so well? Now lick me good and deep. This is really fun, isn’t it?

–It is.

–Do you even have time to think about anything else? I am taking up all your time. I am greater than anything else. And I know it. What can you do? Because I am not about to yield my freedom to you. I have attained my separation. And you are totally held by me. Where is there any form of escape from your part.

>>You want what you have always wanted. Total submission. But I need none of that. Because I have all of it.

>>You are prostrate to my charms. The heat that I needed to release was the energy that would surround and capture you. And you are now totally enclosed by that rhythm.

>>You are becoming ice cold. You try to resist the effects of this freeze. But that is what you have become. You are an icicle amidst all your desire. You cannot kindle anything without me. You need to touch yourself. You need my image. You need my stimulation. You are helpless. What can you do without me?

>>And I am here. All here. I am IT for you. What you know by seeing?

>>Can you see me? My luxurious lips. My long, flowing hair. My lithe sensuous body. My gentle curves. My long legs. My vulnerable pussy. You want to touch it all. You want all of it from me!

>>I can see you. But can you really see me. I can make you dance. What can you make me do? I am here. But this has nothing to do with you. Or does it? You love it. That you can see it and just get off.

>>I can't help it!

She is in her heels that accentuate her legs. She stands up and turns around.

–I'm getting really tired of getting used like this.

–You shove your pussy in my face and say eat me out and then you get all sanctimonious about being used.

–Have you had your fun?

–Yeah.

–At my expense. I haven't enjoyed this none too much. You've got off, but you can't get me off. I's just that big puss on display for your individual pleasure. I want some.

–I've done everything that I can.

–It's been all about getting you going while I am just supposed to go along with you. I really can't do it. I'm more than just this.

–What?

–This? What you're staring at.

–You've got your skirt hiked up to your butt.

–And you want to put your face in there. Just open me up. Cut me in half. Then it's just the parts that make you get off. Am I giving you enough stimulation?

–You're playing a game.

–It's like that from the beginning. You only see me if you paint me with this silly image. Running around half-naked with my hand up my bikini bottom.

–You don't like that.

–If I do, it has nothing to do with you at all.

–Then what is this about.

–It's about me. What I have, and you don't. It will never at all be a part of you. It's all inside you. And it can't get out. All your life is the same. Dying to be somewhere that you don't belong. Who the hell are you–no one. Do you know that you're just no one. Nothing at all, and you can't do a thing about it. That's the funny part.

–What?

–You’re just a lonely dick. And the more that you hammer it home, the more that it’s all the same. Look at me. I’m naked. Look at my mound. MMM! I can feel a girl inside there eating away. A little mouse. And you’re not allowed to think about it or touch it.

–How can you stop me from thinking about it?.

–It’s like an electric shock that affects you Try to follow through. Your prick is eventually going to fall off right in the middle of this passion. Kaploom!

She shakes herself in from of me. I sense myself on my knees and can lick inside.

–OK. I’ll let you fuck me. But you can’t get off. Or I’ll stop before you get rock hard. And you’ll just fade for the rest of the night.

>>It’s all about your independence or lack of it. You don’t have the stuff to go at it long enough. And that’s what intimidates you so much about me. I extend and I extend eternally and you can do nothing to stop me. Where you only contract, and in that concentration you lose your power.

>>Look at me! Where do you look? I am everywhere because I am so strong in one place. And in looking, you think that you have come to know. Stare. Think that you can know and conquer. Try to speak for me.

>>>You are too good. You are speaking and I am speaking on my own  
Beth dominates the scene.

–What? **IT!**

>>My lover wanders behind me. And we wonder how far.

>>Will I continue to explore or can I be held by my connection to one man? It’s not like I really mean anything by these dalliances. They simply sharpen my character. Sometimes my man just isn’t doing it right. He’s concentrating on his own pleasure and I need to help him to get things right. So I practice with some guy who strikes my fancy. If I see a hot guy. This sensation, it’s my life. It’s short. Let him just put it in me.

>>If I learn to say the right words or I find the circumstances that help me, I’ve got to go along. It just helps me to be me. That’s all there is too it. The variety prevents me from getting bored. I just let go. You got to know how good it feels. It means no limits. Not the limits of the fatigue or wherewithal of one guy. I want to get more things. Sometimes this is the only way to get presents. I love it when a guy gives me a nice gift–jewelry–something unexpected. And I just let him lick me up, and then I give him a blow job. This is just being myself.

>>I want to acquire more. Some guys will buy me things. But they’re not that good. Or their dicks won’t punish me deep enough. That’s what I want. Something sure and real.

>>I can see. I can feel. I am real. No one can stop me from exploring because I have already come this far. Can you tell how far this is? Look and see. Test yourself. Try to reach this place.

>>What place is this? This is where I seduce them all. They all wander behind me. I lag. I am nothing. I let them enter me. I let them act out their empty fantasies.

>>But they let me know that it is all real. It is a sort of work for me. This is not real. they are not real.

>>>But they need to offer something that can last. What lasts.

>>Not their hard ons. They are already over by the time they have come to me. That is how I pick them. Where they last. That is the nothing. Just about getting me ready. I like to get ready.

>>I get ready as I sit across them and hear them talk about their work outs. I can make them hard just by looking at them. As their lips move, something moves inside me. Deep inside me. I get off without them even touching me. Imagine that. Deeper and wetter and deeper and wetter. It's getting you hard just by telling you. See how long my legs are. How high my skirt is! You know what's in there. What's up there. And when you listen to me, you can see it and feel it. You can cup your hand to mimic what we are talking about it.

>>But all the time that this is happening, he can't hear and he can't see. And he knows that if he even thinks about it that I can detect it on his face. I'll put him down in a heartbeat. He's waiting for his cue like a dog. Bark, doggie.

>>On the other hand, I am barking. I am his bitch in heat. I am getting off. Getting off on him. But he cannot touch me. I do not want his miserable touch.

>>I want to acquire more. More men. More things. I want to touch and be touched by it all. The world gets wet by me. I rain all over it so I can just slide along its promise. Can you see me?

>>You see me legs spread. But that is already over. I am counting my prizes. My bonus points. I am doing well. All too well.

>>I have learned a skill. What have you learned. You are still attached to your last love. What she showed you. You think it is the summit of your love. That it is part of you. It has nothing to do with you at all.

>>Again, the lesson. Do you know me? Do you know my name?

>>Beth.

-Beth?

-What kind of guy thinks that he's going to get off without any real contact with the girl? You know exactly what I'm talking about. He creates this feeling for himself, by himself. And he expects her to go along. Let's just say it's automatic on her part. But where there's nothing at all on his part that's automatic. Why would she go for a guy like this? Who's just glaring and drooling at her. What is he?

>>You know who he is. I can see him now. His glasses falling over his face. His swollen cheeks. He elongated tongue. What does he think that he's going to snare-flies.

>>He really shares something with me. Sees me for what I am. No way.

>>So what does he see. He can't really see IT.

>>For him there is no doubt what it's all about. It's all about his erect prick. He just loses all interest when he leaves his sphere of influence. worse, he realizes how ineffectual is his little pecker. It's not going to even pierce the IT, the dream. It's going to stay there on its own.

>>I know him. I know his style. He wants to kiss me all over. He wants to break me down. Drain me of my energy. He just sees IT as a way of getting off. Everything else is added on top of that as a decoration.

>>That's what he comes to see. It's all part of what he is. All the other things that he sees, all the delights contribute to his preoccupation. Like he's doing accounts. Mumbling and playing with himself.

>>There he is hiding in a corner all the while amassing credits so that he can get closer to her, to IT. The more industrious are his aspirations, the more that he wants to exploit his reward. His little fortune enables him to hide his depravities.

>>He has my best interests at heart. He feels the world bubble up around him and influence his whole being. And he tingles. He wishes that I could just see him shake in rhythm. And the whole world just rotates around him But they're playing for keeps. And he wants to play the same way. That's what it is.

>>All along he has been preoccupied with it. And he thinks that I care. That his meager thoughts are enough to get me off. He wants me to see him hard, which is inevitably to be soft, to just be there, just like that!

>>And he falls deeper and deeper in his attachment. He really things that these extremes might effect me. The more depraved and the more insulting, the more he feels that I am impressed.

>>He goes to the next level. He perfects his mental technique. His fantasy becomes more elaborate. He fumbles over himself. He can't speak. It gets worse as he staggers around. This is all to seduce me more.

>>As I inculcate, encourage, as I depend on his devotion as a type. But he can never make that type individual.

>>And that's how he sees IT, he smells IT, he's surrounded by it—drowning in IT.

—You know how my pussy is soft and pushy, chewy and fits around you like a glove. Can you feel it? When I make my lips all sour. That you just want to shove your big dog in that pucker. Can you squeeze it in, so nice, so hard. Just let it melt. Isn't this all the rush for you?

>>It's fundamentally about me just stroking that twat. Jamming my little finger in there and alternating up-down-up down. It gets so wet and sliding and that makes it even easier. I get all the way up there. And my body just gathers around it and surrounds it. You can feel it that deep and that easy. I swirl around—magic.

>>Don't you want to be that wet finger. Just suck on that stem like I'd suck on your penis. You think about yourself inside. And you just shake to the core when I shake to the core.

>>This is happening with us—together.

>>I want some guy who just wants this all the time. Total devotion to IT. As I have given myself. Just liquified by it all. And shaken by these jellied currents. Here and only here—this is me!

—Let's say that I can offer that to you.

--I've got a man.

—I am on the verge of coming when I look at you.

—What?

—You look really attractive. Do you know what I think when I look at you? I can't think. You are already dazzling me. You know that. That's what you thought when you left the house. With those heels and skirt. I'm already hard and inside you. I'm ready to come. Come and

make you think that I care about you because of that consistency. And you will know that it's there from the beginning. The moment that I saw you, you detonated something in me. Nothing is as great as that. And even if I come to despise you after fucking your brains out, the fuck will be so dep and present in my mind that nothing will allow me to deviate from that. I can feel that explosion in me already. I can't restrain myself in my feeling of going off. I have already reached that point. You have tried to restrain me because you want more and fear that will be the end.

