

A Nasty Chamber
by Fortunate Jwara

*To my daughter, Nina:
the best girl in my world*

*To my son, Lukhulu:
whom I began writing this book was only a seven months old foetus.*

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BURNING BODY

—I wake to a terrible itch in my crotch and wonder where it comes from. It is not like I was fucking last night or even the one before. The truth's I am a horny dog right now. I haven't fucked in a while. Sure, I have masturbated, fantasized about the arrival of my cum, watched porn burning with the desire for the real thing but the tingle still hasn't abated. Every night I glue my face to the screen looking to escape this burning reality. This is how I do it: I search for the actors I like and re-meet them for pleasure. Maybe it is the way that she opens her mouth - her lips are pronounced, curling into different shapes. Maybe it is the way she begs him to rub her clit, the way he spreads her legs apart. But the real aphrodisiac is his low groans as her cunt holds him in and he mutters something inaudible, staring into its depth. The unconscious suddenly foregrounded, a kink in reality, a crease in the smooth sheets of fantasy. An open mouth. An eye rolling about...

—Today I can't even get lost in my erotic musings because this itch is so importunate. I took a wash earlier but that only aggravated it. I am afraid there is something growing - a pus growth thing happening. Soon I'll be walking like a penguin. I can already see the heads turning to what's between my legs. Should I care or not? Everyone has had an offensive smell or gunk oozes - I bet my life on it. For now, my thing is still just an itch. But its hotness is magnifying at a rabid rate, my cunt's walls fast becoming pink flesh too sensitive for any poking. I've even started to dread my next pee. I do not know if I should insert my fourth finger or rather not because even a faint touch down there might make me instantaneously dissolve into claggy, viscous amounts. If this continues, I might never have tasty meat again...

—I can't go on like this.

—The next day, I think about getting some help but I do not have a dime on me. Money is a scarcity in my country, especially for citizens that look like me. More especially for someone who dared the universe to shower them with dark droplets by quitting her job to learn writing. I know my options; the fingers are not a copious count if I think about possibilities to break out of this genital nightmare. I do not have another way to stop this squishy ball growing in my cunt. I must come to terms with the dread of a government clinic. Sometimes one goes in there a little bit sick and comes out of those tightening corridors as a shameful cadaver. But I can't really say I am sick, can I? It's just down there. For some, *there* signifies the whole body but not for me. I have fucked men and still didn't feel them inside my whole body. This thing has a life of its own, sometimes outside of me. It has its own language, like when it is rude and gets wet for someone I wouldn't even greet the morning after, instead deciding to slip out of their bed whilst they are dreaming of me. It imagines on its own, the epitome of defiance. Doesn't feel guilty for fucking whoever. I remember fucking with Dumb Dick, an ex-fuck of mine from about two years ago. I do not think we had very much in common. He didn't even like to read; he'd look at me with indifference as I paged through a book. He was one of those people who believed hearsays from the media reportage sufficed in any discourse. He didn't fit with me - I like to be fucked in the mind too but our genitals were inseparable. A nuzzle between my thighs and the ecstasy would produce a surplus meaning. I'd get so wet it was like my cunt was trying to drown my disgust in its own vile juices. It went on like this for a long time until one day I decided: it is time to set myself free from the tension. But my cunt had other ideas, it decided to stay and continue to play.

—The cunt breathes on its own, dislodged from our thinking. It is only us that feed it all these theories, doused with conventional morality. Only us that show an unwillingness to share juice with others when it would gladly take it all in. But mine is sick now. So, I guess I must think for it and let it greet its own wretched fate. I can already imagine the nurse's inquiry about why it is in this current state. A tinge of mockery there and a mean streak burgeoning. We become like that when our instrument of pleasure hasn't been played enough. We either envy or diagnose. I shall refuse to be judged by this nurse. The disgust in her countenance will only be a careless drawing. It won't leave any stings on my body. The redness in my ears will be a form of rebellion against her harsh utterances but not because she is trying to put me in my place about fucking. I shall tell her that nothing chases away erotic thoughts. And as she examines me, intercourse pictures will be hovering, begging for a view even though we will be saying nothing prurient to each other.

—When I arrive at the clinic, I am proved wrong. The experience is the opposite of what I had imagined. In the reception, a lady who is most probably in her early 30s asks me to write my name in their register. She is polite and smiles at me. I notice the little beard growing proudly on her chin and also the President and Minister of Health's pictures plastered in brown frames above her head. I want to scoff from the repugnance their faces evoke in me but I hold myself back because I need their help. I remember my ex-lover Bent Dick who tried to fuck me in the arse on our first. His curved cock didn't only get stiff and rigid when he was about to cum, it bent like crazy. He told me about a journalistic trip he took to Botswana once. He came back complaining that he had never visited a country whose citizens worshiped their president more - even the hotels, shops, doctors' offices hung a picture of him.

—The reception lady tells me that I'll need to open a file and directs me to the relevant office. I take a pack of stairs - mindful of the potential for the sore to resurge. Downstairs is an open space with a shining silver steel divider rowed into four fours. Adjacent to them is a window with bold letters written FILE REGISTRATION. This second lady is also kind, she asks for my ID and cracks a small talk about a woman who also came here for her blue file because of unswerving abdomen pains. She was pregnant and the outcome of discord between her and her husband resulted in a kick to the stomach. The woman was weeping and kept reiterating, "and he was wearing the only sharp shoes he has." She miscarried an hour ago. Listening to her, I think that working here must be horrid, your imagination must turn gloomy with all the gore, tears, and death.

—It all happens so fast. Arriving in the afternoon was a good strategy. The queue from getting the file is just ellipses. I easily count the dots before me: a woman coughing into her brown handkerchief is before the man lulling a small boy on his lap, and he is before the young girl wearing a crocheted orange hat and playing the candy crush game on her phone. At least my turn will come before that familiar acidic feeling I get when I lose patience rises in my throat.

—Contrary yet again to my imaginings, the physician who is going to examine me is friendly. He has a beautiful smile, hands and a shining head that fascinates me like a mirror does. We exchange waggish pleasantries like friends do when they meet for the first time after a long distance. I hand him the file and feign a comfortable seating on a firm chair. The room has an air of freshness you get at a clinic, hospital or any medical care. That smell of pulverized pills as if they mop their floors with medicine or even spray the air with it. There are endless charts on the walls about every new medical evolvement and I think that it must draining to keep up with all this as I struggle to make sense out of it. My file is new with no historical notes, so he directs his questions straight to what's

wrong. How do I even start? I have a long list of men I have fucked but my cunt decided to betray me now at the one moment when I am not fucking any of them. I woke up with an itch, I tell him. He tells me that he is going to perform a pelvic examination to collect information. He shows me the blue sheeted examining table where I should lie with my shod feet in stirrups and says in an amicable tone that I should make myself comfortable. While he talks to me, he wets the cunt speculum with a jelly like substance. I ask him if he does this with all his patients and he gives me an affected coy smile, tells me that it will feel uncomfortable as it goes in. I want to laugh at the implication but remember that steel and flesh do not go together no matter how small the size of the metal object. I can feel the intensity of his eyeballs behind the thick green frame of his glasses, drilling my hole, enquiring. Perhaps it's time to diminish my hedonic tone and take it to the lowest, where the cunt doesn't have any libidinous story to tell.

—He pushes it in like a cock performing penetration, but the mouth of my womb doesn't cackle like it does when fucking, nor does my cunt's slippery passage open in welcome. This is not a cock. This is discomfort. My cunt is not soggy because this man is inspecting it for masses, tenderness, distention, hernias, or incisions, or any bacteria that might be disturbing its health. He brings a light to shine over his shoulder to adequate illumination of my darkest reaches before he jiggles the instrument then reads the elusive biological language on the screen. A few moments later I am freed from the brutal penetration. He passes me some wipes to clean myself and throws away the blue gloves in the brim-full bin at the corner. Seeing so much trash, I wonder why this examination room doesn't smell of cunt. The doctor clears his throat to grab my attention and delivers his verdict. Fortunately, my situation isn't that bad. I have soap vulvitis. I ask him to explain how this is possible and he asks if I have tried a new soap bar in the last few days. I do not know why I am disappointed by this diagnosis. It's like I had come here hoping to break an abject boundary. This clinic and this physician have nothing bad to offer me. I wanted to take a stand, to spew my irascible insides all over this clinic's administration and also the nurses. The raging victim's image had played in my head. I was going to execute this violent role, surrendering to precision. I was going to shit on the canvas until visual analysis was just a thick smell. Everyone would know that my pain is real.

absolute pleasure is what we wish for. to open our legs wide for compensation. but attaining this pleasure is something else. imminent danger is written all over his hand caressing your neck & both your sighs fusing & furrowing the air. one could even end up with a sore & line up all the lovers in a belt. one by one, distinguish by using signs of mistrust because when the small hole of the cunt has been scarred it is like falling into the swamp? the question we should rather be asking ourselves is what violence means in sexual matters, think about the possibilities of heightening or a deflation of pleasure. if violence becomes eroticized, how does it smudge the concept of consent. maybe it festoons this concept with a great idea of consent as not guaranteed safety, not for as long as one can't read anybody else's mind. it says, consent doesn't close the openness to violation.

sexual asphyxiation intensifies my cum. the physicality of a tight grip on my throat becomes an intellectual & psychological position. i make a sex, a communication. a giggle is all i need to permit continuation or bring things to a halt.

i aim to write about violent sexual experiences in which trauma isn't recapped through physical violence. a spank shouldn't echo abuse, sex is not a war. the vibrations in its resonance should rather keep me awake to continue my erotic anticipation of what's coming next. to be wrenched out of mundane reality to another form demanding total transcendence. pain as titillating.

A BESTIARY OF SMELLS

—During my cunt’s illness I started to compile a bestiary of the nasty smells it emitted. I imagined this as both a medical and literary document. First one on my list is the stench of leaking drains. This specific smell immediately transports me to the streets back home. My mom’s house in Mabopane is on the main road so both local taxis connecting to other townships and those from town pass by. They are notorious for speeding whilst blasting Bacardi music but when they get to our street they immediately slow down and proceed with extreme caution. The drivers are apprehensive of the stretch of the sewage water that relentlessly wells up from the ground in our neighbourhood; shit once flushed away and that coarsely resurrects itself in the collective babbling of the drainage system. The shit stays like that for months, posing a health hazard to the community. Of course, nobody from the municipality does anything about it, the councillors don’t give a fuck about their people once they have voted for them. The only option is thus to avoid direct contact. In their caution, the drivers have dug the tar into gaping potholes. The passengers have also learned to anticipate this nostril awakening encounter and immediately shut the windows. Regardless of these efforts, the shit always prevails, seeping in through the cracks in windows, and splattering the taxi wheels.

—The dull smell of a brimming ashtray also comes to mind. Despite the sickness, my cunt isn’t emitting any smoke like a chimney, but I am still reminded of that kind of smell for a particular reason. I had a lover who was such a frequent smoker that a pack of 20 cigarettes only lasted him a day. He smoked so much an ashtray would be filled in no time. He soon started using beer bottles as an ashtray and kept one behind the door of my apartment for when he visited. He told me I shouldn’t get rid of the bottle nor try to empty it. When it was full, he was going to begin dumping the cigarette stubs in another bottle. My apartment soon assumed a lit cigarette stench even though it was in the toned-down sense rather than the actual smell of a lit cigarette. By the time a seventh bottle was filled, my place smelled like a cigarette factory. I still didn’t feel like emptying the bottles and throwing them away. It was only after we broke up that I realized what he was doing. Those bottles for him were a symbol of our love, of our commitment. We deposited the cigarette stubs after every smoking session, which normally came after we fucked or ate together or wanted to think together. The more this scent didn’t leave the room, the more memories of us lingered and I missed him and wanted him close. I commended him for the way he created the connection between us. I took it as something that was clever. Except now, trying to pinpoint the smell of this pus coming out of my sick cunt is bringing me this memory of a manipulative lover I would rather forget.

—As my cunt is sick, I think of what comes out as a vomit. It is sick and vomiting. Vomit decaying food whose twinge has the same effect on my nose when I open my legs. I am taken to flashbacks of when I am hungover. Teetering to the bathroom queasy driven, leaning with one hand on the wall and the other on my stomach in the position of someone who had just been thrust with a knife. When I am hung over, it feels like I am confronting death. My stomach’s insides feeling shifted, twisting, malfunctioning. I shut the door with my bum and rushed for the bareness in front of the mirror. I knew if I stood there for a long time, my heart would communicate more than my skin. The last time I experienced this, there was shock, a roll of a tear, as I heard a repeated song to accentuate the mood.

TEARING THE CONTRACT

—I love fucking so much but I now know that even if I am desperate, I'll never be with a man who has another woman again. Short Dick was the last one from my list of my fucks who belong to another woman. And this doesn't come from jealousy nor the belief in the structure of heteromonogamy. It's so crooked. I can't endorse the extinction of individuality. The goal is rather freedom. But when I think about the person I was in that passionate affair, I am appalled at how little I cared about the other woman. I weigh my callousness and see that I was deracinated from the senses. Halfway gone into heartlessness - although not fully, because in many ways he made me feel like I was the only woman in his life. He worked very hard at this. And at no request from me. It was only during the few times that he let me in on their relationship that it would dawn on me: I was a mistress. It felt like a game with both of us convinced our game theories were robustly memorized. He kept saying he was in love with me and yet he needed her so much. Maybe this was why when we fucked so good, I brought myself back to life by imagining his sperm swimming up my throat to block my ears. I knew about the dysfunction in entrapment when your world succumbs to someone else's definitions. There is something slippery about a man's cum and marking territory. Your cunt becomes a dwelling for his manhood. It wears the face of an unpleasant smell. I would rather have glimpses of this self who drowns momentarily and spectacularly in his slithering cock through an affair that could end at any time. Rings of certain unpredictability. Blistering yet transforming.

—He didn't need to tell me all about her. But our paths were meant to cross.

—She waited for me to finish my smoke near the fountain. In our office park there were plenty of them. Those silent ones, never daring a spurt. I always went downstairs to smoke during my lunch. I would tell my colleagues I need fresh air. They were mostly in their late 40s, health freaks out of fear of death, judgemental and so that was a pretty good excuse, and I was left alone. She was on the first floor and I on the third of the same building. It was symbolic. She was his first lady, but I had managed to shoot up his nerve system and he was going crazy. His mind eddied about creative ways to profess his love to me. One time, we were drinking at our usual spot near the Joburg Gautrain Station. We usually found our corner created by the red couches against the black painted walls or rushed to it as soon as others vacated our prized spot. The cosiness was undeniable, our eyes curled with every gaze so close to one another. Our breath thickened the texture of the air just as the cosiness gave our rendezvous a colour of uncontrollable hunger and we clung to each other unashamedly. His hand was zealous about roving all the parts below my stomach. When the waiters brought our drinks, it was like they were interrupting a meeting of the minds over writing and pleasure. I was a big chatterer with a constantly lit cigarette and perfectly happy in his presence. We loved this joint even though the music they played was mostly bad. We didn't care much. Pleasing melodies flowed out of our mouths. Our conversations were eclectic, erratic compositions and only cryptic if the question was too personal. He asked for my panty. My cunt was warm and the tingling pulsation of my clit was a rhythm I wanted to dance to. A mild touch on my thighs gave me shivers and my pantyliner soon was a warm moist cotton. He could make me wet from just conversing. The more we spoke, the more throbbing desire to disappear into a sex-centred zone where he could get inside my meat cave rose in me. However, on that day, he wanted to take my panty home. He persuaded my approval by claiming he wanted to use it for one of his artworks.

—Short Dick had become different, he no longer seemed present at home is what she told me, aimlessly burying her fingers into her thick afro. Her unpainted fingernails were long and pointy like

she was raised by witches. I lit another cigarette and tried to listen. I needed the rush of nicotine to better analyse the situation. Her tone was nervous as if she was the guilty one. She was running out of breath like she was doing something she wasn't supposed to do by digging deep into her anxiety and his betrayal. Luckily her teeth didn't close together in the front, so some air made its way in to save her. I waited for feelings of pity to rise in me, but I already was so deep within myself I couldn't hear anything she was saying. Probably because I was too far steeped in righteousness. I was served what I needed: a thrill so strong that it had the permanence of a tattoo. Me and Short Dick's covert escapades felt so good. I was with him to satisfy this thing in my vein-muscles, the little animal that writhes inside of me. I was both breaking and making myself. I wanted to come to a conclusion about myself. I needed one. I guess one only truly knows how good they are when they know how bad they can be. In the end, I didn't want to struggle with the discovery of these multiple selves in me as they espoused the decay of moral codes.

—I was like that little girl dancing in red shoes. The illusion was real, and the rhythm of her steps was a validation. It felt like the world understood our passion and someone was secretly filming as soon as we were together. It didn't matter where I was in the frame, our world was secretly constructed. I didn't say anything to his number one except admitting to the affair. I told her it's not like I was going for the snatch. That part was true and reified over and over again. I was obsessed with him only when we were together, got obsessed with him more when he fixed my copy of Roberto Bolaño's *Woes of the True Policeman*. In that instant, it was like a revelation that a man who knew how to take care of a peeling book would surely treat his mistress with the needed excitement. When he was back with her, there was no need for scratching the earth for my depth in his life. It could've been my defence mechanism, but it sure worked because I always kept the constellations blurry. I could've been mocking her as well, mocking the silliness of women who fold their skirts and dare to ask how long you can stretch your clitoris. My whole body itched for the impropriety, and nothing could stop me. It was only later that I realized that I was there to help someone destroy their own relationship.

—I wasn't attracted to her. He knew this. He'd always ask about the type of women I would engage with him if we were to stumble upon a woman we both liked and wanted to fuck. My descriptions were opposite of his first lady. My response was a ravage to his ear. He knew I was interested in him, purely, with no intensity towards her.

—He said to me that lust is the highest form of love. I wondered if he had fed this bogus statement to her as well. I remember asking him how he had come to that conclusion. He couldn't give what had come out of his mouth any form because for him even the act of lusting is tantamount to loving. To deflate this notion, I said, I would rather be a seductress. Then we debated on what was better, to lust or to seduce. Both pursue in transgressive ways, defying the natural order. A moralist, we both agreed, would think they produce an inaccurate copy of the body of the natural which is cleared from ruin. That is, you would have to corrode the image of love into complete consideration of the next person. Lusting or seducing means propping the next person, thickening your mask for your gain at all costs. It sounded like we were warning each other about the turmoil our set up was inclined to and the one to come out alive had to take notes.

—I listened to our bare backs plastering into each other as we fucked. Short Dick and I. Our breaths mingled until they were knitted into a thick harmony. His hair became wet and the sweat-drops from his forehead fell sourly into my left eye. Everything happened on borrowed time. It was enthralling for that fact. We laughed to keep the things light and lungful, revelling in the freedom to just be. For

the dalliance to continue as transcendental as it we sought it to be, we needed to not take it all so seriously. In this kind of setup, explaining yourself can put you in a place of self-embarrassment, especially when you start imagining grand ideas about your place in the other's life. I, for one, wanted to be removed from the hard borders of that traditional form. So, we were so aware of it happening. The relation and our strange joy. It was the kind of fluidity which paved the air consciously.

—He pounced at me with his lust. His strong emotions were like a bundle of nerves promising to burst out of his chest even though he would try to dismiss them in our post climax chills. I listened and thought about how men sometimes wanted to give you something to hold on to after fucking you hard. I would carry myself with nuance never giving him the full image.

—When we fucked, we investigated each other's bodies, which meant finding new ways to see. Every engagement was a new way to experience the other. Propelled by the emotion of intense desire and pure horniness, I wanted to know myself through him. Maybe that is how I wanted to get closer to him. In my own way. An approach where you scrub the skin with something abrasive to study pleasure and discover yourself. I had stopped considering myself and fucking as two different things. That is how I viewed every intercourse I embarked on: with my legs obviously opening. Opening them, wide enough to feel my mind struggle between placidity and ecstasy. Whichever way the mind decided to puke, I knew that logic and emotion trimmed one another. Sex is not a complete activity; it leaves my other selves hanging, not yet ripe enough to rise and make it to the bedroom. There is a self that emerges when I suck his cock, competing with another which is ready to jump on his cock and gyrate at the waist.

—When he is fucking my arse, I am completely unaware of the world behind me, and I long to turn back and trawl his face for what the insights it can give me into what he's feeling. Disgust or pleasure, I didn't really know where the hole took him unless I saw his face. To see became crucial for me, to be part of what was before him even as the awkwardness of the position prevented it. An interpretation of my cunt as it folded his hard cock in unbolted doors to a gallery of intermingling paintings playing across his face. I wanted to take delight in these canvases, sundry, on them black charcoal, rags sculpted, intermittent sighs, abstract lines running through. Just a knot of ideal representations of thoughts, feelings and exhales.

