

## 6. MARKED FOR LIFE

*Our hearts expose us to this region of vulnerability. And this is what we show to the world. The shock of being exposed. We want someone to break the wall down, to come in and rescue us. To attack our loneliness.*

*We can't remain in our isolation. We have to put ourselves out there. We have to let someone break down our defenses. To discover the real person beneath all the trappings. We have to find a place where we can take off the masks and be ourselves.*

*The more that we are afraid. The more that we build up this armor. It makes us feel all powerful. That we can go anywhere, and get whatever we want. All that is fake. It only make things worse. It intimidates those who could really love us. In the end, we become so frustrated that we surrender to those with hard hearts and no concern for our souls.*

*We are becoming overly protective. Instead of protecting us from our enemies, we are creating new enemies.*

–You just want to go back to your place.

–And fuck. I told you that I am pretty honest about what I want.

–And you expect a guy is going to give it to you just like that?

–You are. We're both getting it. We're starting at the same place. You can read what I want as if it's written on my skin.

–It is, isn't it.

I feel as if I'm coming out of my skin. I don't want to be easy. But I could use a sex fix. Just some cock.

–There I said it!

–So what is our starting point.

–I want you big and hard and inside me. We can go from there.

–You seem pretty shallow. You just get off on appearance.

–It's not that simple. But I am pretty direct at telling you what I like!

**You all need to be warned about revealing too much about yourselves. It is important to understand that your personal vulnerabilities only become a reflection for a systemic breakdown. You have let your emotions go astray. You have created weakness where there was none. And you have given this enemy free rein to break down our collective defenses. The community is in jeopardy because of your personal frustrations.**

**We are fighting real enemies. You are only allying yourself with their concerns. You are letting your doubts get the best of you. You cannot permit isolated perceptions to convince you of the lack of purpose of our mission. We all have to be resolute if we are to succeed.**

**You are no longer living in the safety of your home. We have given you shelter. We have clothed you. We have fed you. Now it is your turn to be an adult. Assert yourself! Dispel this weakness. Resist the tendency to share too much about yourself. We are depending on you . Freedom relies upon your vigilance!**

–Are you afraid that you're exposing too much of yourself?

–That I'm going to get used? That's all part of the game. I've just learned to say what I want. Things are so much simpler that way.

–Exploitation!

–We’re all exploited in one way or another. It’s what we do with our knowledge.

**There is a gap in our defenses. And the only way to plug that gap is for each person to do his part in making us less vulnerable. We cannot expect the rest of the world to understand. We have a mission that is crystal clear. We cannot allow our feelings of sympathy to interfere in what has to get done. You can feel it in your bones. It burns bright on your skin. You are one of us.**

**Don’t let it happen. Don’t become a victim. You are revealing too much about yourself. You need to exercise better judgement!**

–You are all the I need just to go all the way and back!

–And what do you expect me to do about that

–Don’t think about anything else . Just your prick. All prick all the pricking time!

–*You know what I like to do?*

*I don’t even have to hear the answer to the question. The blood is running to my head. I want it more than I know. And she is willing to give it to me, no questions asked.*

There is a fantasy as there is a time. How the body has a memory. It is in the touch. It is in the skin.

*She shows a rose tattoo. It is in hot conspiracy with my desire. To peel away the petals of the rose. To give her everything that she desires.*

*Do you see this picture. I want to be like in the picture.*

*That is how the body is made. To take it good and hard. To peel away the layers, the petals of the rose.*

–*How are you doing?*

–*I am doing as well as I can. Can you take what I am giving you?*

–*All that and more. Can you give me more.*

–*I can give you the world, the whole world.*

–*I want the solar system.*

–*You’ve got that.*

–*The Milky Way!*

–*I can get good and creamy!*

–*The UNIVERSE!*

–*I can give you the BIG BANG!*

–This is way beyond all that nonsense about Frankenstein. We will eventually have the means to create a human body.

–You’re talking science fiction.

–No, this is for real.

–What are you going to make it with: sugar and spice and everything nice?

–No, that’s how you make a girl. We’re trying to make a standard human body. From that you can create whatever variation that you want.

–That may be your desire. But is it really practical?

