

L ————— **O** ————— **V** ————— **E**

David James Grinly

L	—————					O	—————					V	—————					E			
INTRODUCTORY																REMARKS					
L						O						V						E			
P	O				L	I	T				I	C						S			
NOLI																TANGERE					
A																DIALOGUE					
E					M					I					L					Y	
T					I					M										E	
S	A				L	O				M						E					
MIRA																SPORT					
Y	A				S				M				I	N						E	
F	A				R	T				F	U				C						K

LOVE

“Romantic love, in pornography as in life, is the mythic celebration of female negation. For a woman, love is defined as her willingness to submit to her own annihilation... The proof of love is that she is willing to be destroyed by the one whom she loves, for his sake. For the woman, love is always self-sacrifice, the sacrifice of identity, will, and bodily integrity, in order to fulfill and redeem the masculinity of her lover.”

Andrea Dworkin

Speech at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge (September 26, 1975).

“One of the most effective means of seduction that Evil has is the challenge to struggle. It is like the struggle with women, which ends in bed. A married man’s true deviations from the path of virtue are, rightly understood, never gay.”

Franz Kafka

Third Octavo Notebook

Love

I know a very small amount about a very very few things. In the grand scheme of expert systems of things we probably all know a very few things about a very few things. Very little, almost nothing. But the little we do know seems to have a big effect on things, experience wise. I don't mean experience as in "A total beauty and make-over experience" at Blow HQ next door, I mean an experience like "walking along the street" or "putting on your clothes". The experiences which are underneath experience as it is now defined by people trying to sell things. When I write experience I mean "walking down the street", when I write experience I mean a "PEDICURE PLUS 20 MINUTE MASSAGE PLUS GLASS OF BUBBLY- £30 SATURDAY SELF LOVE SPECIAL!!"

How can I speak about an experience of colour? About green trees on the hill on monday? The experience of colour is easy enough, it is Elephant's Breath or one of the other vulgar-tasteful post-ironic ironic names for paint. I suppose the idea being that the name of the paint will provide you with an amusing story over dinner in your newly appointed dining room which is Elephant's Breath (as opposed to the elegant Desert Bone in the drawing room). These colours are an American Psychopath experience, like a rollercoaster but for Guardian readers.

Colour as a science is one of the few things that I know very little about. There are Kelvin Temperatures of light. There is a spectrum, with colours in it. Short wavelengths and long wavelengths. X-ray isn't light it's energy. I remember that much, but I never had any sort of wisdom about colour. Wisdom is maybe only knowing that you don't know very much but are willing to ask and not really terribly worried about being wrong if you ask in the wrong way, that even if you are scared to ask it is better to ask, than not to say anything at all? I don't know. And is it perhaps about being willing to ask yourself the same question several times? Many hundreds of times perhaps? Like the Remarks on Colour book I bought. He talks about how confusing

white is. He seems almost sad that he can't know it, and his wisdom about it makes him sad. Wisdom is maybe sad, maybe wisdom is not the triumph of scientific knowing but rather about being and time?

I didn't seem to get wiser as I got older. But I also didn't seem to get older when I got old. I experienced nothing and there was no proof, so I still only know nothing. So no wisdom and no knowledge. But even that isn't quite true, I only ever never willed it. But I got wiser once, by mistake, maybe. Some wisdom must come by being in time, but not by getting older, I think, or don't think.

Each experience of walking in the street can, when you are paying attention, become developmental in terms of both wisdom and knowledge. If you are like Sherlock Holmes you could count the steps that it takes you to get from one bit of the street to the other. Twenty seven steps! Or if you are like Cézanne you could try to understand the geology underneath the street. Or if you like reading the Guardian you could think about being in a street in an Holocene/Anthropocene superposition. You could think about being the beginning and the end of an era, being a hybrid just before the Apocalypse/Genesis. The knowledge of how many steps it is from point A to point B will provide you with a fact, a tested numerical knowledge of that distance which, if you are me, you will have forgotten six steps later, or at least wonder whether the number you remember is the number you counted or another number of another thing somewhere. To be more accurate and international you could use a tape measure to find a different type of measurement, your steps are a different length to other people's steps and not everyone understands steps really, centimetres they could at least transcribe on google to something legible to them. The tape would give you a more universal type of measurement, but it wouldn't necessarily be a terribly useful or portable knowledge depending on your interest in your using that knowledge again later without a tape measure. It would probably be better for me to remember it in steps so that when I go from my street to someone else's street I can work out how far I walk in their street compared to how many steps I take in my street. (Do you make a step or take a step? I

used to like when my german friends would say “Let’s make a party” rather than let’s have one, making something seems more generous than taking, or merely having. Production/consumption. Wisdom/Knowledge. Like with photos. People who take photos consume like vampires, people who make them produce in addition. I am sure that it is true. Takers are always vampiric.

Make love or take love? One could say that to make love with someone who isn’t your spouse would be the wrong thing to do, a vampiric and greedy thing to do. And one could say that to take love, to accept it when it is given to you is the sign of a good and reasonably adjusted individual. Take love!—you deserve it! But your spouse might only be taking love from you? And “Making Love” once meant chatting someone up, producing love, making it happen when there was nothing there before rather than the sloppy act itself. And making love even if it is with someone else’s spouse still means you are a lover and not a beloved, greedily sucking out the life and love that they no longer receive at home? You are making love for them, out of nothing, rather than merely taking their love gratuitously? Love is white.

I like to lie with colours to make things seem more or less like one another. From tubes of paint, I trust them. I get colours from machines. I don’t make the machines. I don’t really make the colours, I just make things with the colours from the tubes of paint. And from machines to record colours, and from machines to add colours, they make colours more than I make colours. They know colours, I don’t know colours. Maybe I have a wisdom of colour or maybe the way I use colours is tasteless, it is probably tasteless. Good taste is a synonym for fashionable. And fashion is the machine of death. I prefer style. Fashion is knowledge.

There is nothing to know about love. I found this out, by living, briefly, in love. By “being” in love. By being a being-as-love. Since that moment I have found it more difficult to be a being. It was so brief that moment of love, almost as to be intangible. Almost as to be inconceivable, and I struggle to remember. But I know it was there

because things aren't the same anymore. I knew at the time that my life had changed forever, like when they have a baby on Neighbours. And it has. Love is very powerful, it is hard to describe how. Like the green colour of the trees on the day I felt human again, I cannot describe the experience of love. Not this one or any other one.

