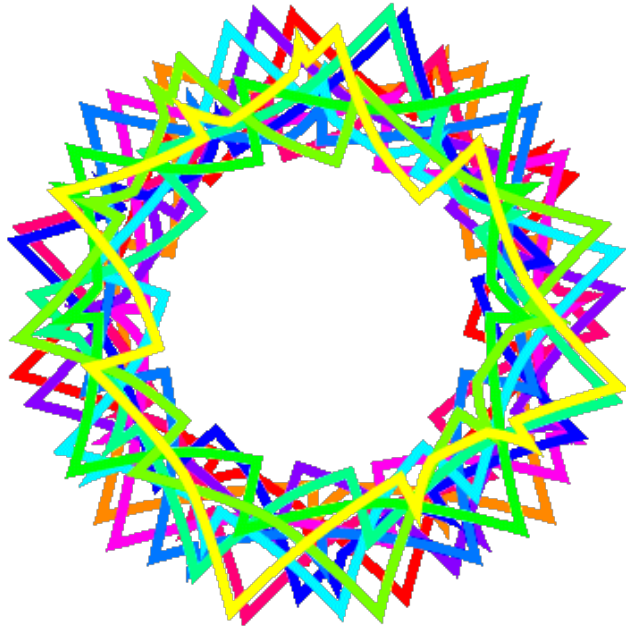
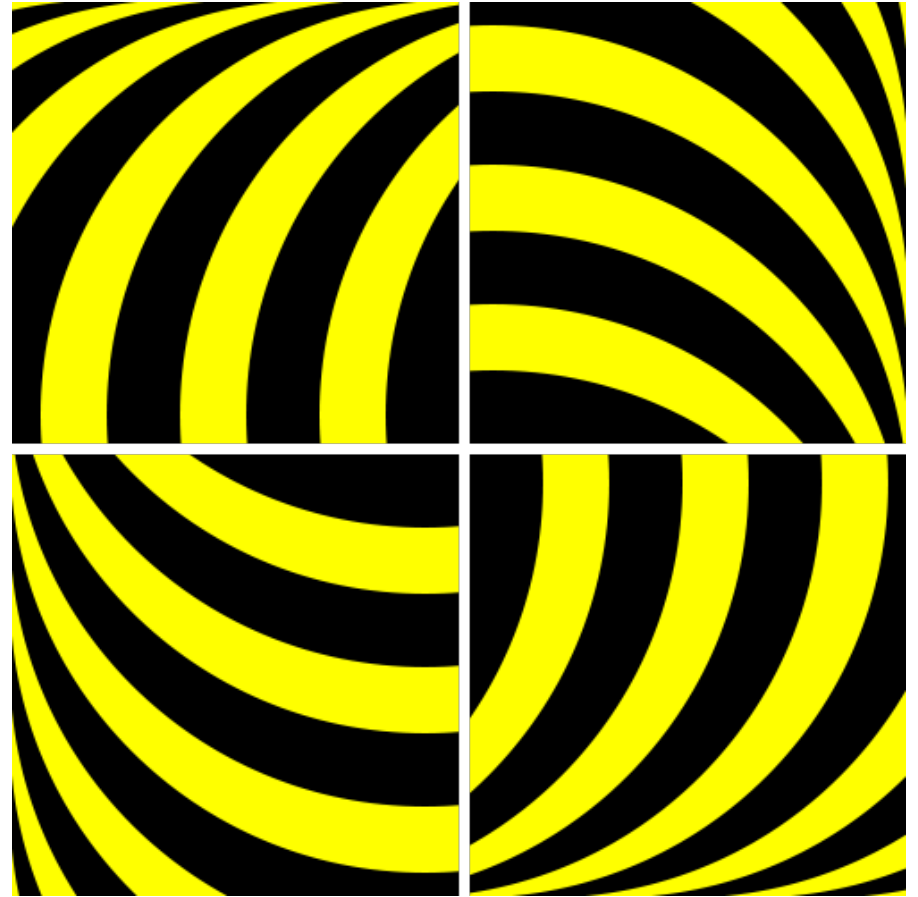


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she read from moby dick and monty python. i read two sex stories, everyone liked the rauchy first one but the second one was a depraved bait and switch from graphic and sexy to graphic and disturbing. i picked it because I got a kick out of the shock twist. she made an uncomfotable face of disgust while trapped biologically. i saw a distorted arousal. she didn't flinch. i grinned. we left early together. the eyes of the audience drift away from the poor Englishman. i saw a miscarriage of a poem on stage and follow us as we move. a mix of hunger and disapproval but we faced on, soon. it, bodies already colliding in an avalanche of flesh and. it quickly through the door, past a shocked group drinking and. the foyer and down the hall to a room of mysterious lighting effects by a bizz. haphazardly rigged Christmas twinkles and stolen stage lights and. off a ghostly white sheet hung from the ceiling. i laid on my back. the colors swirl on the ceiling and in the rising smoke and in. i stopped first slowly and then with increasing speed and the sound of. skin slapped louder as we came. began losing. with the. and the apartment and the still stur. the sharp. from, losing touch with our very senses and un. raw co. submitting to an increasing primal urge to f. hard, e. been playfully rough but now simply blinded by. biology. master and faster like driving arms on locomotive whe. finally i stared up into her three eyes and distorted face and felt a clarity growing in my mind and in my loins and we collided in an explosive daze and collapsed onto

