

It's better to be hated for what you are than loved for what you're not.

- Andre Gide (also attributed to Kurt Cobain)

finished, can't find the handle, mugged in the backalleys of nowhere, too many dark days and nights, too many unkind nouns, plus a steady fixation for the ladies of death

- Charles Bukowski

It was a pleasure to burn.

- Ray Bradbury

"Aphrodite"

I go to the strip club

Maybe three times

A year

depending

On how I'm doing

Financially

And only if I'm

Single,

of course

I've been

single

Most of my life

Anyway,

This past April

I went to the Vu

And took my seat

On the right side

Of the showroom

And took in the
General sadness
Of the place

A blonde with thick
Hips sat down and
Started making
Chit-chit, she was
26 and blah blah blah
Did massage therapy
blah blah blah

I decided she was attractive
Enough to spend money on
But I wanted someone younger
Ideally

She spoke of her roommate
Who also worked at the Vu
And this roommate was 19
So I had her call the roommate
Over

The roommate was a sexy little thing,
tattooed hips,

wearing big glasses,
she looked biracial
with gorgeous bronze skin,
I remember thinking
she looked like a
young, short, nerdy
Rosario Dawson

Her name was Aphrodite
The blonde's stripper
Name escapes me but
I eventually found
Out her real name
was Stacy

we went to the VIP room
All three of us and had our
Sad brand of fun, I had them
Remove their bellybutton rings
And made out with their tummies
And felt them up and we all cuddled
And Aphrodite laid down in front of me
And I felt her stomach and her small
Breasts and she said that my fingers
Felt amazing and the blonde who's

Name escapes me now gave me
A massage from behind and then
I massaged Aphrodite

"This must be the best time you've
Ever had at a strip club," Aphrodite
Said as I counted their money

I think we spent
45 minutes in VIP together once
All was said and done

A couple months go by and
I get the itch again, no female
Attention, no chance for it
Because of the night shift
I'm working and also my
General inability to attract
Women to begin with, plus
I'm falling asleep
In my childhood bed at the
Age of 30, and I decide I need to
Go back

Once I have the extra money in my

Bank account I head down to the Vu

After checking everything out for
About ten minutes, I see Aphrodite
Again, although at this time I couldn't
Remember her name

I pass her when she's standing by
The ATM waiting for a client to
Bleed his bank account for her

What's up, I say, waving awkwardly

Hey, she says, what's up, and there's
Zero recognition on her face

I don't see anyone else attractive or
Young enough to bother with, though,
So after a bit I see her again by the bar
And I go over and tap her from behind

"Excuse me," I said, "I'm sorry, you
Don't remember me, but I was here
In April, we did the VIP with... (and
I've since forgotten the blonde's stripper

Name, so I leaned in and whispered to
Aphrodite) her real name was Stacy...

"OHHH," said Aphrodite, "Yeah, she
Doesn't work here anymore, she's a
Crazy bitch."

I ask Aphrodite for a dance and we go
Back and then I mention what I really
Want is an hour in the VIP so she says
We might as well just do that and we
Bullshit while we wait for a room to
Open up and talk about music, apparently
She used to sing, which is really interesting
We talk about electronic music festivals,
I tell her about my novels that I'm writing
The album I'm recording, blah blah blah

The room opens up and we go in and
She mentions that she hurt her neck
That week and I say that's fine I only
Want to cuddle mostly and then she's
Happy about that and she gets on me

After some initial touchy-feely action she

Asks if I want her to take her bellybutton
Ring out again

"You do remember me!" I say.

She does and I make out with her
Bellybutton, treating it like it's her
Clit, I'm extremely horny and hoping
This somehow leads to us in a hotel
Room later this morning, I need to fall
Asleep with someone again

She's got two tattoos on her hipbones
Royal crowns with cursive over them
One says, We'll never be royals and
The other says They're forever nobles

She's got another one on the front of
Her right shoulder that says
Me Myself and I, which is a
Tribute to her being a Gemini

I call her beautiful and ask if people
Call her that every night

It's usually sexy or hot, she says

There's four levels to attractive girls,
I say-cute, pretty, hot/sexy, and beautiful
Beautiful encompasses all the bottom four

She gives a half-hearted laugh, the only
Kind of laugh she gives all night, and says,
I like the way you think

I tell her she's a strong person to do
What she does, and she's like, what,
Physically? And I'm like, no, no, you
Just have a strong soul and she smiles
And says thank you for that, it's been
A rough week and then she tells me
Her mother might have breast cancer
And her grandmother is going through
Some shit and I say I'm sorry to hear
All that

I ask what ethnicity she is, guess she's
Italian, and she says she's native
American, as well as black and white

"You're a real 21st century woman,"

I say

"Really?"

"Yeah, multiple race descendants are

Wave of the future."

