

## 8. MAGGIE MCDONALD

DEAR MAGGIE:

I recently met you at McDonald's. I only worked there for a couple of days. I realized that it was not for me. I couldn't take it. I ran away.

I feel that it is not an accident that we met. I know things about your future that I would like to share in the hope that I might dissuade you from walking the path that you are taking.

In your college years, you will meet a radio host with a pleasant sounding voice. He will be working at a local radio station and have big plans for his life. Just as he lulls his radio audience, he will convince you to follow him. He is the perfect embodiment of the delusion that if something sounds good, it is good. By the time that you finally realize what he is up to, he will already be part of you, and you will not be able to shake his influence.

Do not take my word for it. Ask your friends what is happening to you. I know that you are from a small town. And his supposedly worldly ways will make you feel that you have discovered an unknown treasure. It is fool's gold. Do not even touch it! It will destroy you.

You have been dazzled in your youth with this vision of the perfect family and the perfect house. Even as the world has descended into turmoil around you, you have clung to this vision as the only escape from chaos. Your future lover will appeal to your deep-seated insecurities about life. He will reassure you that pleasant music can drive your troubles away. That is how he sees the function of the arts. Like a drug to quiet the masses! And he is called to this vocation. You will be brought along in his journey. You will eventually see the light. I know that is so. But for the time being, you will remain in your cocoon. Only those who can resonate the primal symphony will be able to affect you.

I know that you hear the deep harmony of the universe. But you are afraid of its coincidences. You will only sell your talent short. For the time being, your radio host will find consonance with you. This will appear to be the accompaniment that you have always sought. Even as he sets off in his abundant flourishes, you will be convinced that he has discovered some deeper message. He is only reading from the back of record sleeves. He has little wisdom of his own. That realization will only come to you too late.

Maybe this man will seem like your father. Your father is probably a stable individual who has brought you the needed certainty to your soul. He may be world traveled, but he has decided to settle his family in a small town. No doubt, he feels the influence of a cruel world and has sought to make a special place for his family.

You will believe that your radio host will do just the same. I am not sure of the exact circumstances of your meeting. I can imagine you listening to his radio show **QUIET SOUNDS FOR THE DARK NIGHT**. Hearing this voice, you will assume that he is the light in the darkness. And in the dark reaches of the soul, you truly ache. I know that pain!

Your radio host will soothe your fears and make it all better.

It is terrible to commit your life to an illusion. I know how easy it is to believe that there is something solid behind those dreams. You will work with this man for your first house. You will have a child with him. And then the dream will start to sour. You have learned to suck it up. You have seen your mother take it when she had other plans for her life. And you will follow her down the same path. You will ignore the thorn-pricks. You will accept the fate that

awaits you. For a while, you will believe that it is your reward for that question asked in the dead of winter. In your heart, you will understand how deeply you have been tricked. But you can't let on. The children mustn't know the secret, just as you could never know. You can't pay enough money to figure it out.

Your dreams will be measured and determined. And in that determination, you will discover your satisfaction. Anyone who doubts your life will seem to be a victim of sour grapes. But you have tasted the grapes, and you have already puckered up.

You assume that your life will be different. It will bear all the advantages of your parents. But it will be more. You will never suffer the kind of disillusionment that eventually transformed your mother into a ghost. She spent the rest of her life trying to deny that she only existed as a phantom. But you watched her haunt the wood floors of your house. Even when she was fast asleep, you could hear her footsteps creak on the floorboards.

Your lover will promise culture and sophistication. He will offer you the deep well of tradition. You will feel well-rooted in his arms and assume that he can transmit his wisdom by looking you deeply in your eyes. In these waters, you will imagine the same current that drove your father in his search. This realization will be your undoing. Once the spirit flows in you in this manner, you will not be able to resist.

If you ever try to throw off his influence, you will understand that you are possessed. His influence is so subtle that you will never appreciate the obsession that is coming over you. But its affects are thick. They grip every bit of the flesh. You are being taken over gradually.

Now, you might find my argument silly. You believe that you are your own girl. You are creating a life for yourself. You probably keep a diary where you express your deepest longings. And you take its inspiration to help you work out the minutia of your life. Wonderful!

Each success you tally for yourself. And your team progresses on to victory. You will conquer your deepest misgiving about yourself. You will succeed.

Even in the glory of your success, you will still be susceptible to this devil. More so, since you will not doubt your discretion, you will easily fall victim. You will attempt to counteract your feelings of attraction for this fiends with the truisms that you have gleaned from each success. Each lesson will only reinforce how the two of you are meant to entwine your dreams together.