—Short Dick had told me that he didn't believe in the stance of men who cheat on their lovers while denying certain sex positions because you were the mistress. You know when a guy thinks because you are not his first lady, he can't give you cunnilingus or allow himself to be engulfed by your cunt into the extraterrestrial world of sensual feeling. Short Dick said he wasn't the one to pursue desire under parochialism and saw it to his own benefit to give himself fully into our fucking. The form of the affair was already an inescapable curtailment in how we engaged. We didn't call each other, nor did we text on his phone because of the policy between him and her. It would be risky to try and reach each other. Nor, even on my worst day, would I think he'd drop everything and show up on my doorstep and put his arms around me. He planned his life with her, but his lust was so strong and for both our sake he was committed to conveying that each time I was with him. Our sexual engagement didn't feel like a fractional release. He brushed my cunt with his tongue then sucked me hard like those moments before one meets the pit of the mango. Me and his tongue were in rhythm, his tongue and my hand moving together. I raked his hair as he ate my cunt like it's his favourite lunch. The more his hand reached for my stomach, his tongue still pleasing me, the more I buried my

fingers under his uncombed hair. I can deduce from his performance of giving pleasure, the exact type of a person he is. Things Short Dick wouldn't say to me because I am the other woman. His giving is more about himself than it is about me, he knows when he pleases, I'll most likely go all the way. He likes to encourage you to be at your best by giving and taking even more.

INTERROGATION

—It's the second day after the clinic visit. The pain has subsided. When I pee, that sting has vanished and what's left is that itch. A beguiling one, like when a sore is about to get better. The first scratch feels good and invites you to go even deeper. It is like that overpowering feeling you have when you fuck someone else's lover. You dig through his skin carelessly because it is exhilarating. But mostly because you won't be the one who has to perform the sutural gesture and nurse his wounds. His true lover will be there for him. But there was no lover whose shoulder I could cry on. I'm alone with my pain, a sharp tingling sting like when one breaks the string of a musical instrument. At this rate my bed sheets are going to get messed. For the first time I wished a lover could help me. I can't call anyone. It would be exposure. I am supine, legs apart. I am holding on to the corner of my blanket. Pinching at it as if that will diminish the searing pain.

—The fear of physical pain has ensconced itself at the back of my throat. It has found a home in this tunnel and leaves me suffocating. I'm no good with pain. Janey in Kathy Acker's *Blood and Guts in High School* was just a child, but she could withstand the poison in pain, thrive in it and even build castles in its aftermath. She created beauty out of hurt but I feel like I am disintegrating. When my cunt is suffering, I become unimaginative. I'm used to proudly showing off its features: that clarity in its discharge, that inviting smell of its confident wetness. Not this putridness.

—Janey took the masochistic pain and gave it power. But it is different with me, I am made fragile by mere soap. I've read all the claims about the cunt cleaning itself and still I used the soap, a substance meant to clean but what has it done instead? The irony made the air in my room even more sombre. I want to cry but I can't because my rational mind keeps intercepting my emotions. Any chance of tearing up without including my father is unforeseeable for me. He used to lurk in all my troubles, or I'd simply insert him to fit the occasion. I have partially outgrown the habit but it is still carved in the dark corners of my mind. In my early years of undergrad, I didn't feel bad about mashing and moulding him into all my bad situations. A father that has left you stretches your thinking to always imagine what life would have held had he been there. I wanted to make him a part of my life anyway I could. Whenever I was in a helpless situation, I would use my father's abandonment as a trigger to make me cry. The focus of my sadness was transposed from a certain boy who didn't like me or over a bad mark in my exams to my father's absence in my life. It was a way of killing two birds with one stone except that I never really knew what it was that I was truly sad about. I also began to think those around me probably felt this double meaning of my tears. I enmeshed the past and the present and made it a regular practise. All the stories about my father's actions towards me resurfaced and demanded my total absorption. I was told he had squashed a cigarette on my arm when I was still a toddler, as if my baby flesh were his ashtray. After that I cried so much, I even developed a hiccup as a way to release those emotions scrunched inside.

—When my father died, I didn't cry. It didn't occur to me that he would die so soon without us having reconciled. What was worrying more than anything was the feeling of bareness that arose to me. His death had left me in the open. I wouldn't be able to use him as an excuse for my tears anymore. He was gone and crying for him would be useless. A dead man can't answer for himself. We can only judge the remnants of his actions which is as futile as assembling corn cobs into a dance. Now, I needed to face the pain as it is without diluting it as an escape...

—I knew I was trapped by dithering. I needed to allow myself to feel it - the connection of a blood that was never close, never quite swam together with mine. His death announcement came unexpectedly. In those naïve years I was riding the cock of death. I didn't see it coming. I should've grieved his absence while he was still alive. Maybe it wouldn't hurt as much then. When I was young, I had been told that death looks for you in the end. That you always reconcile with his body before it loses its strength. I suffered even though I had had nothing to do with my father's self-destructive behaviour - just another rumour in the teeth of the community. For years, to absolve myself from the menacing ordeal of my father's death I lifted my beer in the manner one does a muted trumpet in the middle of the night.

—It was only two years later that I wanted to try on something new. I had long deliberated about it. I told myself that I couldn't continue that way. Wild beatings throbbed in my head. Protests from my chest took on allegro forms that caused an incendiary noise. I drank a lot as my logic felt haphazard. I couldn't pin one thought down and give clarity. I was heavy with a bubble yet to burst as tears. For too long, I had convinced myself to not feel anything. I shut myself firmly like tinned food. But it all had to change...

—Being in pain is like learning a new language. Even your expression takes on a new colour, creativity sparks and world building begins. I didn't know that I could groan and bleat out of pain. What I communicated now was me descending into self-dissolution but at least I had finally left my father to sleep in his grave without poking his spirit to give me comfort. The pain in my cunt was mine alone. What was the use of crying for my father when he was dead? What was urgent was the hurt throbbing between my legs. My face took on a tragic expression. Torment took shape in it. I couldn't see it to confirm this, but these walls are my witness. I had to get used to this new language, its modes and limitations like a pregnant woman getting used to not lying on her stomach throughout the journey.

—I think about calling my friend who's a psychologist and confiding my abject state with her. I almost told her last night when she called and informed me that she went for an HIV test. We are back in the age of fucking without a condom. Not scared of making our cunts sick. At least everyone I know is fucking flesh to flesh or trying to get fucked without the rubber. One doesn't get tested because you are truly concerned about your status but to see if you can use a negative result as an excuse to fuck about without the plastic. When the idea of testing surfaced when I was at the clinic, it was countered by telling myself it was better to deal with one problem at a time. Imagine the soul sinking pitch black from two blows of a positive result of HIV and also your cunt sick from STI.

sex, as in writing takes off in the form of self-debasement. this positioning doesn't care about whether you love or hate the person you are fucking. it doesn't cause any tilt in the scale. so it is with the subjects you are writing about.

sex is about exposing yourself even when the layers of concealment are paramount. with every truth the writer aims for, pathological lies are always looming. not in the dark but in the heavy sentences, thick consonants & loose vowels making up the dreary stories.

i deserve this pleasure & i am going to take it. avowed by the erotic object, i am going to nail it down on the page. both sex and writing require a sharp detailing, an acute exaggeration of the self.

SEEING THE THING

—My clitoris takes multiple different shapes as I meet new lovers. It used to be smooth textured and positioned like an innocent wink. The more a new lover pushes its button - stroking it and pressing it down, the further it moves away from that image it last had, taking on a new form. I prefer lovers who understand that my cunt is changeable, you can't dive into it thinking you will get the same reaction as you got from it the last time. I sigh with relief when I encounter a lover who understands sex's subjectivity and also its complexities, its multiple opportunities for boundless learning and boundary breaking.

— I personally can gain knowledge from my clitoris just by looking at it, because of its awkward position I'm forced to do my looking by snapping at it using my phone. Legs wide and the left hand opening the cunt's lips so I can get a good image. I take as many photos as possible so as to have multiple references. Right now, its skin is slightly shrunken and the flesh around it crumpling. This is indicative of where I am, changing and becoming even more complicated. The images I take remain on my phone for the entire day as a reminder of who I am. I once told a lover about my relation to the clitoris, and he said he personally didn't pay much attention to the cunt except during cloitus. Then he watches it keenly and gets even more aroused from seeing his cock sliding in and out, and the cunt getting wetter and creamier by the minute. He claimed looking provided him with a louder and more direct response than the audio soundtrack of a lover moaning. The cunt is the most rewarding sight in the world, as he put it.

—Around the time of my brief engagement with Rapey Dick, my clitoris had been rubbed more than a hundred times, by me and by the fingers of many different lovers. It had known many sensual flows transferred to it by these hands paddling their way through skin and juice. But it managed to stay put. It is small, hooded, doesn't look round or perky. Forget clitoromegaly, my clit is hidden. You must be ardent in your search for it and it requires complete letting go from me. I fucked with Rapey Dick thrice and after that he never heard from me again. Our problems began with penetration, which he did badly. As soon as he was inside of you, he completely erased you. The pleasure consumed him so much, he fucked himself through you. This revealed his selfishness.

—At first, he appeared to be a good lover, drawing me in with satisfactory cunnilingus only to turn me into his fucking doll, a slave that must make him cum. The first three times he started by immersing himself in my clit. First kissing my thighs - a vantage authorized by my supine position, completely naked in both feeling and exact expression. He communicated his desire for me with a firm hand. Then he dived in just as the sun burst through the cream white curtain in his little apartment on Wessels Street. I remember that the window was open and I thought to get up and close it but I was too immersed in the fucking. His tongue was so soft on top of my cunt. Slowly and slowly, it continued to please me, an endless adagio of movement that reached a crescendo just before he dropped down to the perineum and licked there, pulling my labia and drinking from my ocean.

—He didn't rush to enter me (which, when the moment came, I regretted). He moved up again, pulling my outer labia with his lips. His mouth locked on my cunt, like it was a calabash quenching his thirst. I closed my eyes to swim in the pleasure awakened in me by his tongue circling the clitoris.

—But when he stuck his cock inside my cunt, everything changed. He instantly metamorphosed from being a gentle sucker to an uncontrollable beast. He took on a savage countenance and spread my

legs apart as if I were a gymnast. He shoved it in with violent force and rammed it against the mouth of my womb. Hallucinations engulfed my mind, but reason quickly resurfaced as he whispered in my ear, "take it, it's yours." Then he pulled his cock out so its head could explode his desire on my clitoris. He then proceeded to beat my poor clit with his head before inserting his thick cock back into my cunt. The sides of my cunt shrunk back and I felt the wet dissipating. My juices soon became a dessert with dry flakes on the outer rim. This didn't stop him from whispering "I am almost here. Please take my filth." Without so much as a pause he was on top of me again, pounding at it as if it was his last fuck ever, as if he was getting lynched the following day. To make matters worse, he didn't even bother to round it off in a beautiful way. Instead, he just shot his hot cum while still pushing his cock in hard and fast paced. My cunt shrivelled up and my grey matter took over. I was no longer feeling his cock but rather note-taking this vignette.

—The second time I saw him, I found myself starring in the same pornographic act. Again, he drew me in, promising eroticism that quickly turned into pure savagery. He clearly didn't care about my cum, only his. The third time was the last straw. The scene was the same, repeating itself with no room for improvisation. After that, I didn't even feel the need to say goodbye to him.

because the experience of sex is subjective, your filth is not my filth, it could even be my beautiful, & in such a way that even when we are both sharing the filth, the levels depend entirely on our individual imagination, on how far do we go in the feeling, impulse & the totalities of our own madness.

because it manipulates even the mad, as a way of being, a shaped worldview, according to the feeling & our own far-fetchedness, on how much we are willing to detach. it should not be treated as separate to any kind of expressions we make. naturally, it tags along with all our expressions. you don't come to the madness, the mad is you, becomes you.

because i argue against arousal as the primary instinct for the erotic i am rather for this: can we say that one is truly undertaking eroticism if they are ONLY filled with pleasure assumptions? arousal comes with a certain belief of what pleasure should feel like hence one salivates.

for whatever comes out, the best, perfect thing that may fail to materialize, the label itself, questioned, BASED on what we carry on the inside in relation to what the other carries outside. masturbation: EVEN! the flashback of what stood out (for you) ... but in relation to what the other prompts. the creation of the new image, entirely based on what the other object conveys... transition... our minds, our creativity is one, working together to imagine the reaction of the other as very important & encouraging them to continue to construct the image.

whenever those fucking feel like there are moments of horrific acts, they are interspersed into the relation. how do bodies relate? the slightest injustice each may indicate, is purely because of the language these two bodies base their interactions on. a hard spank tolerated in the beginning guides the doze of the spanks following & throughout the interaction. the form of expression is erotica itself, always. when we express the discomfort, i can say, is the erotica, it is grabbing the thigh, pushing it back, pleasure-maddened and laden with what you're feeling as could be sustained or brought to a halt but still the language remains about the nitty-gritties of the sexual. i don't see the horror as something you pour into this perfect sexual image, moving, the photomontage itself has horror only subjective to the viewer and the ones experiencing it & in constant negotiation guided by their feeling. WRITING, MAKING AN ART. a creation that is inextricably bound up with life: shot-by-shot but still speaking to the integral, body of work: FUCKING.

FRAGMENTED FIGURES

—I feel free as soon as I hang up the phone. I finally decided to call my mom and tell her what was going on down there. My mom and I have gotten to that stage where she is my big sister who can hear anything about me except if it's related to the fucking. I know this itch in my cunt should be a secret from her as it's a giveaway to what we don't talk about openly, but I have seen my mom help so many people who come to our house. They come with stress pasted on their faces, enter our gate and, with a plaintive voice, ask the receiver - which is either me or my older brother or younger sister, if mom is available. They appear es'godlweni samaThongo haggard and come out different people. Mom always ascertains that melioration can happen if one truly believes in it. Even though we lived in the township, my mom has kept her isigodlo samaThongo as traditional as a Zulu hut. It is behind the main house, built from mud and wearing a thatched roof. It doesn't have a concrete floor, so we use cow dung instead to keep it fresh. When I was growing up, my sister and I used to go from block to block in our township, scavenging for dung. On some days this task took us the entire afternoon. But on the days when we got lucky with the shit, we would load it in the blue bucket and head home triumphant. Whenever the floor started to look pale, we would mix it with cold water and apply the dung using our hands as if it were polish. At first, it was laboursome considering the smell and the thought of a cow's shit nestling on your nail's bed but over a period, we began to enjoy doing it. We even got creative, embellishing the somewhat insipid activity by carving symmetrical lines that transformed the floor into an intricate work of art.

—People who came for help entered barefooted, sat on the grass mat and waited for my mom's instruction. My mom's demeanour changed when the aura of communicating with the dead took over. Being obedient to your gift requires you enter a different dimension, understood only by a few. She began to burp loudly, repeatedly as if rocks were cracking on a high cliff. A few moments later, she would become calm again, ready to begin her work.

—A yellow candle was always lit and laid on the floor beside her. The smell of incense was so strong it clung into your clothing. Before she began, mom would don her collar made from animal skin and speak to her ancestors pleading for their guidance. Whoever came to see her had to place a couple of hundreds on the ground and blow on the bones sack before she scattered them on the floor for her reading. She pointed at each bone and with great care gave you the full picture of your troubles with the prowess of a freestyler. She didn't advertise her work in pamphlets like those witch doctors who perform cock enlargements or promise to tighten your cunt in big bold green letters. Still, people came to our house in numbers. Oftentimes she sits from 8am until 6pm. My siblings and I soon realised we would always share our mother with her children from the outside world.

—My mom mostly helps women and I don't know much about their problems because mom is more likely to share the philosophy of how to make umuthi than divulge her clients' issues. Although I do remember one slip of the tongue when she was visited by a young, newlywed woman who was accompanied by her mother whose bulging eyes stayed with me. They were big as a bird's egg, although not as fragile as they were anger-filled. It seems the son-in-law had started sniffing a new panty only six months into the marriage. The panty belonged to their neighbour, and the sniffing happened in broad daylight. My mom told me that she had witnessed the death of wife's spirit as she pointed to the black bone, reading and explaining to both that the husband was indeed giving consecutive fucks elsewhere. My mother was a vivid storyteller and told me that the poor woman looked as if she received a blow like when the ocean slaps you hard and throws you roughly off to

another side of the shore. In sodden breaths, she had apparently muttered something about how she had noticed the community eye stinging her when she waited by the stop sign for a taxi to Mabopane Station. Her neighbours didn't say anything but goggled at her - some lowering their voices when they passed nearby told her everything. It became clear that the husband's fucking was on everybody's lips.

—What do you advise in such a case? I had asked. I was keen to know how my mom went about addressing the selfishness of this husband who could easily be dubbed Coyote Dick. Even though I had seen the young wife's smudged posture and heard her semi-coherent voice when she asked for a glass of water at the end of her consultation, I still didn't feel sorry for her trusting arse.

—My mom said that she asked that they bring a picture of the husband and this neighbour. My mom was going to put these two pictures in a glass bottle. The husband's picture would be placed facing the mistress' and she'd put a frog inside the bottle together with sprinkles of umuthi weschitho. This medicine was very fine and shone like a brown snake's skin. My mom took her time when she ground her herbs. She pounded them, from wood to a fine powder that made her sneeze as it rose above her face. As she sprinkled the medicine, she would curse and rebuke the union of the husband and his mistress, swearing that the two would soon split. She proclaimed that they were to hate each other's guts and the scoff in her voice made me believe she was indeed capable of bending reality. Then a hole would be dug and the bottle buried inside in the earth. She would close the hole quietly so as to not invite passing-by pupils. Once buried, the frog would suffocate, the warmth of the soil hugging it to death. When the frog was about to die it would exhale a shaft of lightning so powerful that it would separate the adulterous pair and ensure that they would never want each other again. Why a frog? That question lingered in my mind without making it to my lips. All I knew was that a frog was an unwanted vertebrate, whose sight struck fear into some. This hostility to amphibians was always present. From a very young age, every time a frog tried to enter the house, we'd rush for the broom to strike it or chase it out.

—I moved out of the house after leaving my job to learn how to write which I mostly do by fucking as much as I can. I'm basically one of those writers who use their own life as material. My mom doesn't approve of my life choices. While she still sees me as usually a good daughter, me quitting my job seemed to her an irrational decision, contrary to the childlike need every parent has to see their child happily taking part in this capitalist system and thriving with numerous accolades for their hard work. I remember that day she found out, she summoned me to her room. Not yet knowing why, I looked straight into her eyes to try gauge her frame of mind. Her eyes were cool as pearls. I did not say anything until she asked if there was something I had been keeping from her. There I was naked in front of her, a thing that can't possess secrets of its own. My disclosed secrets were somehow in the open as I sat on her bed. Any critical unbelief I had regarding her foretelling vanished in this moment of bareness. The truth is my mom could sense things around her with the precision of a running clock. Her premonitions were undeniably factual; any sour turn of an event or secret always emerged in her consciousness as if it was trying to liberate itself. Except that bad things remained and spiralled as bad things with a little chance of changing. What I didn't understand was why, if she could feel and see what would happen, did she still react with the great disappointment of someone without the gift of prophecy? A conundrum that could be posited about God. If God is truly against perversion, why did he create mankind as he did - unless of course God is a twisted sadist.

—I am trying to say that my mom's disappointment at me leaving my work to learn how to write was highly magnified even though she had sensed it days before. I am also trying to say that telling my mom about my cunt felt obligatory because she would find out anyway.

there is a risk when we read objects & acts at a cursory glance. sex involves the language of acting upon an itch but later there comes the act of tracing the body at no-hurry pace. this language is constructed by a tongue and articulations that don't shy away from the vocabulary of attitudinal openness sex requires.

we see what's in front of us & spurts of desire or repudiation broaden the space to think & write from: when i am holding the base of the cock, about to have it all in my mouth, i am already writing about it.

concupiscent urges propel us to the pursuit of fucking, eventually. but a single erotic object can truly say that they are comfortable with other erotic objects not from this point of wanting to pursue this urge. the abandonment of clothing is undeniable when fucking but comfort in sex come doesn't come only from this concept of nakedness but when the concept of shame or restraint is irrelevant or counterproductive. when kneeling before him naked doesn't read as cowering.

what do we do when the magnetism of another exerts a strong pull? we try to remove ourselves from the corrosion to feel the movement - become bodies of the sensual faculty.

sex is to create & remember; writing is creating the remembered.