We're not connecting, I know what

Female connection feels like

(Believe it or not)

and this isn't it,

but it'll have to do

She dry humps my semi- boner

and we bullshit

Some more, then we lay down

And she cuddles up and falls

Asleep for a good twenty minutes

Or appears to

System of a Down plays, Toxicity, and

I drum out the thumping guitar riff on

Her shoulder with my fingers, I think

God I love this song, I love Serj Tankian's

Voice, his shouts and daffy, aggressive
Performance quirks

She wakes up and I tell her I'm going
To want to do another hour

She takes a smoke break while I go to
The ATM and the second
Hour consists of more of the same,
Nipple sucking and bellybutton licking
And cuddling where she seems to doze off
Completely for up to half the time, I don't
Mind at all, this is what I came for,
Essentially paying someone to take a nap
With me holding them, and them holding
Me, it's better than
Falling asleep in a narrow bed alone
Night after night after night or in my
Case morning after morning

I look down at her and kiss her on the
Lips and she doesn't seem to mind
So I do it again and try to slip her
Some tongue but her teeth are closed
And she says, "You're gonna get me

In trouble" so I back off

I have noticed there's a little black
Dome up on the wall with a camera
Lens winking at us

We cuddle and then when the guy
Comes and calls Time on us she's
Asleep and doesn't hear him, I don't
Say anything, but a couple minutes
Go by and she's like, did he come by
And say time or did I imagine that?

He did, I say.

Then comes the next step

"you're off at 6, right?" I ask as she

Gets up and adjusts her hair

"yeah."

...cause I'd love to continue this somewhere
Else if you're up for it."

She sits there and thinks about it for a bit,
Probably keeping herself from exploding
With irritation or also maybe possibly
Probably just thinking of a way to let
Me down without pissing me off, for
A second I think I'm in but then she
Says, "I'd like it to continue...
but I shouldn't,
It just leads to trouble."

"I'm not trouble," I assure her.

"I have to get up early," she says,
"my grandma's coming over blah
Blah blah" it's not happening

"all right then," I say

I give her her money and she gathers
Her shit and we walk out

I follow her into the showroom past
The ATM where I first said hi to
Her that night, she turns around
And gives me a brief one-armed

Hug and mutters have a good night
And she looks at me one last time
With what could be revulsion or it
Could be contempt or maybe a mix
Of the two but it's just for a second
And I say you too and then I'm off
Down the hallway to the exit,
Tearing off my wristband and stuffing
It in the ashtray outside

"Nyx"

She says her name is

Nyx as we sit in

The lap dance booth

I struggle to imagine

How it's spelled, ask

Her to repeat it a few

Times

She says it's from old

Comic books but is

Unable to explain

Which specific

Comics or anything

Else

I've come back to the

Vu two weeks since

My last time

It's Sunday afternoon

I drove to work expecting

A shift only to find the
Parking lot empty, so i
Took a drive and ended
Up here

I sat in my car in the
Parking lot in the sun
Wondering if I really
Wanted to spend the
Money

I decide I have nothing
Better to do, and the
Movie I want to see
Isn't playing for a
Few hours anyway

I go inside and pay
The entrance fee,
Which I'm happy
To find is only
Twelve dollars
On Sundays

According to the

Girl at the front
Desk, there's only
Two dancers on the
Floor, and it won't
Pick up until later

I decide to try my
Luck and after a
Quick bathroom
Break, head onto
The floor

The dread-locked
Bartender, a small
White girl, is talking
To a thick-hipped
Blonde who's dancing
On the stage, neither
Of them acknowledge
Me and I take a seat
On the right side of
The room like I
Always do

There's no other

Customers

In the show room

The bartender comes

Over and introduces

Herself as Brie and

Tells me where to find

Her (the bar) if I need

Anything

I look around the room

And see another dancer,

A small girl with lovely

Skin in the pink light and

Wavy cascades of chestnut

Hair falling over her slight

Shoulders

She's sitting behind the

Wall that the ATM stands

Against, hiding

She's on her phone, but as

The blonde onstage twirls

On the pole to an empty

Room I walk over and
Ask if she's a dancer

She says she is and
Tells me her strange
Name

"How about a dance?"

She agrees affably enough
And we head to the room

I ask her how old she is-
She just turned 20- and
If she's ticklish

Uh... it depends...