–You know that we do it all the time. We take bits of memory, images that we have seen, our desires, and we reshape it all into a coherent picture. That’s the motivation for creating an actual biological entity.

–These are two entirely different things. You are confusing effect with cause.

–Not at all. In order for people to affect us the way that they do, they have to be put together in a particular fashion. I’m just trying to put it all together in my mind like an equation. To use that equation to organize the whole mess.

–Mess is what it is!

–I just feel as if someone is taking me apart. They are using me for some strange scientific experiment.

## NO TOUCHING

–I just can’t imagine what it would be like to be part of your world.

–Use your creativity.

–I need a starting point!

## KISS THE PICTURE

–I am drawing a picture on your skin.

–Making the flesh come alive.

**They realize where we are weak. They are hitting us in the same place every time. We have the power. Victory will be ours! Use your judgement.**

–I guess that it’s a gamble in its own way. But you have to take that risk. You have to put yourself out there. This is what I want. And I’ll let you know it. And if you’re not going to take me to the point that I want to go, then you can step aside from someone who’s more my type.

–That sounds pretty wicked.

–It’s the way that it is.

–It makes you sound as if you have no heart.

–Heart is something that I can pick up along the way. I’m not here to feel sorry for myself. And I don’t need some guy walking over me. That’s why I hold myself to a high standard. And I’m pretty much the same way with anyone else that I meet.

–So this kind of thing works.

–There’s really no choice.

–But it all sounds pretty lonely.

–What’s the difference. That I act all hearts and flowers and then find out that you suck in bed.

–Is that what it comes down to?

–This is something important for who I am. It fulfills me. It gives me a sense of wholeness about the universe. I don’t want to go around with a sense of emptiness.

–So you don’t feel empty about other things in your life?

–If I do, so be it. It's meant to be that way. Those are things that I can't do anything about. This is something that I like. And I'm very good at it. So I want satisfaction

–You want some guy worshipping at your altar.

–If you put it that way, so be it. What I'm looking for is something real. I need to gratify myself. And I can't hold off until later on. It has to be now. And I have to keep myself on this high.

–Is this about supplementing that feeling?

–Not really. It's about being very committed to what I want. And not settling for anything less.

–Wow!

–Yeah, it's important to draw a line in the sand.

–But the line is more about the end result than what takes you there.

–What are you telling me?

–That's it's easy to sacrifice what really is there for this image that you have.

Particularly, when you've reached this height of excitement.

–What are you saying?

–That you're substituting your enjoyment for the actual physical experience. You just want to get off.

–It's just the opposite. I understand that I'm a physical person. And I know how I need physical pleasure.

–It's way more than that. For you, it's like this bee line towards arousal and climax.

–It's not that simple. I'm about the total package. The caresses, the touching.

–But you're trying to cheat the game. Make sure that it ends the same way every time.

And you're losing something in the communication. The ability to step away and look at it all.

–I know what I'm about!

–So tell me!

–You can see it on my body.

–This weird mixture of pain and pleasure, self-love and self-hate.

–I don't understand.

–That's who you are. You are about the moment. Taking over the moment. Dealing with any distraction. Overcoming the pain, as sheer pain. Everything has to work in that balance for you. There is your pleasure.

–You're seeming a little abstract.

–Anything that doesn't fit that narrow definition of the physical is abstract for you.

–So what do you want?

–Subtlety. Words. Language.

–Words? I've given you words. We've been talking about this quite a bit.

–For you, words are like a currency. You're telling me what you want. How much you're willing to pay for what you're going to get back.

–I need to get something in the equation. And even if the guy turns out to be a dick, it's all on my terms.

–Maybe you're being too hard. No one can get past that shell. Everything's a fait accompli before it's started.