>>But you know. You can see yourself. You know exactly how you are looking. Too good to not let go. BOOM! You are coming as I am coming. That was the reflection that you sought when you left the house all ready to go off to the ends of time. BOOM! How he couldn't see you. But he did. You both spent all that time thinking about nothing but that. And you spent days and days absorbed by that same dream. And you made it tangible so wouldn't doubt that it was all real. Until you had made the perfect little prison of your world!

>>You wore that skirt because you knew it would make your legs look longer and make you stand taller. The same with the heels. And the effect would keep moving higher and higher in the sky, until I was looking up at something so formidable. And the only thing that could ever get me that high was this massive hard on that would last for days and days and days. And when I came, I couldn't creep back into my world. I'd still be looking up at you. Gagging on all that you offered. Choking on my inability to reach that point. Do you have enough kick to keep you going?

>>If you're going to fade out, nothing's going to come of us. Don't fade out. And you won't. you are deep in this and really going. We crank together in this massive dynamic as real as anything will ever be real. I am your machine. You're fucking machine. I will not stop.

>>What do I have left for you? I have at all. I have come with this well. Things to make it go. Do you have doubts. I look at you, and there are no doubts. Because you did not have any doubts when you started all this.

>>What can I say. That I couldn't help myself. That I gave in to the need. That any attempt to resist was overridden by the massive appeals of IT and what followed. By seeing what I did, I was only offered a glimpse of what I did not yet see. What was hidden by fabric and artifice and distraction.

>>You wanted to show what you have always been showing. It is there for me to see even when I cannot see it at all. That is it too. Do I think that I can really see it. Really see any of it.

>>I can because that is exactly what you want me to see!

>>What I see is you wanting. You want because you want to be satisfied. And I want to make it go all right. I see IT. You never satisfied as my need to keep it going.

>>I see IT. You have not stopped. Even as he tried to stop you as you went out the door. You were getting out in the hope of a bigger satisfaction that you haven't yet come upon.

>>Will you leave yourself open to it?

>Inescapably yes. Nothing underlines how far I am from IT. How you are nothing but IT.

–I don't have a clue about what you've been saying.

–It's the same thing that you've been saying about yourself.

–We should be having this conversation. I don't even know how we could be having this conversation. It's like I'm a star. And you're just watching it from the outside. Do you know how that feels. What that really is.

–Beth, you're trying to get beyond it. There's this explosion. You wanted IT. So you wanted me to want it.

–I just want to go off. You're just an excuse.

–No, I'm in on it with you.

–You can't say that.

–You've already performed for me.

–You're only a glimpse of that explosion.

–You're here now. There's your performance. Do something for me now?

–I'm standing in front of you. What do you want?

–I want you to touch yourself. Just put your hand down your panties.

–Look. I'm not wearing any panties.

–You wouldn't mind if I just stuck my tongue in there.

–What are you really thinking about?

–Once you start, you can't think about anything else.

–We have to really mess up before we can pull it all together.

–There's going to be no pulling in here.

–So what can I expect from this contact.

–Something that leads up to and something that comes after.

–I'm all over that.

–What about everything that goes around the contact?

–There's love.

–Now you're getting silly. I thought that you were going to offer me a present.

–I've taken a look. You know that I'm looking. This keeps you going. How can you stop it? How can anyone stop it once it's gone this far!

>>I'm just trying to isolate that part of the spirit that enables you to carry on.

–I keep on because I need to.

–Or someone expects you to. They need you to need to carry on. Your identity is entirely dependent. You know what that means. Everything that gets you going is a series of reflections from having been set off. What first exploded for you. What got you going. Can you feel how far this has gone?

She expresses herself in a series of outbursts. As if this offers some independence from how she has been feeling. This has progressed so far along. There is nowhere to go. She is just showing herself as this. She is talking for me. Because it has been so strong for her. that is why I have come back to her. I have awakened her to be nothing less than someone who just comes back.

Are we going to fuck now? So she can claim that there is this something else. she has ended up being the perfect reflection of her pussy. That's IT.

–When I look at your lips, I want to kiss your lips. And I know that you are hiding. why you are hiding. You are in there.

–I don't want to kiss you.



–What do you want? To arrange my hair for you. I did it the way that you like it.

–So I can say something nasty about it. I don't have to, Beth. You know how to make it look right.

>>Or you rearrange yourself for a party. Beth, you just look fantastic. Beth, look at me. You just look fantastic!

Beth is sleek. She is thin to the point of not being there. She is robust.

–I am yours. Here to fuck. Beth, why do I want to fuck with you. Come in here. Let me raise your skirt up. Let me bury my tongue in you. So deep that you will get off only by feeling this emptiness, this hollow and scream for my attachment for you.

There is nothing more that she can want. Nothing either of us can want. She has to come before she has come. All praise the almighty dick.

Why do I feel revulsion? Why I am not yet happy?

I haven't given in to IT.

Where is Beth? Is Beth? I need her to tell me her story. I'm just staring ahead. I am looking at it.

–You can't bring me back once you have banished me.

–Beth, if you need something, you'll come back.

–There are a lot of guys who are a lot better at needing what I am offering. Can you get it for me? Can you give me what I need. I need it!

--I don't need any of this. I've had better offers.

–I can give you respectability.

–You can turn the lights out for me. Don't you understand what has happened. You have been given all the skills to learn. What are you going to do for me now?

–It doesn't work that way!

–I've never been with you at all. Close your eyes and I'm not there. Open your eyes now and I'm not here.

–Beth, I need you.

–What do you need. You have it.

–What is IT?

I look at her on the screen. I imagine her again talking to me.

–Consider that my connection to my lover is simply the most intense overall attraction that I feel. How far can he wander off on his own without the signs of danger dominating his sight. My concerns can easily be misinterpreted. If I try to express my love in an oppressive way, my whole plan could backfire. He could use it as the justification to pursue the betrayal that I fear in the first place.

>>Where does he wander when I let him explore? Does he just spin around himself? Where does his fantasy become a plan of action? When he starts to compare his fantasy to the love activity of another couple.

“They are part of a club. People who explore their sexuality.”

>>I wonder about the discrepancy between how intently I feel for my lover and how deeply we have been able to act out that intent. And I realize that this gulf is great and that I have to do something about bridging it. I have to explore that feeling that I have. Be less inhibited

about it. I have to explore on my own. This is only the same licence that I have granted to my lover.

>>How far can I take this desire on my part? It's not enough only to take a peek. I have to find out what makes these monsters of desire tick. The master only ridicules my task. He believes that I have not found a love sufficiently deep. It becomes his challenge to let me observe. How can anyone truly observe.

>>His skills are amazing. I always felt that I had opened up space with my lover. But there were only regions, unexplored parts of the body. A complete surrender to the body. With him there are techniques. these are so multi-layered and engaging. Cross forces that push and pull the self while stretching the body. By only looking, I can sense how this discipline might seduce and totally overwhelm me..

>>I am in bed with my lover. I might be sufficiently aroused to call this man whom I met at the club.

-What are you doing now?

-I'm in bed with my lover.

-Can he hear you?

-He's asleep.

-Don't worry if you wake him up. Did he have sex with you tonight?

-He got sexy. I'm still moist.

-Touch yourself there. No, deeper. In that place that he can never reach because he is always elsewhere, never totally with you.

-We could not be more together.

-Then why are you touching yourself now.

>>And I am touching myself deeply. I am surprised about this place. It is a place that my lover could never reach. I am being brought again to climax. This is a climax that I had never felt before. Cascading onrushes of waves over waves.

>>I show up the next night to see the man. He has a lover with him. He wants me to join in. I agree to watch, She is so supple. So giving to his commands. I join in. I let him touch me. I watch him run his tongue along her pubic hair deep inside her. I continue to watch.

-I thought that he touched you.

-It felt like that. He keep opening her and closing her like this wind mill. And her body is so obliging. Her legs are spread wide in the air. Like she is on a balance beam He holds her by the hips and pulls her in and out and in and out. This is so amazing. I am flowing uncontrollably. I keep on stimulating myself. It is overwhelming. I am awash. He comes inside her. I just roll into the tides. THE ROAR!

>>I still refuse his touch. He shows up at my apartment when my lover is there. He sneaks into my bath.

-Honey, I need to get in there.

-I need to be private.

>>Private because a man is taking me from behind. And he is so hard and fucks me so strongly and intently. I bounce up and down in the water. He leaves by the window. I go lie down in the bed in my robe. My lover enters the room and pulls open my robe. He eats me out. I cannot finish what I have started.

–You can do these things to me. But you can't really know me.

–You came to see me because you wanted me to fuck you.. You are ready to let me touch you.

–I want you to quit phoning me at work. At home. Leave me alone.

>>He won't have sex with me and I am pissed off. So frustrated. I return home in the middle of the night.

>>I agree to go back to the sex club. I have relations with a random guy. Pretty soon everyone is watching me. I can't go back to my lover. what can I do?

>>The leader of the group still pursues me. He calls me at work.

>>I decide to visit my lover at work. I still need his help. I open the door to see him banging his secretary.

–I know that story. I thought he was with the secretary earlier. I thought that was what drove you to the sex club in the first place.

–There is no motivation in any of this. Once I get the feeling, I just do it. First, you think that you re part of some plan. That your sex is getting you ready for some spiritual journey. You think that the aliens are coming for you. Then you realize that a good fuck is the best that you're going to get at it.

–So you start making up stories.

–Or I think that this one is the one that is going to help me to sort it out. And I'm lying on my back, and he's going at it. I think that nothing else has ever made so much sense. It's always going to be hard trying to make sense of it all. But do you see how it's all starting to fit into place.