I ask her if she's up for a
VIP, and she tells me
Half hours are only 100
Dollars on Sundays

I've clearly made
The right decision to

Come in

Nyx is tiny, only

Coming up to my

Chest when she

Takes off her

Heels

"I want to find

Your ticklish

Spots," I tell her

She's interested

In this, and so

she goes off to

Tell Brie the bartender

About our VIP to

Measure for time,

And I walk over

To one of the

Corners, where

I see a pair of

Feet sticking out

From beneath the

Curtain

There's a guy
In there on his knees,
Showing plumber's
Butt, moving his
Shoulders slowly
Up and down

Realizing I've
Intruded, I choose
The other booth and
Wait for Nyx

She strips off when
She gets back and
Asks where I want
Her

I tell her to climb
Onto my lap and
Start feeling her
Up, she is small
And bronze-skinned

We start bullshitting

About work and things

I keep trailing off as

I look at her in my arms

"Sorry, I'm distracted,"

I tell her

She's very ticklish on her

Ribs, giggling and doubling

Over when I spider my fingers

Over them

She lays across my lap and

I tickle her belly but she's not

Really showing much response

Except on her ribs

We talk some more about stuff

I suggest we cuddle so she curls

Up against me and rests her head

On my chest and we talk some

More

She says "Thank you" when

I call her beautiful and compliment

Her tummy

I tell her about my novel and
My music recordings and my
Job and she tells me about her
Life and her family and her
Dom, who's my age and whom
She met at a gas station they
Used to work at, during the
Day she works as a lifeguard

She has several tattoos, and
Wears a necklace around
Her neck with a black band, its
A metal heart that says "Toy", she
Mentions she got it from her
Dom, who she does "whips
And chains and things" with

"We fuck all the time," she tells
Me.

"That's a lucky dom," I tell her
"Do you have any friends who
Need a dom?"

"Not really," she says, "I don't
Usually hang out with people
My age."

She's only been doing this
(stripping) for four
Days, and I'm her second VIP
Ever, she says it's very relaxing

While in the middle of a story
About her grandmother, she lets
Her real name slip—Alana or Illona
Or something like that

She's Hispanic and speaks very
Little Spanish

When the half hour is up I ask
For another one, and we cuddle
Some more and I discover that
Her belly is ticklish if I lightly
Pinch at the flesh around her
Midsection, she doesn't mind
Being tickled, she seems

To perhaps even enjoy
It given her submissive nature,
To the point that as we switch
Between cuddling and tickling,
She ends up being the one who
Suggests I tickle her again

When the second half hour
Is up I ask for a third, and
She asks for the money for
The first two

I pay up and she climbs
Back on, we do our tickle/
Cuddle dance for another
Half hour, she offers me
Her card that shows her
Schedule, I tell her I'll be
Back next week for sure

When we're done she gives
Me her card, I see how Nyx
is spelled, and she
Follows me out to the ATM
Where I get another 100

Dollars out for her

She takes it and gives me

A hug and kisses me

On the cheek, remarking

At how tall I am

She follows me out to the

Front door, asking about

The movie I'm going to

See, I give her an awkward

Wave and head out into

The sunny evening where

The clouds are like mountains

Over the rooftops of downtown

Ypsilanti

"Nyx pt 2"

I sit in the room

And get a dance

From this nasty

Blonde chick

Who says she's

Twenty one but

Looks 35 and

She's got deflated

Balloons for tits

And her ass is

Sagging but she's

Nice and I ask if

Nyx's there and

She says she doesn't

Know but she can

Find out

I tip her 5 after

The dance, 25

Percent

I see Nyx

Once I get back out

To the showroom
She's topless and
By the bar

She acts happy to
See me and we go
To the VIP room

We cuddle for the
First half hour, then
She asks if I'm going
To tickle her, she says
She thinks it's interesting

I say I want to cuddle for
Now, I wait until the half
Hour is up and I get another
One and I tickle her and
She lies on my lap and
Spreads her legs with
Her clean little cunt
Right there in front of me
A little puckered hole
Of flesh and I tickle
Her around it and

On her butt and she's

Laughing and going

Crazy with her arms

Over her head

I tickle her feet and then

I have her lie next to me

On her back and I tickle

Her tummy and sides and

Armpits and she's really

Ticklish and I tickle her

Small nipples, girl has

Got no breasts at all but

Goddamn she's a cutie

We cuddle some more

All in all we find about

Three more ticklish spots

I want to tie her up and

Go to town on her but

That probably isn't

An option in this

Environment, too

Bad for me, oh well

The DJ plays Flagpole Sitta
And I can feel the spirit
Of Harvey Danger watching
Over me and shaking its head
And going, "you're never
Gonna learn, are ya kid?"

Nyx talks about her dom
Some more, mentions
He's married with a kid,
She says she's fucked
Him in front of his wife
Before, I think about asking
If she's fucked him in front
Of the kid (as an ironic thing)
but think better of it

She says no one else is
Allowed to touch her clit

Our session gets cut off
By five minutes due to
The place closing but
She says we can just

Add on five minutes

Next time I'm in, she

Gives me another

Half-off entry card

With her schedule

On it, I pay her

"Nyx pt 3"

I caved and went and saw
Nyx for a third time last
Sunday and pretty much all the
Same shit happened, my fingers
Moving too slow for my brain
But we cuddled and I tickled her
And we switched VIP rooms and
She mentioned she wanted to see
Suicide squad but had no one to
See it with so I offered to bring her
To see it when I got back from
Vacation and she gave me her number
At the end of the session

"Nyx pt 4"

