

CHEMICAL BOND

I.

Hypersexual trauma victims have come-to-Jesus moments on the strap. They burst into tears during waves of catharsis and project whichever parental figure hurt them most onto her. It made her feel strong to be seen as nothing but a giant, amorphous figure, the stud in a porno while hurt bottoms cried themselves to orgasm.

Didn't even get mad when they told her to leave, no eye contact, no kiss. Resetting their boundaries with replacement Daddy was the price of admission. She got to push their faces into the pillow and they got to emerge, as tear stained and proud as a love letter, and order her out.

II.

The sweat in the short, spiky hairs of a scalp rolled down the back of the neck as they deep throated her. She could feel their throat contract and spasm around the rod crammed down their throat. Every cough stuttered against her groin. Their face was red and their eyes were puffy and watering, almost like they were going to throw up, but they kept sliding down the rod anyway, like they had a job to do.

III.

Bottoms are the best flirts. They run a finger over your arm and tell you about the stars, the three Seasons Jung predicted, how Capricorn is ending and Aquarius is beginning.

I'm a Taurus. When does that age start?

No no no, not every sign gets an age... maybe humanity is just too young...

IV.

Get a bigger dick. Compensate a little-- you've earned it. Life is hard and full of curves but if you buy a bigger strap you might get stuck on a corner.

I've got the brain disease that makes me think hot people are smaller than me. They're usually not, but if I can fit a waist or a shoulder or a wrist in my hand it's like some sign that I'm supposed to go for it. Maybe it's a mutual subconscious physical signal. If they let me grab them they're showing interest. Girl bends down to kiss me but when both hands go on her waist brain says little. Like a Napoleonic complex but Freudian, a complex sexual ritual.

V.

The conviction of liking something bravely is a sign of fear. Broad chested, deep voice, big manly men deserve poetry too. They're not cherished in twitter rants by straight women who talk mostly about being unafraid.

They deserve better. They're more than a coward's fetish. They deserve to be made more naked than they have ever been. Stripped of their emotional barriers. They deserve a moments rest from the burden of carrying others. The knots in their back should be broken. They should not just be bare, but raw.

Glassy, distant barrel-chested men slowly returning to their bodies after they reach a place they never knew was available to them.

I know a guy who's a fucking coward; he goes along with whatever his friends say. He improves himself by improving his social circle. He's cute, though. I wonder what I could make him agree to. Guys who talk up being psychos have no imagination, they just wanna rabbitfuck. Psycho guys are so vanilla. Psycho guys talk about instincts and urges and get confused and afraid when they don't enter fugue states. Never went rabid in a fight, never disconnected during sex. Totally normal dude staring at his reflection in the mirror with tears in his eyes wondering why he's not psycho. They read blogs that talk about hormones and nutrition but nothing makes them disconnect. Nothing frees them from the burden of their own thoughts, and for all their bravado about destroying social norms nothing would ever make them transgress their own self image.

VI.

For a while she orbited a cute witch. Circling her many transparent skirts and scarves, her large black hat, approving of all her tattoos and the heavy bags under her eyes. When she got close the witch parted some of her fabrics and revealed the mania underneath, the cobwebs of synchronicity tying her in a knot. Self-cocooned she explained that she held on to herself because everyone else was trying to drain her. Casual encounters in the street and at work knocked down her hit points all day. At night she wrapped herself in blankets and tried to recover. She poured the leftovers into her craft, little thimblefuls of pure mana into the open cauldron of her art. Every conversation she had made it that much harder for her to get a good cupful. When the pot was full she poured it out for everyone.

VII.

Girl in crocs and no bra came into the deli for a bagel. She scratched, unselfconscious, and the bare length of her spine was revealed for an instant. God I love that unaware self possession, so naked and refined. No make-up, hair in messy, practiced grace.

Cute tall slim girl at the cafe in a soft, see-through gray shirt, the bars of her nipple piercings accentuating her tiny little upturned breasts. I want to bite them. The revealed pectoral muscle of a flat chest underneath the protruding, tender breast.

VIII.

Pretty little alt boys with doe eyes and no fear, I'm gonna knock you over. just let me, let me grab you and shake you and we'll talk about it later. You can be Peter Steele with someone else, tonight you're Rozz Williams. Fine, you can be Iggy Pop, but I wanna be David Bowie. No need to change, that faded old band t-shirt has just as many holes as lingerie. Keep all your heraldic symbols on, stolen and pawned from other generations. In pantomime we are ourselves and the bigger shadows cast on the wall of the cave. The ceremonial ritual of secular self-destruction. Die a little death. Put my hands around your throat.

IX.

When she's drunk she wants me to kill her. She asks me to smother her or dig my fingers in her windpipe. She says she doesn't want to die alone. She says she'd prefer if I did it then cancer or a car. She wants me to be there as she goes. She asks if we can jump off the hospice roof when we get old together. She wants to hold my hand on the way down.

She likes it when I protect her. She says she feels safe around me. If I tell off a guy she kisses me on the way home and tells me she loves it when I do that. She asks me to get bigger so I can do it to more guys. She asks me to be her worst nightmare.