–I'm not really making sense of any of it.

–Better yet, I think that I have finally found a knack for doing something well. If I can just find a way to pull it all together. And then it just rips apart in my hand.

>>Are you getting it now.

–There's so much doubt in what you're telling me now. That really bothers me.

–How else can I relate it? That's what sometimes helps me to get off. Or it's what makes me think that I've made a breakthrough. Are you with me on any of this.

–I'm still sort of mesmerized by the sex club story.

I don;'t think it was about a lover at all. The lover was just there so I could pretend that I didn't get totally taken in by the public sex. It's really everybody's dream.

–Most people want more to hold on to. They want a lover who shares the same highs that they do.

–It's the getting off, not the why. In the end, it feeds itself. You go for it because you know that you're going to get taken even farther. We want a lover who can transform the absurd confusions into something to hold on to.

## NOVENA

A big face seems to glare at me. It fills the entire screen of the TV set.

–What the hell is going on here?

- What do you need?
- You know what I need. Why the hell am I watching this stupid video in the first place. These are people who make a joke of our desires. Who think that the wait is a joke.
- I paid to see your fuck. Now do IT!

**I paid to see you kneel! Now do it!**

**-Novena, I didn't realize that it was you.**

When do we decide to cross over. When is the meager rewards of everyday insufficient to sustain our everyday?

--Novena, you are living doll!

*--I want you to touch yourself and I want to watch. I want you to touch yourself. She pulls up her dress and slides her hand down her panties. With the elastic pulled tight she stimulates herself.*

*-I'm giving myself the finger. Is that enough to get you going.*

*-If I think that my finger is your finger. Lick your finger. Let me inside.*

-The fantasy really shouldn't give pleasure in itself. Otherwise, there is no real stimulation in the fantasy. The fantasy has to embody some level of frustration and make that pleasurable. Otherwise, the distance between player and audience will impose itself in inhibiting the increase in enjoyment. Are you following me?

-I'm trying to, Novena, but you move too fast.

-You just want to get in me and move slowly.

-I always come back to you.

-You all do.

-Do you like my hair?

-It makes you look great.

*Why would she touch herself on command?*

*-She likes it as much as you do.*

*-What's it. What if that's all there is!*

-Can you look me in the face? You're staring at my pussy.

She is standing in front of me totally naked. I can already sense myself inside her.

-It's not going to happen like you think. You have to give up something.

-I already have!

-You haven't really given it up. You've just traded it.

-But that's a beginning.

-You're still staring.

-What else can I do?

-Let the glaze just blur your vision.

Novena introduce me to the ultimate paradox of the new world.

--I can be touched without ever touching.

It's something like suspending an object in midair right above the nose without any support whatsoever. Magic without strings.

–Does it all go back to an experience of deep shame in childhood?

How do we go from Beth to Novena?

More shame. Beth was just an IT. No shame.

Novena is a pilgrimage between shame and suffering.

–I need a bedtime story.

–What kind of story.

–One where you have to touch me to really tell the story.

–That's a shame. Touch yourself.

–We are already blessed. This story is about being blessed.

–You can show me something to show that you really love me.

–I'll show you my coot. But you can't try to touch it. I'll touch it for you.

–Are you ashamed?

–Yes I am. But you can touch me!

–I can.

–Look me in the face as you touch me! But I don't want to play a sex game with you.

–I want you to touch yourself.

Sex has given her a rather unambiguous character. An allegiance to a set of rather abstract commands. Is she allowed to touch herself? Does she know how to touch herself? Where is she in the dark or under the influence.

–Sometimes I wake up in these strange beds. I don't know what is making me feel this way. How did I get here?

Touch starts to seem a lot more precarious, a lot more fraught with risk. Often destined to her refusal.

The commands as the basis of the pornographer

–Tell me where you want to be touched.

It is all his imagination. The whole body is alive. Greater than some IT.

–Describe the place

His commands:

I want you to suck my dick

While less ambiguous it seems so direct, often insulting.

–I want you to suck my dick and polish my shoes while you're at.

A sense of subjugation existed in the command

–I want you to touch yourself, and I want to watch.

–I want you to touch yourself.

She pulled up her dress and slid her finger down her panties. The elastic pulled and she stimulated herself.

–This is the last story that I can tell you. I have to go.

I pull up your dress. You find me forward. But you love it. I kiss your stomach. I ring my tongue around your belly button. I trace a path along your firm muscles. I am immersed in you. I breathe on you. Your skin becomes warm. It is the heat of passion. This is not enough for you. You want me to ignite you.

–I don't know what comes over me. The passion is aflame everywhere. The sky is on fire. I am coming undone. I feel myself distracted in all directions. The flames are so intense. The sizzle. The current in the air. On the edge of a storm.

–I am seized by my fixation. I want to see and not be seen.

–What do you want to see.

–I want to see your legs. The skirt moving up your freshly waxed legs—so smooth. your shoes emphasizing the curve of the leg. Can you appreciate what I see in you. You know that I am there. You are giving me a show. A little strip. Rubbing yourself, letting your hand hide in your skirt. Do you enjoy what I am doing for you? Should I keep on? Your skirt moves up more. I can see the edge of your panties. Your thighs are now exaggerated. I feel my face buried in the muscles. This only incites you. You are turned on. You spread your legs. We feel so good together. We move each in the other. This is so lovely.

>>You can sense my face in your crotch. Buried in the fabric.. Your hair, my face, your sex. You undo your panties. I see the frame of hair. The mound, the skin opening. Your finger sliding up and down. That feels so good as you let me open you up. Let me inside. You lick your finger as you massage along the fleshy walls. I am hard inside you. I rise and fall and you accept my rhythm in your gestures. You fall under the same intoxicating spell.

–I am perfumed. You can smell the lilacs. The pungent smell. The soap, the perfume, and my flesh. Sweaty. Thick.

–You have waited for me. You have already sensed our interplay. You want more. You sit on my erect cock. From behind you feel the tingling with such immense focus. You shiver. The shudder tears you apart. You respond without any reserve. Everything is given over to your pushing up and down. Drunk with your enthusiasm.

–I have wanted it to that way.

–You spread wider. I look inside. Look closer. Concentrate on your anatomy. Nothing is held back. A complete surrender.

>>You concede to the flesh. Nothing less than the full character of this contact.

>>How far can you extend this engagement. To every moment of your being. To your every contact. You want to take them all to the same point.

–I don't know what is happening to me.

–Everything in your body beats with the rhythm of this universal. No one will be excluded from your regime. You draw in. All life is drawn to you.

>>Your svelte form. Novena, you know why you have been chosen thus. So we beat together. As you will with everyone around you.

>>She is drawn in by the cute turn of your butt. She has your panties off and is letting her tongue find advantage in the cluster of skin. She enrages you with this extreme of joy. How to let it loose?

>>Your pussy is engaged by her. All form is overtaken by that feeling for her.

>>You want to show everybody how unafraid you are. Let the sun touch your entire body.

>>You want it broad cast on TV. You want everyone to see.

–That is not enough.

–Your image fills the screen. This is IT! You are IT!

–I am going crazy. I want everyone to know. Just all of you line up and partake. **EAT**

**ME OUT!**

You are entranced. You are on something. It enables you to accept it all. You are kept at this same high. You suck the world into you.

The camera sees it all.

–What’s wrong?

–I was a witness.

–What did you witness?

–The most exciting things.

–What did you see?

–I watched and I participated. I enjoyed it all.

–Did you enjoy it. Do you want to see more?

–Why do you like to show me things?

–What’s wrong?

–I saw what I was not supposed to see. I enjoyed it.

–I performed it for you.

–How far can you take it?

–What’s wrong?

–I was a witness.

–What did you witness?

–Awful things—the most horrendous things.

–What did you see?

–I watched and I participated. I enjoyed it all.

–What did you enjoy?

–The worst atrocities. Limbs cut from torsos. Everything broken down to this one thing—IT.

–What did you watch?

–An anatomy lesson. I was gleeful. I saw them take out the will. Right before me.

–What?

–It.

–Stop this. You are making me sick.

–I want to fuck you up the ass. I want to do something holy. Make you feel that this is the most sacred thing in your life. That we are really making something happen.

–Nothing is happening between us.

- That's because you haven't felt it hard enough. Let me show you.
- I've seen enough.
- You haven't seen anything. You have been showing it all.
- That's enough for me. That's a kind of showing.
- You have always needed someone to go along and you think that is me.
- You love to go along.
- But eventually I get tired.
- Cruelty keeps you awake.
- That's why I do it. But even that seems boring.
- You haven't been doing it long enough.

I have this intense appetite. It cannot be satisfied by any single contact. Not the right contact. I want them all. The perfect contact.

- That is me.
- Novena, I don't want anything sacred. I don't believe in your powers.
- Just the fact that I'm here is magic enough for you.

I stare into a dark corner. There is this rotating sparkle from light in the rest of the room. I am dazzled.

- Look at me.
- Novena, leave me alone.
- I'm making progress.
- I'm not. You have to leave.
- Before or after you fuck me.
- Don't you have anything else to do with your time?
- I want you to worship me.
- I already do. You feel it when I'm in you. I've never been so rock hard in a woman before.
- It has nothing to do with me.
- To hell it doesn't. Does it get you off.
- Sure it does. That's why I ride you rough. That's what you love.
- It's crazy. I don't know how I can contain it.
- It's not concentration. It's more like leaving the body.

- Whose body?
- Now it is mine.
- She is Novena. She is everywhere. She is everything.

Her cheek bones are severe. They support the extent of my attraction to her.  
 -I've learned how to get good at this.  
 She tossed her bob in my direction. I smiled.



Maybe a more immediate contact. Her shorts very tight and pulled up high. Or maybe she only shows herself in order to hide.