I went to the movie with Nyx

Texted her on a Wednesday, asked
About seeing the movie that Saturday
It took her a couple hours but she said
She had to work at heritage fest on
Saturday and would I be available Sunday
Afternoon and after some more texts
We have it set up

Sunday afternoon came and I drove
To the theater worrying I was going
To be arrested for some reason

The affair went okay, she came in
Wearing a t-shirt
And sweat pants with her hair in a
Ponytail, no make up on and glasses

She looks trashy as hell and I almost
Didn't recognize her, I think she must've
Noticed this

Yeah, this is what I look like outside of work,
She says

We stand in line for her to get popcorn,
I'm not hungry, and she shows me pictures
Of herself dressed as a giant chuck-e-cheese-like
Dog mascot costume for the heritage fest,
Tells me about all the kids she had to hug

We saw the movie and then parted ways,
She said we should do this again

Then later that evening,
I went and saw her at the vu again

This will be, unequivocally, the last
Time I do this, I tell myself,
I blow 600 dollars
On VIP

We sat in the show room and watched two
Other dancers named Harmonia and Echo
do pole dances and banter for awhile

There was no dj and no music and only
One guy down in the front row

Nyx tells me her parents are divorcing, Nyx's
Mom was in town and called the cops on
Her dad for something and her dad found a
Bunch of cocaine in her mom's dresser after
Disposing of his weed and her mom ran off
And is in Minnesota now, Nyx seemed really
Worried, particularly
About her brothers and where they'd go if
Their dad can't keep them

Last time I'd asked her what her parents
Would think of this and she says her dad
Would come drag her out of the vu by
The hair if he ever found out

That means he cares about you, I tell her

We shot the shit and then we went and did
Our cuddling, then I had Nyx invite Harmonia
Back and we cuddled and then we tickled Harmonia
And then we cuddled some more and then we
Tickled Nyx, shit was pretty cool, the most

Decadent I've ever been but I only
Had a semi for pretty much the whole time

Harmonia and Nyx talked while we cuddled, they
Talked about this hot cop that came in, they talked
About drama amongst the dancers, they talked about
All sorts of shit and I listened

I remember one exchange where Harmonia was like,
"if you can survive this job, you can survive—" and Nyx
Cut in and said, "-a HOLOCAUST!" both of them
Snuggled up against my chest, my arms around their
Shoulders and my hands cradling their asses

Nyx and I did one last VIP, it was really hot (temperature-
Wise that is) and we Were sweaty, and then I paid her
and saw I was 20 Dollars short, I'd already given
Harmonia and Nyx their Money for the first three VIPS
which means one of them got one more twenty than
they were supposed to and Either didn't see it or
did see it and didn't tell me, so that's Another
reason why I should cut this shit out forever

Nyx let the twenty I owed her go, and went up onstage
To dance and I sat in the back and watched her work

The room, she came and sat with me for a bit after

She said she really enjoyed our time together tonight

And it took her mind off everything with her parents

And I said I was glad

Then we're all out of stuff to talk about so she

Went back to work and I take off

"Nyx pt 5"

Two weeks and no word from Nyx

I stopped going to the Vu, it was
Time and I blew all the extra money
I had anyway

I'll never forget her, our month-long
Fantasy that bled into a screening of
Suicide squad

I'll remember her petite body and
Falling asleep with her while the
Music blared and waking up and
Hoping she hadn't stolen anything
From my wallet

I'm keeping the cards she gave me
As a souvenir to remind myself that
Spending money on women is a waste
Of time

Hope her dom is good to her, and

Her dad never finds out about her
Career, and hope her mother gets
Help and that her parents' situation
Gets sorted out as smoothly as
Possible

I'll remember her brown eyes and
Her brown skin and how she felt
Straddling me and how she didn't
Mind cuddling and the cadences in
Her speech patterns

Farewell, Nyx, the stripper I saw a
Movie with that one time

"Nyx the epilogue"

Wasn't expecting to be

Writing this, but this

Past Tuesday I got a

Text asking what I

Was doing this weekend

I was shocked, I thought

It was completely done,

I'd made peace with it,

I was good

Working, I said, not sure

If it's both days or just

Saturday, what's up?

I'm expecting a long

Gap before a reply but

Not long after comes,

I'm off this weekend

Wanted to see if you

Wanted to do something

I'm probably working
Both days, but what the
Hell

I wait a bit, then reply
Yea I'm working 2:30
To 11 on Saturday. We
Could go get a drink
Afterward

She has her "read"
Settings for texts on
And that last text
Doesn't get read

The week goes by

No word

I text her on Saturday
Before I go into work
Even though I'm pretty
Sure there won't be a
Reply

Hey did you want to
Something later?