I became aware just at the moment that it happened that it was love. Never as true as it was then, never so violent and present and unrepeatable. It was "disturbing" as they say, it disturbed the order of things. The trembling of limbs, the weak semiconscious otherness. It was only to be aware of those chemicals that our bodies make, and to notice where another body borrows your heartbeat. You give all you have to give of those basic things without making them. And the smell. There was only that one body which was his body. Suffering there for me to love.

I will never have the strength to be kind again. And I will never be brave enough to face love again, to look into love. We wanted to stay just as we were, forever. We wanted to stay being part of the being of another being and only bodies and nothing else. We were only bodies and the absolute of love.

It was white. When I saw the trees in the morning that day they were not absorbing violet, no effort made me human with the trees and light and the rock. Those few experiences of colour, and that one experience of love were alike, now, after some time has passed. It seems like wisdom to know that I know nothing without feeling any pain, wisdom is being close to love and surviving, sad but close to love. I learned about love by not letting a dying body fall. A body made of rotting flesh and shit and the remains of a life that had ended days before. Life ends before death, life ends before death. It is knowledge that he is dead, he died later. And wisdom that his wretched body had tried to take comfort in the strength and power of mine, beyond reason he tried to live by taking love that I did not make. These memories are the purest love of my life, he had been goodness and measure and moderation and love. The grace of love was his.

His death had been refused and was later unmeasurably undignified, it could only be seen in love. A love after language murmuring together towards nothing.

Politics

When I was at school I was obsessed that I smelled of something. The usual things—piss or something dirty and obscene. It was as though I was religious, I wasn't, just too sensitive to those sorts of things. I was one of those people who checks the smell of their breath under their cupped hand. And I became obsessed that my hands smelled of the crab paste sandwiches my father made for my packed lunch. Sometimes he pressed pickled mussels into the pink paste as a "treat". Inside, these sandwiches looked like a pathetic fury of bodiless, bruised cunts floating in cunt.

Fingering my politics teacher helped all this to stop.

It didn't really help and it didn't stop, but I was happier smelling quim on my fingers than crabmeat and vinegar.

Noli me tangere.

I started drawing naked people from pornographic films on the World Wide Web about four years ago. Various kinds of pornographic films are available, not that you would know about that naturally, but if you did you could pick the type you liked just like you do your sandwiches at Marks and Spencers in the station. Top types and genres change quite often to suit the evolving tastes of the customer base too, just like at Marks and Spencers. Sometimes some people like one thing, sometimes another. People like new things, new choices, summer menus and things, it is nice when someone suggests something to you, isn't it? There are places to see all sorts of things. I don't think I ever looked at anything illegal, other than the fact it was all stolen of course. You can pay for the naughty videos if you wanted to but I am not rich enough to be as wrong as I usually am about what I like. I have never made a wise investment choice in my life.

So I drew the free pictures. I didn't "life-draw" them "live" or anything like that, I prefer things not moving, not changing all the time like technology. Just normal, still screen grabs of normal free porno. I wasn't into kiddy porn or animals or dead people or anything. Just standard, ordinary, suburban, hetero and homo consenting adults of various races and legal ages doing sex. (Although in the late nineties a friend did send me a video of a lady and a pony. I suppose that was probably illegal but the internet was different then. It was only available in some rooms in some places, it was itself an oddity. If there was a Sex Offender's Register then no one knew about it. (My new-fancy-contemporary-constantly-checking-up-on-me-via-MI6-and-the-FBI-and -Operation-Yewtree-computer auto spell checker puts an apostrophe in Offender's—as though the offenders owned the register, as though it was the act of an individual agency to sign up. Perhaps my computer is a DJ?) I like ordinary things.

I also drew pictures of the "sexts" that people would send me occasionally. This, perhaps predictably, ended in disaster when one sender of sexts was given as a special-sex-gift a drawing of someone else's

genitals. I stopped doing those because the discussions that followed the wrong-swapping of sexy text drawings didn't really work out very well. Omelettes/Homelettes I suppose, but the eggshells everywhere made the whole thing impossible. The drawings themselves were very much more beautiful than the professional porno ones though, they seemed far more tragic for so obviously having been influenced by the base comedy of paid up porno but messier and dirtier and stronger than the always unnervingly contrived pro pictures. They were perhaps pornographic rather than pornography? Like that painting of a lady's vagina in Paris that everyone lovehates—with the rouge on the lips to make it look “post”.

So the porno seemed to have not enough and the sexts seemed to have too much of something or other, feelings, probably. People either want you never to have had sex before or never to want to have it with anyone else ever again, and sometimes both, or neither explicitly/both implicitly like some freak form of Victorian/Hippy paradox. But I didn't want to do pictures of someone I hadn't had some vague sort of relationship with and this is when capitalism really came into its own. I paid someone to have sex with me. Not really have sex like on Living and Growing, more like to “do” sex with me. Do sex, for money. The relationship was nice and cold and distant and mutual, much better than normal lovey sex where everyone is always trying to give everyone else things that they don't have and that no one wants.

Maybe pornographic actors and actresses make you feel guilty and ashamed because you pay them through someone else which seems rather salesroomy? You pay predominantly through the advertiser pimp banners at the sides of the page, clickity click and poppity pop. And of course they make you feel inferior too, of course, with their enormous machine enhanced bodies and abilities. And sad too wondering whether those bodies can really do their things for too long without looking very odd, or not working terribly well anymore, even plastic decays. What are those classifications of games as hot and cold? Roger something, a French chap, said there are cold games and hot games, Competition is cold, like plastic. And the words they say

over and over seem cold, giddy and insane, fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Language with a singular function is cold, isn't it? Ambiguity is warmer, hotter, like chance, or something? I miss those old pornographic films with the plots. Even if the legally enforced forty percent plot was rubbish, even if it was dubbed badly into Italian or Spanish or something, they were still somehow more human, in their failure. New pornography is so successful one can only feel like a failure, an excluded failure, rather than an identifying failure. With all the encouragement (there is a subgenre of video called JOI, Jerk Off Instruction, where a solo, usually female, actress will tell you how to proceed. You can do the Freud yourself for this. A further category is a form of abusive masturbatory instruction whereby "you" are lambasted in your efforts to masturbate, in terms of size, duration, amount of ejaculate, projection of ejaculate and various other things. There is also a genre SCBJ, Soft Cock Blow Job, which is favoured by women ((men with female profile pictures)) where no sexual excitement at all takes place on the part of the male despite the sizeable duration and efforts of the, again, usually female, partner. Perhaps there will be a takeover of this sort of stuff in the mainstream at some point but for now the great beast seems content still in variations on the theme of viagra dominance.) You are expected to feel included somehow, like the customer service representative at the Royal Bank of Scotland who has paid too rapt attention in the training session on "How to make the customer feel that you are taking their problem seriously". They make your problem theirs so professionally that you feel alienated but in the wrong way. Care is hard to fake, ask Faust.