FLOATING FORMULA

—I call and arrange to meet up with the psychologist at our usual spot in Hatfield. Tommy's looks dingy when you first arrive and that's because it is a little bit dingy, but that just adds to the personality of the place. Long wooden benches and tables, tacky collage wallpaper with pictures of pop rock icons and band logos on top of the red and black walls. The friendliness of bartenders uplifts this rustic outlook into a super casual environment. It is a fun place to go to wind down and connect with open minded people. Their drinks are strong and priced well. There is no judgement on what you wear, eat, or even with who you are with. Everyone is accepted as long as you show some interest in the music which is usually golden rock and on special nights like Fridays and Saturdays, progressive house. Dancing on the wooden tables in the evening is a common student attraction which is usually embraced by everyone in a cheerful extolment. I mean even gawks come out of their shell and clap as the twerking begins - bums like buckets in a well, backward and forward in the open.

—Their weekly specials are a good quality and why you also find a lot of young working professionals who mingle easily with the students. I have come alone on many occasions and still had a great time smoking and drinking and making new friends. Tonight, we sit at the table next to the bar. We are not far from the passage leading to the toilets, so we see and hear giggling as girls disappear to the pee and shit room in pairs or trios. Personally, I don't view public toilets as friendly spaces to bond with friends over drunken laughter - it's an aversion fuelled by reading Charlotte Roche's novel *Wetlands*. In the novel, the lead character Helen makes herself sick by obsessively plopping herself down on dirty toilet seats. It seems she is enticed by the smacking noise her cunt makes when she pressed it on the white plastic; the sucking sounds as it slurped up all the pubic hairs, droplets, splotches and puddles of various shades and consistencies. In the book, she partakes in this strange ritual for years, until she develops haemorrhoids. That text gave me a grisly feeling that I still cannot shake, especially since my cunt got sick.

—Usually, when I am in the mood for drinking and smoking, not even lightning or thunder can stop me but tonight I think it's better I smoke more than drink. I don't want to have to constantly be running to the bathroom to pee. I take out my small purple toiletry bag stuffed with smoking contents - cigarettes, sheets to roll weed, old lighters which have run out of life, weed seeds and matchsticks. I take out two sheets, the weed-crusher and prepare to roll, a skill I learned from Dumb Dick as we had mostly high sex. As I roll, I am careful not to drop any as it is a disrespect to the herb. The bar is offering a special for what they call, the Apocalypse Drink - a very strong Vodka, pineapple juice and crushed ice. Double glasses go for R50 before 7pm. Tuks students keep bustling in a jovial mood. Conversations flow free in this liberal space. It is so easy to eavesdrop on some black students who think they have an inherent depth for talking about experiences of racism in high schools and map this discrimination so loud as a matter of catharsis. They enjoy yapping with their drinks up in the air, castigating prejudice with a twang. They talk about this concomitantly hugging their white friends which makes me wonder if that's their way of keeping them in check.

—As soon as I am done rolling two fat joints, we go outside to smoke. I don't understand the rule of cigarettes being allowed inside but not weed. A white couple in their late 20s joins us and it is immediately a cordial puff and pass. The woman keeps swinging the left tip of her brown vintage cardigan whilst tucking her curled hair behind her ears which proves to be a futile task because they dangle back to their position of optimistic waves. Probably a habit like aimlessly playing with change

in the pocket. She cuts in to finish her man's sentences as if she was thinking the same thing and I note again the creation of a unit typical in heteromonogamy. Aspiring for uniformity is always rampant amongst couples. Feelings are always naked for the other to analyse like you are both data on the scatterplot. The more we pull from the joint, the more open we all become to just share whatever we are thinking. We talk about a lot, where we are from and what we do. The doing part for me... I just want to write, which is what I tell them. We also talk about the giant graffiti of a green snake on this black building opposite us and at some point, someone says that people are snakes. Both the psychologist and the white woman don't agree with this. I feel like the man and I are communicating telepathically, something larger than this moment and my cunt's reaction takes me by surprise when I feel its walls getting warmer. I am brought back from the short passage of daydreaming when the psychologist asks how long they have been together as the smoke rises between her spectacles. A dry cough shoots out of her mouth and she tries to cover it before passing the joint. We all issue a vague chuckle because we know her cough means she is about to get super stoned. The white woman tells us they met five years ago at the annual Brooklyn Mall Charity Vintage and Collectables Fair, sold and bought old clothing and previously used cutlery then spent their evening flirting over drinks then fucked on the same night in the toilet and never left each other's sight. "No, she is an amazing partner," the man concludes whilst rubbing his goatee beard then pinching her waist. The psychologist takes some time to follow up, that moment when we aren't sure if we were actually paying attention to what is being said anymore and the awkwardness fills the air. The weed is taking us to different strings and spectrums but somehow I hear myself saying to them "I like your style... Your love story I mean." They thank us for the session and the four of us head back inside. We watch them shower each other affection, the man lightly spanking her arse as we follow behind.

—Luckily our seats are still empty. As soon as we sit the psychologist raises her hand for a waiter's attention and I lit a cigarette. I like doing that: smoking weed and using the cigarette to heighten the feeling even more. I like how it intensifies hearing and sight - the sound of your footsteps on the creaky floor is suddenly too loud and the streetlights seem to decorate the dark like gravitated stars. On the last drag, I think about telling the psychologist about my cunt irritation. Vulnerability is a healthy mind state, I tell myself.

—Our order of four shots and the Apocalypse special arrive. The psychologist downs two shots at the same time and I only take one. The two boys next to our table make eye contact and the psychologist nods at them. I tell her that soon they will be here pecking at our shoulders and wanting to be kissed. She doesn't respond to me immediately but scrabbles about her green bag. She glosses her mouth then pouts at me. "Are my lips ready?" She asks playfully, and we laugh. The faint freckles on the cheeks and nose are illuminated by the light from the bar. I have always loved the way her eyebrows stretched and almost meet in a wavy line on her nose-bridge. Visible under the thin steel frame of her glasses. We decide to be direct and stare back at the boys, alerting them that they are the topic of our conversation. Taking back control from the male gaze. I tell her that the one with a red t-shirt and orange socks and big lips looks like a good kisser. The psychologist breaks in immediately before I can finish telling her that I am open to kissing new lips tonight. "But what if he's not a good kisser at all? And you know for me, it would be unethical to lie to a patient. The most important thing is to do what's in the best interest of the client." I frown at her and ask, "are you being serious right now?" Sometimes she referred to her lovers as clients like she would to her analysands. I always wondered if she was prone to trying to fix her lovers too. "Lying to them

wouldn't be a way of helping them get out of this dysfunctional behaviour but I'd be entrenching it." She then laughs and looks at the boys again. I love kissing, I tell her, not only as a great icebreaker but as an emotional language. I speak with my tongue and each kiss I encounter is different. It's like being immersed in a new language. Connecting with someone else isn't an easy thing, but when it happens it gives me goosebumps. "And you think these two clumsy boys will understand that? Look at them, these are just children. But anyway, why is kissing so important for you like that?" She asks, her loud voice is competing with the hoarse beat of the Rock's music. I could easily say that it's because I like making every chance at something bigger than it is. I just don't feel like saying something that will ruin our night. "My cunt is sick and that's stressing me... I do not know why? Because kisses are nice." I suddenly feel a sense of self-consciousness grating me. I am becoming like those people who think alcohol is for confessing things you wouldn't open your mouth about when sober. I need to distract myself by pointing to her that the boys are now winking at us.

—The night continues like this, with us letting the alcohol plunge down our throats and wash our insides. It's nice to be out and dancing, talking gibberish with people you care little about and most probably won't see again. Not in the same way anyway even if you did. We are not asking for love or pity; we are letting the selves reveal whatever we are feeling without any prevention. We are living our desires. It is nice to forget caution - like swimming into the body of a dream.

TWO DREAMS

—There is a voice instructing me in the dream. It infiltrates my sleep, and I feel like my ears are burning so hotly that if you inserted an earbud, it would come back singed. The voice's sobriety is strident: it wakes you during the night. As it speaks, your eyes try to blink. Of course, there is nothing new about rapid eye movement, irises are just fluttering birds under your eyelids during sleep. But in this dream you can't blink. Your eyes are glued open. You watch yourself get out of bed, like watching a character in a movie. You see yourself fetch the pair of scissors you keep on your bedside table, walking like someone in a trance. You see yourself take a seat on the edge of the bed and kick off your panties. There is nothing erotic in this movement, rather it seems rushed and awkward. Next the movie-character-you moves the scissors down to their genitals. You want to call out but it's not possible. Your lips have vanished. You are all eyes, as you watch yourself snip off your clitoris. You perform the action clinically, as if it's a medical procedure. Next thing, you are back in your body, watching the severed clitoris writhe on your left palm like a lizard's tail. Terror floods you and you vainly try to stitch it back with staples. Your chest is on fire from the self-inflicted pain.

—The voice continues to speak; next it tells you to pick a knife and use the blunt side to scrub all your tongue's dirt into a small bottle. The voice instructs you to go deep, to scour all the dirt from the root of your tongue, just before the darkness of the throat. To go deeper until you feel the gag approaching. The voice's final instruction is that all this dirt must be stored in a container. You use an empty Vaseline's bottle and you shut your mouth's unspeakable gunk on it. The last image is the bottle growing bigger and bigger until its lid bulges.

—Your head hurts from the imagery flashing in kaleidoscopic patterns. In one image, you are grinding a huge wad of chewing gum between your teeth until your jaws ache. In the second image, you are sucking a cock. You give yourself over to the rhythm as your lips envelop it, and you think maybe you could chew it too? Or not. Instead, you wait for its cum to start firing sketchily in your mouth so you can spit it back into the cock owner's face. You want to see his furious expression as you wipe it off your lips. His face is of an unfamiliar figure not any of the Dicks you have fucked. You reason if he can't stand the smell of his bum crack, why would you swallow his inner liquid? But the bastard takes too long to let it out in this dream - is it because he is drunk? Maybe you are not bitchy enough today. You want to laugh but your mind is almost a black hole from all this thinking.

—When I try to open my eyes, the blankness endures. I feel like I am in different combinations of dysfunctions. A sharp pain promises to split my forehead and my eyelids are heavy as if swollen from crying. My ribcage aches like I was someone's punchbag last night. There is also stinging pain shooting down my throat, I could cough my insides out. Although the dizziness is clogging up my senses, the sight of my bookcase brings me back to my room. I pat the other side of the bed, and nothing is there. I am alone, the psychologist slipped out of the bed the way we slip out of our one-night stands.

pay attention to how desire, sexual expressions are written. look closely at words that go beyond the mere ease of names & their ready meanings but rather go for those that try to define the thing by the effect it has on you (it is not good or healthy or extreme erotic by name/instant recognition or relatability but the feeling it gives you.) the act of kissing is not a prelude to sex, but it is a sexual act on its own and that gives kissing a new definition.

words are flexible things; we give meaning to them by the way they make us feel. just because it is clear to see what the word is, doesn't mean we should not seek to complicate how we are told this way or that way is the correct way to feel about it.

words are wild things; they sprout like vegetation - like nature. words have a depth unreachable even by the most knowing. words carry vulnerability & they always ask for more from the person reading them.

words... do not write them (sex), write the essence of them (sex) the feeling of them (sex).

DO NOT ORDER A WHORE

—When I broke up with Dumb Dick I was in a state of disorder. My mind was locked in one of its ceaseless deliberations. I held endless meetings with myself with no external voice to mediate the conversation. I could hear myself assuming different points of view and debating the decision I had taken, weighing it against how lonely I was without his cock. These voices had formed an obstinate crowd in every corner of my mind. His cock was good for me, even though I couldn't stand his decomposed brains. He didn't hide that fucking me was his favourite activity and leaving him suddenly didn't seem like such a good idea anymore. Was it a rejection of ecstasy on my part? Alas, flashbacks of our fucking consumed my mind. I couldn't stop seeing us fucking in various positions. How we made the ordinary odd by altering its outlook and form. My clitoris' button twitched in a strong persistent pulsation. My thoughts kept replaying the scene when we fucked on the folded brown blanket on the floor. I had kneeled into a perfect doggystyle, both my hands grabbing the ends of the blanket. We had started kissing. Sprinkles of the red wine we had drunk earlier decorated the floor. We didn't stop even after the loud shatter as our bodies crushed the wine glasses into smithereens. The glass splitters and the darker hue of the red wine stains transformed the scene into an abstract painting. The beautiful mess made me even more horny. I reached for his bulging cock and rubbed it to alert him that I wanted to swallow him. Right then, the fucking didn't feel as mere fucking but an artistic technique to later be translated as a story.

—We wanted to go further, beyond just the glorious pound. Avidly, we searched for what could arouse even more frenzy.

—He parted my arse cheeks with one hand while the other massaged the forehead of his cock positioned right next to the mouth of my cunt. In return, I bounced my arse cheeks slaving in anticipation of what was about to happen. He couldn't resist the invitation any longer and he slid his cock in. Its strength transported me into another realm, and I remember begging him not to stop going at it. I wanted to cum and could feel the orgasm approaching. I listened to the rhythm of his fat balls ricocheting on my cunt as he pounded into me. I wanted to grab them and pull them to my clit. I wanted them to substitute the finger rubbing my clit when I was cumming...

—Fuck it, these memories made me think maybe I should taste another meat soon. Maybe this desire was why I got involved in a brief tryst with a girl whom I now think only wanted me as a band-aid. Wrapping Pussy and I had met at some youth development event hosted at the Manhattan Hotel next to the Pretoria Gautrain Station. Later we found out that the lady who hosted it was a con artist. She had made us believe in dreams that she knew very well were not going to be stirred by reality. Pretoria is full of con artists; they take you in with make-belief and promise to solve all your stupid problems. But I never thought I would meet a charlatan who preyed on young souls who are still learning to spread their wings. She had registered a non-governmental organization and named it South African Youth Centre. This organization claimed it would create a space for young women and men to meet, share skills, develop programs and run them. The fundraiser was held in support of this program. Those in attendance came from diverse backgrounds: accountants, marketing people, emerging lawyers, graphic designers, filmmakers and many more. I was there as a writer who would soon be given the role of content creator. I was going to run the website for the organization, producing articles and blogs for traction, coalescing words that sell things otherwise

deemed useless. I was weary about it. The work came with specific instructions and endless guidelines. There would be little room to thread wildly as the restrictions barred any personal touch, locking the gates of one's imagination and leaving me sitting on top of the key, hiding it from myself. I was to sit in the boardroom munching breath mints in the politest way and brainstorm ways to uphold the brand and come with strategic components that would raise awareness regarding its mission. The writing was always secondary. I was deeply conflicted about spoon-feeding readers, explaining the obvious and letting the reader dictate your writing. But I stayed, I do not know why. I guess I was writing. And then there was Wrapping Pussy who I met at a fundraiser...

—Wrapping Pussy ran a start-up packaging company. She sold all types of packaging material for other businesses who needed to seal their products. Wall stock boxes, document cores and caps, bubble wrap rolls, disposable bags in bulk, plastic jars, kraft paper. She spoke a lot about perception as a point of entry. According to her, customers were most likely to purchase your products if you packaged it in an attractive manner. People buy what they see. Of course, my countless cunt snaps were testament to my belief in the power of visual cues but for me it was about the raw image not how it was packaged. As she spoke, I wondered if book covers had a similar effect. She believed her rhetoric the way all entrepreneurs believe in their power to make you spend money you had not aimed to spend. I tried to explain to her that I seldom bought books solely based on their covers. She didn't get me. In her response, she ran her mouth like a good capitalist. Head and stomach full of air. She said that she never understood the destructive impulses we artists possess. She claimed it worked against our success. I remember that as she spoke, she poked her nose with her pointy nails. Her drivel had the same consistency as her snot. But I kept quiet, suppressing my disgust, because somehow, I could sense that as much as the fart coming out her mouth was foul and pungent, she was trying to impress me. She didn't know that sometimes you simply can't outwit the intuition of an artist, it's just that we let things play out, usually for our benefit.

—Soon, I was her project. She wanted to prop me up, fix me, package me into something that was less destructive. She wanted me to stop writing with my cunt but with a cheque in mind. Her imagination made a box where she could isolate me. According to her, I would have to assume the compartment of money-making people even though their currency didn't care about how a story came alive. But most importantly, above everything else, she also wanted to fuck me.

—During this time, I also had a thing going on with Virtual Dick. He was a writer I met online. We had started by talking about all things literary so fucking obviously came up. Fucking, we did. Fucked many times in our own respective spaces and far away from each other. It was all done via our computer or cell phone screens. It didn't take long to get to know each other. We browsed each other's bodies with mutual yearning, appreciating what was on the screen without judgement. Thing is, I didn't have to try hard to make an impression. Unlike Wrapping Pussy, Virtual Dick wanted the ugly raw aesthetic of my body without packaging enhancements such as lingerie or dripping oils. My flesh was enough in its natural form.

—When he called, he usually had two things in mind. Firstly, to speak about all things literary and secondly to see my naked body. He spoke against the dryness in this country's literary scene, lambasting everyone whose writing he viewed as shit. It didn't matter if you were a professor, a doctor or an amateur, you received the same treatment from him. Shit writing was shit writing in his

book. As an added bonus, he would give a detailed explanation of why he thought the shit stank. Listening to him was watching the gist of a stream of consciousness style come alive. The flow in his thoughts moved from one idea to the next via free association. He was also inclined to strange imagery like telling me that he craved choking me whilst his cock vomited its inside into my mouth. I was like a fly on the wall, watching his mind follow its thought process. When he took a pause, I also took a pause. When he flowed, I flowed, flying alongside his flow, careful not to let the sound of my buzzing wings impinge. As he spoke, I saw myself in opposite extremes: fucked hard, raw, and rough and then being taken slowly the very next moment, tender loving... and then thrown against the wall again.

—If I issued so much as a perfunctory nod he would ask, “what was I saying again?” and if I didn’t respond immediately, he would switch narratives, saying he felt like reading something to me, but only if I showed him my tits first. Behind him on the screen were all types of books, empty beer bottles, weed naked on a cardboard, balls of piled clothing which could either be washed or unwashed and some clutter the camera couldn’t capture properly. He said he would pick any book in close reach and then read and then we would talk about it. I didn’t hesitate at this invitation. With a nice comeback, I fixed my bosoms at the right angle for them to be stark naked for his naughty eye. If I shifted, he would request that I make them visible again to encourage his reading and mutter something coaxing about their beauty.

—Sometimes he called me after drinking the whole day at the shebeen. Drunk and ranting, he said, adding he wished it was possible to record the flow of the dialogues there, claiming that it was hard for a writer to give voice to the psychological state of live drinking sessions. According to him, the topics were unimaginable to an outsider, you had to be there to gage the shebeen worldview. After this monologue he got naked in front of the device’s camera and let me watch his cock dance about. It was a casual undressing like we were old lovers freeing themselves from the skin-tight embrace of the day’s clothing. His cock was flappy and placid. He said I held the power to make it whatever size I wanted it to be. I would watch this small thing move, left, right, harboured between two parallel pillars of flesh. Side to side it moved in a two-beat sway as if controlled by a metronome. With each beat, it landed softly on his skin like a welcomed nudge. I didn’t complain at it just hanging, its potency quashed. Above it, a paunch was emerging from his beer-drinking and the tips of his dangling dreadlocks were on his chest. I commented that his soft cock hid his balls. They lurked behind it like shrunken moons recently drained. Next, I started talking dirt to the cock as if it had ears and a magical rise appeared slowly. When it rose, it did so askew. I noted its obstinacy and persisted like a scholar rendering an important argument. I took my time before I slipped off my panties. I waited until the swinging cock’s image grated my brain into a horny rage. I was amplified - my feelings were in a duplex. The pour in my cunt made me crave for our tongues to mingle.

—Wrapping Pussy knew about Virtual Dick because he once called me while I was visiting her. She stayed in Arcadia in one of those squat apartment blocks near the Union Buildings. It was a concrete square covered by rich foliage that rose from the building’s foundations. She shared the flat with another girl who was into filmmaking and photography. I thought this was probably where she got all these ideas about artists being good at shooting their own feet. The visits soon became frequent; a good way to pass time when I wasn’t getting fucked or reading. Sometimes we went to lie on the grass outside and stared at the silhouette of the Union Buildings. One time we got high and

ventured out to the Mandela Statue at the entrance and casually asked Madiba if he was proud of the pervasive stupidity of the rainbow nation he birthed. He didn't answer back. The nearby trees continued to stand still besides us hailing him in a weed stupor. This gigantic steel figure didn't stir any emotion in me unlike when I knelt with my mom and spoke to my ancestors. In their presence, I seethed with deep feeling and my pores opened for me to get lost in the trance of my own imagination. We rather laughed at Mandela's mute response...