Is there anything that I can do to stop you? I know that there is still time enough for you to prepare yourself against the siege ahead. You can read. You can seek to develop an independence of mind. But all your efforts are hardly enough. You do not understand the snake that lies in the grass.

I cannot move. I imagine being with you. I am paralyzed. I never would have said a thing to you.

I feel that I know something deep about your personality. I can sense that caged bird that is waiting to be free. I know that he will appeal to that side of you. But you will only go with him out of a need for security. That is the only reason that he will appeal to you. He represents a continuation of the present order. You will move out of your father's house and into his place. You will never really struggle with your sense of self. It will all be so automatic.

In your heart, you will hear another melody. But you will let it pass you by. You will forgo true inspiration for the dream that has trapped so many others like you in the past.

I would like to pretend that it was fate that caused us to meet. You were being oriented to your first day of work. I saw you fresh innocent face. You wanted to know. But you have always wanted so much more. And you are approaching that inevitable day when you will be offered the choice. Please don't fall for his words. He does not speak your language.

*Let me pretend for the moment that you really do understand something about me. Why would I even think of being with you. You are a stranger who never has had the courage to say something to me face to face. Without such courage, I doubt that you are settled in your soul. One day a man will approach who knows who he is. He is not afraid of the world. When he walks up to me, I will feel the earth shake beneath my feet.*

*I have not met that man yet. I have lived safely under my father's roof. What would you have me do? I'm not going to hop in bed with every boy who promises me the world. I don't want promises; I want the real thing. Can you give that to me? What do you have to offer?*

*I admit it: I have insecurities by the bucketful. But I don't have a foundation where I can stand. You only insult what I do have. How could I possibly be with you?*

*You are only a couple of years older than me. But you do not seem anywhere near as mature. I have wisdom beyond my years. You are still lost in a stupid fantasy that you are going to meet a girl and whisk her away to wonderland. Where are your resources? What do you have to give me that is concrete? Where can we build?*

*Since I live out in the country, I watch the seasons with regularity. I see a purpose in the world. The birds leave for the winter and return in spring. The land lies fallow in the winter. And the planting begins after the snows have subsided. The pattern is clear. And this vision is clear in my mind. There is none of the muddle-headedness that characterizes your letter. A girl needs more than silly words.*

*I am sure that there are other less mature females who would be impressed by this. They would find the idea of a secret admirer eminently romantic. These girls write themselves poetry in the hope that some mysterious stranger will write them back. I am not such a frivolous creature.*

*I worked that job all summer. I earned money for college. You ran away and felt sorry for yourself. What do you have to show for that decision?*

*Have you ever kissed a girl? Have you ever made passionate love to a woman? Do you even know what it take to satisfy me? I don't want poetry if I'm standing deep in quick sand.*

*You are probably receiving a special satisfaction that I am even taking the time to write you back. I do this for my own sake. I want you to put this fantasy out of your mind once and for all. I would never go out with you. Never, never. You will never feel my soft lips pressed against yours. You will never feel my body wrapped around yours. None of your fantasies will ever come to fruition.*

*The only way that you can keep your hope alive are in your sick mind. I hope that you are not that far gone. I am not a body to feed your pornographic fantasies. I am a pure being with a soul. And your letter is insulting what is at the core of my self.*

*You just can't go around writing girls that you don't know. You can't make up these fantasies that you are going to be so wonderful for them. Leave me alone and let me live my life.*

Dear Maggie,

I read your reply very closely. I reread your letter over and over again. I don't think that you understand what I have been telling you. I have seen your future. And you can change it.

I know that you don't believe me. You think that I am making this up. I don't even know this guy that you will meet. But I have discovered this truth about you. It would be the gravest mistake in your life if you accept the advances of this man. He is deleterious for your spirit. You talk of the damage that I will do to your soul. This man is a million times worse. Take my advice now if you want to hold on to yourself.

She will leave no doubt about your eventual satisfaction. Her body has been designed to resolve any questions with regards to efficiency. It will be difficult to tell where the original form has been altered. You will assume that this perfection is built into the initial biological programming.

"I was made for loving!"

That is the motto that will lead the marketing campaign that we have set out for her. You may not be able actually to touch her. But you may be able to interact personally with the machine imprints. I hope that you have a clearer picture of what is in store for the client.

"I could peel your panties off with my teeth. Then I'd really go to town on you."

"I'm married."

"So that's why you feel safe to parade around like that."

"He's over there watching."

"He looks like the type that loves to watch."

"We're happy together."

"Of course you are. And you've made plans to stay together forever. And you love to pretend with him."

"What are you saying? You make no sense."

"I could take him."

