

1.

The computer isn't always for porn. Sometimes I use it for writing. See. I took half of a fake ecstasy pill a few hours ago, mostly it was just caffeine mixed with some other legal substances and (finally) an illegal one too. My night didn't turn out. You don't take a party pill and sit at home, but that is what I did. No big deal, my timing was just off. I went to a friend's place and sold one of those fake pills. I had a rum and coke. He is a good friend, one of the best, but there were other people there and they were all playing video games. I didn't feel like watching that. I could have played but no one offered. Everyone was on Ambien and playing Halo 1.

So I left, somewhat dejected, rejected, oh well. No big deal. There were tears in my eyes as I drove, but I like to think it was just because of the drugs. I tried half heartedly to meet up with other people but really, home was calling. I called Jay on my way; he was playing video games too. He's all grunts. Fairly intellegint, but more wise. He mentioned something about saving money and being on time for work, which is something I fancied myself saying not too long ago. God what have I become? I used to be the wise, prudent, safe-ish one.

So I went home, texted a few twitters out (let them free) and got into bed. I read and finished the last quarter of Bukowski's "Women". I am glad to be done with it. He's great, but I don't have room for that nonsense since I am the one who's supposed to be great. I want to get back to reading Steven King. He's a hack, but a very *rich* hack. Anyway, "Women" got me thinking about my sexual experiences. I am a weird fuck.

Sometimes I tell myself I am putting my love towards this film I am trying to create, but that's mostly a lie to reconcile that fact that I am siempre alone. I don't know about this movie I am making. What's the point? Why am I doing it? All I know is that I spent \$500 to create a 7' tall talking vagina puppet, complete with long snake like cocks for its hair. That keeps me going.

Anyway, "Women" got me thinking about my experiences. I am not a great lover, though I have pretended to be one. I have sired two children out of wedlock with the same woman. We were to be married over a year ago now but she got cold feet and to put it nicely it ended ugly. Strangely though, I didn't think of her as one of my experiences while reading that book, it is too big, too grand, too amazing to encapsulate – maybe. I thought more of my last year since then and what I've become. I've become an excellent single father three and a half days a week. I've also become somewhat of a monster those other nights. To be true, those other nights have seeped into my parenting, but only a few times.

It's those other nights that make me pause and look back. I'm a rather ineffectual person, so much so that I'll use that word and have no idea what it means.

Nevertheless, I *feel* it. I used to smoke pot everyday for 10 years straight. I quit that for the most part because it was getting me down, getting me nowhere. So I switched to a bunch of harder, often more synthetic drugs. Escapism? No, I call it Searchism. Always searching, or escaping, the difference is negligible. Searching for a good time, escaping from the bad, hiding from the here and now, or looking for it. It doesn't matter.

Last night I took the other half of that nonsense and went out with Jay, John and Mike. They are co-workers of mine. Actually I am their boss. You could say I pay for my friends, but that joke has worn thin and probably offends them on some level. Winter is coming. I went out wearing a teeshirt probably for the last time this year. We met up with a friend who was in town for a little bit. He generally brings a good time – or at least cocaine – with him and some different faces.

It's good to see different people. It's good to get out. I used to be one of those new people to my cohorts in rowdiness. Slowly but surely, I became old, same, even predictable possibly. I'll be damned if I go down without giving the people I know a few more surprises.

We went to a college bar, then another, then another. It feels right and wrong to be at such places. I approach 30. I suppose I will go back to University. I suppose I will finish what I started. Someday. The first bar had tables specifically made for beer pong. There were very few women in there and all were surrounded by guys. Too many dicks on the dance floor, as they say. I can only imagine these are the types of girls who like to be the one girl in the group of bros. They probably all have boyfriends, I told myself. One of the girls next to the lobster machine was particularly stunning and particularly blonde of the almost white varietal. She exuded *pink*.

