

For a long time, all I could do was surrender.



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Mouth open, arms out, fist in.

This is a moment where pleasure is the primary and the ability for other experience is unfathomable. Except physical, primary is the physical.

The moment of fucking doesn't ever recede. It's expansive in its pompous space. It has an inability to communicate. It dominates and doesn't finish until it is done.

Another 8 year old self, engaged in Ken and Barbie roleplay. Always a Ken kind of a guy. I wanted to be him actually, just with a penis and not just underwear.

Locked out of the house, smashed together between the door and the screen door, slight inches that could include our small boyish frames.

Our thighs enthralled together. Our hands busy with the dolls making out. My stomach reacting and a feeling, coming.

Do you feel that in your stomach, in the bottom of your body?

In the inquiry, I smash ken's face into mine, his head becomes part of my teeth, my mouth, my tongue. Our making out.

I feel it, he says.

His foot nudging into the bottom of my torso, my stomach contracting. Swallowing back the food of yesterday in my throat.

Do you feel it on the inside and the outside?

Breathe in and hold while I read

Masquerading – in and out – becoming – mostly become – traveling – speaking as – speaking for – soliciting – mimicking – mocking – fake – proxy – standing in place of – secret – act – serve – memory- to slip on – hide – fantasy – gaze – object – gift – give up – map – bury – myth – false – own – split – sever – wear – pretend – try on – switch – steal – lie – nobody – unname – undo – portray – evoke – enact – call forth.

Disbody: flatten, pull up, doubt. The multiple. Felt completely around the chest and thighs between stages. The choice to be a fantasy – taking a shape beyond what is given for the event. What gives cause to press, shove, manipulate. Or strangle. The erotic turn of asphyxiation. A blissful impact, punishment with abandon, we're both lost.

Begging to be noticed, touched, loved, turning from nurture to beast – the consuming, the horrible, the pre-erotic scalding and vanishing and then guilt. It will happen again. How do I know I'm me with you? Asking strangers for force. As source of play, pinned down in private irony. Salacious fingering, or what else you would, seemingly equal because we formed a skin.

The way we live. Anterior to the way I soak through. And more and many forbidden pockets deep within ecstasy that open that open into mouthless voids. All the hands hurt themselves in me, discipline for the correct binding of fissures.

Stand up and walk to the chair, sit down and put your head on my left knee

Riding the bar of his bike. He perched on the seat his arms encircling my small boyish frame. His chin resting into the crown of my head. The wind through us, his arms and face holding me fast into the metal.

Amidst the forest of green as their backdrop. Wandering around and around on foot, aching for him and metal. Watching the cigarette that wasn't pass between their lips, similar to their penises that would slip in out, as I watched from the bench amidst the forest of green.

It was behind trees, acted upon on concrete piers, green hills of fucking movements.

Our relationship was selective. Both of us primarily interested in our intersection but unable to give into one another. He motivated by desire, the random, excitement, fun, the temporary.

I, a son, permanent, incorporated into fun, but not random, temporary or fleeting. He was my desire, my strife. Seeking permanence in desire, I embodied his own conquests.

There is a selfishness to our relationship. I seeking, wanting yet denied. Similar to my last boyfriend. Living and exploring each other through our own conquests. Our inability to share with one another, ourselves.

Seeking pleasure in any form I could. Allowing for discontent and in the belief that there would be imminent change. A break that would coincide with together.

We were apart of each other without giving to one another. It mirrored the furtive glances into the green forested backdrop of the casual hook up sex spots my papi and I inhabited.

I just wanted to ride bikes with feeling the metal between us. To be protected by his transparent arms.

Walk to the wall and start dancing

Jaded behavior, white knuckles, drinking, anger, the desire to shut out the world and control the moments. . Your hair, shirt, cuff links, pants, shoes, jackets

Waiting to turn your age and as you, walk the length of my solitude from Montreal to Providence. Your body as antimony in the dawn where I wake up sweating.

I fell into the water and knew I could not get out.

It was the end.

You would watch me drown. Bubbles floating up at the ends of my blonde-hair.

Never meant to grow apart. In the body of a woman.

The weight of our desire swallowed by the elements. You freeze there, all luster and smug resolve.

Be my pet

Oftentimes better when he is motionless, silent, unwilling, wooden, still as tongues flicker over him and orifices are filled.

The funerals were close and in a rapid succession. Age 8, 9, 10, sequential. A progression of loss. Innumerable and unmentionable. Fathomable in a neighborhood dictated by divisions of wars. Invisible boundaries of turfs. Brother's friends lost. Peers early death. Children ended. The AIDS epidemic taking my men. Brother stolen away.

Thus, a fixation in the power of the struggling loss of death.

A domination of the sexual.

A signifier of the erotic.