"You're talking like an elementary school kid."

"I'm saying what needs to be said. I could take him, then I could take you away from him."

"And what do you have to excite me?"

"I could satisfy you?"

"He does that all the time."

"Not just a fuck. But true satisfaction. Something that answers all your questions about you life."

"That simply is not possible. There are questions about our lives that aren't meant to be answered. For the rest, we learn how to take the smallest pleasures and make them into something big."

"Is that what you say to yourself when he comes inside of you?"

"I've said some other thing. But I don't think about such a moment in a tawdry way."

"What is it going to take to really get you excited about life?"

"I've got what I want."

"And you're so eloquently displaying that to me right now. Let me take up on my offer. Meet me for coffee sometime. Without your husband."

“Where is that going to lead?”

“I’m going to take you upstairs in my place, and do all kinds of things to your body. I’m going to use my tongue to caress you everywhere.”

“I’ve met a lot of guys with dirty minds and foul mouths. Why should I think that you are any different?”

“I’m not that different. But I’m making you the offer right now.”

“And I told you that I was married.”

“You’ve stayed here all this time to listen to my argument. It must be working a little bit.”

“It is. And I’m going to go home and fuck my husband. And you’re going to stay the frustrated little man who bothers strangers.”

“Correction. Your husband is going to fuck you. And you’re going to lie there thinking that there must be something greater in this world.”

“That sounds like something my husband once said to me. I was with a former lover. And I followed my present husband back to his place. He made promises. And he delivered. So what do you have to give.”

“That after it’s over, I can sing poetry to you. I can memorialize our love in words.”

“Is that how you get women to sleep with you. You are even more pathetic than I thought.”

“I want you.”

“I hope that you have a clear picture of what you want.”

“I’m sure that you do to. You’re wearing that black string bikini that hugs your ass. You bend over, and I can trace the outline of your pussy. And you linger long enough so that I can form this graphic image in my mind. It burns in my brain. And you love that. It makes you so aroused that you’re probably ready to go this minute. Do you want to suck my cock?”

“Would you like that?”

“If it was something that you wanted to do.”

“It’s great that you’re developing a case of manners.”

“I could try to be a little more philosophical with you but that doesn’t seem to be working.”

“I only thought it right if you were going to lick my pussy that I’d give you a blow job.”

“You are making it sound so clinical.”

“I’d perform oral sex by taking your penis into my mouth. How is that for clinical?”

“Give me anesthetic, and I’d feel like I’m in a damned hospital.”

“We could arrange that. What ever happened to romantic love.”

“It went out with the female orgasm. You know that. I could pretend that you’re after something different.”

“If I went with every guy promising satisfaction, then I’d be living in some hovel down by the railroad tracks.”

“Then you’ve got your pussy wired in to the ups and downs of the stock market.”

“Tell me what makes you hard, some nice Detroit steel.”

“I’m more of a compact car guy. Besides, do they really make cars in Detroit anymore?”

“You understand what I’m talking about.”

“And you understand what I’m talking about. There is satisfaction, and then there is *satisfaction*.”

“Great. I’ll take both.”

“Is that what you have now?”

“Pretty much. I’ve got the dream and the reality. The fuck and the house.”

“Why do you seem so unhappy?”

“I’m not. I just miss the chase—the thrill.”

“We could go do it in the cabana.”

“I don’t see any cabana. I’d still like the candlelight dinner.”

“And then you’d like me to eat you out.”

“If that’s what it took.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“How long can you keep it up?”

“After you’ve sucked me off.”

“I don’t want you to come in my mouth.”

“So the sex would be really free at that point. No restraints.”

“We could remain under the illusion that physical intensity means some deep psychological connection.”

“And it doesn’t?”

“It’s just sex.”

“That’s like saying it’s just skiing. But there are great hills and brilliant moves going down them.”

“I’m supposed to give in to your skiing analogy.”

“It’s a good place to start. There’s a moment on the slopes when you just give yourself to the power. That is the meaning of freedom. Total surrender.”

“You’ve experienced this in bed.”

“With the right woman.”

“Give any woman the proper beginning, and you have the basis for a great relationship.”

“Is that what you have right now?”

“Really I do?”

“And you’ve worked hard to make it mean something?”

“I’ve given it every ounce of my body.”

“You need to push a little extra. The more the push the more the pleasure.”

“I’ve got more than enough pleasure.”

“What are you searching for? Reckless abandon. If you really had what you wanted, you wouldn’t give it a second thought.”

“I told you that I do this all the time. Then I rush back to my husband.”

“He’s going to nibble your flesh. Invite you to a deeper pleasure.”