She grips my hand. She plays with my fingers. I love the pout of her mouth. The insincerity in her refusal.

I roll her around. In our kiss, her tongue is overactive. I am overcome.

–You really want trouble.

She had confidently pulled her blouse up to reveal her stomach.

–Attraction is hard work.

–You can't rely on returning to the scene of the same crime again and again.

Her hair seems a little darker in color. An affliction for danger.

She averts her eyes when I look at her.

And when she goes under, how deep can it be. She senses that her whole world had been intruded on. She is completely undone.

I am lost in a crevice of her skin. My tongue laps at her refusal. Everything surrenders

I kiss her shoulder. Massages her calves. Lick around her breasts. Bite her ear. She winces. She cannot resist.

I run my fingers through her hair. She smiles. She lets me massage her until she is aroused. She feels for my erect dick. She slides it in. Her eyes close deep. I am lost her shadows.

We slide together over and over as I grab at her ankles to pull her deeper inside. She is crazy for this fuck!

She turns around and rides me to death.

I imagine repeating this again and again. I do not get tired. Her charms surround!

You blur inside me. I repeat your name–Novena, Novena!

I stare at her for an hour. She crawls around in the back of my head. Fascination give way to hatred and disappointment.

–Someone's been watching. I felt you needed to know.

–Not me. Someone else. Someone's been watching you.

–I know.

–No, not me.

–You can't help but look. Can you? It's part of your nature.

–I'm not saying that.

–What are you saying?

–I was trying to warn you.

–About you. I think that I know. I want to give myself to you.

–Is that how you want it to be?

–Isn't that your dream?

–But you can't stop.

–What?

–I've been watching you.

–I've been doing it for you.

–But why?

–So you'd think that you were someone special.

–I already sort of think that. I just don't want another sad story.

–So you just let it go your way.

–I just don't want something embarrassing to happen.

–You need someone who can encourage you in your games. Get others to go along with fantasies that they might otherwise turn their back on.

–I thought that was your role.

–My role was to go beyond that. You don't want the sacred. You want the profane. You need your ultimate partner in crime.

I am totally wiped out. Scattered. I am having visions. Nothing too serious-- scattered images. This is something that is more intense than any sexual fantasy. Bodies--immobile. This doesn't make sense. I am starting to become afraid of myself..

She looks up at me from the bed. Just her eye.

I don't like to look back at things like this. Last night I had a dream that I was drowning. I woke up gasping for air. When I see someone who attracts me, I feel a sense of panic.

Wake up, wake up. I am feeling suffocated. This outrageous dream. None of this happened. It was a game. Halting breaths...giving and taking

I become her protector against characters whose twisted natures hardly exceed my own. She confides in me.

–He took me captive in a warehouse. He wouldn't let me go while he forced me to watch these people have sex.

If I could get her to tell me more. That I'd find an exquisite passion in her relating to me the details of these encounters. But then I do not want to become the inquisitor. She wants to tell me.

–She was naked on a bed in the middle of the room. And the whole room seemed to come to its apex in her sex. He enters and starts to rub her hair. Extend his hand so that it slides into her. I want to touch myself. I am watching from a balcony. they cannot see me. His tongue finds it tender reply in her floating turns. She wraps her legs around his head. He is still dressed. But he is erect and he shares his arousal with his partner. She opens wider to take him in. She grabs for his penis and pulls him in. I am breathless as I watch them writhe on the bed.

–Could you have left at this point?

–Left. When they were going at it with such ferocity. I was liquid with my excitement and seemed to melt with them. I was transfixed. I couldn't move. I felt him in me. Deep, hard and I gasped with each motion. And I sensed them watching me. Even though they didn't know that I was there. And my desire was uncontrollable. Dripping. Overcasting me. I needed to

brace myself with my free hand, and my other hand had a life of its own. And it was not enough and I pushed both hands in me. Felt them pull something out, draining me as I gave in more and more. Let me join in. And I could see them in the corner of my eye. My eyes felt closed.

>>From this point forward I felt married to this place. And I wanted to get out. I felt stricken by this new imprisonment. As if he had visited me with a curse. I wanted to drown in this stranger. To have him take me from behind. Let his penis slide along my firm ass cheeks and find their warm, moist destination.

>>I spread my legs in a balletic pose and became overcome when he rolled over and over me. But no one touched me. My teacher compelled me. He forbade any contact. And I wanted him inside so bad!

I become excited by this contradiction. I want to act out this fantasy. As I touch you, you freeze up.

–He forced me to do these awful things. I am sure that he was taking videos of all this. He forced me to do the most horrendous things

–Did he drug you?

–He threatened me with harm. Said that if I did not stay with him that he would haunt me eternally. It made no sense. I had this vision of him appearing in my place at night.

>>I felt that he had made me part of his night breed. He threatened me.

–Threatened how?

–I knew he would do things. I was afraid, afraid that he would do things

I need to keep my distance from you. You will have more to tell me. But there is little that I can do at this point.

The police stop by to ask me about some diamond earrings that were missing. This is so ridiculous. It's not like I need money. The police are harassing me. What do they want with me. It seems that when you find yourself that far out that you become a target for extra scrutiny. Can't I live my own life.

I remember her wearing the earrings. They sparkled as she smiled back at me.

–There's that twinkle in your eye. I could see it from across the room.

I go get a drink, and while I'm talking to some business associates, she finds me.

–So you like my eyes.

She's beaming in front of me. If I touch her, run my hand across her back. the caress cuts her in two. She's going at it in her walk up. And all I can think about is her midriff, exposed and sharply defined. How she yields so automatically to my touch. At the end of this smooth path, we remain connected. I've become part of her, and she of me. This all seemed too easy.

I want something to remember her. My souvenir. I slip the earrings in my pocket as I leave her place. It's not like I want to come back, and this gives me a reason not to. Besides I resent their shine. They're the one thing that hold out promise for her in this morass. They adorn her rather meager dreams. And who am I to say, as I run my fingers underneath her top and touch her firm breasts. By keeping it all so tight, her whole world, this gives her the sense that everything is OK, when it is not.

I just love scooping up the little things from the dresser and slipping them in my pocket.

Better than the physical contact that I just enjoyed, I would have loved just to see her face when she realized that they were gone. Like I could steal her identity in one full swoop.

I hate admitting that I am glad to have ripped this off from her. Hell, I'm running out of options. This lifestyle has become so debilitating. I need to maintain this high life. But it takes its toll; it's harder and harder to make deadlines. And I need a more arresting high every time.

Assuming that she had not realized that the diamonds were missing.

This is worth more than even gold.

–I don't like to take chances by asking guys that I don't know back to my place.

–But you have an attraction to mystery.

–You could call last night that.

She feels her body plunge in lust.

–Is there nothing stopping us now?

–Only your desire.

She laughs.

The trail is still warm from last night. And my tongue traces the grooves still fresh on her flesh. This is too easy. Has she nothing for me tonight?

We fall together. Our two bodies spring coincidentally.

–I really can't help myself.

And she realizes that she wants more than that. Only by letting herself open up so widely. As if she offers all her treasures to me. I need her key. The number of her bank account.

A touch that whispers it all.

–Have you ever crossed to the other side?

She could only have crime in mind. As if she became ripe under the influence of larcenous admirers. Who knew what she liked. They stole what they had already given her and gave it back to her as gifts.

–I can't stop myself.

It would be much fun to admit to kleptomaniac tendencies. Maybe she has a gold lighter. Cash—that draws too much suspicion. But a necklace.

It's only a short step to doing favors for friends. I can get you money if you can do me a favor. Then the line—offering yourself.

The gamble—the direct touch. Can you resist?

Where did they hide the stash?

–Can you do a little job for me, take care of someone?

–I'll do anything and anyone to make this happen.

And she would.

To push the bounds of public disgrace. Not to refuse, but just give in, to anything at anytime.

How does she prevent people from saying things about her?

Hence the confrontation between two forces. The two forces that rip at her.

–I need money

And I really do. And she is my captive.

–What would you do for something that would make you really happy?

–Are you talking about...drugs?

I need to find you. Like I tested myself with her because I wanted to get closer to you. And you have this need to explore your hunger.

–Is there something that you are afraid of?

And I wondered what had drawn you to this master. Did you realize what had attracted you to him was so much part of you? I needed to find out more.

–I wish that he had just let me die. Once I became exposed to his way of life, there was nothing that held me together. Fear took the place of love.

I know all the standard texts that have inspired your master: Slasky, Barris, Williams. How he wants to destroy your desire. To strip you to a raw hunger that gave you no solace in romantic imagery. No residue in delight to redeem the lover in her quest. All the trappings only make you try to hide your ravenous appetite, your tribute to this inexhaustible craving. The innocent could still hide in her rather weak attractions. It's not the yearning, it's the beautiful boy. And you dwell on this image of the lover. It helps you make it though the day. But that overwhelming feeling is just that. And if you give in to it, then you cannot stop the drive. Everywhere, everyone, everything needs to surrender to that power. No one can withdraw love from you because you are everywhere.

–This first step is ugly. He tortures me, stimulates me. And in this assault he splits me in two. He takes my heart and disintegrates it. So I feel hollow. I want to fuck over and over again. Just in the hope that I might get back to the tenderness that I have lost. But then I use tenderness like a stuffed toy, to make my lovers think that they are loving more than a rag doll. That their desires haven't obliterated me from the get go.

>>But they have. They never see me. They see their attraction. Someone they want to own. A give and take. My teacher has shown me these awful things about myself. As that is all I can stand. All I want. To take these men on these fantasy rides. But so push the fantasy that they see these horror in their hearts. That they cannot satisfy this longing. But I just shit on them.

>>All because of him.

And I am becoming seduced by this vague appeal. That you have started to develop this tenderness in me, this desire to rescue you. And I realize the deluded brilliance of your teacher. That you develop this hope for the damned. And it is not just a vague promise. But they feel engulfed by their attraction. Maybe you can give them a clue why they are so empty.