A way of comprehension of grief.

His mouth agape against the floor while I rock his body hard into the wood slates of the floor. My knees against his knees. My hand against his belly, moving over the head of his penis. My hand against his hardness, taking his come to my mouth, I swallow. Again, I repeat. Moaning, wanting, swallowing. My hips rhythmic against his ass, thighs, behind his knees. My body forming into his own, mirroring his flesh.

I hold him hard beneath my body. Cradling, wood softening against our knees. Still hard above him, I swallow his smile, his life, his movement, his consent. He has returned to life.

A power of confrontation.

An outlet of the emotional into the physical.

Lie down, motionless. No sound, no breath, no movement, you are not a being. Move my tongue over your imagined nonexistent body heat. His arms flaccid, penis erect. My mouth performing a blowjob of nonresponse.

My tongue into anus, forceful muscle opening him. Mounting, moving legs apart. I fuck his live, dead body. A corpse of consent. Fucking stillness in repetition. Again and again I feel him inside. Resistant, consenting.

Right palm up, left fist in mouth, face the audience

I was shattered in the pure moment by a desire I could not bear and could not control. It had to do with a raw urge deep in that vacuous area where my uterus sits.

The severe cheekbones, teary eyes and tender, shaved head made me ache as she ached. It was quiet, she was obviously scared, in pain, scared to come, and really scared to come before she had permission. It took a few lashings, in my mind it's 3 slow-motion lashings that send her over the edge.

It was a desire for no order. It had to do with pain, and the constant orderliness that pain demands. Like Bob Flanagan. How he would beat himself off while strung up to the closet door of his childhood bedroom.

The rush of blood to the skin was better than pain medication. I whipped my breasts until they were swollen, and ripe for more clothespins. I unraveled black latex tape around my chest and eyes. I laid still, letting the pain, restriction and sensory deprivation take hold.

Her cunt was glistening.

As the heat rises up through her legs, into her chest, her body rocks, she moans, and she becomes serene. She breaks from all of that pain and for a minute reaches the top of the excruciating ordeal.

I fucked myself with the handle of the whip.

I started spanking my clitoris rhythmically. My hip was too stiff to open, so I kept it still while slowly removing the clothespins.

By the time I had removed the clothespin from my left nipple, I howled and came in a rush.

Dance with me with your arms behind your back

Another aria in reference to the aids epidemic. Philadelphia as with Tom Hanks. Patti Smith's *Just Kids* as she heard of Robert Mapplethorpe's death. I think of you as part of this, a sexual landscape. I hold you and want to hurt you at the same time.

You are a reminder of death in the way that I want to exploit you as such.

I want to turn you over and not think of consent as I fuck you hard and dry. I want your face beneath me buried and I want nothing of consent. You as boy and penetrate you fully until I come.

I want your body to embody what I cannot and stand in for what I want: hard into you and no comment.

You are all the men I have loved but haven't had. They hurt and you feel me in comfort. Our dialogue lost in itself, words of nonexistence. Our dialogue apparent and transparent, however silent but negotiating.

Consent as a metaphor or consent actualized. Consent as a catharsis of healing. I want you to actualize. I want permission. Essentially, consent as an idea of us with you as metaphor.

You are the death I can understand. The death I can penetrate.

I want to use you bodily the way I can succumb to you.

I am yours in the way that you will let me.

I am what you can let me be.

Move like that again but with eyes closed and move the way I would move

In the thick room. Our faces locked and buried. You are a shape that gathers force beneath my skin. You are all teeth. I can be something else in collision, I can bite back. I can steal you into me with breath.

How do you want it? What? It. Has no one asked you how you want it? I don't say anything. I take it. I take what I want then.

We are deliberate in our suffocation. Let death come into the picture into the room into the small space of heat you keep empty. You occupy my dark surge, there is no refuge in surrender.

Lightening in thigh crease and armpit, the wall goes blue then green. Your arm below me keeps me open in the face of the worst things. A hurt that means twist, burn, press.

Your mouth open in strangle, our fists our elbows pinned.

You pull back our skins, little destroyer. You withhold. Turned away from me in the tunnel. If the tunnel means belonging, I am a self-forgotten transient. If the water means belonging, we ask to be dissolved.

Sucking you inside the gape and howl, it's that thrust we fantasize. My tongue acts as agile dick, as top. You can't give in you can't let go. Exhale.

I can remember pulling myself tight and growing and tightening. I'll call out to nothing stretched to the point of night sick.

Stretch the parts of us that have been cut away. The method of abandon and renewal. A lateral trip over form, your slice, my heave, the mountain, the matrix of fuck.

One consent times two forms multiplies the danger of collapse. You are my upheaval. Boom. We signal trespass from our plots, then fire and fall.



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