- We all have a history.
- And that can change.
- But it often doesn't. I'm here just the way that I am. I tell you what I want.
- It's that mix of glamor and disgust.
- Love can get dirty.
- You're embracing the dirt for its own sake.
- It's not as if I'm some kind of monstrosity.
- But your desire for certainty has something monstrous about it.
- What are you saying?
- That you sacrifice the grace for this loud, angry exclamation point. And it keep coming at me over and over again.
- You picked me out because it all seemed easy. And it is in its own way. But if passion is going to come this easily, it has to have a price. I need something to protect myself. This is just what it is!
- You're scaring me!
- Maybe! But I'm bearing the risk. The alternative is much worse. That I never get what I want. I'm not going to be some helpless little angel who withers away in her apartment.
- So you're going to be the devil of the night time.
- I'll give you what you want just as long as you give me what I want.
- But there's no room for give and take. It becomes too hard trying to explain things to another person. You claim that you get what you want. But it's all just hit and miss. You move forward only to get pushed back. You either hit the heights, or you get sent down to the depths of depression.
- It's never like that.
- Why? You mark yourself in a new way to give yourself a new high. You change your hair. You get a new dress. You make yourself think that you're in control. You don't know how to fall.
- I fall all the time.
- You throw yourself out the window of a three-story building. The fall is never pleasant.
- I'm an acrobat. I can take it.
- No one can take that. You just get numb.
- Again you're making no sense.
- Because I'm hitting the spot.
- I know what hitting the spot means.
- For you, it's one of those magic places that you have created for yourself. A place on the skin that burns with your desire for pleasure.
- That sounds good.
- But then there's one of those moments when you want to get out of your own skin, and you can't.
- You're being an idealist.
- You're being an idealist. You're hoping that the next guy is going to give you the care that you need. And you keep holding up this image and try to perfect as the real thing in the hope that you won't get led astray again. But you just get pushed and pulled in opposite directions.

The wonderfully explosive high and the hopeless low.

–I don't feel it that way. I don't feel sorry for myself.

–You don't know how to feel sorrow except as this incredibly stylized emotion.

Everything is written in big letters for you.

–You're not going to change me.

–That's not really my intention.

–Then why are you here?

–I just want to tell you a story.

–I think that it's my story to tell.

–But you've stopped telling it. It's becoming sort of a tale of winged fairies.

–A fairy tale.

–It's just that you're not sure if you're the Beauty or the Witch.

–They're both quite the same.

–In the fairy tale, they both are.

–And you're saying that I could change that.

–I don't know. Time has its way of writing its own story. And you're trying to avoid that story. Always pulling yourself together to experience the same victory. Because that's how the folk tale works. It's a cycle. And when the ride stops, you always want to be in the same place.

–I don't want your realism.

–But you're making it all too real for yourself. And the ride is getting more and more treacherous just to end up in the same place each time.

–Merry-go-rounds aren't usually that challenging.

–Then think roller coaster ride.

–I'm not sure what I should be thinking.

*When she is dressed to the nines, her silhouette burns a severe impression. She controls the lines of costume with a severe authority. She understands the levels of her personality, and she layers them like the folds of fabric and the gloss of her makeup. Only an attentive eye can peel away these lines of protection. To what end?*

–Are you ever going to let a guy in who loves you for you?

–I do all the time.

–The wounded-bird syndrome.

–Every guy wants to be the one. He has sex with you, and he thinks that he's your guardian angel. He wants to rescue from all the shit in your life. He wants to know about every guy that you've been with. He wants to know about your mom and dad. Leave it alone. It's just fucking!

–You have a great body!

–It's not enough just to say that.

–What do you mean?

–I have to work at it.

–Yeah, you go to the gym and work out.

–Every day. I have to remind myself how I want to look. How I want people to look at me.

–It's that simple. No one's going to give you anything if you don't work for it.

- That sounds like a pretty strict equation.
- Where did I find you?
- You ask quite a lot of questions. What's your purpose. Are you writing something?
- I just want to know.
- Know what?
- What makes you tick.
- You've learned pretty well everything that there is to know.
- We've just scratched the surface.
- It's not a good idea to ask too many questions. It's like a disease.
- If I don't ask questions, there's no story.
- You want me to tell you about other guys that I've fucked.
- You put it in a pretty blunt way.
- Isn't that how your curiosity works?
- We were talking about your body. Just how great it is.
- And it is! So you want to know about every crack and crevice. What guys have done with my curves.
- You're going to give me a road map.
- You seem like a pretty good traveler on your own.
- You are making it difficult.
- What do you want me to do? Spread my legs so that you can take a picture.
- You're just so jumpy.
- You're quizzing me like the fucking FBI.
- I just want to know. What drives you?
- Assholes like you.
- Are you kidding me?
- What do you think? You're going to go all innocent on me. You like my body because you can grab my tight little ass and shove that big dick into my juicy pussy. Now, you're trying to make a big deal about all this. It is what it is. I like to have sex. I like being with a hot guy who can give me what I need. There's not a lot of else to say.
- But you work hard to have that look.
- Are you saying that I look rough?
- Not at all.
- Explain yourself. I'm not used to asking these kinds of questions about myself.
- I only want to get to know you better.
- You need to give me time to explain myself.
- Take your time.
- Where do you want to start?
- Do you have a story?
- I'm not good with the analysis thing.
- A family?
- I don't do family. I have a mom and dad. And they're not together. But it's no big deal. When I left home at eighteen, I never looked back. I've always been working. And no one ever gave me anything for free. I don't want it.