There was no way I could approach her. The drugs that were supposed to break down these barriers were failing me. I can remember the feeling of confidence. I went out on dates. I never slept alone for 3 or 4 months after "the split". And with different women! (4 or 5 in rotation). I was on fire. But I knew them all from some other person, or mutual friend or something like that. I couldn't and can't just approach a perfect stranger and make conversation. If I did, I would have to become someone else. I would be meeting them on false pretenses. I would be a liar. I would be doing a disservice to myself, her, and God. And of course it would all come crumbling down once it was understood that I am not confident, or good with conversation, or Rico Suave.

One time I stumbled upon Mike's love poem to his girl. She is a powerful sex freak and once her beautiful naked vagina was right in front of my face, but during that time (like an idiot) I had sworn an oath of celibacy. She had almost been mine. Mine? I was looking for some paper to write strung-out bath salt haiku on when I found it his poem. The meat of the poem went something like: actually, I can't remember enough to give it justice, but it made me tear up because he was saying he wanted to hurt those who have hurt her. He is much better at flirting than I am. He's better at talking. He might be having sex right now. I am typing.

Anyway, we are all at this bar. The lobster vending game-machine had fucked us over. I had won at beer pong because I cared more. There was nothing left to do so, even though the beers were a dollar. I wonder how they keep the hard core drunks out of that place. We left to another bar. It was much more happening for a Wednesday and many

more women. Of course all I could do was look and try and not be creepy. I hoped Mike would work his charm, talk to some strange women and become friends. All he wanted to do was talk with his friends in our group. What the fuck.

There was live music. I knew the guitar player from high school. He was looking even more gorgeous than ever. I felt sorry for him though. He was playing the same shitty songs that everyone knows and everyone was singing along. I requested one and made my presence known. He played it right away. I tried my best to be one of them. I failed. It felt disingenuous. Like I was mocking everyone. Like I was better than them. Smarter. Smarmy. Fuck. He's probably getting laid right now.

We went back to our friend's hotel room. We smoked some pot and blew and blew it out the window into the cold air. I noticed the towels at the base of the door. It was like being in a college dormitory all over again. I was drunk enough and my drugs had failed me. I immediately got tired. I was hoping to play chess at Hard Times, but that never materialized.

Jay suddenly got a mouth on him. He was contentious and belligerent. I loved him. He was questioning how Jewish I was.

"I am a half breed" I told him, in part jest and in part reality, which is usually how I try to speak.

"Why you no eat pig?"

"Tradition"

"I hate tradition. It's why I can't trust you." He trailed off.

I tried making some logical point but I just felt stupid. I tried catching him in his own logic and reversing it on him, but to no avail.

“If my family had any traditions, I would break them out of spite.”

He was on to something. It's probably the reason why I don't eat pig, for spite of all the milk drinkers and mouth breathers out there who won't ever understand. Fuck tradition.

Suddenly it was 4:30am and John's girlfriend Rhee turned into a beast. An only-child kind of beast. She needed to leave. NOW. I had stopped drinking at the hotel, so I drove. The whole way she bitched *BITCHED BITCHED*. She was crazy. Thank god Jay was still belligerent. The more she bitched the more he prodded her. By the time I dropped myself off the car was on fire. I was frightened by the situation but I laughed because it was hilarious. Later that night she got herself arrested. She cried and cried and told the officers how here horrible friends made her stay out late and all she wanted to do was go home and SLEEP. They let her off. The tears of a woman.

I felt bad for John. Really though, I missed it. I craved it. I recall the times when I had to restrain my babies' mama out of fear of physical violence to myself or her. I recall her taking a dead branch twice here size and smashing the hood of my car. I wanted to punch her, yet I relished every moment, thinking to myself, I can't believe this is happening to me. Since then I've dated many cutters. Why? Because I feel I am stable. Or I lead them to believe that.

**2.**

I remember when ecstasy was new, it had to be around February or January. It was mean cold out. The rowdy boys had assembled for an evening with Lee, a fat PR rep for so and so and such and such. He liked to party and downtown Minneapolis at that. Usually downtown is too good for me and I too good for it. It's nice to be out of your comfort zone, that's where the magic happens.