—The three of us had been taking gin shots from the late afternoon into the evening and sipping on ciders. The film girl was there on that visit and we formed a fervent trio. Talking mostly about money, men, film and books and rolling joint after joint. Dark emotions were promising to rip my chest open so my heart could jump out. That was how Wrapping Pussy made me feel, like death was near but I didn't let that stop me from immersing myself in the atmosphere. When Wrapping Pussy got tipsy, she started stripping off her clothes in front of us. We didn't say anything but watched very fixated on her next move. She folded a couple of hundred rand notes and put them on her cunt. Her cunt was one of those with long lips and I was convinced that these rands were going to settle in nicely with plenty of protection. She finished inserting them and said she was investing her money in the hope of making a profit. We watched quietly as her elongated lips swallowed the currency. I noticed her flat arse, wide waist, and very small breasts with very pronounced dark nipples like FM radio knobs. She had just said something about wanting to have a fucking rich energy when Virtual Dick's call popped on the screen. I disappeared to her bedroom to speak to him and was greeted by walls pasted with financial statements. I approached one and I saw its title written in a bold red. I squinted to make sure I was indeed reading what I thought. I scurried through it, seeing that it was a calculation of the profit one could make if they sold a number of books at an exorbitant price. At that point, I knew that I was in serious trouble, but I kept my cool. I told Virtual Dick I wasn't at my apartment and that I was still horny from the previous night when he stroked himself until I saw his sperm ducts fired at the screen. That night both of us wanted each other so badly. We had created extra visual stimulus by deliberately applying filmic techniques to our pleasure. We organized our respective nudes in the frame in a way that intensified what the other truly wanted. For him: my breasts, the hole of my cunt, my stomach and my hips. But tonight, Wrapping Pussy's bedroom decor was impinging on my creativity so I told him I had to go but that I would ring him when I got home. He told me he was going to head back to the shebeen for some more drinks and if I thought about him, I should stick my finger in my cunt and take it as if it was his cock. We agreed that for our next liaisons I was going to video call him from the shower.

—Wrapping Pussy asked about my call and I didn't feel the need to lie. She then said it was good for me that I had a toy boy because we needed men as our foot soldiers working tirelessly to bring us women the necessary pleasure. "I am sure he is good for your demented mind, right?" she had asked in a commanding tone, and I ignored it because I am very good at playing quiet to let the next person reveal themselves so that I am at an advantage when dealing with their bullshit. I do not like to reveal myself, not in the metaphorical sense anyway. My fucks are better when they lull the caging instinct. I should have told her that, but it was like my tongue sat in a coiled position unable to give her a different perspective. I wasn't interested in her way of talking about femininity and masculinity as separate entities duelling each other. Virtual Dick wanted us to read to one another, to study our bodies together, to feed from both literature and voyeurism and to treat both with the same commitment. That's what he mostly wanted from me and of course for me to listen to his

endless stories about the shebeen. He really did see the shebeen as potentially harbouring a true storytelling sensibility. This was something you wouldn't understand at an intellectual or emotional level unless you were already crazy about the word.

—In contrast, Wrapping Pussy's clear lack of literacy made me wonder what it is she wanted from me sexually. It was clear that she wanted my mind to rot. But I knew that it soon wouldn't matter to me. All this madness she sold me wouldn't matter one day and would just be a thing indelibly on paper. I didn't want to control the possible imagery in the story, so I let her take the leadership role. I noted the way she looked at me, the way she gave me long hugs when we got tipsy and breathed on my neck as she complimented my bum. I gave her the platform to just be. Anaïs Nin's words from one of her many correspondences with Henry Miller were always with me. She had told him that as a writer you should know when to perform the decisive and cruel act of discarding things that no longer serve you. One day this girl wouldn't matter.

—On the day we finally fucked, she had come to my apartment dressed in black shorts and a pink vest. I appreciated the athletic body her choice of outfit accentuated. Her excuse for coming to see me was something about needing help with telling the story of her brand, and also about how "packaging can be theatre, it can tell a story." I wanted to laugh at how entrepreneurs truly do not understand storytelling. By this time, she was fully convinced that I would be her successful subject - a writer who doesn't die poor. She wanted me to work on a plot when I wanted to dream, to be intuitive and experimental. She came with flipcharts and pasted them onto the wall, on top of the wall notes I had written when I first learned about metafiction. As we drank Vodka and smoked, she began showing me how to run a successful project. From its inception as an idea, to executing the idea and then taking this idea to the buying public ever hungry for newness. She didn't know that what I need in order to write was much simpler: fucking and then later some peace and quiet, alcohol and lots of weed and cigarettes. I also liked to be surrounded by books in case I got stuck and needed to lubricate my mind. She said that I needed to make money but all I wanted was to write well.

— It was clear that the night promised thighs widely spread in drunkenness rather than intellectual debates. This was hardly a meeting of the mind but I was attracted to her commitment to packaging. This pulled me in even though I knew she thought I was stupid because I was pursuing writing without a business plan. I gulped down the drinks until I was tipsy enough to face what seemed inevitable. I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror after flushing the toilet, whispered that I was going to fuck her that night. The echo of my whisper made me feel like there was another person in the room, that I was having a real dialogue with a professional interlocutor who talks but ignores me at the same time.

—We started kissing on the piano chair as I improvised for her. When our tongues touched, my fingers began to produce a sound weirder than chromatic scales. It felt like we were living in her fantasies where I surrendered my body as her package. I was inebriated but I could tell she wanted me so bad by the way she picked me up and put my ass on top of the open piano. She thrust her tongue into my mouth like it was a crazy snakelet squirming out of control whilst rummaging my top with her left hand. Meanwhile, her right hand reached for my cunt. She inserted two fingers at the same time and I moaned as her nails pricked my meat. I begged my mind to take notes but all I recall

are some blurry pictures of falling onto the bed and her kissing my bellybutton. What I do remember clearly is the way she pulled at my cunt's lips and ate me until juices gushed.

—When she stopped sucking the juices from my cunt, she slapped it hard with her hands whilst slurping her lips. The sound she made brought my moaning to a halt. She did this until I couldn't handle the pain anymore. She could sense my discomfort and yet she said I shouldn't shy away. I couldn't pretend to like her kind of fucking any longer so I then offered to go down on her and next thing I knew my face was before her unshaved cunt. It smelled of sweat but still I persevered. My tongue pushed against the bush until I reached her hole which was small and almost impenetrable. My tongue came back with an acidic taste I didn't like. I tried again to part her lips, but I couldn't go further because of the nausea. At that point I feigned a total blackout.

—In the morning, she had made me tea and we didn't discuss the sex. I tried to remember the entrepreneurial bullshit she had gone on about the previous night, but I couldn't recall the sequence of her lesson.

—She didn't ask to leave immediately as I thought she would. Instead, she started telling me about her father. A man who had made a lot of money and was almost in the process of owning a fuel garage in Secunda when all the wealth perished before their eyes like water entering the soil. She told me that he had made one stupid decision, and everything got lost and couldn't be brought back. She emphasized the lost opportunity in different analogies and my mind wandered to the many times I have lost the real essence of ideas and epiphanies I didn't jot down. What followed were even more stories where her father was both protagonist and villain. Her attachment to him was cutely innocent but also toxic. He coloured her childhood in a way nobody else did. She mentioned that when she was a teenager, he would play games with her to teach her survival tactics. One time, he didn't pick her up from school to purposely see what she would do if by 5pm he wasn't there. Would she wait? Or would she start walking home? She waited for him for too long and by the time she made it home, it was past curfew and he sjamboked her back to a point of hospitalization. She pointed to the scar below her hip as evidence of the beatings he gave her. She also mentioned that at some point, she has had to have a man-to-man conversation with her father through fists exchanges. Nasty feelings contrived my chest and threatened to smudge my soul. I began creating scenarios in my head to transport myself into another world far away from the present moment.

—We didn't fuck again, nor did I try to see her again after that. I wanted to write and not be packaged and marketed. I couldn't build up relations with a woman purely on the basis of blood-sucking.

fuck sex scenes where the intended effect is to shock the reader for nothing is shocking about sex if one's mind avidly soaks in prurience. a mind that never shake itself off the smell of sex bullet-like.

even though a voyeur who pays attention to the horny-wor(l)d is about embracing the reality in full, the most erotic experiences have something to do with this wor(ld) bigger than the cunt or cock or butthole, & the most erotic speech isn't about stating these things either.

the erotic is always about who holds the eye & this is good or bad. bad in that it can be an economical presentation for thrills & good in that the eye still chooses what to make of the erotic moment rather than the actor dictating to the viewer how to process things.

the voyeur is a powerful presence; rather than enjoy sex for the acts performed, the real provocateur is the feeling participant & yes, the observer is also a participant.

to sex scenes that reveal naked bodies as observers contemplating / feeling themselves as they go through it. a sex permitted thought.

THIS IS HOW MY CUNT SPOKE BEFORE THE ITCHING BEGAN

—I have lived many lives. I have gone through different ablutions all meant to ignite me. I have an infinite pouring. I am small but I have the greatest value and an undeniable power. I represent the old saying about an ant killing an elephant by zigzagging madly up its trunk. I am electricity and elasticity. I can bend, break and stretch myself and then go back to my original size. I am like the tar road leading you to different destinations. I have a distinct smell unlike any other aroma.

—Sometimes I dream about myself. Images of my encounters with the blind and mute. Their eyes and mouth open in total bewilderment after entering me for the first time. When I am naked before a Dick, I can feel their energy dissolving into a pathetic fit I have to envelop with all my strength. Although, my strength isn't mostly about what I can do but how I take in what the next person does to me. When you rub me roughly before you get inside, be sure that your semen will burn me by the time you are pounding at me. When you cum inside of me, I'll soak you in. Your phlegm-like water will ferment inside of me and I'll listen to that burning sensation in its intensity until it gives a decrescendo line, the pain dissipating, as my cunt gets used to this intermingling of fluids.

—I am many things. I am a musical instrument. You must play me with emotion to reach your own depths. I am a canvas. You paint me to give definition to yourself. It's the quality of the relationship you have with me that counts and not the quantities of others like me you have enjoyed. You must fuck me in an incessant frenzy, layering each interaction with equal parts of detail and suspense. The bizarre that is also very familiar, the uncanny, is what you'll encounter if you dare to dwell in me.

—Many see me merely as a thing to be poked or a device to attain control over another. But interacting with me should be an inquiry. You must listen carefully to my soft whisper. You must search incessantly for me because there is beauty in the hidden treasures.

—When I remember myself in the past it is because I am evaluating myself in the present. My whispers are a warm fluid that gushes in broken quavers, their atonality cascading, imitating the fluidity of a staircase, a descending scale. What I'm seeking is a relationship like music. Something with a resonance of the acoustics. A perfect call and response. I am ready to respond to both a hard and soft touch, eager to be watched and worshipped.

—The flesh that cloaks me is a provocation to traditional power structures. I am a thing that many see as merely an object to be dominated and conquered by the phallus, an organ that can be covered by imperialist fingertips. I do not want to be crushed, to give in to the pursuit. Where does exactly my power lie? When the manifesto of life proposes that I must live in the tiny margin? That I am to be trapped inside this navigable flesh? That I am nothing more than a silhouette that men illuminate with manipulation. For as I am alive, I disentangle this appropriation, when...

—I can take in as many cocks as I want because I am multiple and expandable. Nothing can stop me. I can envelop any size. I am pliant and confident. I am not scared of being stripped naked, dissected on the table, each physical feature studied. The pleasure is in you thinking you can overpower me when all I do is bury you in different rhythms.

—Enter me.

MADNESS²

—It wasn't long before I found out that Short Dick and Virtual Dick were not only in the same literary coterie but were also close friends. This discovery was interesting and not in any way a setback. It was like an additional stimulus to fuel my whoring. For some, pursuing two bulls at the same time is unthinkable but I figured it would be good for me to get closer to both as a way to stretch my horizons. By this time, I was deeply involved with Virtual Dick. Our video calls were a delightful routine I wasn't ready to break off at the expense of Short Dick. On the other hand, I loved that Short Dick romanced me. He and I were passionate about fucking in public to as a way to break away from the boredom of the bedroom. I was completely consumed by this novelty. How courageous it made me feel. In a park, the bedroom could be anywhere and the bed, anything. The green picturesque was mine to explore. A tree's bough could transform into a bedroom wall. Except in this bedroom, you could hear the twittering of birds intermingling with your moans. You sensed the hyperreality of nature as you became one with it. In the distance you could see white heads emerging from above the shrubs, people walking their dogs. Their presence and the danger of their dogs sniffing you out, only added to the climax. You clutched the branch as you closed your eyes and came. The intensity of the orgasm was a death of some sort and a rebirth. A return to the paradise we were born into before Eve met the snake. Good Lord! With Short Dick I even took delight in cleaning the grass from my hair.

—In contrast, Virtual Dick and I transformed the bedroom into a theatre of outlandish possibilities. We were each other's audiences, and the bedroom became a surreal set. The bed wasn't merely a bed but a theatrical prop. It was where we performed most of our magic by transforming the bed into something aesthetical, pleasure-making. I have a vivid imagery of him lying in bed naked, holding the camera above him so I could get a view of his body. He was sharing a dream of watching someone else fucking a goat. This unknown figure had fucked the animal so hard he could still hear the goat belching as he shoved his cock in different yet hard rhythms. The goat had squirted junk and he sucked on it.

—Short Dick and Virtual Dick were cooked in the same school. It was as if they read the same books or took notes from the same teacher. But belonging to a clique can be dangerous if you simply pat each other's ideological backs. It was obvious that what these two shared was the love for good literature and inability to let their souls be tossed and flipped from side to side by a patrons' fork. For both, writing was a deeply personal act and the stiff hand of authority would taint it. They spoke against the mainstream literary scene and the market and agreed that one should write mainly for oneself. I listened carefully as they shared this with me on countless different occasions - live with the other and virtually with the other. Yet they were very different in their nature and in how they expressed their longing to fuck me. A man must live for himself, with his own rules guiding him - not simply picking another man's cut hair and pasting it as his beard.

—Short Dick's biggest difference was that he needed to tell himself that he loved me before he could fuck me. Fucking for him could only come to full fruition if it had serious feelings involved. He wanted to stay engaged in the chase and you had to play hard to get and not make it not easy for him. For him, "easy" never made things exciting. Easy money, easy happiness, easy writing... "Easy sex" offered without feeling it didn't excite him. He needed earnest foreplay and true emotion. For

my part, I didn't want to know about love like he did. Maybe it's the vocab or language that hadn't caught up with my heart. And this for him was being easy, the surface I-Like-You type of feels. Love had to have a deeper resonance. Or maybe that was his way of manipulating me to conform to his ideas of love - an emotion which I had yet to encounter and wasn't sure even existed. But I wanted to fuck him, to fuck his literary head and feel my body getting wet from the intensity of the diorama which was his cock, his woman and his poetry. Because of my designs on his cock, I decided I would play along even if it meant faking a little love.

—I remember when Short Dick and I went to the park for the first time. I waited for him at the Park Station after getting off the Gautrain. He was running late but promised to be there in five minutes like all latecomers do. I was impatient but also filled with anticipation. He was wearing a brown t-shirt and a green hat. His green trousers were paint stained and there was a tear on the left knee. A huge sling bag was slung over his right shoulder. He adjusted its strap continuously, presumably because of the weight. He got shy as I watched him approach, and even hid his eyes with the back of his hand as he got closer. I teased him saying our approach is opposite as I was oozing confidence that day. He said his shyness was because of the intensity of feelings I provoked in him that he would soon settle into things. We booked an Uber and kissed most of the way to the park. In the back seat, his hand slyly slid into my pants to feel my wetness. Thankfully, the driver ignored us.

—At the park, Short Dick opened his bag, divulging its contents: two bottles of cheap red wine, a pack of cigarettes, two bananas and apples, lighter and snacks. He also had a small red and green blanket. We laid it on the ground and spawned our picnic on top before we sat side by side like two postcard lovers out to enjoy the breeze on a summer day. I remember that I teased him, saying you could tell that he was serious about our relationship by his preparations. He was busy planning a picnic while all I was buzzing about was the fuck and the conversations. He took offence and frowned at me, saying that sometimes I looked at him as if he was living in his own world, but he wasn't sure if the problem was that I saw him this way or if he was really living in his own world and this was a problem. In other words, he was saying he is unsure if I was judging him for the way he chose to love me. It was important for him to pursue me in that manner he felt was appropriate for as long as he needed to keep things going. I didn't expect this from him - after all he already had a woman, he could play house-house with. Not me. I wasn't there for all of that. That was another difference Virtual Dick brought to this triangle of our sexual passion. He didn't bother about relaying feelings that had nothing to do with fucking me. He didn't desire to understand me as a person but rather to get lost in the routes of my cunt. This felt more honest than the intricacy of feelings Short Dick was going on about.

—I do not think I was pretending to be above the proposition of feelings or the colour they can bring to your life. That wasn't it. Short Dick got that wrong about me. Rather, I was experiencing the bloating of being fed many different victuals at the same time and in high quantities. I was spoiled. No, I was a greedy eater. In my mind, I put them in a competition unknowingly. An unspoken rival of dirt, madness and death and pleasure.

—Little did I know that the two boys were already competing amongst themselves as well. It was a little patriarchal game they wanted to play. Where you possess for the sake of possessing. To pull a girl closer only for the sake of... The selfishness of Short Dick aired above the skin-muscle-vein. He

had a woman at home, but he gladly partook. Great guilt and emotional blackmail rolled out from them both. They interrogated me out of jealousy, and I didn't know what my punishment was going to be. To test *his love* for me, Short Dick confessed all the time. Was he going to leave me? Was it suddenly going to die because I virtually fucked his friend? Is love possessing and controlling? No matter from which angle Virtual Dick threw questions about Short Dick at me, he never got a straight answer. It wasn't out of respect or the inability to admit to fucking whoever I wanted. It was to remind him that he and I were not in that kind of self-explaining set up. I held onto the drama like it was a repeated orgasm. I was introducing myself to them: I have a thing that is inside of me, I do not care what you think. It's a crazy adventure. It is thick and delicious and a little bit cocky. I am locked in it. It is a performance. I am certain about its rigour. It is uncompromisingly about going for what it wants.

—I was amazed at the resentment that was to be borne by two men who wanted the same thing for themselves but could never have. It was hot, nasty, and filled my gut like something you might read in a book.

sex is about reducing everything to fantasies moments later. you ought to cease mistrust & become a witness to a flesh-to-flesh interaction. draw near, find pleasures never experienced before - worlds never tapped into. sexual beings get reeled in, provoked into the next level of self-consciousness.

sex is also about invention. to create these worlds favourable to you & your erotic objects. it is bringing closer what is far away & feel its presence as undeniably possessing.

sex as if writing makes you a looker & the onlooked. you remember the facts of the past story & experiment in capturing that presently. you act on that feeling these facts elicit in you. you become someone exposed to the then feeling and part of that story now.

VERY SHARP DARTS AND VEERS

—When my mother left my father I was only 24 months old. This I was told by my mother at that age when she thought my ears were matured enough to hear it. To hear it all, the dark parts of their separation. My mother is all about protecting her children and she didn't mind letting the stretch on be as cordial as possible until she thought I was ready to stomach it and accept it as what it is just not feel like I am struck by a cosmic trepidation. It was a long speech, a real embarrassment to humanity. I couldn't understand what would drive a father to behave like that to his only daughter. That ashtray story forced me to grow faster than my age when I heard it. Isn't what encountering a story that moves you, words just a rippling effect into your brain and force you into a transcendence beyond the years you have lived does? I had to peep into my father's brain with a great intermittent force of understanding that he hated my mother, he hated me but most importantly that he hated himself, selfishly. That he hurt the innocence out of me just to get back to my mother.

—My mother left him.

—She cried when he died. Their break-up must have been a decade and more. Hadn't looked for us, hadn't thought about coming clean to me about really, what was his fucken problem as soon as I was born. I can't mock my mother but until today, I still don't get what her wailing was about, what the release meant. I mean, he had gotten so angry at her for leaving that he didn't think it was fit to love his children so why did my mother waste her tears like that? Maybe I don't understand death, grief and mourning. I haven't never mourned anyone except rush myself into vengeance which was officially forgetting about you as soon as I could. To prove that my life is better without you anymore and bind myself in a presentiment that if you were meant to be in my life you'd still be there. A simple business practise of supply and demand. I wanted you if you kept supplying me with a tangent observation I could materialize into something that would make my notebook pages increase and be pregnant with nascent ideas. I wasn't compromising about this and so was my father in his abandoning me!

—When I fuck men, when I write with my cunt it isn't to get back to my father as some girls with daddy issues do to rewrite the past with destruction. It's where he is invisible, where he is buried; just a baffling silence. My kind of destruction pertaining the way my father decided to scar me was a formless muzzle, as a haze in wonder. It was me seeking an apology my father never granted because I was told he is sick on a Saturday and that next Tuesday he was dead. I would have to stay enough until there is a need for a lover apology which hasn't happened much. What I truly know is that I leave soon enough before apologies are part of the bargain of fucking with me.