No reply

Shrug

Guess that's the end
Of that

"Eris"

So my strip club habit

Continues unabated

Although this last

Foray to the Vu

Would make a

Wonderful little

Bookend to this

Whole saga so

Maybe this will

Be the last time

I write about this

I wrote in the first

Aphrodite poem in the

Last book about how

I only go to the strip

Club a few times a

Year at most, but that was

Before I made decent

Money and lived at

Home, clearly, I admit

It, it's addicting, but

If I'm in a certain mood

(horny and depressed)

And feel I've been wronged
Or have any excuse whatsoever
I'll take a detour home and
End up in Ypsi

Nyx blew me off last weekend
Texted me and asked if I wanted
To do anything and then didn't
Reply after that, so fuck her but
I'm not surprised by it

I go back and she's there but
I don't talk to her, she's up onstage
And I see this other little brunette
I've been meaning to get a dance
With come in from her smoke
Break and I ask her for a dance

What's your name again?

Eris, she says

I ask if we
Should do it now or...

Oh, yeah, I'm not allowed
To go anywhere, she says

We go to the back and get
A dance, she's 25 and a
Talker, she talks the whole
Time, so much that I can
barely recall everything she
Said, just talking, talking
Talking

We get a VIP and she talks
Some more and we cuddle

She takes out her bellybutton
Ring and the fastener goes
Shooting off to some unknown
Location in the corner of the
Room

"oops," she says

She's a mother with two
Sons, one she had when

She was 16 and she
Doesn't know what happened
To his father, she says people
Made fun of her for getting
Pregnant in high school and
Other girls got pregnant and
Didn't get made fun of so
She was pissed about that

The kid lives with her parents

She just got a job at wal-mart
Working in apparel

We cuddle and I ask if she's
Ticklish, she is very ticklish
Though not very responsive
She clams up and scrunches
Her face when I tickle her

Errrr, she says, grimacing,
holding in her reaction

She only works on Sundays

She doesn't have a driver's license
But she does have a 94 Chevy Corsica,
that she keeps in storage
For whenever she does get it

She takes the bus everywhere
Right now, or has one of her
Two male roommates drive
Her around

Her younger son lives with
His father, and I didn't ask
Much about that

Her older son got caught
Strangling a 6 year old girl
On the playground last year
Eris told her parents they
Need to get the kid therapy
Or something cause he's
Got issues

Clearly, I say

We get another VIP

And she continues talking

And we dry hump a bit

And she dances on me

And I tickle her some

More

She has grey teeth and

Her breath stinks, she

Smokes too much

"You're a cutie," I

Tell her as we lie there

I'm trying to show her

She has value, I'm trying

To show her I appreciate

Her physical presence as

We lie here for 100 dollars

A half hour

She puts a fist up into

The air

"Yay," she says. "I win

The night!"

She refuses to keep her
Head on my chest, she
Keeps lifting it up to
Look and talk at me,
She's such a talker

I wonder if it's because
I have BO but I covertly
Sniff an armpit and that's
Not it, she's just only
Able to maintain the
Fantasy for so long

When the time is up
I help her look for her
Lost fastener for her
Bellybutton ring and
We discover it lodged
Between the floor board
And the cloth partition
To the VIP room, I lend
Her my keys to get it out
And she puts her bellybutton
Ring back in

I pay her and we leave, she
Heads right back out to the
Show floor without a
Goodbye or a hug, I go out
To the entrance and Harmonia
Is there, didn't seem to remember
Me from before which is probably
Good, but I show her my wristband
And she gives me my hoodie and
I leave

I have to say, I really enjoy strippers,
Listening to their hardscrabble stories
and feeling their bodies close to mine
It's not like having a girlfriend but
It's better than nothing, that's for
Damn sure

"the landing strip"

The place is more lit up than
I was expecting, and it's
Right next to train tracks
In downtown Romulus

The valet guy calls me boss
About five times and gives
Me a ticket for my car

I go upstairs and pay the
Fifteen to get in, I tip the
Doorman 5 bucks

I get inside and it's crowded,
Not a seat to be had, I stand
By the bar and order a
White Russian, stand
Awkwardly

After some examining
Of the premises, I see
Literally every girl is

Occupied, there's a
Ratio of about 12 men
To every dancer

I see a skinny brunette
On the lap of some schlub
At the bar watching football
And pretending to care when
Points are scored

She gets off his lap and walks
Off

I pursue her

I am addicted to this

I tap her on the shoulder and
Ask for her name then forget it
Instantly, I ask for a dance,
We go downstairs and begin
The ritual, she gets on me
Grinding enthusiastically
and we bullshit about life

she grows pot and wants
to go to school for health
insurance billing, she's from
the southern part of the state
She's been dancing for a year
So she can pay her bills
blah blah blah

she drinks my white Russian
and says it's the best thing
she's ever had

she's 21 but looks 26

I ask if there's another room
And there is

It's in the back with
A couch, another 20 dollars,
I pay her 100 for the dances
I've already had, she dances on
Me some more, we do this
Awkward cuddle thing that
Doesn't really work because the
Couch is so narrow, rage against