“That sounds like a good beginning.”

“It sounds more like the end. You know that I can immediately give you what you need. I’m not going to dawdle with the promise of satisfaction.”

“And what do you want me to say to that?”

“I want you to use your imagination.”

“I want to suck your cock?”

“Is someone putting you up to this?”

“No I really want to do it.”

“Then what do you want.”

“I want you to eat me out. Just bury your face in my pussy and go crazy. The I want you to put your hard cock inside me and make mad love to me.”

“Is this the road to paradise.”

“It’s how you’ve tried to pave it so far.”

“So there are those who can do it, and those who can’t but wish they could.”

“And those who think they can, but they can’t find anyone to believe them.”

“What next?”

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I seem to remember you from somewhere.”

“I feel the same way.”

“In your case, it’s probably my body.”

“You have great legs. I could fuck your from the side and you could hold your legs in the air while I licked them up and down.”

“You sound like you’re designing a aerodynamic airplane.”

“I like the analogy.”

“I do to. Are you ready to take flight?”

“I like engine already revved up.”

“The question is do you have what it takes to get the plane off the ground.”

“I think that I could point out what needs to be done to get everything in working order.”

“You could *point* it out?”

“I could if you wanted me to. The more that we talk, the sexier that those legs seem. They could keep me excited all night long.”

“Is that all you have for me?”

“Then you are admitting the potency of a good fuck.”

“Let’s just say that’s part of my being.”

“Is it a limitation,”

“I never thought of it that way before. I love to have sex. I love to get off.”

“And that becomes a career choice.”

“Not really. I know that sex has its ups and downs. And too often I’ve ended up in the dumps. But I’ve learned to make my own way.”

“But you’ve got the whole package.”

“A great man and a home to boot.”

“When he’s going down on you, do you scream, Oh Perry, I love you.”

“I actually scream for him to do it harder. But his name is not Perry.”

“Perry will do.”

“It makes him sound a little effeminate.”

“I already told you that I could take him.”

“You seem a little full of yourself.”

“I know. I’m working from a script.”

“What comes next?”

“It’s something that you do with your lips. It’s a little crazy. But it says that you want to take a chance.”

“You really can see that sort of thing.”

“All the time. It’s like my disease. And your breasts are getting a little perky.”

“You want to titty fuck me.”

‘I’m not trying to be so vulgar. I just seeing them shaking as I thrust myself into you.’

“So when I tell you that I want to suck your cock, that’s only the beginning of bigger and better things for you.”

“I let my imagination take it from there. That is why we are both the same. We live most of our lives in our head. And sex gives us the chance to act out those dreams. It helps us escape the tedium of the workaday world.”

“That is what I see in my husband.”

“He’s a steady man. A little romantic. But he’s not that poetic. And he’s always grasping for straws. He just wants more.”

“Don’t we all?”

“I want to see what your made of. I want to know that part of yourself that you hide from your husband. What makes that little clock of yours tick.”

“I think that it’s the spring inside.”

“I want to lick that spring clean.”

“You’re going to clean my clock.”

“In a manner of speaking.”

“Is there a charge?”

“Only for you, dear. Only for you.”

“We are delaying things.”

“You’re the one with the watchdog.”

“He’s pretty much of a puppy.”

“Do you tell him that when you’re in bed together.”

“There he leaves me speechless.”

“Words are the refuge of the true visionary.”

“And you’re going to be speaking volumes as you eat me out.”

“So it is going to happen.”

“It’s just a way of talking.”

“I can say fuck in fifty-four languages.”

“I’m going to teach you the fifty-fifth.”

“Make me squawk like a barn animal.”

“It’s not enough to do the deed. I have to make you so excited in my description of it that it is the same as if we have done it a thousand times.”

“How do you do that?”

“I create a rift in your consciousness and slip it in.”

“You have to make me want it pretty bad.”

“I know that you are a girl driven by sex. And you build this enormous wall to protect yourself. But once the dam breaks, you are one hopeless little cat.”



“And you’re the one who’s going to make me float away.”

“I know what’s there. I just have to speak the magic words to make you come alive.”

“You’re giving in to those porno fantasies again.”

“I just understand how much you like to get off. You want your solitary pleasure to have the same intensity that you find with another person. But you hate dealing with their bull shit.”

“And you want to see my face when I come.”

“I want to be inside you when you come.”

“Maybe it doesn’t work like that.”

“You’re a Barbie. We can make it work like that.”

“Can you afford me?”

“What more do I have to say?”

“You can put me in check. But you seem pretty cruddy at the endgame.”

“I can hold on for the final seconds.”