–Before you left home, what was it like?

–I was in school. I never liked school much. I liked to read mystery novels. That was about it.

–Music. Did you like to listen to music?

–Of course. I could create my own world with my music. But I don't like to talk about it much. I'm not some kind of collector. I like what I like.

He's trying to do it, write my biography. This make him think that he has one over on me. Its not as if he owns my body. I can walk away. He's making it easy, much easier than usual. I'm just dumping all my garbage on him. Walk away!

I wish it was the opposite way. You tell a friend about yourself, and he cherishes the information. It's never like that. When you reveal yourself, you're giving the other person a leg over on you. I don't want that sort of thing to happen to me. Everything that I am is what you see. The hidden layers are for your amusement not mine. I enjoy what I make with what I have. I am not about to go back and dwell on my past. It would only show on my face and make me look worse.

–Are we going to have sex again, or are you going to leave?

–Is that what you want?

–You weren't too bad the first time.

–Really.

–Isn't that what you want to hear?

–It's not as if either us have many options.

–There is sleep. But some fucking would quiet me down.

–Love-making.

–You're not pretty enough or good enough for that.

–No return engagements.

–Unless you have some tricks up your sleeve. You only have so much to play this game.

–You need more.

–I'm used to much more. But I will take what I can get.

–This isn't desperation.

–More like realism.

I am taunting him. I am good at this. He's been prying me with questions. But he is still poking around in the dark. He is afraid. And I can take advantage of his fear.

*We all are controlled by this sense of providence. It gives the impression that it knows what we are doing. This force in the universe holds things together by its omniscience. Even if we are individually in the dark, we can use our collective experience to get closer to the approach to certainty.*

*As long as we remain cut off from the source of life, we remain completely at the will of this greater force. Just as we feel that we are in control, the rug is being pulled from under us. Against providence, we are helpless. We seek divine intervention.*

*Hope is in the flesh. It is all about transforming the regions of desire into something more permanent. The transfiguration of the body. I wear my heart so that you can see how much I am able to love!*

**It might sound a little crazy, but our enemies understand our appetites all too well.**



**It's not as if they are operating a secret match-making service, but they might as well be.**

I can feel my whole body awoken to his stimulation. I am floating in space. I hate to admit to these quasi-mystical sensations, but these are the very things that get me so excited about sex. If he knew, he might think that he has something on me.

I can't get off with women. There is too much of myself involved. And self-stimulation doesn't quite do the trick. This is a bizarre fashion of letting myself go, of leaving my body.

My body bears the marks of my return. The flesh reminds me how far out I can project. All his questions made me nervous. It gave him the confidence that he was getting close to something. I did my best to keep up the wall. It was a complete form of interrogation. He made me become part of the process. Then there was this give and take. And he was rolling me out on a giant table. I used all my resources to escape.

*I do not want to let my heart get taken in by the process. I know that I have surrendered totally. When I let go, there is nothing there to break my fall. And I surrender without any questions. Totally and completely.*

*I have to keep moving. I can't let any of this really affect me.*

–I want you to go down on me.

–Are you used to giving the order.

–Of course, I am. Have you ever been this close to something as lovely.

*She makes me want to believe. Her body impresses me more and more with the time that I am with her. I am frightened by her power. I don't want to let her go.*

–I've told you that sex is not this power thing with me. We did what we did. Now you have to let me leave.

–You enjoyed this just as much as I did.