The machine is playing and zach
De la rocha is screaming
Fuck you I won't do what you
Tell me, fuck you I won't do
What you tell me and she starts
Talking about her mother who
Died of pancreatic cancer back
In March and I can't tell if she's
Making it up or not, she says
She doesn't know how to feel
And can't talk to any of her
Friends about it, she feels more
Comfortable talking to a stranger

I kiss her on the lips, several
Times throughout the encounter,
Wondering how many random
Dicks I'm kissing

I pay for her "skip" or the time she's
Supposed to be onstage, she abruptly
Asks me to pay for a second skip and
Like an idiot I oblige her because i
Want to get back there again and
Feel her body on mine

"you want a blowjob?" she asks when
We get back to the couch room

"If you have a condom," I say

"I do."

She takes off my pants, I struggle to
Roll the condom on my cock, she goes to
Work, it doesn't feel that great,
She uses her teeth too much, she's cute
in an anna kendrick kind of way
But with the music blaring and the
Hurried motion there's not much
To get me where I need to go, it costs
Me 150 dollars

She works on it, plays with my balls,
I jerk off, at one point the condom
Slips off, she stands up and dances
In front of me while I jerk it looking
At her

I don't cum, rihanna sings work work

Work work work

"K, I'm going home now," she says

After a while

"It's the atmosphere," I tell her, "I've

Actually never done this before."

A lie, I've done it one other time,

Though that was even nastier

Than this

"Neither have I," she says. "I feel

Like we connected."

and we go back upstairs

Where the ATM is broken and so I have

To get a cash advance from this fucking

Chode of a bartender who high fives me

And charges 20 percent on the debit

Withdrawal, I take out 500 because

All my blood is in my dick and not

My brain

The girl hugs me and says she works

Thursdays and I know I'm never going
To see her again, she says she's going
Home even though the place doesn't
Close for another 2 hours

I hang around, see another cutie by the
Rail, I wait until this chad looking guy
Is finished talking to her then ask her
For a dance, we stand at the bottom of
The stairs about 10 minutes waiting
For a room to open up, it's busy as hell,
And we go back and she's ticklish but
Thinks bellybuttons are gross because
She saw the matrix when she was like
6 and that scene with the implanting of
The probe in Keanu reeves' navel
Freaked her out

Her name is Thalassa, she's 22 and from
Lansing, down here hiding from her
Family because they wouldn't approve
Of this kind of work

She grinds on me, we cuddle, she
Doesn't do extras which is damn shame

She has to run because they need her
Onstage, I pay her for the 8 songs

She leaves with a quick sorry, I hear
The DJ a couple minutes later, "Ah,
Thalassa is here, she's an hour late, but she
Made it..."

On way back out I see the first girl
Standing by the computer at the
Bottom of the stairs, she's alone
And surprised to see me, deer in
The headlights

"Figured you'd stick around, eh?"
I say to her, there's about five
Other people in line

She says something about leaving
Soon or something, I turn without
Another word and get the fuck out
Of there

I'm never doing this again, and I mean

It this time, I'm ashamed of the money
I've spent and I'm ashamed of the whole
Process, it's exploitation both ways,
Lies and sorrow and noise

The drive home is long and I worry
That my dick is now contaminated

I shower when I get home, have
A quick jerk off session to finish
The tension, I understand and
Realize what I've been chasing
All along is love and companionship
And you can't buy that, average
Guys like me can't just go out and
Find someone, it's a dice roll and
It comes when it comes, I read
A life protip on reddit about
Addiction, you have to want
To stop doing it NOW and
I do, I will replay the moments
where she ripped me off by
asking for the second skip
that probably didn't exist and
all that extra bullshit about

connection and blah blah blah
I will replay how shitty I feel
When I leave the bar, how
Dirty and the quiet apprehension
In the back of my head about
An STD smoking my poor dick

I will not go back to the Vu,
And I will not come back here
Enough money has been
Spent, enough money was
Spent last summer, what i
Really want is something i
Won't find in those places
anyway and that's final

"Nyx pt whatever this is"

I can't believe I'm still writing about this

I went back to the Vu today for some good
Clean stripper fun, no blowjobs and nothing
Expensive

It's Thursday so I wasn't expecting to see
Nyx, I haven't heard from her or seen her
Since a month ago

But there she is, standing against the front
Desk when I walk through the doors

"What are you doing?" she asks, grinning
a little too tightly

I'm so shocked to see her I just say, "What
Does it look like I'm doing?"

"You're never here on Thursday."

"I got a new job."

The place is deserted since it's early evening

And so she comes and sits with me, we chat

"I thought our paths would never cross again,"

I tell her

she got a new phone, she says

I tell her about my new job

"How have you been?" I ask.