Butt there was a gap in the middle of the two things! I had seen it advertised hundreds of times (porno teaches too, you know, informs. It taught us how to compress video properly in the nineties, how advertisers can trick adblocker now... Porno is a strategic development industry leader) on the standard pornographic sites but had never really understood the nature of it or whether I would have to participate in some way which I really couldn't be bothered to do. Chaturbate is making love for modern people. It's really great. You and the actors get to stay safe, clean and happily in your own home

for the whole thing. No one needs to know (other than Google and NSA and all these people but they know far worse about you anyway so who cares). One of the partners with whom I had exchanged sexts suggested it to me. She swears by it. You can look up all the categories that you are used to from porno and lots more that you would never be imaginative enough to think up. Any combination you like of credit-card-age-check-verified consenting people for you to choose from. People do it as a job, two four hour shifts a day, or one six hour shift or whatever. I am not sure how lucrative it can be, I didn't take the time to work it out but the ROI seems negligible when weighed morally and completely necessary when measured financially, I suppose—we all must be grateful to have a job at all, they say.

I chose the first one that was on the choices thumbnails screen because I am Scottish and boring and stupid. (Not that being Scottish makes you the other two, I am just lucky to be both, all three, whatever.) She was called Mary. I watched Mary for the fifteen minutes that you are allowed to watch before adding bitcoins to your account. Then I swapped and looked at someone else doing a piss on their kitchen floor for a bit, and then a man with electrodes on his testicles (in a good way, not a Guantanamo way) and then a lady with a little hemorrhoid who kept popping it back in when it would poppity pop peep out. I took a few screen grabs and they were all really great, but Mary was the best one. First Thought Best Thought, as Ted Hughes once said.

Over the next few days I watched her again each evening with my Pizza Express “American” pizza and Caffeine Free Coca Cola. I would sometimes “grab” some scenes. But sometimes just watch and listen. She talked a lot about her big boxer dog. It was a female dog. She said that bitch was not an appropriate term for her or for her dog. Which seemed fair if confusing in terms of binomial nomenclature or something. She also talked about her degree in psychology and ethics. And about her divorce from her parents. And her fuck buddy. And her beliefs regarding spiritualism and freedom and love. She said she loved us, her friends, in the room. Sometimes I think

that her talking so much got in the way of her making a lot of money. Sometimes she would realise she had only made a few bitcoins in the past minutes and then would have to do a hard sell for a few minutes, maybe show one breast or something to rouse interest in sexual matters again, money stuff. This sometimes worked and sometimes did not. There was a definite phantasmatic fourth wall head fuckery going on when we, the assembled perverts, realised that Mary's life was no less boring and sexless than our own. It was an act of generosity and self sabotage at once.

The system is that the actors have a "Menu" from which you can choose which sexual act you would like to see performed. There are various things and each actor does it a bit differently and charges different amounts for different things. Fairly regularly on Mary's version of things people would get together and pay for a big thing, like maybe 2000 bitcoins for an "Immediate Squirting Orgasm". This was the top option I think, although maybe there was one for 4000 bitcoins too, for something even more exciting or interesting, or something. But there was a 2000 or 4000 top end and then various things on the way down in cost. For 15 bitcoins you could turn the vibrator she was using up and down automatically, the "volume" of it, the frequency or ferocity of the vibrations. And for 30 you could switch it off completely which was advertised as a kind of "torture". Stuff with feet, olive oil, hair. Sometimes there were group votes on the length and shape of pubic hair. And at some point a discussion about the next tattoo that Mary would have.

All of the female models, more or less, offered a "squirting" option. It was always quite expensive as it is hard to tidy up I suppose and not really good to explain to your landlord or neighbours why there is always a wee bit of piss somewhere. At some time, somewhere there probably was real ejaculating, but mostly it was just piss, I only ever saw weewee. Not that there is anything wrong with piss, just trades descriptions wise it wasn't come it was piss. The one time Mary did an "Immediate Squirt Orgasm" it was piss. Which is fine, but I think it would still work if the menu had an option saying "Piss - 4000" or

something? Oh, maybe that is what was 4000, maybe an orgasm with no piss was 2000 but one with piss was 4000.

Mary's USP was hair. She was hairy. That was her thing. It was part of her liberation. She had hairy legs. And she shaved the hair on her vagina with an electric trimmer until it was some millimetres long (it is the fashion now I think, imagine Joey from friends facial hair in the nineties, a neat crop, that sort of length). She didn't shave the hair around her anus as she didn't see the need to do so. I wondered sometimes about the effectiveness of the statement of hairy legs when most of the attention due to the composition and framing (and the colour of course) was directed to the banana in her partially shaved vagina. I wondered if anyone could focus on the hair on her legs when the bright yellow of the banana was right in the middle of the picture. The outsides of the frame on these very cheap webcam lenses is even worse than it is on a normal lens, and it's bad on a normal lens. Lenses are best in the middle. Like bananas.

Sometimes I did worry about Mary. She was alarmingly like lots of people I know, presumably like lots of the people watching her, paying her to do what their partners wouldn't or couldn't anymore. Graduate of a humanities course, full of ideas, fuller of debt, family issues, many half-loved sexual partners, political-fashion issues, piss soaked carpet, pint sized organic coffee and bio-choc bars, cannabis but with American Spirit additive free tobacco and organic ultra-slim semi transparent rolling papers that stained brown with the resin. Mary was only another human being. But one I didn't have to speak to. I didn't have to worry what she would think of the drawings that I made of her doing my perverted sex demands. I just paid up, gave over my hundred bitcoins and she was happy, she didn't give a fuck about me so long as I paid. It was really lovely, the most understood I have ever felt after sex I think. Really something. She was a pathetic lonely human being, just like you. I was free from the oppression of pretended love. I didn't have to pretend at all, she didn't pretend. And no one other than Mary had to worry about whether maybe her piss was a bit of a funny colour because she drank too much coffee

and not enough water. The boxer farting didn't make activity impossible for Mary as it would for me. I detest animals, the more human sized the more I hate them, and this fucker was huge. About three quarters Mary's size I would say. The only sensory experiences I had were visual and auditory—the lovely blue glow of her iPhone screen when she was uploading a sex Snap-chat to someone, or the rustling when her real hands touched the web camera to move it into the best position. Touching and smelling and tasting can go so wrong, like an octopus. Sex is like an octopus. It is disgusting really, mostly, and it has a beak too, an octopus does.

