

I play with my best friend's hair. She says there's something about my touch. My ex would get angry if I touched him without intention. He existed, outside of sex and deep conversation, without intention.

Just a spinning wheel of movement, that one.

I did some bondage. Was concerned that I would cry. Mostly I liked the ropes dragging across my skin, the ropes being moved, the fastening of the knots into place, secured.

It's like when you tighten a girth on a saddle one last time a few minutes after you initially put it on. You want to make sure the horse relaxes and isn't pushing his belly out. When he is distracted you can tighten it again. You can always get a few more notches, then you can trust the whole thing won't slip. And you can trust the horse is slightly uncomfortable, just like me in tights.

I wore them all through high school under my uniform skirt. I refused to wear them after that, until my mother's father died and I had blue tights for the funeral and she lost her mind and found some black ones for me.

Then we sat there in the pew, tights tightening, trying to figure out how much crying is appropriate and it's never enough for me. I want to wail and yell, but more than that, I don't want to make anyone uncomfortable. They are gone and I sit here, respectfully sniffing.

My brain reaches that point where it gets white and feels like it's going to explode. It starts to press from the inside. Sometimes I bear down on his cock and let things fly through my head with abandon. My spiritual teacher told me when I was doing the ritual that I could think of whatever filth I wanted in order to come. I just had to be clear when I came.

Can I just be here as the waves occur? My beautiful friend is relaxing under my fingers as I carefully pull at her hair.