—My father's absence in my life wasn't to be construed by an uncritical eye looking for obvious answers, answers psychology provides as susceptible logics for a crack in emotional states. It wasn't true that I couldn't recognize the last minute of the story. He fucked my relationship with money, greatly, instead. From a young age it wasn't unavailable, always short. A thing always in furtive forms ascertaining that there is a hunger in the house. My mother struggled all alone because she had chosen to leave him, leaving his cheating ass, cock and puffs of breaths. Rather, leaving has always been a thing I could pertly advance, my Dicks stood no chance as to how easily they could be a distant memory. My mother mothered me well.

when one is having sex, i often wonder where the moaning comes from. do they remember their first encounter of making a music? when you are a listener it is up to you which of the lines come as "original". does one build from the single moan issued & broadens from there? do they listen to themselves, know if they are loud or soft? is it a proudful rendition?

can sex be unquiet even if the mouths kept shut? how would the movements bring about the noise without the moan?

NASTY DREAM

—I imagine myself in a nasty dream.

—I am at home. I am in our street. Every neighbour has come out of their house to gape at me. Some are standing against their fences whilst others have decided to come out of their gates so as to get a better view.

—What has brought them out of their houses? They have left their porridge to get cold, their children unattended or the morning news playing to no audience in their sitting rooms. Then I realise that an unfamiliar cock is growing in my throat. Its tip protrudes for everyone to see. If I swallow my saliva, it is like I am stirring the thing to show off its cockiness. It bounces and rises in a fierce erection that calls for everyone's attention.

—This cock has a hat shaped like a chilli pepper. I didn't know a foreskin could be that long and so pointy. I am afraid to touch it. I am afraid to push it back. Isn't that where all the dirt accumulates in uncircumcised cocks? Now this dirt is inside me. I want to hide from the humiliation. I wish I possessed a magic wand to vanish its presence with a twirl of my hand. I am filled with shame because a cock is choking my throat. What do I do? I think about all the people I don't want to hear about this or to see me with this weapon. The list is endless.

—I can't swallow this cock like I do to others. It is just hanging there and erects every time I swallow saliva. My brain is spinning. The voices in my head end in abrupt fadeouts. For the first time, I wish my mouth was a dry cave so I wouldn't feel the cock move as I swallow. The mouth is usually a thing you control to cover your ass. But now mine was cocky.

—Out of nowhere a critical chorus of young bravado voices starts singing about me and this cock. I try to make out if any of them are my neighbours', but my scrutiny doesn't lead to anything concrete. They persist in their four-part harmony. Their melodies all blend in nicely as they sing: I took a whip, I took a whip, I took a whip. They harmonize with a playful spirit about the way I masturbate the cock in my throat. I am embarrassed because my mom is part of the crowd that I feel stripped naked by. I feel a deluge in my lungs like on that day she reacted badly to me quitting my job when she couldn't hide her disappointment.

—This imagination proves to be a dirty game I have to stop playing with myself. I feel harshly estranged by what I can do with my own mind. I hurt myself in the process.

FEEL MY PACKAGE IS BACK

—The itch is almost gone and the pain is fading. When I wipe my cunt after peeing, the discharge is no longer a pink viscous substance. The foul smell has also dissipated. My cunt's looking perky for the first time in almost ten days. Its odourless and colourless wetness gives me hope that I'm healing. I was starting to worry my cunt's deteriorating state would infect my writing. There are so many stories located in its walls and I nearly lost them. Looking back, I now realise how much my cunt's health affected my imagination. It's like the infection had spread into my brain. Even my dreams were infected. They began to ooze nightmarish visions I would rather forget.

—Now that my cunt was healing, I was eager to unleash it again. But first I would have to test it. I was curious as to whether the sickness had in some way changed it. Would a cock still have the same effect on it as before? I was sceptical about trying casual sex. Casual sex suddenly felt like a dirty and dangerous act that might leave my cunt vulnerable to all manner of infections and malaises. Previously I didn't give a fuck about cleanliness. I wasn't there for the job of girlfriend. I took pleasure in fucking whoever, whenever I wanted without worrying about consequences. Casual sex allowed me to unleash my imagination and roleplay as much as I wanted. Fucking strangers meant I could be whatever or whoever I wanted that day. It was like watching my various selves execute their pathological lies while my soul stayed in perfect harmony. As a result, no-consequence-fucking brought me a happiness I didn't get close to obtaining when I tried to pursue a heteromonogamous relationship. What I liked the most was not having to answer to anyone. In casual sex, you can make up the rules on the fly, in a finger's snap. I can choose to tell this one fuck that I don't like morning sex just because his morning breath is abhorrent. I can tell another guy I am inexperienced in bed because I don't feel like wasting my energy on the disappointment of his whack fucking. And because guys are horny monsters, they imbibe whatever lies you spew just so they can continue getting inside of you.

—Now, my fear of infection means I might have to let go of the rush of casual sex.

—Does this mean I'll have to lie to myself? It seems like the only way to love a man with all one's heart and soul is to lie. To enter a monogamous relationship meant I would have to feed myself endless lies. I would have to think of myself as a machine that needs maintenance in order to continue functioning at its best. Worst part was that I might even start to believe my own lies.

—The first lie is going to be bullshitting myself into believing that Mr X isn't an asshole. I am going to have to tell myself over and over again that he isn't selfish and won't make decisions only to serve his own interests. I am going to have to believe that he loves me, will be loyal only to me, which is the biggest lie of them all. I am going to believe that when he doesn't get his way, he won't manipulate or condescend me. I'll have to transform into a girl who says I only belong to Mr X, a girl drowning in sameness.

OVERTURNING

—The psychologist is visiting. She's come straight from work and is wearing dark coloured long formal pants and a blazer. The tucked in collared shirt looks as good as when she put it on that morning. Her hair is a neat bun, and her face is clean. She automatically infuses the atmosphere with formality. The strangulation effect of 9-5. We are sitting in the brown wooden chairs on my little veranda in order to escape the cold of my apartment. The air is warmer outside. It doesn't matter what season it is; my place is mostly cool. I am on the ground floor in this duplex apartment, surrounded by branching trees that cast a deep shade. The sunlight gets lost in them and never reaches indoors. The psychologist and I are finishing the bottle of wine I had opened last night when I was trying to work. All that's left is one glass each but neither of us feel like walking to the nearest liquor store for more stock. We'll just have to converse sober. I joke about this with the psychologist, and she teases me back by saying that I don't need any lubrication, I'm already inebriated enough, permanently on a natural high. This is true, especially when sex is involved but I don't respond because I'm fearful of being psychoanalyzed today. Something that has never happened before or I cared about. As a rule, I'm usually honest with my female friends. I want them to take me as I am. Willingly. I usually use the stories of my many fucks, it is a way to introduce myself to them. If a woman decides to stay, they become my friend. If they leave, then we weren't meant to cross paths. But is it safe to take the same liberty with a psychologist?

—Listening to her, I'm struck by how normal she is. She speaks like someone who just got back from work normally does. Trying to summarize the day in their head and figure out if they were as productive as they would have liked to be. This is what the capitalistic system has achieved with a murderous peak interest - taking your work home. Feeling it lingering at the back of your mind, intermixing it unconsciously in what's supposed to be your free time at home. I am burning to tell her what I have been mulling over these past days. That I am seriously considering subjecting my cunt to a single cock. As a way to preserve it? I do not think I believe that either. Maybe it's a way to experience a new dimension? This time around, being one man's bitch. Maybe if I add a disclaimer that it will be *one cock at a time until further notice* she won't think I have totally lost my mind.

—The psychologist tells me that she struggled with one of her patients today. He wasn't cooperating. She explains that he has lost touch with reality and basically can't tell the difference between day and night. He believes that the psychologist is a danger to him. He thinks the more he sits in sessions, the more lines between what has worth and what doesn't get blurred. She tells me she believes that he hates having to look into himself which is pretty normal for most people who have just begun therapy.

—However, what wasn't normal was him claiming that her notepad was a gun. He had lost touch to the point that he believed everyone was out to get him. When the psychologist began drafting some notes from his speech which was cumbersome to get out anyway, he screamed. His hands were on his both ears and lifted them as he screeched, bringing the session to a standstill. The psychologist seems very shaken and is still in frantic mode as she narrates this baptism of fire. I don't know what to say to her. I bit my tongue from almost saying the patient is a rebel who isn't prepared to sit in therapy trying to untie a network of laces with very tight and small knots. Who was I to judge him?

—I am intrigued by the psychologist's patient and his delirium. She says the formal diagnosis is cannabis-induced psychotic disorder and I joke that I want to crush weed at this very moment and

we both laugh, and my laughter's cadence is followed by thoughts of the mentally unstable Tshepo from K Sello Duiker's *The Quiet Violence of Dreams*. It wasn't a book I liked. I didn't like the way the author tried to elicit a gut-wrenching pity in the reader by presenting a character that wallowed in unabashed pain. I also didn't like the way the author portrayed the mother character as a soother of some sort - the one who takes away all her progeny's pains.

—Being mad, I tell the psychologist, must actually be nice. It's something I would like to experience one day. Being crazy is like being naked except that you are not worried about how those around you think of your body. She interjects into my musing by telling me that madness is in fact a sickness. I'm immediately struck by her words. Could it be that the soap made my cunt mad? And if it did, what is the implication? Was my cunt going to go into mad delirium like her patient? What if it started oozing a pus, a thick and mucus-like wetness, a red blob? It's possible, even a gush. Maybe it would become paranoid and think every cock was out to get it. Then again, maybe every cock was in fact gunning for it....

—The sound of my neighbour's door saves me from following this trajectory. He is a student, whom I am guessing is doing his second or third year. I have told the psychologist before that he often greets me when he sees me smoking at my door or maybe reading in the chair on my veranda but if he catches me with one of the many fucks I bring home, he simply passes me as if he doesn't know me. Today, he greets us both as he passes, heading towards the gate.

—I want to go back to the conversation about madness but I'm suddenly worried that the psychologist might try to psychoanalyse my cunt if I say anymore so I decide to rather just tell her that my cunt has almost completely healed.

—Our mood is not improving, and the soberness is not getting us anywhere anyway. Maybe we should hit the streets? I ask her. She gives a nod and a smirk and right there I think my girl is back. She borrows something to wear and I ask her to pick from the heap of clothing on top of the laundry basket - clean clothes I haven't found time to hang in the wardrobe. It shouldn't be so difficult to find something. We are the same size even though she is a few inches taller than me. She tries on the knee-length jean dress which has two pockets on the front, and it is a perfect fit. I tell her she is sexy and that all the men we are going to meet tonight are all hers. We laugh at my stupid remarks but at least they have brought back the jolly mood. I do not like taking everything so seriously or feel like fangs are showing off sharpness on my short neck. I suggest we go to Red Room, an adult club next to the Hatfield Gautrain Station. I have heard many erotic stories about it but I have never been there. Stories that have made me grit my teeth because of my disbelief at what is being said. Another reason I have taken so long to try it out is because I always feared all I would find were the sexually frustrated married men whose cum is so desperate that even just squeezing their cock is enough to get their pants wet. I don't know why an image of old men bored out of their wits was my initial thought of the place nor why this club is called the Red Room when the exterior is painted all black with only the name in red neon letters.

—The red makes sense once you are inside and I kind of like this concept. Red painted walls, red chairs, red club lights, chest-bare waiters festooned by red bowties, red figures. Everyone looks red and ablaze. The psychologist has also assumed the colour red. Her face is red, her little freckles have turned red and I am sure the same effect is painted on my face. I like the transformation that happens as soon as you enter this club. Individuality is censured in a smart way. It is indeed a *red*

room here and everyone becomes a red citizen. The level of comfort is another thing I notice. Everyone is almost naked and there isn't a big fuss about that. Eyes are drawn onto us, and you can tell they want to see what these new faces are about. I don't give in to the stares because my curiosity is sparked by the different activities taking place. An old man, old enough to be a father to the psychologist and I is cheerleading a tiny girl who is stripping. She is taking off her red clothes one by one, revealing her plump breasts with shiny piercings. Next to the old man are two white women, one of whom is sucking on breasts while the other is rubbing her arse cheeks. The right arse cheek is a deep pink from the kneading and wears an even pinker hand slap stamp that makes me wonder if she got it from the woman who is now softly stroking her arse or somebody else. Across from them are two red tables with four red chairs occupied by a cheerful group that you can tell are loyal clients. They take turns with a woman lying half naked on top of the table. They each stand to perform whatever demented shit comes to their mind. One pulls her labia then takes a shot of alcohol and goes back to his seat. The other three clap hands for him as if he has just scored a winning goal for a match. I ask the psychologist if she sees what's happening, but her eyes are fixed on something else. Another guy from the four chairs group follows, getting up to pinch the girl's breasts then drum roll her stomach. I don't know what this means. Is she a doll of pleasure? The girl doesn't flinch or voice out any distress. She encourages the third guy by getting into a doggie-style position and then twerks and as her arse bounces, they splash notes on her using a money-gun. 100 and 200 rand notes fly on top of her. Her hunger for money flashes me back to a quick image of Wrapping Pussy. I push it away, wanting to discard it as quickly as possible because I do not want to ruin my night with ghastly feelings.

—My mind races, it is too much to take in but the level of free expression in this room makes me feel like I belong here. It is as if I have found my people and all I need to do is hold on to what's in front of me. What's great about this place is that it is making me realize that as much as I have experimented, there is still a whole lot more to try. And to think I am considering giving it all up for the safety of my cunt. For a few long minutes, the psychologist and I didn't say anything to each other. I can tell that she is also scoping the scenery for herself and I don't think I should disturb the movie that's playing in front of her. Loud Afrobeat music is blasting from the sound system. Any erotic sounds I would have loved to gorge are drowned by the loud beats. Looking is better than hearing the sexual excitement everyone present here seems to have, I think to myself.

—I suggest that we move to the back of the room to see what's happening there. The psychologist agrees but her energy isn't the same as when we left the house. Her body language suggests she's not excited or provoked by the live eroticism conglomerate surrounding us. Even when I tap on her shoulder to point out a couple fucking on the red couches as we make our way to the back of the room. His cock is sliding up into her fat cunt. The psychologist responds as a matter of...

—The back of the room feels different from what's happening in the front. There is an unspoken veil which makes the demarcation feel real. The air is kinkier than on the other side. Assembled in front are mostly people who think they want to try anything but still stick to the same old routine, the young man whom I am now talking to tells me. They come everyday to try on that same girl, the same shit. He tells me that the old man we passed is in a professional relationship with the stripper. Apparently, the old guy asks for the same girl all the time and pays the club owners on a monthly basis. I ponder at this as it doesn't make sense. This young man tells me that these people enjoy being watched by strangers while they perform more than trying different things with different

people. It is this section of the room where real extensiveness is explored and any kind of explosiveness is embraced. He explains in a calm soft voice as if the others shouldn't hear that he is initiating newcomers. I have to move my ear next to his mouth so I can hear his words properly.

—We stand at a small roundtable, holding our glasses tightly to our chests and scouting what's unfamiliar and intriguing. The psychologist has left me to engage this guy all alone. She pretends to be moving to the music and ignores us. He whispers in my ear that he would like to fuck us both right now. My clitoris thumps at the thought of being fucked red in this red room. A stranger wants to eat me and my very close friend alive. He wants to bind us as one under the strokes of his cock. We have never done something like that. We have taken two guys back home and fuck in separate rooms but we have never taken by the same guy at the same time. The thought of it gets me nuts as I start my own creation of the fuck in my mind. I think about how much fun it will be to do it in the presence of others. A double pleasure, no, a triad of pleasure, like note C, E, G on a C major key giving the complete harmony. Pleasure of a threesome, chunks of it coming from the fact that everyone around us is pursuing a fuck of some sort and will watch us too, pleasure from watching the psychologist grinding a cock in my presence, pleasure from her seeing how loose committed thrusts get me to be. I begin to wonder, maybe he will slide his cock in me first then her cunt then me again then her again. A cycle until we are all too tired from cumming or have to leave because the club is closing.

—The psychologist scowls at me then storms out when I tell her what this guy is proposing. She is fuming and her face has become ugly. When I grab her arm to slow her down because I am paddling behind her like a fool, she lifts it in a way with a force I will always remember and tells me to fuck off. She is making her way out as quickly as possible, the red lights are flashing her exit and turning the jean dress red too. The guy tries to follow us and I ask him to cut the tail immediately. I mean how horny is he? What kind of person is he that thinks he holds the power to pacify the psychologist and change her mind which as far as I can tell is already pretty set?

—When we get outside, a fresh breeze slaps my face. The darkness of the night brings me back to reality. I blink, ridding myself of the redness my sockets had grown accustomed to, and ask her what's wrong. She tells me that I have seriously lost it and she can't believe this is how far I am prepared to go. I ask what the fuck she is on about. She shouts at me and creates an unnecessary raucous that draws attention to us. I wish I could smack her face to quiet it but she and I do not do such things to one another. What pisses me off is I can't get a word in to explain that her choice was not tampered with. I would never force her to do anything. It was a request, silly maybe for her moral ass tonight but nobody was taking her agency away. She doesn't want to listen to what I am saying and just says we should go home. We request for an Uber and get the hell out of there.

—Thoughts of the threesome are left as unfinished scenes in my head. I feel bad. It is like I have started writing but do not have enough knowledge to complete it. I feel horrible. The psychologist and I do not talk to each other on our way home.

there is no such thing as writing/fucking from a less involved place. outlandish sex, must, by default, be outlandish even as a proposition. one can't truly say the form here can be something different either than what it is supposed to accentuate the strange & uncommon. unlike the tenacious language of traditional lovemaking, outlandish sex treats any delay in the sexual pursuit as dallying & dithering. it proposes that you act decisively and immediately about what you want to do with the erotic object in front of you.

outlandish sex must also be treated as an innocent act that has got nothing to do with love or hate. it is simply responding to a passion which is so engulfing as the arrival of the muse. attending to it is an experience there to teach you something about yourself and your body. like an ignored muse, a forgotten sentence, you won't be able to reinvigorate its desire once it has passed.

LEFT BARE

—I chuck the book I am reading away out of irritation, unable to concentrate anymore. I read the same line multiple times and its meaning doesn't seem to stick, nor am I able to build a world from it. I have a massive headache. I suspect it's from locking myself the whole weekend with no human interaction. I do not think it's from the words I have been consuming and also trying to get onto the paper all weekend. The psychologist and I didn't vibe so well the last time we were together, so I didn't think hooking up with her for drinks and smoke would be a great idea. We both needed the space. She was deeply lost in her work and I in the thoughts of getting Love Dick. She even said I am toxic and inconsiderate of how she feels about things. I don't know what she meant by *things*. I may have offended her by asking for us to fuck a stranger but why was it different this time? I just think the connection between us was interrupted by what we both felt was priority in our lives at that moment more than it was about the guy. At a different time, she would have brushed off the request with a chuckle. I guess it is necessary for friendships to go through those phases whereby nothing makes sense to us as a pair. We need to be able to go through certain things independent of each other. But we know that the love is there and that it will guide us as we will try to find our way back to each other again. I do not think there is danger to our friendship yet or that the rage has bubbled over appeasement.

—I feel thirsty and walk to the fridge. I need a booster for my energy levels which seem to be very low. Quenching thirst is a good start, even if it's pure water. The floor is scattered with different contents and the dust on the windowpanes looks thicker today. The rain stains on the windows seem exaggeratedly dirty and that annoys me. I haven't cleaned since Thursday. I did not have the time and energy to, or should I say, I convinced myself that should I embark on cleaning my apartment, I wouldn't get any work done. Tidying things up takes so much from you that when you complete this task, you do not feel like reading or writing anymore. Great ideas and scenery play in the head as one mops the embedded debris away but as soon as you sit down to work on them, they are all gone because they were not nurtured. I didn't want this to happen and was thinking of Virtual Dick when he says with enthusiasm colouring his face that he loves the dirt, it sustains him and the writing. He says he has written some of his best paragraphs surrounded by the filth or engulfed by a deep hangover.

—The fridge doesn't have anything to drink other than water. I had forgotten that I drank all my gin last night as I was working. I gulp down the cool litre of natural water and wipe the corners of my mouth. I step onto the shells of the eggs I had fried on Friday, and I jump as if I have stepped onto a snake. The unexpectedness of it is what causes me to lose my steps. I am immediately taken back into a bad dream I once had.