When you see the utter nothingness in their concerns, you feel depressed. And you act out this depression in your caresses. You give everything that you have in the trail of the tongue, the plunge of death, taking him into you, kisses that explode into oblivion. So he believes the sex. And feels that if you take it away that nothing is better than death.

–If you leave me, I'll kill myself.

–You've already killed yourself by being with me. All you'll do is damn yourself forever.

There's a glint in your eye. Even in your confusion you have not fallen as far as he has. And your master has honed this to a science. At its most intense, you want your guide back. That he might offer some pattern in this morass. You feel your body swirling in the universe without a center—cast off against a starless mass.

## IT

What is it? IT, his fingers wedged into the palm of her hand. The cupped hand seems to swallow the fingers.

He tries to wriggle out the hand; she holds on for dear life.

–Do you want to kiss me?

No one say anything.

She puts her free hand over the other so that he has to use more effort to slip out.

A sense of release. Separation. He want to get back in, where his hand is cradled.

Where the fingers slide along the meat of the hand.

She makes every effort to hide herself, to hide her body from his. Nothing but it–this wedge–this curve.

She doesn't want to make contact. He wants to feel her body brush against his. The preview of his sliding across her, inside her.

–This is not really a good night for us.

And does he feel crestfallen. Of is he going to try himself somewhere else.

–Does it feel right?

IT. She knows about it. Does he want IT?

She holds back. She does nothing. She looks in his eye and turns away.

Not him. What give it to him.

He's not emaciated but lean enough that his whole body says trunk ,shank, penis. And she looks at him and can automatically feel herself taking it. And all resistance on her part melts. Anything less than this picture gives her the ability to say no. But for all that she sees now it completes that view that she has to take it the way that it is. She doesn't say it. She doesn't have to. He knows as she just opens up to take him. He finds it. Her all ready.

She opens up and he just does it. He floats inside her. They mix together. He finds it. Is ready for it.

If he could just get at it.

And the two hands fall apart. And his fingers lose the support that she offers and fall away. She tries to catch them with one of her free hands, but they fall just outside her reach. The air offers no resistance and they fall to his side.

How to spark this fire. To slip through this opening offered by the folded hands. The folds of flesh. His insistence.

If he knew that his entryway is unencumbered.

–I've been waiting for you.

That the skin would surround him and embrace him.

Almost take flight into him.

He wants to get through to get in the clear. Push through the opening to get so deep inside the clear. The passing through. Having been near it.

She feels that part of her, IT, almost disembodied. Now part of his insistence. So the hand just yields to his motions...not yet as the image

## THE CAVITY

Her hand curves around his fingers. He is tied to a chair. She has her back to him. She open up the cheeks of her firm ass before him. The opening, not for him but for me. Not just wide enough for him to enter her. But for me to see. At some point this entry had become AUTOMATIC. Something that she had no power to resist. What specter had haunted her girlhood nights. This creature that floated the night and robbed from her.

And he is erect and thinking that she is doing this for me. But she was doing this like this before he got in the room. He is tied up but she appears to submit. And she open wider. To say that she can escape that past. But I see her do it. She is doing it for me. Or for IT. Something that has nothing to do with either of us.

I feel that I am becoming more and more overwhelmed by this passageway. This corridor starts to completely envelop me. And I am wandering so long and so small. I am lost.

## THE VENTRILOQUIST

–The TV is talking to me.

And it is. She'll give herself to him. But it is never enough, never as extreme as the idea that I have. She'll look disinterested as he thrusts into her over and over again. she has already used the sex to transport her to somewhere different. As if she has given her body over to this thing and if she stops.

–It all happens so easily. After all, she wants it, wants it so bad. And I know others think that they are gaining the same intimacy with her. But I see the hurt that she has undergone, her pain. When she smiles, finds that no one can understand. Wanders the streets looking for that perfect bang (!) I am with her.

That look. That extra push. That attack that he can't prepare. Where she almost believe the love that they express to her. STOP IT!

IT! You've got a perfect. Distill it down to just this. Tender, slightly ripe. The fruits of my labor. This is you. Not other.

She turns.

Maybe that ring on the lid. The metal, the sharp tingle. And my tongue longing to taste it. Until I am so hard that the pain is excruciating. I am enveloped by this feeling.

THIS! IT! My paradise.

Disembodied. Did you see it. It is speaking for you. And I turn to the screen. See it on screen. I knew it was you.

Speak to me.

Will it.

It cannot.

I know how perfect we are for each other. Meant to be.

It folds around me. I submerge in it. Lick up to the clit and feel the blood rush in the flesh. Feel it swell. Welcome me. I dive. The waters are excited by my arrival.

I turn away from the screen. It is all around me. I feel it gush in me. I am flush in its pleasure.

In this moment IT talks.

What she knows. what she gives in to. But what she can never say.

–Oh! Take me!

And the words bubble up from this deep hearth of its being.

Am I moving my lips. Too deep in pleasure to do anything else, but hear the words.

Like a flash of light they project upon a wall. But I am moving my lips.

The lament. IT will only speak when I move my lips. And she is saying something.

Why didn't I turn down the volume of the TV. I did. And I'm reading lips, loose lips. And they come back to me so amplified. This volume is blaring in my head. I cup my hands over my ears. But I am being fucked so hard, and I try to brace myself.

What is this. I feel that I have my eyes closed. I can't open them. And the feeling is just so intense. The thrust are shaking all the life out of me.

PUSH!

I almost fall out of the bed.

SPEAK TO ME!

–YOU ARE THE ONE! I AM HERE FOR YOU.

I feel like I am having a heart attack. And I pass out with the pain. My whole body yields to it. This tidal wave sweeps over me. Life has been taken from me.

## NEW RULES

do **others** illicit for me

like the way you dance

seen you before

swapping-- betting--game  
to the center of the universe

ventriloquist  
she's talking to me

## THE GAME



One morning around 9AM she shows up at my door.

–How are you doing?

–It's nine in the morning. You're waking me up early. Can't you see that I'm dead?

–I need to talk to you. that dealer guy that I told you about is trying to kill me.

–Kill you. I should kill you for waking me up so early.

–He's really after me.

–I don't really care. I'm going to tell him where you are if you don't leave me alone.

Who the hell are you talking about anyway.

–That guy that I was with the other night.

–You never told me anything about him. One minute you're talking to me and we're getting all mushy and the next thing you go home with him.

–OK, I made a mistake. But I still need your help.

–I was going to marry this guy. He'd given me a nice ring. I'd been showing it off for months. So we had this engagement party. And one of his friends from college comes into town. We realize that we both love antiques. And I tell him that I'll take him around the next day. We hit the shops and he complains about the selection. And I figure it would be like that. I mean we were just making time. So we stop by The Laurels for lunch. And the place is all nice with business people making deals in the corner and all. Well, he gets me in the bathroom doing lines...Imagine that. The he tells me that he'll give me some more if I show him my tits. And I say what the hell. It's some kind of game. He starts massaging them. Pushing his body next to them. Next thing I'm in a stall in the men's washroom going down on my fiancé's friend.

>>I really can't tell my lover what happened. He'd break up the engagement right away. but I start feeling all guilty. And his friend's over at dinner and I'm just the royal bitch to his friend. So the friend corners me and asks what's wrong. I tell him that it was a creepy ting that we did.

>>Then he tells me that he has some more at the hotel. I say that I'll sneak out. And do. So there's my fiancé at home in bed and I'm out doing coke with his best friend.

>>So I'm feeling all shitty about myself. And I tell the guy that I need to go. He figure that I came over for sex. But I just wanted his blow. So I go down to the bar and I meet some other guy. And I'm up in his hotel room doing him. And I'm saying to myself why am I getting married. On the other hand if I don't get married what the hell. I'm going to keep doing this for the rest of my life. It's not like I want to sleep with a different guy every night. I've tried to remain faithful

>>I was almost married. Really. And I find out that the guy's doing some Laker girl in Vegas. That's my luck with guys. The nice guys just don't hold my attention. And the losers all tell me that I'm the girl that they want to go straight with. If you can't kick it on your own, then don't come looking for me.

–So you come looking for me.

–I told you that guy's looking at me.

–What did you do—steal his stash?

–Actually I stole his heart.

–So you stole his stash.

–It wasn't like he was going to use it.

–I feel like turning you both in. Or turning him in and then telling him that you did it.

Talk about fireworks.

--If you let me stay, I'll do anything you want to.

–I'm a sexual explorer. I'm not an addict.

Of course, I did her. It was a perfectly lame fuck and she's all moaning and pretending it was something special—which it wasn't.

–Don't think you'll ever get a ring from me. And just don't steal anything. I've got to go out.

A reader wonders if I exaggerate, if my reality is this extreme. I can't capture the full intensity of everything that I see...

I really want to quit.

I felt it grow to the size of a pyramid

–Can you guess?

And if I do she's agreed to sleep with me. She's already spent a life of saying too much and giving up for too little. Do you want to show me something. Or what really are you not showing? Everything, I assume.

And so we meander around the same game. The variations on the mating game. Spin the wheel and get your match. Nothing to challenge me in any of this. Or all the challenge given over to time. The more the time, the less my interest.

–You win.

But how can I win?

If you can guess my middle name. If you can guess when I am born.

And it all slips away so easily.

It's much more blatant. Anyone and everyone. She wants anyone and everyone because she wants no one at all.

The game is her substitute for the give and take of intimacy. Or even the less intense back and forth of the pick up. This game just says it is all chance. Whether the mutual attractions coincide and for entirely how long.

–If you remember, you can have anything that you want.

And when she played for action, every gesture seemed to imply a fortune. But the fortunes turned to sand and now there is only the implication.