“And then you roll over in a ball like every other guy.”

“I’m in it for the final kiss.”

“You score and all that sort of thing.”

“So why that look?”

“I know you from somewhere.”

“Probably not. Too many years and too many places. If I had known you, you’d probably have kids by now.”

“I married young. But I have no kids.”

“And you’ve never been with another man.”

“I’ve thought about it. But I never had the nerve. I never wanted to let myself down. I’ve always thought that the world would have to open up before me if I was to ever get out of my wedding vows.”

“What about your husband?”

“He’s always looking around. And he seems to be in space. I just don’t think that he has the nerve. Ultimately, he’s afraid of me.”

“What would you do to him if you caught him?”

“I’d let him stew in his own shit.”

“So where’s the attraction after all these years? Do you do drugs together?”

“We did for a while. But that was a dead end. We’re both serious about work. And when it’s done, we just want to get all that shit out of our heads. And we fuck like crazy.”

“Is that enough? That stuff is still in your heads. You sound like two alcoholics.”

“How would you know about that sort of thing?”

“I don’t know. There is something in your face that betrays you.”

“We’re not like that. I just thought that was your story. What is your story?”

“I had my heart broken at a young age, and I’ve been trying to live it down ever since.”

“So you go chasing after other guys’ women.”

“Every girl is with someone at some point in her life. I just come along at the wrong time.”

“With the right words and presents. If I went home with you, how long would it last? And the what would I have? I don’t even know your name.”

“I don’t know yours either. I think that it’s Maggie.”

“I thought that you called me Barbie earlier.”

“You were acting like a Barbie.”

“What does that mean?”

“You know the type. She doesn’t venture far from the mold. Her anatomy is her psychology.”

“I thought that was your argument from the beginning. It’s just that you take it in reverse. The psychology becomes the anatomy.”

“You’re making my penis sound like a design tool.”

“It seems to be the only tool that you know anything about. Even then, it gets away from you all the time.”

“Touche! You’ve finally landed a point.”

“I didn’t know that this was a contest.”

“It’s like the Olympics. Only my training is a little better. I stay with a man who has learned all the ins and outs of my body. You run away after the girl has learned your fatal inadequacies.”

“Is that supposed to be another touch?”

“Maybe!”

“It’s just so wide of the mark that you hardly did any damage.”

“So what next? Are you going to challenge my husband to a duel.”

“I don’t have to kill him to have a little fun.”

“Or do you?”

“You’re the one who’s waiting for the heavens to open up and give you an answer. What’s better than a little ritual sacrifice?”

“Do I really have what it takes for you?”

“You have a great body.”

“That was our starting point. All that’s changed is the fact that you want to do in my husband.”

“Maybe that’s how I picked you out. Because you’re his wife. And it’s my best revenge to fuck his wife.”

“So I’m a revenge fuck now.”

“You’d be a great fuck anyway that we slice it. And we are going to slice it. You wouldn’t be talking this way if you weren’t a little moist inside.”

“And you want me to take that excuse for a dick and slide it in.”

“If I was inside you, we’d both start to think about this differently.”

“We already are thinking about this differently. You’re going to peel off my swim suit with your teeth and bury your face in my pussy. I’m going to lie back and sigh. That’s only going to get you harder. I’m going to reach down and feel your rock hard cock and take it in my mouth. The desire is already overcoming me. And you can hardly hold out. But you relax as I slide my lipstick lips up and down. You can already imagine yourself inside me. And I just spread my legs and pull you within. And I’m on top riding away. But I can’t feel it quite as much. So I push you. And you do get a little more erect. And you turn me around and bend me over. And now you are doing it doggy style. And I can feel myself stimulated to such an intense

level. But that is still not enough. You are again on top of me and ride me to oblivion.”

“That sounds like a good story.”

“It’s a bedtime story. One for every guy that I’ve met. And if you follow the ebbs and flows, you understand the stock market. The creation of artificial demand. The rush of capital after a bargain. The increased output with increased investment. The big fuck! Can you feel it?”

“Yeah.”

“Now I’m going to strap it on and fuck you up the ass. Get good and lathered up and let you know what it feels like.”

“I already understand.”

“No, you just like being the pitcher. I’m going to turn you into the catcher.”

“My dick is getting sore just thinking about it.”

“Touch yourself while I do you from behind.”

“What am I supposed to do next?”

“Eat it up. I’m Maggie McDonald, and your order is ready.”

“I ordered fries and a shake.”

“They’re in there. They’re in the bag.”

“I should have become a vegetarian.”

“I know what you like!”

“I like it swimming in its own juices!”

“Nice and greasy!”