I had been antsy in the car and made a recommendation that we park and make the walk. It was a mistake. It was literally -30. The wind cut through my jacket. I wanted to keel over and give up. My feet were freezing. The drugs made everything feel colder. I thought of the bums.

When we got inside I felt alive. I was awake. I appreciated everything. I walked to the bar and offered to buy this woman a drink. It was amazing. I never bought a stranger a drink before. In fact, I think I bought her two drinks. Then her boyfriend appeared. She gave him my drinks and walked away. I was a sucker. Lee stopped her.

"You gotta give him 5 minutes."

Apparently that is some rule. She just walked away into the depths of the bar, never to be seen again. It hurt but I felt too great to let it get to me. There was a mood about me, an aura if you will. I think a few words best describe it: plucky, ambivalent, and oblivious. I wandered off. There was a band playing, I was drawn towards it. I stood there a moment and next thing I knew someone beautiful was talking to me. Holy cow. She blindsided me. Chalk one up for pluckiness. Add ambivalence to that list too, oblivious ambivalence. We became best friends. She was a bartender there but her shift was done.

John ordered everyone flirtinis. They were amazing. He ordered another round and the bartender denied him. He looked like a thumb. He looked like a very pissed off bald thumb. He had no shape to him. He looked like he took steroids but forgot to work out. I hated him. He said some shit about that being a girl drink and he would only make it for girls. I hated him.

She disliked him too. She said he ruined everyone's tips. I believed it. Her name was Moira. Genuine smile and bright eyes. She loved life. She loved my jacket. Maybe I'll have more luck this coming winter with that jacket. I stole that jacket from a friend because he's a bastard. She had a light scarf around her neck. It revealed that magic spot, just a little bit of neck, ear and her well defined jawline. It was amazing. Somehow we were attached at the hip. Everything came so naturally. I wasn't aggressive or shy. I wasn't coming on to her, but I was. I was fluid.

Thinking back at this it feels like I lost something. But yes, everything feels that way.

She was out with some of her co-workers. Not her real friends she told me. She said they were going to a different bar. They left. Like well timed water, we all followed with appropriated spacing, as not to seem too interested.

Again she blindsided me. I'm usually aware of my surroundings. Again we were attached. It was all very natural, pure, kind and loving. There was eye contact, and warmth and sparkles. She licked her lips. She seemed slightly older and more mature than me, but we were the same age. Her group of non-friends were leaving and they



half heartedly tried to take her away but she was under my spell, or Yahweh had blessed me. I didn't care, she stayed.

"My real friends would never abandon me with a complete stranger"

"We don't feel like strangers"

"I know, you're not an axe murderer are you?"

"No, I just kill kittens."

For some reason I get asked that question a lot. It gets more ridiculous because we went back to Lee's hotel room. She actually went into a hotel room with 9 other dudes, all strangers. But I think I made her feel safe. I know I did.

She kept repeating herself and it got pretty annoying. "Oh my gaaad". Her MN accent was obtuse. "my real friends would never do this to me." She talked and talked. I don't remember what happened at the hotel room, but I'm sure there was drinking and smoking. She got in the car with us on the way back. I was dropped off and I got out.

The moment of truth was upon me. I had a feeling of dread that she was going to stay in that car and end up with someone else in that car. All my hard work, wasted. But she got out too, slightly concerned for her safety.

"You're not a creepy serial killer are you?"

"Not yet."

We went upstairs.

She was beautiful. This was all very new for me and I was nervous. I did my best not to show it. What I liked best was when she found out I had kids – which was obvious upon entering my house with the drawings I have taped to all my walls – she was thrilled. We

stood awkwardly in the dining room for a moment and I think it was her who led me to the boudoir.