I spoke to a friend about having done all this. She asked how I felt but I didn't know. I don't know at all. Maybe I did it for you? Maybe for me? Maybe for Mary? Or Mhari? I don't really know. Maybe for the other men in the room, maybe I thought they would like my special request? Something a bit different. Maybe for my neighbours across the road? They could see what I was doing. The big fat old man. Or the student boys with all their vests and big gym bodies. Or maybe the stripper and the bouncer, although they couldn't see. I can see them, but they can't see me. They are on floor two across the road, I am on floor three. And all their venetian blinds are bashed up and bent and hanging off the window frames. I watch her get ready for work (it is her place, he only visits, after the gym sometimes, after work usually). She wears really great makeup and big wigs and those glass soled high heeled shoes. She doesn't wear a lot of jewellery. She has a hand gun tattooed onto each of the cheeks or her arse. And something above her vagina which I can't read. And sleeves. And legs, I don't know what you call full legs of tattoos? Legs? Trouser legs? Probably not. He has a lot of writing tattoos. I can't read any of them, they are in very very ornate and baroque looking super serifs with huge long intricately intertwined ligatures. They have sex with her on the edge of the bed with her knees pulled up or her on her knees on all fours. I can't work out how this works in terms of height. But it does seem to work. She screams. He swears. It is beautiful to look at when the two of them are together. Like Aristophanes homonyms or whatever they are called.

I feel happy that they seem happy together with their tattoos. And I like when she comes home from being naked, re-dresses, then un-dresses again and makes herself into someone else to see him, she does the same process she does to prepare for work over again. She moves all the mirrors into the living room and puts all the lights on and looks at herself a lot, in new clothes. This time much less decorated ones, much less ornate. She wears just very tiny flesh coloured knickers and an ivory silk gown. She checks her phone a lot and leans out of the window like a lonely man in shirtsleeves, waiting for him to come. She laughs at the drunk middle aged sectarian men singing, and the young men fighting, and the boys upstairs squawking and dancing and listening to pop songs. She laughs at all of them and waits for the other half of her androgyne. And he comes into the house and lifts her up. They fuck and then wander around naked. He smokes a cigarette out of the window and silently looks at the clothed men singing and fighting. It seems obvious when I voyeur them that what they didn't have to offer each other was exactly what they didn't need.

She moved out a few months ago, I hope they live together now, and make a tattooed baby and are happy, and that they keep one another safe in the disgusting real world where all of the other people touch us.

“The unprofanable of pornography—everything that is unprofanable—is founded on the arrest and diversion of an authentically profanatory intention. For this reason, we must always rest from the apparatuses—from all the apparatuses—the possibility of use that they have captured. The profanation of the unprofanable is the political task of the coming generation.”

Giorgio Agamben
Profanations.

A Dialogue

(To the theme of Bing Crosby's Straight Down the Middle, 1957)

"Annnnnnnnd it went straight up yer hooper, doo doo dee doodle"

Please don't sing that.

"No"

What?

"No, I like singing, I want to sing, I like it... Annnnnnnnd it went up yer fucking hooooooooooper"

Please stop.

"No"

You are drunk.

"You are a shite pipe."

Why are you being like this?

"Because you are..."

Yes I am a shite pipe, of course you are so boring when you are like this. So predictable.

"Rooooooooooooooooo deeeeeeeeeeeeeee Dooo dooo deee doodle"

Soooooo predictable

"It weeeeeeeeeent right up yer biscuit hole"

uuuuurghhhhhhHHHH....

“IIIIIIIIiiiiit went right up yer dung chute”

Can we please just stop talking.

“I am not talking. I am singing.”

Fine.

“Doo ddooooo deee ddoooooodddddlllllleeeee”

I said fine, fine, you win, I give up.

“Aaaaaaaaannnnndddddddd it wennnnnnnnntttttttt up yer Garry Glitter”

CAN YOU PLEASE SHUT UP

“Like a sauuuuuuusage up yer bum-ring”

You are so boring and so disrespectful.

“You have dust for blood.”

What?!

“What?”

What did you just say?

“Fuck all I was singing”

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

“I didn’t say any-fucking-thing I was fucking sing-ing”

WHAT DID YOU SING THEN?!

“I thought you didn’t like my special songs?”

Just tell me what you fucking said, right now.

“Say it? Or sing it?”

Just fucking tell me what you fucking said and stop being an asshole.

“I am touched that you want me to sing for you BAAAABES!”

Repeat what you said, now!

“I said iiiiiiiittttttttttt weeeeeennnnntttttt right up your erse-hole”

No you didn’t.

“Iiiiiiiiit went up yer fuckin keech tube”

No you didn’t, I know perfectly well what you said.

“Sing it then, come oaaaaannnn, join in ya piss pipe?”

No.

“OK. Ittttttt sprinkled its love-spew up your rectum”

You are disgusting.

“You’re a anus.”

Urgh. You are trying to be offensive and you aren’t even and that just makes you even more disgusting.

“No I amn’t. You are a plum.”

Please.

“Like a purplleeeeyyyyy plum up yer bumbum”

You wouldn’t know.

“Neither would you”

Oh for God’s sake.

“Oh NOooooooooOOoooooooo HUUDDDDDDDDD
ONNNNNNNNNN you DOOOOO KNOW!”

.

“Little Boabied Johnno was allowed to squeeze it up the toilet tube
wasn’t he?!! WASN’t HE!?”

You are truly disgusting.

“It’s no me that likes up the shite pipe sweetheart, is it
hmmmmmm?”

I do not ‘like it up the shitepipe’.

“AAAAAAAARghgghghgghgghhhahahahahahaahahaha-
hahahahahahaahahahaaaaaarrghhhhhhgaaa SHIIIIIIIIIIII-
ITEEEEEEPIIIIIIPPPPPPEEEEEEE”

You will never ever know, I can assure you of that.

“It’s shite anyway”

Well I suppose you have had plenty of experience to reflect on I suppose...

“Aye, IIIIIIIIII loooooovvvveeee it up ma hooper”

That is not what I meant. Please stop saying hooper.

“You said it a minute ago?!!!!”

Shut up.

“Say it again!”

Shut up.

“Say it, go on say it”

Hooper.

“Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaarrghhhhhh”

Shut up.

“Shite up?”

Shut up.

“Riiiiiiiiight up the shitey shute up?”

Fuck off.

“Oooooooooohhhhhh”

...

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnnnnnnndddddddd it went up yer fucking

light bulb”

That isn’t even funny.

“And it went right up yer nightie. Up yer shitey fucking nightie.”

Right, well done. You have won. You have spoiled my whole evening in this last five minutes. I give up. You win, ok?

“AAAAnnnnnnnndddddd Iiiiiiiiiiii’ve drank six pints of Guinness”

I said that you have won, you can stop singing now.

“Dingle Ringle fucking right up yer bingle”

...

“Bongle Bingle arsehole Ringle Dingle”

I am going to bed.

“Haaaaaaaave a suuuuuuper time ya boring farter.”

Can’t you please just be nice for once tonight and come to bed and be nice?

“I thought you said I won?”

What is that supposed to mean?

“That I get to stay up singing?”

As you wish.

“Thanks.”

What are you doing?

“Going to get myself a special singing drink.”

You are disgusting and you know that you will complain about how terrible you feel and be completely pathetic and disgusting all day tomorrow. And the next day. For days.

“Buuuuuuuuuttttt at least I’m no a mongo.”

Can you please just be nice to me once tonight? Because I am asking you to be nice? (Weeping) You embarrassed me in front of my colleagues, you were drunk before you even arrived. You barely spoke to me all night, you made me stay a lot longer than I felt comfortable staying, longer than I really should have at a work’s thing. Marjory was looking at you. People could tell how drunk you were, it was really obvious David. They could see how little you cared for my career, do you know that? They could see that you were upsetting me, did you realise that?

“You hate the cunts more than I do, why do you care? All you do is fucking complain about them.”

Well thank you, thank you that is really helpful thanks. You made a fool of me in front of my friends.

“They aren’t your friends. They hate you.”

(weeping) That isn’t true and you know it.

“Roooooooooooo deeeeeee dooooooooo ddddddoooooooooble doo deeeee.”

Don’t start that again. Just go. Go if you want to, just leave, go and drink yourself into a stupor if that is what you want. If you want to get away from me, to drink yourself away from me and how boring I am.

“I wasn’t really thinking about you shiteheart”

That is abundantly clear, no need to clear that up David, everyone at the party could see that.

“Yooooooooooooooooou are a Jobbie Jabber.”

Can you please come to bed and try to be nice to me just for this once, just tonight after you have embarrassed me and disrespected me in front of my colleagues can you try and make it up to me now by just please trying to be nice, once?

“Awwwwwww yeerrrrrrr shiiiiite palllls love it up their dingle”

Fine

“They love it fine up the shite mine”

She threw glasses and accusations, entreaties, ultimatums, abstractions and laws, absolutes and resolutions, swore on the sacred and pleaded on the profane. Supplication was asked and benediction given, forced, unto deaf ears. Not a single one of her offers or offensives had the least impact on the other from whom she had spent the evening trying so hard to protect herself from, by ingratiating herself against her will with persons she liked far less than he, he who she wanted so badly to give her comfort from herself. The brutality of it all felt as though it might finally break her resolve.

The next morning, the next afternoon, and evening and the morning and afternoon and evening of the day after that she bashed around while he slept. She cleaned the kitchen. Bathed at leisure, talked on the phone happily and contentedly with the friends who had all but disowned her in her head for his appalling behaviour on the night before or the night before the night before. He was refused responses to pleading messages, refused rest, refused confirmation or approval of pathetic gifts and grovelling apologies whether they were given sincerely or otherwise. Only

faux-animal hums, low lowings and shrugged shoulders. Nothing readably verbal.

Apologies in love are never apologies for what you have done. They are apologies for what they cannot admit that they have done. For what they cannot yet forgive themselves for. Whenever Mother drove away in the car in the night I knew she had done something he was really going to pay for. Learning to apologise over and over again, against the tide, pointlessly so that they can convince themselves after all that you have done something worthy of the wrath and scorn you have been victim to—this, is love. And they will still bounce around on the edge of the bed excited about whatever shite they have bought to cheer themselves up (“after the weekend” is implicitly hissed under the excitement) at late night shopping on Thursday and a few cocktails with the girls from the office, something to wear to your work night out this weekend perhaps? And the three regulation measure brandies you had in peace will jostle around and burn your ulcer and make you writhe with miniature pains as she gesticulates and plugs something in, and out, and back in, and fetches a glass of water, and a little plate of tagine and another glass of water. And as she farts in her sleep, waking herself and pretending nothing happened, swapping onto the other side to pretend that it was only a creak of the bed, you are to imagine the creak happening before she knew she would move, as she prepared to move, before that revolting sweet little sleeping fizzle, a mumbled “mmmmmm” and then back to peculiarly high, grinding snoring that isn’t called snoring “because it is sweet”. Blackening your mind, your intestinal mucosa endlessly corrodes in little waves produced of her uninhibited, relaxed, starfish breathing. At least in the morning there is work, and the chance to hide in the disabled toilet on the eighth floor and shite out the revolting and romantic vegetable tagine you, berating yourself, prepared while you appreciate the view of the Royal Mail depot’s rear delivery doors from among the clouds.

“Dooo doo do dooo doo de doodee...”

Emily

If only I could have convinced her of the importance of hands it might not have ended up the way it did. That it wasn't her hands, was the problem. But if I had told her about hands then she would have seen me staring at hands. Even at her hands, when she wasn't in the mood. She would know and get in a strop. It would be like on late night poker on Channel Five when they have a "telling sign" or a "show"—a tick that means someone is doing something good or bad or naughty or interesting or something, with their cards, or money, or chips. I was only ever looking at the hands, the croupier's hands and the gambler's hands. They had bad hands, generally, sweepingly, speaking.

Hands mean such a lot to me. It is all very well—all these people with beautiful faces and breasts and pretty peach arses—but no hands no nothing. I suppose it is a fetish of sorts but I am never able to be interested enough in what is going on in sex to make good on the promise of hands. It is such an effort to keep up the appearance of being interested that when it comes time for me to prove that I have "enjoyed the experience" I can only do so in a kind of sweating, panting desperate fury of frenetic movement, muttering obscenities to try and enliven my putrefied loins. The notion of having the composure to withdraw in reasonable enough, smugly enjoyable time to pass my shortly-to-give-evidence member into the beautiful hands of my lover, to deliver my special *etoiles d'amour* via the beauty of hands, is laughable. But a man can still dream. I don't dream, either.