"Shitty," she says. She's working here more often

since her other job cut down to 20 hours a week

She asks how my music is going, I ask how her

Family is

We get a VIP, 15 min then half an hour then another

15 minutes

We cuddle and chat

she broke up with her dom and

He left her standing on the side of the road in Detroit

About three weeks ago

I tickle her and rub her and feel her up and touch her
Nipples and her neck and her bellybutton and all the
Other same shit. We do some light grinding. She's
Straightened her hair and has dyed it red but you
Can't tell that in the light

We talk about hanging out again, after some brainstorming
She suggests I come over to her house on Sunday early
Afternoon, if I don't mind her grandmother being there

Not at all, I say.

I ask since she's dom-less at the moment, if she wants to
Further explore the tickling thing in another setting

"I'm just looking to have fun," she says,
"But I'll hang out with you"

Her family has found out she works here now, somehow, via
Facebook, but as they're all in New Mexico there have been
No repercussions, they were apparently like, "It's your life."

We swap phone numbers again.

Later I go out and sip a coke in my chair while she dances
onstage

I chat with another dancer named Aurora and wax philosophical
With her about the stripper profession

Nyx comes over after one of her many smoke breaks,
Vape in hand, and talks to me, I'm all out of shit to
Talk about and so is she and we both know it

Nyx will yell, "Yeah baby!" in an Austin Powers
Drawl every time one of the other dancers goes onstage
And does pole tricks

The first time she comes back from a dance she says
She injured her leg, the second time she says she injured
Her shoulder, I rub both spots and gently stroke my hand
Down her back, it looks tentative and awkward, an attempt
At tenderness where it's not reciprocated, whatever, I'm
Lonely as hell

I accidentally step on her poor little toe, clad in a fuzzy
Ankle sock, when I stand up to leave

"OW!" she says.

She hugs me, I hug her, I say shoot me a text on Sunday

I leave, and my hands smell like her the whole way home

"Nyx, the final poem"

Sunday has come and gone

No word from her

I was kind of expecting this

And kind of hoping for this

Time to move on

I will not do this again

"Nyx: the ongoing saga"

no, I didn't go back to
the Vu, I'm happy to
report, I couldn't even
if I wanted to but
last Sunday I woke
up to a single-word
text

"Hey"

and so an hour and
a half later I responded

"Sup"

and then another hour and
a half after that she responded

Nothing much at home watching
Netflix what about you?

I waited a little while longer then
responded

Just mowed the lawn. About to go
To the record store and get a brush
And cloth for my vinyl. Want to
Come along?

That sounds fun and I would
Love to go but I'm sick
: (

Aw nuts. Sorry to hear that.
Head cold?

Yeah I'm debating wether or not
To work tomorrow (spelling errors hers)

Hope you feel better

Thank you. (kissy face)

How was your week?

Shitty I've shown up every day at

The club and didn't really make anything!

That's probably why I'm sick

Bummer. I'd say another day off would

Do you good. Sucks that the Vu is so slow.

You thought about other employment?

What happened to your other job again?

Me and my cousin have been fighting

So pretty much she's my boss and screwed

Me over. And yeah I'm just lazy ive been

Working hard my whole life and to have an

Easy job is awesome

Ah. What are you fighting about?

Shes mad because im a stripper and I make

More money than her well that's what I think

Even though ive sucked this week

(laughy face)

Maybe she should be a stripper then

Lol... I don't mean to be mean like

I think my cousin is pretty but she doesn't have

That type of body or personality
(translation: she's fat and ugly and probably old)

(Hours later...)

Her: lol I guess I'm going to work anyways

Me: Have fun.

(Next day)

Me: How'd it go last night?

Her: (hour later) It went okay

Paid my phone bill and rent

Then nothing for the week

Once again, I figure I will not

Hear from her ever again

Then, on Sunday, right

As I'm sitting down to dinner

Hey what are you doing tonight?

Me: (excitement, maybe she wants
To hang out) Right now eating dinner, after that
Nothing. What's up?

Nothing I gotta go into work tonight,
Was wondering if you wanna keep
Me company

(goddamn it)

I wait until I finish eating then text her

I'll come hang for a bit but I won't
Be spending any money. Could you
Get me in for free?

(grinny face)

I could give you a pass but not for free :(
Maybe next time Sundays have been
Slow and I don't wanna be bored

Aw. How much off would the pass be?
They haven't accepted those half off cards
You gave me for awhile now. (They haven't.
One time I was in there and the guy was like,

We can't accept those after midnight. Then
Another time I was in there early and the
Girl was like, we can't accept those before
8)

I wouldn't mind hanging but let me know
Cause I'd need to leave soon

After no response, it's getting late

Should I come down or not bother?

Some more time passes...