—In the dream, I was walking past a dumpsite. A normal street that had taken on a new identity: to harbour the things everybody doesn't want any more. Malibongwe Street is a street behind my house in Mabopane. I had not intended to stop or have a look at the junk but the smell of a child's excrement in an open diaper called me closer. My nostril demanded I investigate to make sense of the shit, calling me closer to smell it. I walked through the garbage with my nose open, intrigued and lingering as if I was a fly attaching its legs to a putrefied network. There was drying cow dung that I eyed eagerly thinking of how useful it would be if I took it home. Adjacent were open used sanitary

pads. Was this how people threw away the core business of their being? The blood was not red anymore although it looked warm. I imagined that it was from the scorching sun. In the midst of my cluttered thoughts, I remembered the stories pertaining to local medical folklore about the gangsters who used to boil gun bullets in the menses as a way to make themselves impenetrable. These are figures in the township that manipulate the gift of life as a way to continue perpetuating gun violence. As I felt the eggshells break under my feet, I wondered if it was not all superstition: to believe in the power of blood when all it is a glorious moment of having enjoyed unprotected sex with zero repercussions. Either way, I chose to dwell on this fragmented garbage heap with varying contents. As I looked at the trash, I imagined the owner of the empty Coca-Cola can as a sad bastard who has just learned that his wife is fucking his brother with a bigger cock than his or that the ravaged purple scarf had been used by a spinster to tie and punish her victims who dared knock at her front door. The black shoe looked like it was cracking its smile, its sole was still fresh and I thought about the cobbler up the street. I shook my head to rustle out the wonders of that afternoon but the smell had found a home in me and followed me even as I began to walk out of it. The diaper, the can, the child, the betrayed husband, the shoe cracking smile... the hag who took a fancy to hearing men begging for their life.

—That dream didn't make sense to me then and it still doesn't make any sense to me today. I didn't ask my mom about it. She interprets dreams better than your subconsciousness playing in your sleep but I wanted to rid myself of it as quickly as I could. I remember the morning after the dream, I woke up horror-struck by its piercing scenery. Chills were covering my body and my hair was beginning to itch. I really do hate that stepping on this eggshell has taken me there again.

—To forget, I decide to watch porn. I still haven't fucked anyone to test if my cunt works again. Still unsure about fucking around or getting that Love Dick for myself. At least, I can come close to fucking by watching porn. I go onto my favourite website where they capture excellent gonzo pornography. The camera operator zooms in really close on the genitals. It is possible to see the veins popping in an erected cock or the way a cunt's vulva begins to shrink as it gets fucked endlessly over the years. Somehow this turns me on. The more experienced I think the genital is, the more titillated I get. When a cunt has a juvenile look, I think about its lack of experience and the stories it can't tell. I immediately get turned off by this.

—As I find the perfect clip, I slip out of my peach dress and lie back naked on the bed. The clip is a teacher and a student roleplay. The director clearly rushed the build up to the scenario because there is no one else in the classroom except only them. I think about the way seduction is elided from this. Imagine if they had begun the clip whilst all the "students" were still in the classroom and the one naughty student who is going to get fucked, flashes the teacher. Maybe she starts by stroking her cunt under the table and licks her fingers and goes back again to feel the moisture warming in between her thighs. The teacher must notice this but maintain his cool, not in a rush to dismiss the class so he can teach her a lesson alone. The student also shouldn't rush to feel him inside her but instead should continue playing with her cunt as if she is not in the middle of a classroom. To let the art of seduction, play out and out and escape the quick urges pornography imposes on sex - sex as uncontrollable desire where everything needs to happen fast, forgetting that a delayed surprise in coitus adds to the titillation. It doesn't play out like that but I continue to watch, too lazy to look for another one.

—The teacher and the student are bickering about her lack of cooperation. She is always late for his class and doesn't submit her homework or assignments. She apologizes flirtatiously, twisting her blonde highlighted hair into rings with her index then unbuttons the first three buttons of her school shirt. The teacher's eyes are immediately fixed onto her pink bra showing off a little cleavage. The clip is taking the standard student-fucks-teacher-for-a-better-grade pornotrope. Although, it doesn't take away the joy of knowing I'll get to see their genitals up close. I fix the phone against the pillow so I can get a better view.

—The scene cuts to her wide-open legs on top of the table. He is sitting in the chair and stroking her cunt with his fingers. Her vulva is thick and pink from what I suppose is emotion. He spreads it with his fingers before he fixes his tongue on it. She releases moans and looks up, her mouth in a shape of different vowels. The chalkboard behind them has some notes about biology and a list of words that doesn't make sense. Her legs are trembling convulsively, while the teacher laps away at her cunt juice.

—My cunt is getting heated and my clitoris is twitching in a soft pulse. But I do not feel ready to insert a finger like I used to, to masturbate at the sight of actors fucking. I opt for grinding instead which is a way of pinching the insides of my cunt as if there were a cock inside of me. I do this whilst not moving my eye from the screen. The student is now sucking her teacher's cock, rubbing her tongue along his cock's forehead. He groans at that particular sensitivity and she does it a little bit more as if encouraged by his moaning before her mouth stuffs it all in. He ruffles her hair, while simultaneously pulling it. He looks up, his face frozen in that expression you get when arousal makes you become someone else, something else... His reaction is quintessential porn. But this doesn't make this session any less tickling to me. I stay engrossed, grinding my cunt continuously moist. Thankfully, the wetness doesn't bring the burning sensation I feared would come if my cunt was still sick or ruined forever. The hornier I get, the more I find the clip enjoyable. His balls are now in her mouth, they are so small and both fit easily in her tiny eating and talking cavity. She gives him the double pleasure of having your cock stroked whilst your balls are getting wet.

—As they begin fucking, I am taken back to Virtual Dick and our unforgettable fucking. His voice becomes alive in my room as the arousal I am feeling in my cunt grows. I wish I could call him right away so we could both masturbate, but he and I just stopped talking. Porn does that to me, as the actors fuck, I become an actor in my own right. I start fucking an imaginary figure or a Dick I know along with the sequence of the scene on screen. Virtual Dick is consuming my mind. When he and I fucked, he didn't use words like "imagine me doing this to your cunt". Rather, he was always in action, in the present tense. He would tell me this is what he is doing to me and I would create with him. "I am pulling your cunt lips with my teeth, I am hard-fucking your ass, I am, I am, I am." I dreamt up the world when he and I were fucking which is what I am craving right now as these actors clumsily race through different positions.

—I insert my finger and it doesn't come back with a dull discharge nor a stink. I think I am ready to find Love Dick. I stop grinding and gyrating my waist when the male actor cums and the clip ends. I am dripping wet and rush for the bathroom to wipe myself but mostly to see how clear my wetness

is. It is a clear and stretchy discharge even though I didn't cum. There isn't any foul odour and this makes me happy. I am fucking healed. I say it out loud and feet-jump the bed like a naughty toddler.

i do not know if i agree with isabel allende when she said, 'eroticism is where you use a feather and pornography is where you use the whole chicken'. it could easily pass as a great dictum distinguishing the two but on a content level it becomes very difficult to identify each distinctively. this is what bodies moving together in the throes of demanding passions induces: that freakish moment when you have let go of the self. here the mirror doesn't exist for you keep on verifying what your body seems to want. you can only hear your flesh rather than see it. do we say animalistic grunting is pornographic? and why? do we say they are erotic people because of their fine sensuality? they could be executing softness as a form of their fucking but still copying the pornographic expressions we are flooded with on the internet.

pornography likes to posit the meeting of sexual organs as the true bearer of sex whereas erotica becomes a desire that is still visible even when we have erased a cunt, a cock or a butthole. this is the feather that is suggested by allende. but that is still not enough if the patriarchal stereotypes bodies are expected to perform for the viewer are not questioned.

i believe we never truly escape the pornographic but getting rid of the fakery could be a good start to a non-kringe-worthy fucking.

TESTING THE MACHINE

—I have this strong and dark feeling that I do not know who and what I am anymore. I hate feeling this way because this is not the time nor place to start backing away from my mission. Maybe it's because I am still not convinced that I am finally going in a different direction, with limited expressions once you tie yourself in it. I have experimented too much, and every outcome was embraced as new material there to teach me something. I acted like someone who doesn't know the definition of options or preferences. I chose the same thing over and over. Screwing. Never staying long enough to witness the ugly of love. Writing with my cunt. Being unashamed. It is so easy to conduct yourself in this manner if you believe in experimentation as a way of living. A rod is reeling you to unimaginable ecstasies and you can't stop submitting to it.

—I raise my hand so the waiter can see me. I ask for another round as soon as he comes. I don't want to be sober tonight nor do I want these thoughts to continue torturing me. There is no use in questioning my decisions and judging myself. It's not like I can go back to change my ways, nor would I choose differently. I would choose all my Dicks over and over again, right in the manner that they came. I'd screw Short Dick again as if he didn't have a woman, given an opportunity and parade my bad habits like I did without feeling sheepish when I play my actions in my mind. In fact, I felt proud for the disruptions and destructions my body went through. I went through a transcendence by being out of control. I felt alive and tried to play along where I got pulled as best as I could. This is why I am chasing these feelings of remorse away for if I didn't split myself the way I did, how was I going to discover myself? Or convince myself to try the Love Dick route I was now pursuing?

—Love Dick arrives. He looks exactly like he does on the Dating App. His eyes are small and so is his nose. Even his face is small and so is the oblong shape of his head. Well, at least he is not a chubby guy. His stomach is a nice flat trim underneath the grey T-shirt he is wearing. But what he wears the most nicely is his smile which I take a liking to in an instant. His teeth are a straight untarnished white that makes me feel some type of way about my uneven yellow ones. I do not understand the way my eyes are appreciating every organ they land onto. I must be getting drunk, I think. I hardly ever pay this amount of attention to a man's beauty. With the men I previously fucked, I cared more about their cocks and their minds than their bodies. I never appreciated a man's leg like I was with Love Dick now. Who knows? I might be beginning to tell myself the needed lies to get this relationship off the ground. That perfect compatibility everyone drowning in love always talks about. That thing the white couple had... finishing each other's sentences... bound by oneness...

—Love Dick I discover, knows nothing about literature. Well, the kind of literature I am into. He tells me he doesn't read the kind of books I have tried to bring into our conversations. He reads mostly IT related stuff. The last novel he read was Zakes Mda's *The Heart of Redness* and that was for school. I do not even feel the need to discuss this novel with him. I am sure he read it more from an anthropological gaze than from a creative writing point of view. It is better I leave it at that. I keep my cool and try not to see him as I did Dumb Dick. It is the way he is upfront about what he likes and dislikes that's keeping me pegged and stopping me leaving the table. My only focus becomes our pairing. His ability to initiate any topic and adapt to any subject I bring up turns me on. I know from our talk that I'll jerk him off and smell his balls. I tell myself I'll soon learn to love who he truly is. If I am lying to myself then it sure does feel good.

—He offers to take me back home when we are done with our drinks. At the gate we hug, and he doesn't invite himself in. Luckily my impulsive nature quietens, and I hesitate before inviting him up. I think I should just let it play out as he is scripting it. Right then he asks to see me again, not in the evening he says but during the day. He kisses my forehead and says goodnight as he heads to his car. "I was on a date." I say it to myself as I open the door.

—I am so distrusting of men that I think of Love Dick's decency tonight as a play to get me to let my guard down and see him as a gentleman who isn't here to fuck me over with his bullshit. I tell myself that since I also have a play of my own, we will see how far this guy can go in keeping up the pretences if that's what they are.

THE TIGHT GRIP OF HETEROMONOLOGY

—You will enter into it. A red wall will flash in your thoughts. An acidic rush will gather in your throat. Your stomach will twist. Then you crash into the dark gravity. You shout but your innards are tighter than what your vocal cords can release. So, you get stuck in what feels like prolonged musical notes. These notes are tied together in a boundless stave. You convince yourself it is great music; even though you do not clap in between the movements. You tell yourself it possesses the high-class of a symphony.

—Every fight is a whirlwind that highlights our failure to understand the other and hang onto them incredulously. You nod defeat, feeling the tastes of your weak guts. You gaze at the sky and the clouds are only amalgamated black dots. They hang, threatening to waste their death on you. When your eyes are closed, the haughty silence thickens as a new love. You feel like you have entered a long tunnel which buries your scream and that your body doesn't belong to you anymore.

—A rub in the clitoris feels like a violation more than it is a pleasure. You begin to feel like your cunt is a harbour tantamount to a hole inhabited by a colony of ants. In and out. Continuous movement. There are talks that when your partner wants it, it is kind of you to give in to their desire. Sometimes you do so even though your thoughts are far away. The finger stretches inside of you, its bones sharp digging into innards. A cry is only a wish. Oftentimes without a denial, your spread legs are your settling position.

—There is no separation between the human flesh and the animal. They are close to each other. Skin to skin. There is no way out. Pleasure, joy and freedom are always negotiated. You have a round bum, and it is not always pleasant when they spank at it. They tell you all the time that you have big eyes, but you do not see that the door has four corners and is not so difficult to shut. You start to think of sex as a masochistic act. Pain hovers. The mouth of your womb cackles with every stroke. Your ears burn. Ah! ah! ah! You moan... what is the time signature? Exclamations of pretence about the presence.

—He grabs your rump, both his hands studying the map of your arse cheeks. Shiny stretch marks are just little paths leading to nowhere. You do sex so often. You have paid attention to how his cock increases in size when he is about to jerk off. Guttural, you ask him to relieve himself in the crack of your arse because when those things die inside of you, they smell. Soft bullets, ridiculous whites. Warm but corrupting.

—When you fuck as routine, for the sake of fucking because you are lovers, you avoid eye contact. You do not want to exalt anything. You do not want to become like those women who think about sex as a sacred moment deserving a round of applause. He has told you his “embarrassing” manhood story: that during winter his dick and balls shrivel and sometimes can't get it up. You pretend to care. You want your body back. Your waist gyrates. Again. You are on top of him. His countenance is your delicious meal. A study you feed off from. Down there feels like dollops of cream as the smoothness amplifies. This is a gift for your note taking. But his reaching for your bosom destructs your mental painting. You must come back and remember about your cum. It comes as an explicit memory, highly anticipated: like the structure of your relation.

pornography could easily be associated with fucking around. it is the form of these two that bring them closer together. they both require vulgarity in the flesh & also in the soul in order to be in tune with what you are doing.

could i then say that when you are fucking around, you are performing some form of pornographies?

CUNT NIGHTMARE

—The shelves have a stack of cunts displayed on them in stretching lines. They go in all directions. Some are horizontal and some are vertical. Lined up as products for display and for sale. They are also in every shape, shade, tone, make, personality, and experience. Some look like delicious smiles. Some are showing off their clit piercings and some look like an angry fix. They are packaged differently. Some are in square transparent boxes, some in oval shaped containers and some are unsealed so their aroma hits you as you pass by. Underneath each cunt is a price in rands and I feel a revulsion I didn't know existed in me. It is because everyone takes out their purse to see if they can afford these cunts.

—The customers all come with a sense of righteousness and think picking couldn't be easier. I almost faint from what I see. The more a buyer shows interest, the juicier the cunt gets, and you see the wetness oozing from it as inviting to be picked. I am disturbed by the cunt on the left-hand side alongside the other cunts on the shelf. It is small and has dark lips that look very familiar. I wonder how and who may have gotten the hold of my cunt and is now selling it. What's the price? I shaved yesterday so my cunt has that young and innocent look when I remove all its hair. This is a secret I do not like to share with anyone but now customers' hands and eyes are all over me. They want the fresh product but I can't stop worrying that my dark cunt lips are too exposed in this stall.

—The customers are causing a commotion. As they all seem to want the same cunt that's displayed on the left-hand of the middle shelf. It is my cunt and its duplicates. Even though I am pissed, I admire the eye that was able to pull this one off. They all look the same like they have been baked in the same cunt factory. Everyone is willing to lose their mind along with their rands like my cunt is essential goods.

—Maybe the cunt has made it to the top list of cost-of-living products? The baskets fly as the customers push each other while trying to grab what's left.

—I ask for the manager of the store because some of the customers have broken their arms and legs fighting to purchase my cunt. I am surprised when I am informed by a blind woman that there isn't a manager available to hear my complaint today but that the owner of the shop is here.

—Wrapping Pussy appears in her usual gaiety of athletic wear and assured steps. She walks with the confidence of a thriving business owner. She looks at me and shakes her head in a condescending way. As if she feels sorry for me. As if she is about to reprimand her own child who has been giving her trouble for a very long time and now has nowhere else to hide and has to face the music. She only says "you thought you could run away from me? I told you I would always find you."

—I wake up feeling sick!

FITFUL

—Months go by in this new dimension. Lies are now a truth I can't dispute. I take them as a way of living and quite enjoy where I am. In love. Love. I am in a bond. Love Dick's presence has changed a lot in my life. There is a different colour about me I still don't know how to explain. I haven't got the words as of yet but I do feel that it's happening. There are many habits I have denounced. Dicks were an easy dial but I now catch myself shaking my head to disapprove of that just so I am loyal to Love Dick. The level of self-consciousness I have subjected to myself is harsh but I do not stop gawking at myself. Repeatedly. Trying to find out what kind of a person I am. From being with Love Dick, I have learned for the first time that people in relationships spend a great deal of their good time figuring themselves out which can be read naively as for themselves when in truth it is mostly about your partner. The partner must find you tolerable and you have to conform to the idealistic image they have of you. That's how things keep going... As yourself but in a skin that feels not so much like you but it's a compromise you enjoy making for as long as the other is happy. This grandiose fantasy... This impression management...

—He and I thrive in how un-in-common we are. Instead of using it as a thing that could be a threat to the relationship, we use it to our advantage and because of this we see that multiple worlds can exist on top of each other. This means that he can bring a different thing that he knows has worked very well from his past experiences into the relationship and I do the same and our world is built and we both embrace stuff that is unfamiliar. He was raised by both parents and has thus analysed what it takes for two people to build something from their love. He speaks strongly against secrecy at the very beginning during one of his visits to my place. Transparency, which is over-informing the other about your every move is what actually holds the relationship together. Learning this, I realized the topsy-turvy of my mind before all of this. I thought being shut off, not sharing enough about yourself is what kept you interesting. Being with Love Dick made me see that even though I was convinced that I wanted an element of surprise, in truth I wanted to be assured about escape routes out of the mundanity of structure and the orthodox rhetoric.

—Now I had to be in the open. I had to trust that I can be fully naked but I'm still cautious, playing a role so I am not too offensive to Love Dick's kind of taste. I had to only share what would keep me as a girlfriend he could commit to. I would have loved to be a girlfriend who told him that I had learned to be loyal to him with every month passing i.e., not fucking anyone every other day, but my mind was still whoring around. The wild and diabolical demon in me still wanted to send me into a fucking frenzy but I kept it to myself. I told myself that I was happy with the way things were between Love Dick and myself. I turned myself into what Susan Sontag in one of her extensive diary entries calls "decision head" which is basically forcing oneself to do anything just so you can get through the circumstance at present. My cunt is safe from ending up with some filthy guys who can contaminate this fresh odour it is now releasing. I mean, I dip my finger and smell it and I am pleased with how I smell now. I even smear it on my nose holes so that scent stays with me to remind me of where I am now.

—I should have told him that the reason why people keep secrets from each other is because they are trying to protect their loved ones. They care for you so much and do not want to lose you. I should have told him that the reason why anyone wouldn't say anything is more about you than them. They do not want to see you suffer or unhappy because of the words shared. I wasn't ready

for that kind of breaking spirit - when someone finally sees that they have fallen in love with the giantest cunt of them all.

—So, to every question posed to me, I feel the need to respond to it honestly, but the *honesty* is still cooked. It is a propped-up kind of vulnerability whereby alertness is still informing you of how far you can go in disrobing.

—I also tell him that I would like for us to be good friends. Somehow, I think of this as something that would bring the everlasting effect every couple needs to feel they will have. I know that my Dicks were just that, cocks I shuffled with my cunt with no real sense of friendship. I am proud of myself for initiating this talk with him. I am finally theorizing about love, about being in a relationship, about experiencing common-serving goals. I am finally understanding that to love someone also means you have to show that you think about eliminating the risk of the relationship's ending. You make calculated decisions that bring joy for the relationship. It wasn't possible for me to simply walk away or ignore him anytime I want like I used to with other Dicks. I can't go awol without valid reasons that he would find forgivable. This is proof of the love I am developing for him. Slowly, the layers of dirt from all those years of fucking are getting scrubbed off my skin. I believe this with every bone rooted inside me.

—Love Dick is kind, even sweet. Considerate and respectful. A beautiful man who wants you to see as a human being instead of a sex object. He doesn't stop trying to impress me with his full attention, with tenderness I never imagined in a man. He gives his love so good; I forget about thinking that one day it might all disappear. I am in a lucid dream with a deep desire to use my hand to create the beauty we can both find jarring and intoxicating in the right amounts. I remember in the early days, he made me feel like a "virgin" again when his cock would struggle to make a perfect fit in my cunt. His cock is long and thick. And he promised me that I would get used to it over time as we fucked gently, feeling what it's like to be just us without the rush of animals who are trying to survive in the jungle; without feeling like you have to hunt or you will be preyed upon... I believe this too.

—The tenderness conveyed stays with me. It is in my head; all I think about all day long and what I search for in my readings. It is in my bones and I feel my whole body becoming pliant. It is in my cunt's fluids. It is beginning to sprout in my vocab and even making it to my writing. Love Dick has saved my cunt from the cruelty I was going to suffer had I continued on the path I was on. I talk myself into this until I debase it into a form of self-judgement for all the fucking around I had previously done. What was it for when attachment could be this good?