I spend so much time now, after the law (after Men are from Venus and Women are from Mars, and tricyclic antidepressants) trying to find a sexual position in which I can scratch-the-itch in a way which provides just enough friction in the right place, in a timeframe suitable for my utterly wretched body to achieve the necessary production of evidence that hands, desire at all, is a long forgotten surplus. It doesn't matter whether I enjoy it, it only matters that I prove it. Desire and sex seem, quite honestly, inconceivably misaligned. Hands

are just so beautiful. If I had told her about the hands, I would have had to bring them into the act, and the act was dreadful enough without trying to explain that although hands were my “thing”, hers weren’t.

I reckon with an increase in span of about half an inch, Emily’s hands could have been top ten percent of the world. But as it was they were decidedly majority-of-human-beings-hands sized hands. And too work-like to be elegant and too lazily pampered to be pastoral-symptomatic- ruggedly-sympathetic attractive. But as The Beach Boys said, “Ugly girls know their fate, anybody can get laid”. I was willing to give them the benefit of the doubt if they were used willingly, without me having to make an issue out of them, without me having to ask or confess or speak at all. I had to just wait and see if they might at some point come into play, so to speak. Just one of her Shellac encrusted fingers in my arsehole while she ground to her loud and smothering orgasm might have made the possibility of mutual ejaculation that much more conceivable. As in—at all conceivable, but still monumentally unlikely. It might at least have helped keep my minute-by-intolerable-minute softening prick from popping out, still engorged but as limp as the throat of a Christmas goose, during her 39th minute first wave of real “other-jouissance” rapture. My own not-other micro-pleasure seemed as distant in those moments as the possibility of any real identification during the post-mutual-onanistic relaxation period involving watching Eastenders in the bath, not me in the bath, me rubbing at feet, passing razors and banned from smoking cigarettes.

But Emily’s hands were not for me, she needed them both. And if she wasn’t using them, “intimately” so to speak, she was using them to pull all the sheets off the bed which I would remake from scratch when she was in the bath to be “nice”/make up for the lack of evidence. Or for pushing glasses off the kitchen counter. Or knocking over piles of marking from the arm of the couch. Or staining the freshly painted white walls with foundation or tinted moisturiser or some other greasy, beige filth. Her hands were required for stim-

ulation (fair enough, the slow punctured slug was hardly going to make an orgasmic impact and my hands were busy trying not to be knocked over/out by her vigorous enjoyment of our partner assisted wank) or for grounding herself during the glacially approaching waves of oral and digitally administered ultra-otherly turbo-bliss. Oh well. She was happy and that meant that I could sometimes read my book in peace for a while while she dopaminated around, nodding towards sleep in a cleansing (sin and skin flayingly hot) bath.

My hands weren't for her either. When I sexily thrust my hands down the back of her (for some reason unreasonably attractive polyester side-zipped office worker black) trousers, or up the back of her (perfectly ordinary and not particularly attractive but in the interests of appearing interested when I had been caught staring at a Tesco operatives beautiful hands) skirt she would immediately say she did not like that, that it was "creepy". When I slapped her arse (or rather affectionately patted it as a proud teacher might do after an obviously winning performance at a regional debating contest) she said that it was old fashioned and reminded her of her uncle and was "gross".

When I squeezed her breasts (with Georgia O'Keefe in mind, I never told her this either, she wouldn't have understood how Georgia's jugs were cultural and not merely me thinking of someone else's littler, prettier tits) she said it felt unsexy and, honestly, a bit uncomfortable and even sometimes slightly painful. Same when I pulled her (pretty despite being suicide-blonde) hair, it just hurt really. Same when I had freezing cold hands in the winter and would grab her vagina while she was pissing. Not nice, apparently, just weird and shocking and cold and unpleasant.

We had this joke that she was J. Sainsburys and I was Tesco's. At the self serve tills in Sainsbury's you have to select your payment type by pressing the screen icon you want to use, card or tokens or cash, and only then do you put the currency you have selected into the machine. If you don't select one it doesn't accept any form of payment at all. So you press "Finish and Pay" and then select your "Payment

Type” and then stick the card in the thing and then press your pin, when prompted to do so, then it asks if you want a receipt so as not to waste paper unless you really need it, and then you press no, then you can take your card, then you can fetch your things then you can go. In Tesco you beep your last thing through, press fuck all, stick your card in, press your pin, receipt pops out, take card, bolt. She would say that the card reader wouldn't be “receptive” to me “just sticking that in there” unless I pressed the correct buttons first. Emily never shopped at Tesco, for “ethical” (moral) reasons. She said that I could shop wherever I liked but she wanted to act for the good of everyone even down to the choice of supermarket.

It doesn't matter anymore I suppose. But I always wanted to be right in the central ring of hell, if I had to be there at all. I wanted to be right inside the devil's icy little asshole so I could know for sure. I wanted to stick my card in the machine and pay for my miserable shit and go. Why try and make it any better than it obviously wasn't? Why make a machine happy? I didn't get it. I mean I got the fucking joke, like I got why I was fucking Tesco and all that, I just didn't get why the Guardian should have any influence on where I bought my Pizza Express “American” kiddie sized pizza and caffeine free Coca Cola. And broccoli is broccoli is roquette is buttercunt squash is fucking asparagus tips is fucking salad regardless of where you buy it from.

I have very beautiful hands.

Time

I find you most attractive when you take off your clothes because they are wet from the rain, revealed out of banal necessity. I love to be loved by you when your being with me is as light as the touch of those statues in those ancient places, not when we are touching “lovingly”.
When you don't love me I love you.

You always ask me why I can't tell you that I love you when you ask me to, it is because language is all that we have. If you don't already know that I love you, then you never will, and neither will I.

Salome

I enjoyed the love in his hands. I enjoyed the liquid trickling from my body (as from an iron pipe) as his hands caressed my face. Beating his idiot love for her from my beautiful body. I enjoyed the cracks crackling and the pops popping and his pathetic, wet farting mouth. I enjoyed the brown and white foam on his lips like a rat-shit sullied small town stream. I enjoyed the howling entreaties and clockwork curses. I enjoyed his being banished by his own criminal stupidity. And later I enjoyed his hateful gazes and impotent unrealised violence. And I enjoyed his harmless poison.