She was less unabashed about being naked than I was. She ran her hands up all the hair of my back, she more than tolerated it. What a fool I was to let her go, a hairy fool. I was quite giving. I had god-hands. I touched her everywhere perfectly. I think it was the drugs, or maybe it's just me, but I wasn't cock-aroused. I didn't care. I loved having all this woman in my bed. All this back and perfect curves, just enough ass. I wanted to put my face in it, so I did. It was dirty and probably ill advised, but somehow I knew it was safe, she was safe. That's right, tongue punching her brown-star.

I ate her out. Someone who comes too early needs to be good at such things. I was quite giving. She talked about her body and her insecurities. She made me feel like I knew what I was doing. At some point she called me a porn star. How could I ever forget that? We didn't have sex that night. I think I was still coming off my celibacy kick, and I was ashamed that I couldn't go beyond half-chub. It was nice. If I came I would roll over and forget. This way I could just keep touching her, driving her mad with my god-hands. I couldn't keep my hands off of her and any sleep we got was light.

In the morning I somehow felt rested. There was some awkwardness. I took her to get some food at this burrito place. She paid for both of us. I ate like a glutton. I am a glutton, only I am not fat. I feel bad for the obese, not because of their plight but only because it is obvious to everyone. Everyone looks at them in disgust and they think, shoot me if I ever let myself go like that. Of course they already have, maybe not with food, but with something. They go home and wash their hands until their knuckles bleed

and whack their kids, and kill their business partners. Oh gawd, if only you gained weight for masturbating, or buying shit we don't need. Poor fatties.

I drove her to her car. She was smart and always parked in a ramp. Pay the \$12 bucks and have the peace of mind that your car won't get towed. Maybe she partied more than I thought. There was an awkward seated hug and kiss and she gave me her number. I was figuring this was going to be my first one night stand, one where I didn't get off. I assumed she gave me a fake number. I watched her go, half proud half sad. My eyes were wet for all the different emotions.

A few days later I sent a little textie just to see if it was really her number. "Of course it is, silly!" She said. Bless'd ecstasy, I couldn't have done it without you. This is why I still chase you. I aim to recreate something like this experience but to no avail. However, Winter is coming.

### **3.**

I visited my friend Bob. He's a socialist because he's lazy. I was wearing a blue cosby sweater. I brought him some weed, we smoked and I had a Lablatt's Light. It was a sprawling conversation. We conversed about the errs of humankind, movies, business ideas. He wrote a book about prog rock 20 years back and had some limited success with it. He's past 40 now and lives in his mother's basement, always talking about the good old days. He buys cds and movies with his mom's social security. He's a good guy though, peculiar and paranoid. He listens to all this bizarre music but has these

unhealthy obsessions with schlock pop teeny boppers. I wonder how often he's jacked off to Katy Perry.

He had to go to court once for sending obscene pictures to a local sex columnist. I think a sex columnist would be used to that kind of thing. I never did see what he sent or wrote though, so maybe it was pretty awesome. Maybe she quit the sex column biz because of him. I hope so. Once, I sent an email of particular longing to Ann Coulter on his behalf. He doesn't use computers. I'm probably on some list now.

I think I have a peculiar amount of friends on some dole or trust fund. Maybe everyone does. I fear that could be me. I'm sure my mother would take me back. I'd crawl back into her uterus if I could.

I truly despise Marten. He got some power of attorney of his demented grandma. He spends \$700 a month on oxy. A complete waste. The Jew inside me says he could get a lot more for his money if he switched to Heroin. I hear MN has some high quality here. I jokingly encouraged him to do so. Then I pushed the idea even further. I am going to hell.

Still, such a waste. If I received that kind of money I could do so much! Sad Marten has no car, no place of his own, is stingy, never goes out but always guilts you into coming over. Whenever I go there he's always in some live porn chat with some sexy slut. He is a sad, but often he just clings to it for comfort and familiarity, if only we got fat for clinging to our comforts. He also mopes about his girl that got away. He gets laid more than me. He's all right to hang out with now and again. He is caring. I don't want to hate

on the poor soul too much, BUT I know someday he's going to say I "owe" him somehow.