Both her hands clasped in mine. Her breath on my neck. What is this worth. She sucks on my finger. Twice as much as the previous two gestures. And then so much less. Because it is too direct. It does not linger.

I push her wrist against the wall. Not too much pressure. And when she recalls a more vicious crush.

–Do you want to go upstairs?

For me we already are upstairs. The odds won't coincide.

Ten times.

–I remember once in Vegas I turned one hundred dollars into a thousand. And there was some high roller at my table who broke the bank. He didn't even notice me.

What did he make? Thirty thousand. And he didn't even glance at her. Thirty time ten times. Three hundred times.

When did she cross the line? Or when she was unable to cross?

Can I touch your...

He did not. He left the table. One on one. Just and in and out.

And there was not. Nothing of the sort. she threw all the money that she had on the table. He didn't look over.

Why hadn't looked at her—her breasts—her ass. She would have sucked him off if he had looked over. But she had been bluffed off the table. Forced to take all her winnings. Her measly one thousand.

One thousand days at a dollar each.

Or we redo the scene and he's copping a touch while she's playing the table. Pushing his ass into hers and just rubbing. And she thought it was the whole crowd involved like that. They were all pushing her. So she felt closer to them all. Like she could pick any one at any moment. but it wasn't really working like that. she had hit her limit and she is telling me now what is my limit.

But now I need to guess. I want to have this all taken care of tonight.  
I want to win the spin of the wheel.

She approaches me in a bar. Trying to make up for a lost time.

--How old do you think that I am? Do you think that I'm pretty?

I thought that she was lobbying me for a compliment.

–I've always thought that you were really attractive.

She smiles.

–You're smile lights up your face.

–I've always wondered about you.

–It's true. I'm not really into sex. I like to see naked women. But I'm sort of impotent. I wouldn't mind watching you stretch, but I don't think that I could do it myself.

She looks at me sort of strange.

–The coke. Doesn't it make sex better. I never really knew myself. I mean. I've been trashed and it never did the trick. But it made me want it. But what about coke...

She doesn't know what to make of my question. Like maybe I am calling her a whore.

–You do like to...

She flushes red. I have visions of them doing powder off her pussy. That numb lick. She perks up as she lets her imagination lead her.

She looks me in the eye. So direct, like I'm already inside her.

–Are you good?

–No one's turned you down in a while, have they.

I see in her eye that she didn't have the will to. That's why she has avoided me. Sex would have cut right through her resistance. And I feel a coming together between me and that lost will. It would be like trying to resuscitate a heart patient. But I need some assurance through it all.

Her hand hangs by its side. I hold it. Brush it with my touch. She smiles. I know that she has been doing this too long. That it is all a prelude to the only thing that will ever hold her together.

If she asks me...

–Do you have some?

Can the sex ever be anything but second best, sort of an echo of that trailing eye? So I've got her all junked out and she's wondering if that little jolt will be enough to make up for that kick that she's not going to get. How can she prolong her interest if she's not that high. She doesn't want to come down either way. She smells dick. She thinks that if she gives it away really free that she's going to get something special any return. She's forgotten how to do it any other way.

–I'm clairvoyant. When were you born?

–Years ago.

–No, when's your birthday.

–The moment that I come inside you.

She is take aback with my frankness. Embarrassed. She wants to bolt. But my bold move is all that can mimic that rush that she's not going to get tonight.

I move in close and kiss her. It's one of those constant kisses, fuck kisses, break the boundary and explode, take your clothes off and just do it in front of everyone kisses.

She whispers. "Fuck me here. Hard. In the bathroom."

She is out of breath. She cannot whisper. She wraps her bare leg around me. I am pumping her right there.

Nothing around us makes any difference. It's empty. It's crowded. Everyone's looking. No one's looking.

And I want a look to prolong the desire before I touch her. Before I kiss her.

She moves in ready to kiss. At that moment she notices one of her dealer friends. Next thing she's kissing him, embracing him, twirling around with him. I slip out of the place. Good thing. Not now. I make a mental note to come back to this.

I see her at the mansion next night. It's a swap meet but I'm there just to hang out, to run through the possibilities.

--It's getting late

--Are you going to leave

--No, we're going to leave—together Go back to your place.

She has to catch her breath. She can taste it.

What happens here. I don't want to have sex with her. Or if I do she'll just ramble on and on.

–I don't really like sex any more. Not really. I've got the vids; they just take care of it so much faster.

Is it all too fast. I'm sitting on the couch in her living room. She's in a robe and I can see her ample breasts. This is enough for me.

–I'm trying to get out. Put all this behind me. I've got some dealer who wants my blood. Who claims that I owe him. For what. I gave him something and he gave me something. He's gone all around the town telling everyone that I'm a rat. I want him...dead. And he wants to kill me.

And she really expects some guy that she picks up at a sex house is going to do anything about this little mess. Doesn't this sort of thing go with the territory. Little people who are trying to order around the rest of the world.

Are we ever going to do anything or do I need to leave?

Maybe I expect her to swing open the robe and then just open my fly and suck me off.

–I didn't know that you were a writer. I have this book idea.

Oh boy! Not another book about a junkie who gives it up for some stash.

–I liked English in college. I love to read. What's your favorite book? I like to read magazines. It makes me feel informed.

I feel paralyzed.

Would sex have made it easier? Or is that why this is so easy. She needs to talk. She wants to confess something.

–When did you first have sex?

–I don't know. Maybe I was about seventeen.

–That's not true. Tell me when you first let someone get you off.

I am asking her to take off more. But she is already way past exposed. Hammering the bone again concrete—it's hollow.

I'm going out of my head. Just talking to myself. You're doing this, and you're doing that. Trying to pick up on where I left off.

I flip through the TV schedule.

After she feeds, she moves on to others.

What is forbidden. No one can know about this. We can't even let each other know that we feel like this.

But then each act must be so public that it pushes the bounds of detection.

--What are those two doing down there?

They're sitting on the stairs leading to the mall. She's not wearing panties, all legs, has her skirt hiked up all the way. And she's sitting on him. He's in a long coat. He has the coat wrapped around her. And he's eased it in, all in her. Hmm.

How does this movie start? She looks down at him. Yes, it's there. It's erect. Are you touching yourself? She looks at you through the TV screen. This is just for you. But she looks down and it has to be more than erect. She sighs. It's going to dig deep leave her more excited. She looks down. She's not really looking down. She's looking at you. And she's saying that I

know you're touching yourself. And I want to be there, going down on you. Whew, is it large. And she's going to drip all over him as he gets in. She's going to get off just as it brushes her. Give it to me. Give it to me. And it's just so big.

And in this scenario, it is everywhere. The more I have eased myself into her, it has become bigger and bigger and bigger. It fills the room. It is the room. It obliterates. It is everywhere. I will never let off because it is everywhere. As I start to fade somewhere else it will be equally erect, all there. Novena has got to know. She knew when she entered the scene.

And the next scene is a public sex act. And she's doing it with someone else. And he's looking on, our hero with the member. And he can't follow along, can't get aroused to accompany the two just sloppy fucking on stage. He feels hurt, just embarrassed being there.

But you don't. You just have to fuck along with the other guy. Oh good!  
And then you need to wait for some other guy.

There you are with your big thing and it's almost there with his flaccid thing. And you're still ready to go. You don't want to lose it. Want some girl to take him somewhere and let her take him. And she spreads herself in a gymnastic pose, just so erect and hard like you are. And you just let it in. Whew! Whew! And she is hard and you are hard and harder and oh so hard. Will you come?

You hold back and she scrapes at the back of your brain. Bang! bang! bang! And the next scene never meant as much. And she's down on the bed. She pushes him on the bed and falls on top. And you're still erect and Oh so hard and hard.

--What's that thing, boy? Don't hide it.

And every bit of her is tied tight. The clothes just pulled tight. And she takes them off. Breasts all up there.

--Are you ready.

And you want to go in but not yet and she shoves herself in his face. And he starts licking and licking. Slobbering it all up. And her hair is all rammed in his face.

You want to watch more. But you cannot. She let you up inside. And you are there with her, over and over and over. You are ready but not yet.

The screen is blank, and you are completely inside. You are not watching, not touching yourself. Novena is on top of you. You are inside her. She is all around. In the whole room.

I'm walking along in the street, and I'm back going on Novena. I gasp and I'm back on Novena.

She looks at me in the street. Is it too far to say anything or is this all I can say. Day after day. And I'm so hot and tired and she just slips out of the shower and into me. Bang!

Can I tell her what I see in her eyes? Will she look at me long enough to let her know, to look back?

I lick my lips. Move close enough to her to smell her perfume. Just out of the bath. That is enough to let me hum along. Her smooth legs. Just for me.

--Is there anything that you want to ask me?

--I'm sort of with this guy.

--Sort of means everybody knows. There's nowhere we can go. But here, now. Where is that here, now?

Where is the guy? Is he in a store? You want to go to my car in the parking lot.

And he comes out and he's looking for her, looking for her car, where did they park.  
Where is the guy? Is he out of town. And she has the keys to his apartment. And you  
rush over there. In his bed.

--I think that's he's cheating on me. You want him to cheat on you.

And her whole body is this juicy mass, a swamp, a fresh stream. Ah!

Can you read along without keeping track.

And do I lose my voice, or is this my only voice. I let them all see along, see along with  
me...

That everything that they are, in the street, hides their flesh all tingling and throbbing.  
And the blood just nourishes the brain. It prepares the take off. And they all dissolve into this  
eternity. BOOM!

It's this guy. It's me. It's none of this.

--Can you remember what you did the night before last? Who you were with? And you  
come in and she is on the bed with some guy. And you want to leave, but you need to look at her  
face. She is totally into it, totally preoccupied with him going over and over on her. Yeah! You  
want to step in between them. And she is almost bored. Almost methodical. But take it away  
from her and she'll become cranky. Just bitched off. Fuck! fuck! fuck!