Fucking his wife was very ordinary in comparison. I sometimes wonder if she cried out when he beat her? I wonder if those cries were what she had been waiting for all along? Feeling. Any kind of feeling at all? Rather than continue in bored dominance, she wanted to cry out like he did, while he cry-dry humped me in the road. She wanted to be able to cry for him too, to be of him but could not, until then. His infantile masculinity finally made him into a beloved, rather than just a boring old lover, which she had forced me into their bed by claiming he was.

She wrote a story where he is forever only the executioner. But at least, at last, he could role-play gift her that which he did not have—a head, on a plate.

Mira Sport 3000

Having a piss in the shower can make or break a relationship. At least that is what it said in the newspaper. I do piss in the shower but don't shower with anyone else, too long. I don't fit in the ghastly little box with anyone else. Same with beds, I just elbow people in soft bits of their bodies with boney bits of mine and they, almost silently, complain. Brushing your teeth in the shower is also a 'deal-breaker' apparently. I avoid all of the above by just not ever having anyone around to visit, ever, if I can avoid it. But if you yourself are a "romantic" then you shouldn't really mind, should you? It is pretty to watch your lover piss, or brush their teeth, or sleep, or do anything really. It is pretty to see them as they beat you to death, rather your lover than anyone else? If you don't feel this way you aren't in love, and if you don't feel this way but you don't know that you aren't in love stop reading the Guardian supplements, especially the "Readers answer your love problems" section. It is supplemental to the news anyway. Surplus. Just read the news instead, it is always roughly the same, less confusing.

The shower in my flat is a Mira Sport 3000. It is a really good model, I have had one in almost all the flats I have lived in. It isn't very complex, it doesn't have spa-effects or anything like that, it is simple. The Mira Sport 3000 is also not capable of "love" so you will never have to worry about all that stuff. You are safe with the Mira Sport 3000. There is the small risk, never entirely explained away, that the water might piss from the pipe into the electric interior of the unit and arc out and electrocute or electrify your heart or something. But this seems unlikely and is presumably unusual, if it is even possible. If it is I would be willing to die like this. I would die for the Mira Sport 3000. The beautiful blue arcs of electricity and water and my pathetic little yelps at first imagining that it had just gone inner-circle-of-hell-coldhot. It would be beautiful. I would be like strawberry custard microwaved still in the can. If the Mira Sport 3000 electrocuted me it wouldn't have meant to, it wouldn't have done it out of love or hate or any of that banality. It would be beautiful, modern indifference

would have done for me, m'Lud. And it would never feel guilty, I wouldn't have to watch over it from heaven, or curse it from hell. I could just let the poor fucker be. I could sleep in peace. They would remove the unit no doubt, pretend to test it a bit back in Mira HQ wherever they are, then bin it. And it too could sleep in peace. Happy on the slagheap of some giant landfill, unable to sense or smell or see or worry about its relegation to the absolute shit of the earth while my carbon based pulp returned to the humus and my "soul" floated around happily forever, hopefully surrounded by beautiful little blue sparks and thus elegantly illuminated miniature droplets of water. Like Beatrice. Or Francesca da Rimini, depending.

Mira Sport 3000 doesn't care when you turn it from wide, soft spray of water to narrow, hard beam of water to pleasure yourself. To skoosh the fucker right up your hooper while you come, then breathlessly grip the top of the flimsy cabinet, exhausted, your ugly semi transparent Ghee butter of love matting into the hair on your feet, your legs trembling and your body utterly frozen but for your infernally, super-hydrated arsehole. Mira Sport 3000 doesn't like it either, it's only you in there, Mira Sport 3000 doesn't care at all. Can't care. Real love, without inverted commas, can't care. Mira Sport doesn't look forward to it and doesn't fear next time you take the notion for a shower time Tom Tank. Mira Sport can't hear you weeping. It won't pass on the names you mutter, trying horribly to extract another brief moment of experiential pleasure from your otherwise utterly uninspired and communal day. It won't even tell when you mutter two names. It won't tell the names you mutter in the morning about the names you grunt in the evening, after work, after the gym, after the shops, after a Pizza Express "American" Pizza. It won't find you disgusting when you sniff at your own armpits smelling "otherness" there, like it might be the same as smelling some other hairy sweaty zone that you are glad you haven't had to spend all evening not farting to be allowed to see anyway. You can fart while you grunt the names if you like. Your acrid, acid oxters and warm starchy farts don't put Mira Sport 3000 off, nor your repulsive swollen feet. Mira Sport 3000 won't ask you any questions when you have the onanistic

moment of cretin faced clarity, a feeling not unlike a panic attack, when you realise that you have never, can never and will never be able to relax enough in anyone else's company to allow them to give you this unrestrained, disgusting, feet swimming in piss, repulsed and excited by your own rancid sweat and grotesquely aging body pleasure. The shudder of reality comes not because you don't understand that your sexy partner is quite as fucking horrible and pathetic as you are, but just because if you ever admitted out loud how excited your fallenness makes you you would be lambasted, immediately dumped and/or sectioned.

Machines love you anyway. They love you how you love you. The same stupid thing over and over, they never speak, never a dictum or an impossible demand, an ethical injunction or a veto or base unreason. Mira Sport 3000 sprays out hot water for as long as you can pay for it. Unable to bore you like a beloved, unable to betray you like a lover. Their failures, if they have any, are mechanical and forgivable. You can hate the engineer that takes three days to fetch the shit part that needs replaced, but not the Mira Sport 3000. It would warm you up again if it could. It will again. Just as soon as the unreasonable, unreliable human will arrange it.

The best pleasure I have ever had was with Mira Sport 3000. And it wasn't even sexual. Wasn't even an armpitwank. No sex was involved at all on any level yet it was the best sex I have ever had. It happened more than once, but the first time was the best. The first time I realised what was happening, what Mira Sport 3000 had given me, Jesus Christ I am almost weeping thinking of that moment again, now, those precious moments, years ago, several shitty rented flats ago... I will never, ever forget those moments. I hope that I remember them as I die.

The love was a mechanical failure of the Mira Sport 3000. On the front panel there are two rotary knobs, one for "Pressure" or something which you never turn you just leave on two dots or three dots or whatever the top one is because there is never enough water pressure

to have it be anything more than a drizzly spit anyway. Under the pressure dial is the “Temperature” one. Ten past the hour for summer, twenty past the hour for winter, about a centimetre inside the red bit. And then at the bottom is the On/Off button. When you press the On/Off button on the Mira Sport 3000 it immediately starts squirting out very very cold water, thirty seconds or so later it’s safe to stoop into the limescaly little box.