–Of course, I did. So what. Take it for what it is.

The more that he feels the spell work its magic, the more that he will be convinced that he has the power himself. When he comes to the ultimate realization, he will want to test it out with other girls. I have been prepared for this from the beginning. He pretends that he is motivated by concern. But he is trying to steal my secrets from me. I wish that I was better at sabotaging his intent. It's just that I have always loved it like this.

*So I have been found out in my game. He has discovered the heart of the matter. I have known about the higher power all along. That is my testament. And I assert myself loudly and clearly.*

*It is important to maintain the mystical nature of my devotion. This is not just about the body. If I admitted to the supernatural nature of the passion, I would only make it easier for him to take it from me.*

–You have only made me more eager to find out what is going on with you.

–I'm glad that I've entertained you so well.

–You know that it's much more than that.

–I feel that you're more of a keeper and less of a lover.

–You're so descriptive.

–I'm telling it the way that it is.

–You do that with your body.

–Now you want to take away that thing for yourself. Something that you can own for

yourself.

–I can give it freely to others.

–Other women?

–Are you jealous. That is the last thing that I would expect to see in you.

–This is no about jealousy. It is about realism. You are the one who defended the idea of communication. But it’s all a front so that you can get what you want from me. You want me to surrender myself just so that you can figure out a method for yourself. You’re worse than a charlatan. What you want doesn’t exist. So you make it and pretend that you can hold it in your hand.

–I held you. I embraced you.

–The emphasis is on the past. How can I even touch you now that I know what you are!

–I haven’t changed. You just warmed to what I had to offer.

–Had! Now I’ve got what I want.

–And so have I. So what is the problem?

–You were the one angling for something more. The mystical communication. All your questions about my past. What do you really want?

–I guess the same thing that you want.

–What?

–A mystical fuck. Something that takes you over so completely that there is no you and I.

Only IT!

–And you surely got that. You took that from me. That is called FUCKING!

–Love-making!

–I told you that you weren’t that good.

–But you were!

–Flattery is not going to let me send more points your way.

–This is getting out of control.

–Only because you let it. Take it for what it is.

–You can offer so much more.

–But I won’t. Not after I see what you are after.

**The enemy can assume any size or shape. She can be exactly what you want her to be. She will make you reveal all her secrets. She has an arsenal of tricks at her disposal. When you are the weakest, she will take what she wants.**

*This is not something that you can measure on your own. It goes way beyond your abilities. You can feel power pulse through you. And when you give in, it burns everywhere in the body. You embrace the glory.*

I walk confidently to the bar. All eyes are on me! I am in black spiked-heels and an aqua kimono-like dress.

–I love your bangs.

–I just got my hair cut.

Have I already said too much to him already? Who is this guy?

*I am transfixed by the image of a Monarch butterfly approaching a Cherokee rose.*

I have done this before. I am doing it again. I am closer to what I want! REMIND ME!

REMIND ME!

–I’ve been watching you since you came in.

*I have watched you from birth. I saw you take your first breath. I heard your cries to heaven.*

REMIND ME! REMIND ME!

–Are you going to buy me a drink?

–That sounds like a nice beginning.

–What do you expect to follow? Do you want me to swoon at your feet?

–You have great legs.

–You don’t have to stop there.

He gives me a strange look.

–Did you bring a script?

–I did, but you’re not going to like the ending.

–We could do a reading. If it doesn’t go well, we could always revise it.

–Is that what you’re hoping for?

–Maybe. Is it a dirty story?

–Do you have a dirty mind?

–I can tell you a dirty joke. And if you laugh, that could tell me something about you.

–Or you could keep staring at my ass, and that could tell me something about you.

–You ‘re taking your time to remind me what you’re doing.

–You didn’t come here to tell jokes.

–So why did I come here?

–Maybe to take a driving lesson.

–And you’ve got vehicle?

–In a manner of speaking. What do you need?

–More than pretty words.

–We could go back to my place. I’ve got a movie camera.

–We could go back to my place. I’ve got a dungeon.

–What do the words on your body say?

–You can read!

–I don’t know what language they’re in.

–It says that I’ve done it once, and I want to do it again.

*I want to do it again. REMIND ME!*