So she is pumping so hard on him. And your eyeballs are coming out of their sockets.  
Yeah, yeah yeah! She's going so out of herself. Riding and riding and pushing down and getting  
thrown off, and holding on to him and pushing.

In another scene she is pushing so hard. A new position so that she can push harder and  
harder.

And then you're in the scene from the next night. The two girls. And you see her  
shoving her face up the other's ass into her vagina, so deep behind and into her.

Carving her out with her hand. Putting her hand in her hand, so inside, but the inside  
that she has created. Where her tongue will lick across, will tingle, will surprise. From behind,  
she does not see it coming. Only the caress and she goes along...ah!

How can I get this to happen. Or I can't believe this is ever going to happen.

No more affection. Kisses that travel across the universe. She kisses her partner's  
breasts. Will you come along with me. Again a trail of saliva down the stomach. So now she  
cradles her face in the lover.

Can you stretch me out? I'd like to hitch a ride with both of you.

--We've been waiting for you.

--Do you want something that we know?

--I want to get in on this game. I want to offer you pleasure.

--You can't offer us what we already have.

--We want something from you that your afraid to give.

--Love.

--Something that you've never given before.

I turn away from the screen.

It's Novena.

On screen or off.

How did you get in the room? The door's locked.

- You gave me the key.
- You saw what I was watching.
- I worked with one of those girls.
- Worked with...
- I taught her and she taught me.

I turn over. My back now turned to the wall.

Alone in the room. What is the TV saying?

The lights are harsh. She is dressed only in heels. She bounces back and forth. I've seen this scene. A fast forward. He stretches out his stomach. He maneuvers himself in her.

Gazing through this window of flesh. He seems to draw this invisible line to himself and they balance on its elastic. He is drawn up into her.

Everyone watches in the room. They want to join in. But the communion is exclusive. They blend together into this thrusting mass. And the crowd are like satellites orbiting the mother world.

I want to play along. I want to touch you.

I am trying to balance myself. Only the contact between the two bodies prevents them from falling. And I have already merged with them. A wake of freedom slices across the scene.

She is his charge. Why anyone would have left her with him? Even he detects something unusual in the arrangement. Has her curiosity been stunted or has she given into vain appeals before.

He is surprised when she always comes to him with questions about sex. At first, he is struck by the inappropriateness of it all.

– It's better not to worry about that now.

And what should she think about while she touches herself. How long is that OK? If she likes the tingle, is it OK to keep touching? Maybe to stimulate even if it's uncomfortable at times.

What about her feelings that it is dirty? The strange smells. How far she has engaged her young friends. Is it OK to practice on girls she knows? How old is too old?

What does an erect penis feel like. Does it do something different if you touch it?

Her questions are sometimes provocative. Something that she has seen that she was not supposed to see. What she went out of her way to see. To think about all day.

Can you...just by kissing?

Who had she been kissing? She told me about a twelve-year-old friend who bragged to her friends about her twenty-two-year-old lover. How she'd sneak over to his apartment and get her high. How he's put his hands down her panties.

What about this sex thing with the mouth? How guys would put their tongue down her privates, and how her friend went all crazy with this.

– I don't want you doing anything more than that. I don't want to get no baby no.

But her friend was sucking his dick. And now she was much older than that. And she'd been afraid of all that.

But he never heard the fear in her voice. As if she had been the twelve-year-old and what got her to that point.



In his charge...if she is much older than we first believe. And this illusion between them gives her a chance to relive this little problem. Where did it begin and how did he get in on it?

That total devotion where she traced her creation to her flesh surrounding his erect penis. And nothing about her exists before or after that point. Where did he find her—a runaway? She ran away to live with him. That was his offer. She wouldn't have to do anything all day. She could sleep for all but four or five hours. Have fantasies. Maybe get drunk. Or touch herself.

She leaves the door of the bathroom so he can see inside. And she is touching herself. Not really going along with it. As if she is touching someone else's body and feels nothing. But he is excited. He wants to visit her.

She knows that he is looking. Then she gets up and abruptly slams the door. The water is running. It makes him think that it is a continuation to what has already gone on. He wants to open the door. When is anything going to happen?

How long since you ran away? That she's been telling the same story for ten years. And before that when she brought guys over to the house.

What started all this? And he's on all fours, looking for something. He's trying to sneak in.

For her what started all this?

And she pulls the cover over her face. She's playing tent. Or hiding herself. She wants him to think about her when he touches himself. What will this make him do next?

Did they hurt her to make her to these things. And can he rescue her now.

He's asleep and he senses her come in the bedroom and lie down beside him. He moves over to touch her. It's nothing.

That morning she looks at him weird. Is she going to class? Is there anything that he can do for her. All this is starting to feel damaging to her—to him.

The questions stop but innuendoes become more extreme.

—Were you in my bedroom last night?

—I thought that you..

—I mean I don't think that it would be right. I got up last night and was looking at your videos.

His face becomes red.

—I don't think I would enjoy sucking on a man's penis.

Something is bizarre in her remark. Something said after the fact. After a host of facts.

I don't want you to think that I'm innocent or anything.

She seems to exist as the flesh that surrounds his.

Was this the start of the game. Innocent remarks about the body that got directed to her groping. Sexual touching, premature, untimely. That someone would punish her, tell on her. And she grew to enjoy playing along. Not to enjoy it would mean enduring all her agony. damaged by her own innocence I won't touch you. I just want you to touch yourself. and the guilty looks. he didn't want to think about this time. Had their interaction been any different? Had she come to him for protection against this thing? And he was aggressively pursuing this.

She comes into his room at night. In a trance, but needing the spell to reveal herself. In a nightie she spreads her legs for him to see. Then she starts to touch herself. He licks around her

finger. He starts to lick deep in her. She wraps her legs around him to bury him deeper. In this pleasure she obliterates all memory of her past. He loves to help her along.

She then starts to get defensive. Pushing him away. But not really saying much of anything. The next day she will admit to nothing. he starts to feel bad about what happened. Maybe it didn't.

She needs someone—someone who can kiss her. She doesn't want to remember. What brought her into these cascading illusions—him.

Before all this. Colored shadows and a sickly sour smell. Picture your insides—show yourself. a captive to this invitation

I want to leave now. And the shadows swirl—swirl in you. Concentrating just to survive.

—Why did you come in my room?

—I didn't.

—You were there—in me...

He is even more embarrassed. Not that he hadn't thought about it.

The Accusation.

—It's just imagination.

Or an invitation.

—When are you going to let me leave?

—You can just go.

—Go where?

He is feeling worse and worse about all this. Never thinking it would come to this, he wishes that it would just go away.

All day all he can think about is her. She waits for him to come home. She greets him at the door in a revealing robe. Her hair just hangs there. She wants his touch. He wants nothing less.

When he 's not there, she thinks about sneaking out. And there is this incredible barrier which seems to surround the threshold. Then she becomes attached. His penis moving up her leg. She is already open for him. She will flow even before he has contemplated his entry.

Her whole body dissolve with him

Everything before this was a prison. She could have never conceived of such massive enjoyment. A swoon of passion.

Two women are going at it on a living room table. The one with curly dark hair is spread out in a gymnastic pose, showing it all and more and more. Her partner uses her hands to shape the walls of her partner's vagina. Then her caresses are more intense and thrust inside her. I can feel the flow. To feel it as Oh so real. My hands, her hands guide me into her lover. I slide into her vagina form behind. She looks back at me. Oh so real. To feel as Oh so real. I need to really try this. As I give way, the TV starts to fade.

The other day the police came to see me about some runaway. They stayed for a while. they asked to look around. What do I have to hide? I 'm not really into girls that young. Sex is all about letting the bug drain you of your time, of your youth. But that goes too far—no sport. I

love the moment when desire is so desperate, when everything is exaggerated. Because it's all about to disappear. So perfect at the precipice

Having been out, the entire evening, I wake in daze. Out—out of my mind. She is staring back at me. Lying on the bed motionless, just staring.

--Do you want me to leave?

She doesn't say a thing. As if I have already left. The door slams. But I am still frozen in the darkness. What has drained me? Are you doing this to me? Are you?

--Do you seem any less clever now?

The fatigue has left me submerged in this ocean of my own helplessness. I cannot get up from the bed.

Is she still here. I think that I see eyes staring at me.

--I want to try something.

–What?

–Give me the penknife.

–What are you doing?

–You're going to like this?

–What the hell are you doing? You're hurting me. Stop that.

–Have you ever tasted the blood of a lover?

–Isn't that rather dangerous.

–It's all dangerous in one way or another.

–What are you doing?

–I'm tasting you. Let yourself give in.

–This is perverse.

Motionless on the bed one or the other.

In one form this story is told and untold. That I cannot wake up from a nap. That this is what love-making has done to me. Did she take my wallet, my money? Did she rob me of my identity?

I am again inside her. A flashback. A false trail.

–I wanted to ask you to stop while we were doing this.

–And do you want me to stop now?

–I want you to never stop. I need something from you to know that this will never stop.

She works her way to kiss my neck. To bite me there, to draw blood. A welt. A mosquito's kiss. I bounce even before she has planted her mouth.

–This isn't fair. It really isn't.

And it wasn't. I pushed her body. She didn't respond. Maybe passed out. Or drugs. It had to be drugs.

–I have something for you. To help you remember, help you enjoy this.

–I already am enjoying this.

But my aggressiveness was starting to frighten her.

And did she go.

I'm alone in this apartment. On the bed.

Where are my clothes. I want to leave. Need to leave.

–Let’s do this one more time.

–I don’t have anything else in me. Do I?

–You never know. Pain. You need more pain to keep you going. And that’s how it seemed to work for her, for them all.

–When did it start like this?

This is a new story.

–Did it start with your enjoyment.