—My neck is riddled with hickeys that never seem to heal. When one subsides, its sticky yet formless image is quickly re-enacted by another. There is no real sense of distance between the fading and the fresh one. Allusive to the nature of our relationship between Love Dick and me. Things are usually heated around sex and recently we almost argued out of control about why his tongue is always drawing my neck pink. He said it's a symbol of his love and passion. It's annoying and has a teenage fantasy I would rather not be subjected to. I told him in a stern voice. In his closing statement, he said it's a thing he likes doing to his lover when carried over by emotion. I couldn't think of a retort because he had pinned it to our love. Everything comes back to love even if it is self-serving. I do not need to have a pink neck just because I have decided to keep a man closer than I usually do. I feel like a host for his egomania and what he greatly feeds off from, all in the name of love. We fuck mostly and the trust we display for each other as lovers is what the makes the fucking

usual. If there isn't menstruation gushing out to his scare (which is a ridiculous reaction from him), we are mostly fucking or sharing different things we would like to try. I have even started calling fucking, lovemaking which makes me feel pathetic when I am tipsy and beginning to judge my general decisions in life. I now even drink wine from the coffee mug to resemble how homely the relationship is: where one undresses themselves and says accept me for what I am. I did that with Virtual Dick but this kind with Love Dick is different because we are lovers and this kind of undressing has a connotation of reaching for that narcissistic equilibrium between himself and I. Where compromise is valuable for apparently making things better and connect even more, for our happiness to be at equal angles.

—As time passes with Love Dick, my cunt has a sense of safety all over again. It feels healed. It has started to be creative in order to survive: to see Love Dick's cock not as a single story but a single subject with multiple perspectives. I mean, he likes to fuck and cum, stay inside of me until he is hard again to begin fucking me again with the pool of his sperms still in there. When the second cum comes, it is like I am in another story because it is in that very moment I This way, I still feel multidisciplinary and uncaged.

—The sensations it goes through are inoffensive. It is pleasant again to stroke myself when I am watching porn, it is a sensation I have full control over because I am a creator. The sensation I get from Love Dick when he rubs my clitoris has been making me forget that fearful thought of never opening my legs for anyone again. He rubs it really good because he isn't comfortable sucking off a cunt. One of the things that began to annoy me about compromise - tinting your desires into something manageable by him because you should love him with all he also can't do. The biggest lie he has told me is that he would do anything to make me happy, most women believe this like I believed it until I realized that just because he won't go down on me and eat my cunt therefore it isn't true that he would do anything to make me happy. Lovers should rather say that they would do anything guided by their own capabilities to make another happy. Let's narrow it down to protect a lover's wide imagination who takes *anything* as literally anything.

—Today, as we are seated at Tommy's for the specials, he tells me that I shouldn't think of every fight between us as a breakup. He thinks fighting strengthens us because it is a sign that masks are falling off. I want to believe him but the thought of us letting each other go feels freer than the strangle from arguing over dumb shit. I begin to think I wasn't made to be immersed in someone more than I should, it is difficult for me to overlook his habits and make them something I could live with forever. I am still trapped by my old life, things I pay attention to have to do with his cock, fucking or writing a story. I have noticed how he rubs his hand over his cock when he is pensive and that feels like a sexy way of being lost in your brains. Maybe I overthink things because even as we are out, I feel like it is because we are trying to fix things that aren't going well in our relationship. Everything we do has got to do with us trying to, no matter how tiny it is, its effect becomes a majestic motion, better our relationship. When I tell him that I like reading undisturbed, he finds way to make it a good thing for our relationship. "It is a good for us, on those days apart, we will miss each other and grow fonder." He says in an asserted voice. I want to tell him that he sounds stupid for making what I have been doing for years about him, about us. Can one fully express themselves without their nearest making it about them? This is a question that never makes it out of my mouth. I realize that I am now letting him get lost in his delusion and my pity for him is growing in every pore. I am a cunt that he consumes himself so much with. He is in a relationship with a cunt that he can't even hear its interests as simply interests that have gotten nothing to do with him. Love is a sick game! That statement stays lock in my mind just like the question.

—I deserve to tell stories from an overflowing cup. I tell myself as my fifth drink arrives.

i wake to myself in this rotation. i am in neither or. what i know is that i have been compelled to prove a point. i don't know how that is going to play out when my paranoia is already amplified. it is the way is it because before i took in love dick, i knew this would happen. wherein i scratch my head incessantly, & he even sees it & tells me "to stop fiddling." my brain is in a weightless fashion like a cunt morally inexplicable, losing its reparable desires.

i can feel my soul turning venal. if i thought i was already dirty then this new form of disparagement i have put myself through loving love dick is on top. i am eating at the palm of his attention. crumbs, factually nothing that can fill my desire up. i look for where he is, what he doing with whom. i tell myself this is how an attentive partner should be. my whole absorption grappling about his disappearance. that bored doll whose life has become a display of desperation. stomping onto self for as long as i could be his favourite figurine; the first he picks gratifyingly at a toys store. it has become impossible to create heat waves in this indifferent mood of his. no mind game which was my steady play seems to suffice. it seems he is done with me. done with a girl whose emotional ecstasy is only expressed by her cunt, cold words coming out thereafter & the fickle of being in and out of the roleplay of heteromonogamy. i do not know what's itching more, the propositions of my cunt opening or the speeding lines moving sideways like a crazy crab wedged in my brain.

i miss him. i miss us. i want to cry but my father who is in RIP-modality cannot help me. i do not have an escapism at a disposal for me to rummage just to quiet these backstroking thoughts. what i can do about this sensation i have of love dick is think about those times when he was so eager to share his stories of manhood. no matter how centred around his penis they were. no matter how showing off of the strength of his phallus his narrative structure was. i was attached, deeply, to his shortcomings unconditionally. this was an effective example of how fallen in love i was with love dick; with the diverse range of contradictions the structure provides. the grey areas were pardonable & also many other things right into the dark abyss of what self-help monomaniacs label as overlooking the "red-flags". i was in asleep mode to it all the way i always knew my cunt becomes when i absolutely adore someone's cock. my body shuts off & can only burn with a craving of one person. he ruled my mind, body & soul, he turned me into a cliché of a happy ending pursuer. i am hunting for the goodness of his presence but he has left me in the open. just like when a psychologist confronts her patient without having prepared her for that. that punch in the belly & all your comestibles come out through your nose & the trace of the spiced food pierces through if you closed your eyes minuscule stars appears as shiny darts. i miss those gullible stories about a manhood that wouldn't even be there without an erection. i wanted them as a continuous dread making it to my cunt's writing vitality, as a critique - a pointing out of the idiocy and lifelong inefficiency.

there's something fundamentally wrong with holding a group of boys hostage & cutting that extra, frontal meat of their cocks & then pronouncing them as men. i should have interjected him as he relayed but for the first time, i didn't want to be sardonic. there's a lot of madness about constructing manhood that way i thought, as though it is not a lifetime gift of discovering errors & never-ending salvation. he saw nothing wrong with this, he was teenager when he went there. he told me about his experiences of the mountain rivetted, prevented to see otherwise. disjointly shared in a boast this barbarity tied with an unadmitted trauma. as he would say, when you are there, the focus is entirely on the penis & nothing else, not the food you eat, nor the possibility of raw death. if you didn't take care of the penis, as the boys were told, it would rot. the cut was a fresh agony in every minute that needed tending. all he could think about while he was there was that he needed to take care of it like one would a new-born baby. he had to think for it, figure out what it needed & have its urgency revert in your mind every minute. our bond may not have been over literature but i miss him. i miss the way he was able to insert the phallus the way i would a cunt. somehow, i needed to hear that

every boy including the initiators were shook at the length of his penis. sure, it was a long one but did that guarantee that he understood manhood? that he'd succeed as a man? i didn't think so because underneath all that pleonastic praise of his phallus i could see a very small person. this was established the day he took me to his sister. under her imposing leadership he shrunk, suddenly a member of nothing in the world. she was one of those elder siblings whom because of their capital status was given a lot of leeway into controlling the dynamics of the family. the first time she met me she reminded me of wrapping pussy a bit in how she quickly ensued capitalistic measurements of how worthy i was of her brother. of how i would rhyme with their world for as long as my metre spat coins. i hadn't wanted to meet his family, didn't even think of it as a possibility. what was it anyway? cunt-writing woman meeting up ultra-traditionalists, mpondos, their women conditioned not call the men by their names but by their clan names. this was a sick dream, a blank evening which my perpetual note-taking still didn't refuse. see, love dick had believed my acting of the perfect girlfriend & maybe i was partly to be blamed for it. i didn't have the money. i didn't aspire to be in the corporate offices like his sisters did. in fact, he had issued a bewildered face when i mentioned one time over a drinking session that the office provoked in me a rage i had yet to find words to describe to faultless care. we were in different worlds, i pursued words & ideas to a promising sprouting & him the money to the last degree. but i became addicted, to acting, to being real until both were a unit inseparable like prophecy & fiction.

soon our conversations were an interflowing between what i wanted & his sister's worldview. whenever i saw her face, i could only think of an axe. her sharp features cut through your sockets & create a stern yet unproductive image. love dick clung into the way the sister always gave advice on how he should flash his cock, shake off his cock after peeing or even brandish in times recklessness. there is a tone of authority in the way she offers these unsolicited advices on what one should lead their life but if you lack self-awareness, you'd think that's how love from our older siblings is supposed to be. though, who could quarrel with family origin? he didn't understand that i write with my cunt & the control of his sister i studied over time, which loomed like an unexpected apparition, went against his unshaken belief of all these conventional stories of initiation days. those: I AM A MAN! I AM A MAN! I AM A MAN! in this case of his, what a flipflopping manhood! i repeat, there's something wrong with holding hostage a group of boys & there onwards calling them men because manhood is a lifetime of self-discoveries. how could a man be controlled by his sister the way love dick was? he started demanding that every sunday we should go have dinner with her & laugh at the sitting table as she says, "if you date one of us, know that you are dating all of us" which i thought was utter bullshit. a shit i would always be circumspect to inhaling. i wasn't dating all of them, she didn't even understand whom she was trying to rope into their sick enmeshment. was that what most women in heteromonogamy had to deal with when it came to in laws? always feeling like you need to make an impression in order to be accepted? a suspected kleptomaniac who has come to destroy the history their son has with them? i suffocated. the bullshit wasn't my school of thought. the amount of respect that was expected from me was too much to portray without making mistakes as the infidelities of life itself. the incredible acts of docility required was like a with-held breath i would have to draw in the black sky. i was dealing with a vast zone of conventionality by trying to save my cunt from sickness. it didn't vomit those xanthous substances anymore but i knew i was greatly suffering by attaching to love dick.

love dick had to continuously find himself, find those shimmering pieces that make him further than the knowledge of initiation. a knowledge is a constantly changing pattern as when i open my cunt & feel my body morph into different shapes, forms & expressions. unguarded, i allow myself to transcend to the best version i could be. he bandaged himself with the once said that as soon as the tip falls off you are a man & became impervious into a something new that could contribute to a

pursuit of manhood as endless elastic fibre. as a settling cunt, it irked me that his mind wasn't rippled in versatility because that was to be a diametrically relation of me. we meet people where we are. a man in the wording of the noun than the verb in the patriarchal sense. the monumental blunder from my side was believing this door of reason. in the fearless truth, how was he going to understand that my cunt writes? that every time he visited the different graves in my cunt, he was straddling stories that have already been existing? those twists, & turns he always did, ironing the smoothness of my cunt were not a process of being lost in what feels good but a making of a grand narrative echoing others & the present self incalculably. he simply didn't understand & i am faced with great self-reproach because with all these realizations about the quandary of what seems like his lack of self-knowledge, of loving him even though his idiocy is on the table i still miss him kind of a problem! i surprise myself. i ended up loving him even though i knew how & where we would end.

i was in a dream & now i have woken up to what i know.

63 YEARS OLD ANECDOTES

—I hear a knock on my door and I panic. My rent has been due for a week. I do not have a dime on me and have run out of excuses. The landlord has been believing in my tomorrow which comes at me still on a R0.39c bank balance. My brain is enraptured with fear. I can't think about anything else rather than paying this rent. Blaming myself for not having the money owed is a self-criticism I can do later. Right now, I have to think about how I am going to raise the damn capital. I chose to write. I quit my work. Put monies whom were supposed to last me the whole year with neither responsibility than the obvious choice of writing with my cunt. However, my compulsive instinct weighed on my relation to have alcohol stocked up for the writing to happen, to be able to afford to go out every other day and observe as people's gestures take over. Those sighs, coughs, mouths moving, zooming in and their beads of saliva form a sensible symmetric too-close-to-the-eye as they speak passionately about whatever as something I hold on to translate later. Comes with a price. That's something that kept me wanting to spend the money in drinking and finding the words of a divided human condition. Now, I am in trouble with the landlady on my 9th month of staying in this goddamn apartment. Where am I going to find the rest of the lease's rent? The knock reattaches me to life and can only think about two things: ignore it by pretending a deep sleep or accept the encounter of a sad countertemporaneity state, which is a definite eviction. I imagine my possessions strewn all over the hard concrete; my books' pages sorrowfully turning to the wind's spirit, lines after another disgustingly showing off the meticulousness of writing. Which option is plausible? I think of myself as brave and maybe it would be possible to talk myself into another couple of days using that writer's charm. Maybe I'll have to smile confidently or open the door with my eyes already overflowing with water. It's not like destruction is a thing that has always been inflicted on me but I want to be brave enough to resist work. Work in the conventional sense of a day in and day out of sitting in the office to create a legacy of others. I want to write. My mother had to understand that, still has. It is difficult to burp a story with the disturbance of unrelated deadlines - work that has nothing to do with what you're trying to say. I have run out of monies, run out of something to drink and I am going to be sad in the coming days because then my literary utterances are going to be impeded by the dense and cloaking soberness. It is a gruesome situation to not have a glassful of alcohol. For a bit I think of myself as special that me being unreachable for a couple of days everyone would think I am dead? Who would care anyway? Love Dick and I are not in the same place as before, haven't heard from the bastard in weeks, I feel out control and condemned to respond strategically. The structure is exhausting and not for a faint heart for sure but I like the safety my cunt has been in these months I have known him hence I am taking longer than usual to leave. I even started a new role out of the purse of my role-playings, as someone who struggles to leave. My mother sure would care because of the stunning beauty she has for her children. But my readers I haven't discovered wouldn't give a fuck nor that professor who cares about teaching their students transgressive literature. Nobody would stop living if I died is the truth. I am special except that I left my well-paying job to learn how to write which was pretty fucked up in the modern South African political economy where everyone is trying to make ends meet with an insult for wages. Time has finally separated me from hiding in that light-avodaco bedding and I have to answer to the reverberating knock and face what is in the open. I do not have rent money and only my calculative nature is to save me if I continue to be sharp as I usually am in the presence of my Dicks. Walking to the door I do a dance, a swinging of hips in rotation. This is how I am going to make my exit, through the exquisite pleasure of dancing stupidly, I think to myself. My armpits are in a sweat and my cunt just as the same. I want to insert my 3rd finger, lick it but I am not clean and only smell like someone who is in great trouble. At the door is an upshot of my horrific imagination, the stacking of hunches that are not normally true. I hurt myself mostly through my mind which wonders out of control and

places me as a victim of situationships and happenstances! It is not my landlady but the senile woman who stays upstairs diametrical to my apartment. She is the woman I detect her movements and thoughts above me. Wondering hopelessly when I hear a loud bang, what's that about? She can't hide behind the raucous she sometimes makes. She is now present in front of me and I can't tell if the bitterness in me is a thing that should be easily read by others. I am petrified about being chased out for breaching rental laws and her visit at least brings an escapism I desperately need in this moment. I let her in and wonder what she wants on this scorching day. Ice cubes maybe? I mean we have never spoken except greet one another on those mindless occasions we bumped into one another. Her walks are laggard and heavy with the years she has lived. She is wearing grey pants and the blue vest she has on without a bra shows off her sagging breasts. I imagine her nipples as tired but possible to erect with stories regarding those mouths who have taken a drink. I don't let my racing mind as a rude excess but just show her the couch. At least I still remember the decorum my mom impacted on me as to how an elder person is an important member of society deserving an immediately caring attention. My place is naturally cold though. Hope she survives with her attire. She asks how I am and I all can think about is that I haven't eaten, been living on a one meal per day routine since the beginning of this month. I tell her I am good. I know how to give the retarded passing lie everyone issues when they aren't ready to snoop you into the jangle that is their chaotic life. I get on just fine. She makes a conversation about the guys I always bring to my apartment; asks why she hasn't seen Love Dick for so long. She knows him by his white BMW I found out now. She's been spying on me it looks like, counting all the lovers whom come here. But that could be in my head and this poor old woman doesn't really give a fuck about what I do with my cunt. Anyway, I should be unmoved because the same melancholy air of my unpaid rent is underwhelmingly still rising above her words. I sit across her and look at her spectacles very firm in this shrunken skin of hers! She just wants to share her ancient memories with me, the patches in her skin are simply variations of the many lives, many cycles she has lived. She asks again how am I doing and a part of me wants to respond about my rent but I do not like to make my problems other peoples. What's her strategy anyway? Asking me the same question twice, once when we are standing and again when we are sitting. What kind of a game is this she wants to play with me when my patience is so little, almost to no fucks-given, I would rather scroll down my phone than converse with a person right now. I tell myself that I should calm down and heed to the situation with a heart full of love. I am too self-involved, the minute I am about to do something out of character (like being rude to old people) I pathologize instead of opening the tap. That's my anchor, whether it is always good is something I do not care about right now. Her eyes scurry the room, then endure on a particular book spine for a couple of seconds before she looks at me again. She then tells me that she loves reading too, and that she sleeps very late, past midnight on a daily basis. I should come visit her some time so that we can talk. An immediate response evades me, I feel like this moment has happened already, months ago or is something I have to take it in without thinking it will make it into a text the coming days. I ease back into her words. She is an old woman, therefore not shy to just be anymore - her wizened skin is not strangulated by the useless self-consciousness of the youth. Whether or not her visit makes sense, that doesn't prevent, bother her one bit for as long as she achieved it. She doesn't have time for hornswoggling anymore but take the days literally day by day. She doesn't have to prove a point nor issue sentences that leave you uncertain. If she liked, artlessly, she could look me in the eye and ask me how am I doing for the third time. No expression of bitter doubt! Being cold and mean to her would be like trying to paint over a Picasso's. My mind races help me back into giving a commendable welcome. She is from the Nothern Cape, in Kimberley but has been staying here in Pretoria since she ran away from home as a teenager. She used to sing. There was nothing for her there, from early on she knew that she was bigger than what that place could offer her. Her urges and desires were a thing it couldn't hold nor nourish. She doesn't have

children, wanted to keep her repertoire simpler than worrying about someone your whole life. She believes in how special she is that she has never visited back home from that one morning “I packed my bags and left.” As she narrates, I think about Bessie Head’s short story *Life*, in which the eponym Life felt the rural was smaller than the tremulous excitement the city could offer her. Except that this grandma was clever enough to not go back to Kimberly only to be ruthlessly killed for her unending freedom quest like it happened with Life. The kernel in the author’s hand made that story stay with me for a long time, in the sticky emotion it left me with and depth in the intellect. Beyond Life as a character who pushes boundaries through an untamed vulgarity of intense wanting but Head’s ability to write about the lingering violence of killing an-out-of-order woman without reinforcing the violence through the use of shrouded language was/is a great artistic employment. Breaking away from that kind of spectacle is as important as listening to this old lady professing return to her home couldn’t be a dream. Oh, but what a colourful life did she lead, her face brightens when she gets to this part. There’s a warmth in her face as if the wrinkles are about to be ironed. She is a beautiful woman who is just old and tired now, can only bring colour to living through memories. She once became a back-up singer for a jazz band. Even though she wasn’t always at the forefront but her beauty was able to catch attention of many musicians. “Those horny humans!” Never quite felt like held behind bars for her generous sharing of her love and warmth. They love to fuck in the backstage, those instrumentalists, she tells me. She says she has fallen in love with so many men more than she could ever count. Love is to be shared never spared because the heart is a flexible organ, all you have to do is stretch it more, even better than the last time. Most people guard their hearts once they have been burned, she continues, shut themselves to the underground but she has never lived with that rule. When hers broke, it was like a purgation certifying that she was alive and feeling things. Burning. She wouldn’t pick a lover for the sake of... It was to feel love again and even more. Her peregrinations with the different bands were always an opportunity to find new love in a new city, new country, new language, new bar, new breath and she is convinced that all the men she crossed her life with loved her. She was a woman who knew her flaws and misfortunes at her very young age. One of them, she says is the fact that she has halitosis and then issue a long breath as if she wants me to take it in. We both catch her in this act and it’s like our minds are an organic plasticity, generating an evocative novel situation. Should we draw a condensed silence off of this realization, it’s definitely going to smell. This old babe rattles herself off the awkwardness by saying that she is aware that it was unpleasant for her lovers and every doctor’s visit didn’t seem to have improved it. For seconds I think about my cunt’s itch as better for my mouth has opened much more. In riddles, she shares that some of her love-making began in handshakes and I don’t feel like making a follow up of what she means by that, also, she changes the topic to tell me about soul ties. I have heard of the concept before and thought of it very soused with religion. “A sexual spirit attaches itself onto you and you get possessed to go on fucking with any person you can, past your control.” What a cheek belief! Suspicious of prudish biblical elements. But I keep my cool. Shen asks, “what do you enjoy most about sex?” I respond instantly “sex is a thinking space.” And then pause for a few breaths to continue “that’s a very good question.” She ignores me and fixes her now drooping glasses with her whole hand, of course she is an old woman now who can’t do the usual: fixing your spectacles with a single finger. I think this woman is being vengeful because I did the same thing when she mentioned her hand-shaking sex experience, didn’t investigate her but only relied on what she gave to stack my imaginings. Ah! Is this the game she wants to play? I am young and energetic, can flip a sword better than she could with this stout arm. Does she not know that? I don’t want to explain to her that when she mentioned the handshake as a beginning point of fucking my mind took me to Édouard Levé’s 2002 photo series *Pornographie*. In this series, arousing doesn’t wear the conformist lens. Levé employs the pornographic imagination to mock pornography. He spins the crudeness of pornography by photographing dressed pupil in Classic Pornography Materia -