Shooter on the other hand is a true hustler. He's an affable negro. I would never do business with him, or at least I try not to. He liberated me. He hates white people so much and acts as if he speaks for all black people. He doubly hated me because I had some Jew in me. He brought the racist out from my inner recesses and let it breathe. How freeing! Nothing can get him down for too long.

One day he showed up at my shop and offered me a woman in his car.

"So you're pimpin now?"

"Nah, that ain't me. I don't do that"

"So I just give you some money and she'll suck my dick."

"I am not a pimp."

"Well, that *is* on my bucket list."

A few months later he wasn't doing that anymore. A white girl had ensnared him and he had fallen in love. I'm sure he will always do well. I am not sure if he will ever "get ahead", he drops fliff like a pro/fool. It's definitely nice to keep in contact with him now and again.

#### 4.

I own a sandwich shop. They mistakenly call us a hippy food place; really, we are lazy. Because they think we are hippies, they think the food is organic, that brings in more

business. I don't go out of my way to correct them. One day I am going to poison everyone.

This restaurant is just a stepping stone, I tell myself. Someday I will have enough money to put up billboards of bearded men in sweaters holding kitty cats. I wish some idiot would just give me the money already.

You'd think I could play up the business owner aspect. Go to some grungy activist college bar and say I'm a venture capitalist. How could I not get laid? Not that that's all I care about. I just want a little companionship now again. Sex would be good too. I just feel restricted with a close relationship. I probably just love myself too much. That's how it ended with Moira.

She'd come over on Thursdays, that seemed to be the routine. I was getting worried about getting too close. I knew it was over after we accidentally ran into my brother. An hour later my mother was asking about her. They all know so little about me. "Don't fuck it up." Big Brother told me later.

Moira was over one night and she said we couldn't do it because she was on her period. Like I cared. She seemed like a light flow kind of girl. I also hated condoms. I also used that because I'm afraid of sex. I wish I was better at it. I'm a work in progress. I changed my sheets constantly because Lucy had a beautiful smell to her but it lingered. Maybe Moira was getting suspicious. Whatever it was, she seemed argumentative. Before that night there was never a problem. Though visit after visit, it slowly lost its magic. My tear was coming to an end. We ordered food. We smoked pot. It got awkward. We lay there in my bed. I wanted to try freakier shit, but I was forcing it. I

was all wrong. We decided to watch a movie. She got up to go grab Flight of the Conchords. She was gone a long time and came back empty handed.

“You don't know where the letter 'F' is?”

And that was it. The first verbally abusive thing I said to her. It hurt her. She didn't deserve it. I got up and walked naked to my stupid fucking alphabetized DVD collection. Stupid fucking DVD collection. I think it was the first time she saw me completely nude in the light, hairy ass and shriveled dick. I came back with the show but by then it was all wrong. The food arrived and I was no longer hungry. She stayed the night but we didn't really do anything but a cold cuddle. It was like we were married. I was done. I always loved her getting out of the bed and getting the things we needed so we could stay in there forever. I loved watching her body. It was perfectly shaped. She was lean and soft at the same time. She had pointy collar bones. She had a lot of flappy skin around her pussy. I think it's called the labia. I call it roast beef.

When we first met she told me she could never come on account of her anxiety.

Apparently right after we met she had stopped taking her meds that she had been taking for the past 10 years. I took her problem as a challenge and I think we made it happen a few times.

Awhile later I sent her a message on Facebook explaining how I wasn't ready for anything serious and I thanked her for her time. Doc Paskowitz always said it was important to be as grateful as possible. I agree. She thanked me for letting her know.

Awhile after that I sent her a drunk text message saying "I still think about you". We sent airy messages back and forth for a bit. I regret doing that. I think I would be very frightened if I ran into her again, unless I was on some good drugs.