When you are finished you press the On/Off button again and you have about ten seconds of rinsing time. This is just enough to pop your foreskin back and give your glans a final little de-scale, or you may wish to pull your bum cheeks really wide apart and give your anus a final blast of cleansing, hemorrhoid calming warmth while humming to yourself “If you liked it then you should have put yer bum-ring on it” by Beyoncé. The BumRing Rinse Cycle is a thoughtful inclusion on the part of the manufacturers, but it doesn’t always work. This switch, the “Off” part of the On/Off switch was broken on my Mira Sport 3000 in Leith.

It became broken. At first it had the standard final gerry helmet/ bum-ring cleanse seconds but at some point it stopped doing that. I would turn around, press it, turn to face the door with the water on my back and wait for it to stop. And it wouldn’t. I waited. I thought, the first time, that time had telescoped a little bit, that maybe I was just very tired. I was very tired, but it wasn’t only that. After twenty and then thirty seconds I realised that Mira Sport 3000 had gifted me this time. I was waiting for a machine to tell me when to go, how to go. To go when I was told to go. And it was telling me to decide for myself when to go. It knew that the first press of “Off” was automatically done by my drone brain trying not to be too much later to work. And Mira Sport 3000 said “Be late, don’t work”. No word about bills or earning enough to buy a holiday or a smeg fridge or anything else that no one is really interested in. Nothing of my responsibility to my students or fellow staff or my reputation. It was an explicitly given gift of machine love. “Stay here, with me, a robot. Stay here with no one. Only you and my mild, spitty, drizzly warmth. You have achieved

enough today to merely be awake in this shithole of a world. Out there is your ever increasing debt and stress, you have lost all joy of life and feeling of personality, in here with me it is always the same. Stay here and allow me to love you. I love you.”

I love you too, Mira Sport 3000.

Yasmine.

Love isn't other people, and hell is just one. The one you get locked in a room with at a party in first year because "everyone knows you guys are going to fuck!".

There is politeness and politeness, isn't there? Taking one's clothes off when someone else wants you to seems polite, just like putting them on seems polite when you are going on the bus. It is preferable to be motivated by morality to participate in an activity, rather than to be responsible for engendering of the activity. It is better just to go along with it than to have to try and produce a situation whereby the thing might happen. There is nothing more intellectually, politically and emotionally crippling than actively wanting to have sex with someone. It's like a curse. To beast or not to beast?

When you are locked in a gruesome halls of residence room with someone you know to be sexually attracted to you but who is too polite to ask you to have sex with them, then you encounter a further politeness poser. You know that they know that you know they want you, and they know that you know that they are too polite to ask, and they know that their being locked in a room with you by others is known, by you, to be a consensually organised committee activity at which this one other was if not chair of the committee at least quietly, blushing profoundly delighted and excited by the plan and hoping that it would pass even though they knew all along it would always pass because the other others all wanted something to talk about and the one other to stop talking about me. So then, other requires that I ask, because if I don't, their public cool and committee power will be debased. Their vetoes will be wobbly if they don't get their jam roll at the party. And if I don't ask, they won't. And if they don't (get their jam roll rather than ask) then their friends will tease them for not having gone for it. This IS the nineties you know, they can ASK for that stuff YOU KNOW!

And if they don't ask then I will potentially reject them. And then

we will sit in this room waiting to be let out, dejected and sad and potentially asleep when they burst in later, more drunk and therefore more able for this whole thing than either theythem thor me. And if I do reject them then we might have to talk about this rejection. Not directly, not from me, but the potential power struggle issues this might present at their next flat confab (“totally informal confab”—in-describably important socio-political ultra-caucus).

Having asked, then, and them having responded it is one’s duty to be a bad lover. An at least below par, decidedly so if possible, extra-ordinarily-ordinary-at-best lover. Having steered the conversation around to being conceivably but chit-chattily sexual in topic, a definite dialogue but also always already an offer-as-proposition, in no way and by no means threatening but also with enough heat to be enticing, a light kissy weight rather than a clammy closing clam shell trappy type of pressure, one can hardly then turn out to be an astonishing lover. Having been so careful, having made their asking of the question into yours, having been persuaded into the room in the first place, having let them know that you had also always wondered about that same sexual banality they had cleverly and boldly answered one of your questions by questioning—the most generous you can be is to let em down gently with a nice televisual fuck. Nothing movie like, not making love, not the best come you have ever had, not a multiple orgasm, not a Lady Chatterly job. Just a not even amateurishly sputum lubricated rubber covered fumble. A basic “It feels so nice” cruelty, damning by being precisely nothing more than predictable pudendal/penile praise.

Fantasies about you have nothing to do with you. Your duty to the future of others is politeness. To bring together all of the training of your youth, to choose the precise middle road between BBC sex that no one wanted and Channel 4 sex that no one had. Learning after school is learning how not to make anyone fall in love with you. Learning to make a fool of yourself so that they won’t have to regret that you two were really only very ordinary. When you get out of the room you should take the other half of the E, drink someone else’s

bottle of wine, start on another's bottle of gin and wake up naked in an armchair in someone else's residence sitting room, covered in biro scrawlings while the more able and less attentive people are still awake to tell you that you entered the host's bedroom while he was fucking the they you really loved all along, and that rather than leave, or notice what was happening, you urinated at some length into his chest of drawers. They (the beloved) will never speak to you again, naturally, and the depressive episode which will follow will eradicate entirely from your mind even the modicum of follow-up text message politeness which should have been due to the other (lover). But it is ok, they have a story for caucus, and at least they wouldn't have wanted to fuck you again even if you hadn't become the laughing stock of the party/department/canteen/staffroom/street/city. At least you didn't make noises loud enough that anyone could have heard you, everyone can deny everything, politely.

This hell isn't as hellish as pain or as violence or crime, of course, it would be brutish and stupid to think so. But it is indicative that this hell, this hall hell, this first hall of hell, these first hellish hells, forewarnings of the inertia of love to come. The hell of being responsible for dreams in a prison, of blowing smoke between cells, whispering through a hole in the wall... It is better merely to murmur to yourself "I was, at least, polite." It is better not to sing, even if you are a siren.

Fartfuck

In a cunt throat
orgasm is an endless wretching,
a nauseated bilious cough before
montepulciano and juniper scented vomit
flypaper tongue eroded
almost olfactory, sputum, quim
and brown blood fingers stickily trussed
in days unwashed, moth scented hair
and a cold wrinkled glans, dangling
still, uncovered and later
neatly nestled, then
true love's bittersweet stench
of bowel blended profumo martini
fat arse little spoon, fizzles.