poses, positions, expressions and indebtedness. I think he does this to question, when does the sexual begin, by reproducing what porn shows us or by shifting from that gaze as we know it and create from there! Would my visitor understand me? If I were to explain that a sexual intercourse which begins from a handshake is actually an attempt to undo what the expected simulacrum of sex is? Clothing pornographic bodies is to confuse the mind from grasping what it expected to grasp and hold on to. It is validating the unusual as a potential pursuit. That's what sex is about, altering what we already know to only alter what we already know, continuously, for pleasure. Otherwise, people would have stop doing the missionary a very long time ago if we didn't adlib this olden position in the context of our modernity! She didn't know I was thinking about that. My mind is constantly trying to make connections between what's in front of me and what I have read or seen. That's my hearing. That's the only way I confess the art of living. "I just wanted to chat, do you have the time?" she croaks and I bring myself back to the presence. I do not have anything to offer her, only water is available. I am a poor writer with possible debt putting me in trouble with the grinding personality of financial institutions. I tell her that Love Dick and I haven't been good solely because I am conflicted. I want to leave him, leave his arse for not being able to comprehend the reality in front of him. Am I wrong to say, I do not want to be with a man who doesn't know how to protect his woman against his people? As soon as I say that she mentions a lover she had amongst many, that one who paid lobola for her in the month of August only to stop working on the relationship by October. She tells me that they only had one fight that broke the relationship. They fought, discharged dirty vitriol to another and what the supposedly man did was run to his family and tell them about the fight. And the idiots believed his half-truth telling. However, what wasn't appetizing about the whole thing is the weird idea of him placing himself as a target rather than the dualism of heteromonogamy: in which there is no way you aren't both a victim or a perpetrator of the ugliness. He chose to place himself as the victim of circumstances so his family would prop him out, lick his wounds and even tell him that he's too hot and could take on any woman either than her because she had apparently hurt him. The old cat spreads her back on the couch's support, as if to indicate a very delicate tale is about to be told for hours more. I think about this shebang of in laws as sometimes incumbering a successful relationship because of whatever reason I am failing to pin down! I think about Love Dick and the pseudonymity of a husband he likes to play to his sister and I don't know why I am bothered because I want to leave him. I found him like this and he will always be like this. Thinking a man is going to change is on its own being in a limbo, and being in a limbo is a form of abuse because you don't know where you stand or what the direction of the relationship is taking. "I had to leave a man like that, I could tell there is no point in waiting for him to man up... they take longer than us you know, great singers of the line I ONLY REALIZED LATER WHAT YOU MEANT." She drums her chests and asks grouchy "do you know how many men have come back to me to sing that line? That they now get what I meant? Always when it doesn't matter anymore? Men I have loved with my stinking mouth, in the end I got tired of it and thought about being alone for the rest of my life." Ha! I want to say to her that I knew that her portrayal of a heart that can even love a disturbed individual perusing dustbins on the streets was a lie! Who has that much of love in them unless they are dancing carelessly? That wasn't a creed she could maintain her whole life, loving one person to the next without putting a full stop on it and stopping the bullshit once and for all. She was bogus to think that she could get a free pass with that kind of a limited dialectic. This is a woman who in so little words delivered that the patriarchal madness has similarities that can wear you out to an emaciated skull - your only revival, the meat growing back being that you choose to leave and never look back. Granny, in what sounds like closing remarks, says that I need to come into terms with this the way I appreciate the post-feeling I get after finishing a book. She continues that, there comes a time where you understand that the man you fuck will always be playing catching up to your transcendental energy. "You love reading books, don't you? I sang so much too,

always far away. You get it?" her question is a thing I can't answer as long as she is asking staring into my many books in front of her. "Perhaps it's time you ask yourself what does reading mean and does to you, the surprising places you get into do what to you? And where do they leave the next person who doesn't travel as you do with your mind?" I keep quiet, baffled by her sudden ounce of elitism sounding about right. Our engagement takes a sudden recapitulation, she stands up and moves towards me in those slow steps. I stand up as well, move closer to the intelligible foul breath. She opens her arms. We hug for longer than a minute as if she is blessing me with something. "I should get going." she says hurriedly, adds "I need to prepare my soup, do you perhaps like onion soup?" I say yes, even though I know that I am not a fan of soup yet alone the imagery of floppy onions. I am like that when I feel like someone has been nice to me, I want to return it immediately. "Let me know if you need anything, will you?" are the words filling the passage as we walk to the door. I could tell her about my rent that is due but she doesn't strike me as someone who was wise enough to have savings for life but focused more on her soreness for loving every person, she lays her eyes on. I know this is my empty pride inveigling me from asking for help. She doesn't have rent problems like I do, even if she lived on pension, our government insults senior citizens with peanuts for a pension! She must have money stacked somewhere, under her sheets maybe and she could help me. If only I could ask for it. Ask and you shall be given, don't they say? When we get to the door, she hugs me again but this time it is brief. I watch her as she takes on her slow steps again in the pavement. It is only a few seconds. I aim to throw myself back into the bed and try to understand what this visit was about. It doesn't make sense at all but it was nice to have somebody take my mind off my problems a little bit. All those stories she shared are like crowned heads in a bowl, just jelling together as a matter of things that have happened. I don't know how they could possibly have anything to do with me. I feel a deep sense of self-pity. The only way out is making a call to either my mother or to the psychologist. My mother would help but she will first give the "I told you so" charge of self-righteousness. She didn't want me jobless because no parent wants a burden of a child for the rest of their lives but God knows the pride I take in suffering for as long as my focus is on writing. Love Dick could help too if I show myself as a helplessness woman before his eyes. Doesn't the phallus harden even more when you are a woman only the mighty, he can save? He is one of those lucky South Africans who don't have the "black tax" on their backs - having to take care of your parents or siblings. Everyone is pretty much doing okay in his family. The mother inherited a lumpsum when his father died and she is a lame face-ruined-by-make-up bitch whose first intervention when you have made a mistake as her child is shame you to your smallest and not offer any constructive advice. The skills she would rather occupy herself with is discovering about which second-hand car can she buy to drive for a couple of months then sell it again for another one. It is like she takes test-driving way too seriously and wants to park the car at her own garage before she is bored with it and wants to try on another one (that's what free money does isn't? Drives you crazy). I probably would too if the only occupation I had was eat my dead husband's money but I know that the writing would be the important than these festering ways. His two sisters have money too and copy idiosyncratic qualities of a powerful man with that control of theirs they have. Trust me, even the Mpondo nation does have females of their own with the Queen Bee Syndrome. Every girl the brothers bring is an opportunity for them to check if she fits the nasty capitalist criteria of "what is she bringing to the table." One time, Love Dick and I were out drinking and it slipped out that the mom and the sisters were celebrating that his younger brother and a girl he dated for five years had broken up. The second sister had a part in it. Employed her feminine wiles to get the brother to break up with the poor girl because she couldn't finish her college studies, sort of hopped from one college to the next without her qualification in hand. And like the good fucken moron he is, he made the dump using the great poltroon's line of "let's take a break" when he undoubtedly means something else. He also mentioned that the sister said all the girl did was buy synthetic wig

after another. The assumption was that with the brother's money. It was good intel for understanding the despicable creatures his family tree was made up of. What was wrong anyway if she ate the brother's money anyhow? According to them as fellow women, he was supposed to fuck her for free all those years? Her cunt changing colour and structure with the same dick for nothing? I remember asking him "what kind of people are your family?" I didn't know if my question had alerted him that I was shocked at the slop of the conversation because he simply replied "you will get to know them one day, you will see them." And God, did I not see them?! This is what I saw: every time we fought Love Dick unperturbedly aired the dirty laundry and they would insult me, every time the second sister wanted to come by knowing that I am with him, she'd only call when she is downstairs for us to open, every time Love Dick wanted to buy something for me, he'd have to run it by the second sister first, every time Love Dick was wrong, they'd make excuses for his behaviour. The mother, a blatant double-faced somebody: on the side saying to me "ndizathetha naye" whilst making evil whispers to him! Zero accountability to either of them was the standard! I have two Master's Degrees, can play the piano with these goddam hands that look like my father's, so what was their problem with me? That I love to write and didn't want to be bogged down by the traditional setting of work? What Love Dick missed is that some in laws hate the woman for the sake of hating so they can keep infantilizing the brother for as long as they could. He didn't get it for the love of God and who was I to tell him about his own people? I knew I had to be out of that hell hole no matter how tempting making notes on heteromonogamy was, the people who are that family are dead intellectually just monied. There were no boundaries between one another, formed a toxic bonding of infiltrating each other's lives in the name of siblings! He wasn't going to be my problem anymore; I shouldn't even think about taking his money. Eventually I make the call to the psychologist, she says she is going to bring me food and can only pay this month's rent. It looks like she has forgiven me for our last fight, either that or she really pities me. Whatever it is, my list of vices can take it all on in and continue living and writing. For the first time, I am understanding what it means to hate oneself. I knew what monogamy is but I still did it out of the fear of my cunt being contaminated. I knew it wouldn't get me anywhere except in that combination of all madness there is out there. Love Dick became neurotic, patriarchy choking him by his shirt front. Soon, he wanted to tell me what I should do and how I should express myself. He made me to be this person who must take his word very seriously outside my own or can be put in her place. He chose to define himself as a victim of my imagination. He'd always say I am making things up, and I began to wonder, was this the shit all writers who pursued love had to deal with? Have to be told that you are treating the relationship as a story? And if I did? My cunt had been sick, I liked to fuck multiple men and my solution (whether temporal or not) had to help me out of that fear. Generally, I dislike an uncomfortable cunt, can't stand it. I don't like an acrid stench down there and this is why I put myself through this shit with Love Dick and his mad family dynamics for as long as I thought it would be safe. Love Dick happened to be lucky with the sack type of his balls that I wanted to fuck with him and even take it that far to meet his people. I woke with an itch on my crotch and didn't know where it came from but some way, I landed with a single cock to fuck, with the only man's mind to explore its cognitive dissonance, with meeting in laws wearing a vintage dress like a true makoti. Didn't he see the pain I was in? Fuck my life! This isn't what I signed up for. I don't want to sound unreasonable because my cunt now feels healed and incurably healthy but what am I doing here if not on the road to be a veteran of misery? Having to listen to Love Dick speak about a bullshit that has no standing, no ideological substantiation? That sounds like investing in social poverty. I better tell the bartender to give me a glass of standards, a very large glass filled to the core. I think about what I should do before the psychologist arrives, I could read a book or do some writing. There's something annoying and haunting about an unfinished work. I have been trying to do this work, maybe my mother will in due course understand what I quit my work for than nagging me about the

importance of having a pay check. I must say though, earnestly, that it took me a little while to understand that every 25th of the month was just an ordinary day with no notification of a wage coming in. It's not like the money would last long against the pile of expenses but looking at it in your account for those couple of days felt nice. A thought about Virtual Dick crosses my mind, those random video calls were mostly hilarious. I never knew what to expect from him but enjoyed that he treated me like a palatable polluted woman who didn't want a regulator for a man. He was too random. Called me one time to say, "hey mtshana, unjani? oh man, there's books everywhere here man, in boxes, some are in the bed and some are all over the floor." I responded that they are a reflection of his state of mind and he responded gleefully "exactly, you feel me, anyway show me your bum please." And from there I did as he asked but just teasing him through a slanted framing that didn't really show the whole thing. "Bra, can I tell you something?" he had asked and I said yes, sure, go ahead. "This one time I was with a group of creatives and we wanted to talk about shit intellectually. These were teachers of writing, painting and politics, whatever that bullshit. This great writer, was hosting us at his house. Bra, there was this visual art teacher, I tell you man, I was so surprised, he couldn't read, he couldn't utter a word out loud creatively. I was shocked. How can a professor not know how to read out loud, you know man bringing colour onto the words?" He had many rants he ejected as frozen grease and I didn't interrupt him because he felt it was important to say. As I am sitting here, I think about those calls as very important for my literary making which include other things of course. The way that delirium was like a thing to put me right with myself as a writer who wanted to pursue something original not just "bricks" for books as Julio Cortázar mocked the mainstream quality of books in his *Literature Class*. Perhaps, I am a sell out for harkening to his troll the way I did and over and over again but a cunt needs to write and very well. It's not like I was kneeling down and having a confidential talk with God, completely vulnerable. It was always in relation to what does pretending to know what you are doing without having sat down and struggled with the word mean? It is easy to wear the deadly combination of being overconfident and being mediocre was the message he always wanted me to understand very clearly. As to why he thought I needed to hear it as fast as I could write about it, only literary ancestry can offer some answers, here, in this text! Time is not moving and I want the psychologist to be here. She is a chum of mine I love very dearly. It is easy for her to pretend that she treats me outside of her discipline and I appreciate that position for as long as it remains like that. She probably wants to prove a point that psychoanalysis can be a thing we live without in a close knit of friendships, relationships. We have great fun together I like to believe: I am one person she accepts as is and doesn't think she should fix. Although this one time she asked if I didn't need therapy as she had questioned me about my father and that she could refer me to a colleague of hers. Why would I pose for someone for a whole damn hour, unless they were painting me? I shrugged the suggestion with whatever effortless words I can't remember right now. It's not a matter of I didn't think it wouldn't work but people take that shit up so they could brag, "my therapy sessions have helped me come into terms about this phenomenon I thought of it so naturally, have pointed out this is how I cough out my insides when I am angry"! How many times do we need to hear it? About our fucked-up childhood, it's all there in the Bildungsroman. Shame and despair have always been shared. Anyway, when she gets here, I am going to tell her about the old woman's visit. I wonder what she's going to say. She can be very flat in the sense that she wouldn't think of it peculiar, chances of it happening today short of any mystic inclinations. See, she doesn't live life like she has a pocketbook reflecting an acquaintance with days. Her days are about curing the ill, no, not cure them but help themselves discover the cure as she always explains her job to me. Further than that, you are really making things up according to her: seeing things that are not there, believing in poltergeists when you think your ceiling is making a funny noise! Either way, whether we go to the old woman or not, today's somewhat good. A stranger in her old-age wanted to remember her

youth through me and I liked the way she wanted me to remember it with her, as filled with joyful pursuits rather as a depressing cookie that choked her life slim. In a way, her not-judging tone when she asked about Love Dick kind of meant that she approves that I can scrap at the bone that is men and make it my passionate short dream it is fine. She isn't like that elderly which takes pleasure from making you feel like they have always known what they are doing and advise against playing with your cunt. She is honest about her past because she doesn't give a fuck anymore, she could die any day. What would regretting having lived do anything for her at this point? She doesn't care anymore and just takes the days as they come and probably thinks about the nearing death as precious because no dog or cat will be left lonely without her. Her choices in life were truly about living for herself. I was very wrong to think the stories she told had nothing to do with me, her presence frightened me and I wanted it to make sense as it was happening as if there wouldn't be another time to put everything on the tray and see it for what it is. She wanted me to know that today hence she visited me. Write with your cunt as you like, it's like she was saying, do so with your need for freedom in mind. There's nothing stopping you, is what she was giving to me. That long hug wasn't to turn my stomach into knots but iron all the joints of this heteromonogamy I have pondering over for so long now and not coming clean about what I will do. My mind stays in events for the longest and by the time the psychologist arrives I am tired from thinking. She places the food in the kitchen counter. I thank her for saving me from hunger. I do not think she has quite forgiven me because when our faces meet, she wants to look at something else either than me. She tells me she is not staying because she needs to be somewhere. My heart remains sore even though I have food for tonight, my rent paid.

STARING UNBLINKINGLY

—When I left it was just over a year since Love Dick and I entered the relationship. It was a long deliberation from my side than before despite the knowledge that the structure of our love was smothering me. The nitty-gritties of bullshit. I knew that he wasn't a bad person but I had to make the break up real and not just about my inability to commit. I wanted the attention and the healing but not the whole package of constant deliberating the man-and-woman puzzle. I couldn't stomach the monotonous fucking we were now subjecting ourselves to in the name of love. I wanted the rush, I wanted to feel like I had fever and my cure is only guaranteed on the streets. I wanted to fuck around and not limit my writing to his sameness. I wanted to make a home out of anything and anywhere without the relation weighing on my shoulders. I wanted a freedom that knows no bounds.

—The breakup felt like a crow was loosening its claws on my right breast. I got freed when I told him I have nothing to offer him. His mouth had more milk than my breasts would ever give him. I am just a buttered and ruined cunt and I wanted him to understand that about me. Maybe then this thing on my chest would finally learn how to fly and land on somebody else, somebody with a cunt that wasn't curious to try every cock.

—I am in the mood for sentimental nonsense like watching tears fall on a candle or getting a cock tattoo onto my thigh as a way to remind myself that I am not good for love. I am mad like the psychologist said. The truth is, I fantasized about that scene when Short Dick fingered me as we sat in the restaurant whilst Love Dick was curdling and advancing his hypogastrium against me.

—Love Dick was shattered. He didn't expect the sudden turn of events. In his mind, we were going through "love pains" that a heteromonogamy never misses in order to strengthen. The time apart to figure a new relation to another. He was oblivious to what I really going through which was surprising because I thought *he* would know. In his eyes, I was a perfect girlfriend when in fact I was just following the script that fitted that role. All I did was giving him what he needed to stay connected for as long as I connected.

—After the breakup, I returned to the Red Room by myself. I wanted to hurt myself sexually so the hurt I was feeling in my heart had something else matching it. If the same guy who wanted to fuck me and the psychologist was there, I planned to fuck his brains out. Not even drinking or smoking was enough to take me away from feeling bad about dumping Love Dick. It felt good while it lasted is what I take with me and I hope he does too.

—In the Red Room, I know that all my desires would be sated. My orgasmic quest with no loony sisters controlling my subject. Watching a stranger's magic in the final squeeze of his cum and letting go of the mind. A line burst between my cunt. Multiple meanings taking form in between my legs. My eyes shut for a moment. My mind darting about in red images full of delectation. That's the only sense of the world around me that seem to please me. All I'd ever want was there: a cock bulging before my eye, another one rubbed before it parted a sphincter, the other in the mouth, the other pulling back accompanied by tight notes of a queef and another in a curl position about to enter the cunt whose ripping mouth is dog-like. A pull, a grasp, a release and a thousand sexual openings scurry around my mind, all competing to pontificate. None of these people think about the consequences of their behaviour. They live for living in the moment.

—Deep inside an itch opens like a chamber that will transport me to different worlds. A nasty chamber proud of its form. A book finished.

when you pursue sex, you open a chamber inside of you where you allow people to deposit themselves inside of you & you watch them as they thread inside of you with different feet & ideas about the destination. others genuinely want to while others may be fearful.

sex is serious but mostly frivolous. sex demands, orders, mutilates, confronts at the same time liberates, educates, insists & accepts. it is the pollination of unheard thoughts, irrevocable time that resurfaces in memory & in worst cases whose desires linger in commemoration of the lost. sex is a unmatched by any drug. sex is a mystery. it is the shedding off the skin, death of the self; to dream looking at the genitalia & wake at the dissection of the souls. it is both representation & misrepresentation: the diction of feeling an unfiltered raw relation. an itch. sex is the (un)feeling of the feeling self.