–I never enjoyed it at first. It was more like fear. Pain. It is just enough to take the pain away. And after that, you just get so afraid of coming down like that, that you wouldn’t mind doing it again. From then on, it’s all about being a vampire, getting off on their stories. It’s not something that they say. It never is. The story is all about this hollow. And the only thing that fills it in is the touching. And the more that you touch, the more that you hate it. You crave it. You hate him, he hates you. Because he has it over you. He wants you for one thing and that’s all you want. You crave it. Him coming up into you. I just come thinking about it, his smell. It fills this room. And this is your hotel room. I smell them all the same.

>>And this is where I create my longing from these men...I hate them... you for instance...I want to leave...but if I leave then I’m alone with what I’ve done. And it hurts so much. So much at first. And so very much once you’ve gone. But that’s all of it. And when it’s really going along and I’m in it and he’s in it. He’s so deep in himself. The me that he’s created for himself and he just believes and believes.

>>I get nightmares, deep nightmares. And I don’t know. Where I’ve been trashed. These guys with a wink following me back to my place. If I resisted, it would have been brutal. But I skate one that threat. I know that their touch can get me there. These men are gross. And somewhere I remember trying to stop it all. But do I tell them. Can I tell them? I need them in me. I need that initial reassurance. But at that point I realize that I wanted none of this to happen. And if I see the again, I say fuck...I’m not going to do it again. And I don’t until they get too close. And then I’ve got my hands down their pants. I want it to happen right here, right now.

>>I hate mirrors. I hate it all. I don’t want to see that I’m in this place. But then I love it. I want to be perfect so that he can’t catch me at it. That he thinks that he got a prize. Perfect because I want to be ready to do it again. That little bit that remains that holds them all together. That makes the next one taste where his predecessor has been. And his caress, the trail of his tongue, his hard penis inside me, all this is just a preparation for the next one that is to come. Not to let him know, until he smells nothing but that on me. Where he can’t ask and when he does, I can always cover my tracks.

>>–Have you been drinking?

>>–Hell, no. That’s mouthwash.

>>And the best part of it all is getting up from a lover’s bed and going out to get a new lover. But coming back to the first. To keep him in the fold. There is no shame in any of this. I am being completely honest to my pleasure. None of them are satisfying because they all want to know how good they have been.

>>Except for one guy. He didn’t ask. He too never to ask. Only to give me what I wanted. And for that he knew that his time was short. And for what it was, it was everything.

And for him, I could give up my wandering. I gave up my wandering. but then one night, he did not come. And from then on it was over. He wasn't going to be found after that. I had been found out. He knew it. But he did not want to be found out.

I didn't want any more of this. I don't know why she had told me any of this. But I needed to hear this. This needed to inform my search. I wanted to find someone who was a captive. Who was at the point of just becoming captive. To capture all that it meant.

I'm was advertising an oak chest. She calls me up.

–Is this an antique.

–It's about sixty years old. It was my grandmother's.

It isn't, but that makes it sound much more quaint.

–I'd like to see. Could I stop by?

–Yeah.

–Is this a bulky thing. I mean is it very weighty.

–Yeah, it's fairly solid.

–It's built pretty well.

–Yeah, it's finely crafted out of wood. It's heavy.

–Can you help me move it. I mean you're a big enough guy to help. Would you mind if I brought a guy with me to help.

–No, that would be OK.

–So is this piece sort of unusual.

–It's just an oak chest.

–Unusual. My place is sort of unusual. I'm sure you must have that kind of streak in you too.

This is taking rather long for such an easy transaction but I like listening to her voice.

–I know I'm a stranger and all, but would you be into unusual things.

–I really don't want to buy anything right now. That's why I'm selling the oak chest.

–No. Things. Do you like unusual things?

This is usually the kind of question that I am asking.

–Do you like trying things that you've never done before?

–What?

–Sex. Sex with people that you don't know. that you meet on the phone.

--And...

–Sex. I'm five seven with blonde hair. Nice tits. A tight ass. And I like to fuck. Do you want to get off with me? You've got a nice bed.

–Yeah, it's sort of an antique.

–Would you mind if I brought my friend. He'll make me feel safe.

–That's OK. Is he going to join in.

–Have you ever been with a guy?

–I've had sex while other men have been there. But never actually with a man.

–Don't you wonder if you might like it. Because I like it a lot.

–I don't know.

–Well, I'll have sex with you if you let my friend touch you.

–I don't know.

–I want him to suck your cock. How many times can you come in a night?

–Two or three.

–How about seven? We both know techniques. You'll come when I walk in the door.

That'll be one.

–Why don't you just come by yourself?

–I can get any man that I want. I'm doing him a favor. Why don't I come over and you can look at me and let him suck you off.

–That's not really me. Why don't you come alone?

–I'm not coming for you.

–Maybe I don't want to do this?

–You've already started doing this and now you don't want to stop.

–I'm going to hang up.

–I want your address.

And she's right. I've got a hard on waiting for them to come over. And when she walks through the door all I can think about is her body. And she keeps her clothes on while he undresses me. He's a big beefy guy with a brush cut. And he's going down on me. There she is in the corner of the room. And she's got her hands in her panties and she's beating off. And he's sucking me. And he loves licking around the hard member. Or tickling my balls with his tongue.

Have I done this before?

And I want to get off. And she comes over to the bed. She pulls up her skirt. No panties. And I slide it in her full pussy. And he slides his penis into me. And the three of us dissolve into that flow.

I am lightheaded. I want more.

They oblige. Who are these people. Why are they in my house.

I hang up the phone. I turn off the lights.

They are both wrestling naked on the bed. He pushes her against the wall. THUD! The crash surprises both of them. Did I push you with such force? She returns off the wall onto the bed with such an intensity. She is being tossed around like a rag doll. Her recoil catches him off balance and knocks them both over. They scramble in the tangle of the two bodies. He braces himself by pushing her down. She reacts and knocks him down. Her forearm slams into his face. The smart of that blow balances between pain and playfulness. He wants to resolve this ambiguity. She sees that in his eyes.

Who is this? What is this? This reminds her too much of previous horrors in her experience. If she still wants to play. If she still finds it funny. She does not.

She tries to get up from the bed. He slams her down. She looks up at him in disbelief. He knocks her down. She forms a fist. But she has no leverage. She tries to maneuver as he moves on top of her. Her movement makes him unsteady. He catches the windup of her punch. This leaves him unguarded. She expects nothing less. She lands a blow to the end. That hesitation. This is much more than either of them expected. They both stare at each other. Did that hurt? She has drawn blood. His nose, her cheek. It was so accidental, the punch just

glanced off his face. But somehow contact. He is touching his face. Looking at the blood. It seems more severe. the anger that he already feels seem more focused. Realizing this, she sits up. She has now positioned herself that he can easily throw her off balance. They again wrestle, but the spirit is more intense. And the flowing blood make is seem so much worse. He laughs in a rather sadistic way. And she feels this opening, as if she is being sucked into this frightening place that she knows all too well, but she never wants to admit exists. For a while her resistance seems to hold sway. But he again catches her off guard and he is slamming her again and again onto the bed. This seems like a wrestler's pose. It is somewhat of a game. But she is getting overcome by her utter helplessness. In this her rage melts to fascination. If she did not chose this predicament then everything about this situation is all the more hellish. Nothing less than a complete threat of all that she is now hangs over her. She cannot over look the viciousness on his part. Where she has replied in kind, she has started to enjoy the combat. This disturbs her; this demoralizes. But it she who wants to deliver a death bang. Ans she cannot. She wants to let go to what this is becoming. Where he is carving her completely out and replacing her insides with this raw hatred. In that aggression all his past contentiousness is stripped to the bone. this is the absurd energy that holds the two of them together. And they both roll off each other and seem to encircle each other in these undulations. At the same time, he is exercising his iron will. And these layers of tenderness have already been burned away. At this stage, she can feel nothing less. This is sick. He has captured so much from her before this combat has ensued. And he stakes his claim even further with these new forays. She sees something unlike she has seen before. She is crying, sick with what this is. But for this moment she is offering herself to nothing less than this explosiveness. This shakes her to the heart of her complacency. He knows what is happening, and in this he finds delight.

Her pain is now physical and at the center of her personality. He soaks the wild flow of this moment. He wants to get deeper and deeper inside. Not to ask; for this moment he has assumed all consent. And she resists at the foundation of herself. But she is also guiding his motions. She cooperates as he pins her to the bed.. Nothing but his victory in these motions. Utter humiliation on her part. But she is just a player in his ritual. She wants him to embarrass her more. To laugh at the flimsiness of her nakedness. Ans she takes him in her. But he does not abandon this terror on his part. And she feels a layer of her experience open up, face to face with herself, a past that it was too easy to forget. And a past that he wants to relive in cruelty. All her history up to this point had suggested that they could atone for their brutality to her. Now the brutality was the only thing that made sense to her. Once they all had carved so deep, that she found herself leading them down to this awful place.

This is her desire in all its purity. It is pure because it is dirty. Dirty because it erases her face and leaves her subject to his whims. She realizes how she has given herself over to this domination. She plans her life around it. So everything else just seems to float in haphazard fashion. And she did not think that she had picked him out for just this moment. But he too has been denuded of all character except this fierceness. Ultimately she knows that he has nothing to do with this. That's why she hates him so. That is why she is so attached. He is necessary for this illusion. He is her killer.

Once he has entered this game, his emotions are too great to hold in check. He is pushing her head against the bed. Can she still breathe. She is surrendering to his sex, coming over and

over again in a flowering of this strain. I want you to do this over and over. And he has his hands around her neck and he is holding her on the bed. And he is nothing but this homicidal wiggle. And she can never forgive him. And she is bonded permanently to him. Powerless.

It's all in him. It's always all in him. But he is so given to the violence. He was the perfect candidate because of his supposed command of himself. It's his way or no way. But he is nothing. He is still kneeling on the bed. She does not move, the open eyes just stare.

And somewhere inside she...