Nahh I think its going to be slow

Then, cause she's a sexy little
Twenty year old and this is
The effect they have on lonely
30 year olds who live with their
parents, I say this:

K. Maybe next week. Hope it's
Not too boring.

I assume she's

Got numerous other clients (re:suckers)

she can

Text and lure in for the evening,

maybe they'll even

Spend some money on her

The attraction is so powerful, and

I know she's using me for my money,

this is exactly why I stopped going in

The first place,

I've said I assume this is the end

Several times now and it hasn't

Been, maybe if I leave it open

Ended that'll really be it

"stripper confessions"

all right, so I'm going
to get the rest of this out

I last saw Nyx back in
November, last time, I
Went there to visit her
It was probably a Sunday
And I waited for her for
Half an hour but she had
Gone off with another guy
And I was sitting there like
Why the hell am I still here?
And I got up and left and I
Got a text from her on the
Way home, it says "I'm
Sorry, are you still here?"

It's the last time I talked
To her at all

Then I went to the Flight Club
In late December and I got
One dance with a girl who
Clearly hates being around
Me and admits that she hates
The job and I admire her
Honesty and I sip my beer
And she half-assed-ly dances
On me and won't get too close
And doesn't like being tickled
and I leave after two dances
we hear two people having
sex in the curtains next to us

then I go to another girl
named Dominque and
she gives me a blowjob
and I have my first orgasm
at a strip club ever into
the condom and I'm sure
the people in the next

curtained off rooms can
hear me, Nemesis
and I started off cuddling
and then one thing led
to another, I don't remember
what it cost me

Then in January I went back
To the Vu and I saw Aphrodite
One last time, and she raised
The price on me for a VIP
And we just cuddled and she
Grinded on me and all in all
It was a waste of money

Then in February I went to
A club out in Battle Creek
When I went to a local
Band show and I had a
Couple dances and this
One black woman came
Up to me and kept wanting
Dances but I said no thanks
She was too big for me but
She 100 percent thought I
Was racist, oh well, I guess
I am anyway, but there was
This 18 year old I got a
Bunch of dances from

But the real story from
That club (I can't remember
The name of it) is Selene
This tall Russian blonde who
Says she and her sister do
Tickling sessions all the
Time and so I suggest we
Get a hotel room for the
Night and to my astonishment
She accepts, I go to the
Show and come back and
She says its fine for me
To just come over, I wait
For her to get off and then
Head over to her place,
It's about half an hour away

In Kalamazoo, this nice
Apartment just off WMU
Campus, and her sister
Comes over, her name's
Hecate and she's cute
With red hair and we talk
A bit and then we go into
Selene's bedroom
And they put their hair
Into pigtails at my request
And I undress them and
Take turns tickling them
Selene is not ticklish much
But Hecate is and it's a good
Time and we do it for an hour
And then it's time to leave

I go back to tickle Selene
Once during the day later
In the month on a break
Between jobs, and after
That we text but so far
Nothing's happened and
She's asking for more
Money now anyway so I doubt
Anything will

"Metis"

I was listening to Bruce
Springsteen's I'm On Fire
Out of nowhere this week,
Listened to it on the way
Home, love his falsetto
Love the lyrics, great song

I went to the Flight Club,
A strip joint in Romulus
Sat around, it was 6:00
Hot black girl dancing up
On the stage, guys slowly
Coming in, all of us pathetic

I got one dance with Aphrodite
Back in January but that was
The last time I went there
The Flight Club is better—
Sex happens behind the red
Curtains they set up in the private
Areas, the girls are way more
Willing to help you out with that

I'm not seeing many girls, I sit there
An hour and half and don't see anyone
I like

I talk to the hot black girl when I
Catch her when I'm coming out
of other bathroom, she says she'll
Go for a dance but she needs to
Put her shoes on, an hour later
And she's not around

I talk to the doorman, David,
He's got a huge beard, he says
The girl, Molly, left with the shift
Change. We bullshit about the
Business and everything else

I go back to my seat at the bar

A girl in a pink net onesie
Walks by, she's got a very
Cute face, I ask if she wants
A dance and she accepts

She's got poofy auburn hair
And freckles and a soft little
Body, her belly button ring
Is a cross

Then Molly shows up

I offer to take them both

They go up and have a cig
While I withdraw money

I dance with the pink onesie
Girl first, her name is Metis
She's from Detroit, the east side,
White girl, half-Albanian, from the
East side

And she has the sweetest face,
A teardrop tattoo on her cheek
And Father Forgive Me tattooed
In elegant cursive across her
Shoulder blades

I ask her if she's killed anybody

No, but I lost somebody

The name "Kejdi"- pronounced
Cody-is tattoo'd under her left
Breast, in the soft, sensitive skin
Under her left breast, it's her
Father's name

She says its 200 for a blowjob
300 for everything but she'll work
with me on prices

She's ticklish, squeaks when
I tickle her

We do three songs, then I get
Molly, Molly and I do two songs
She's not ticklish, she asks if i
Want to have fun, but she
Her prices are higher than Metis
and after two
Songs she asks if I'm done

I go back down to the floor,
Metis is dancing onstage
Conversing with a guy in a tux
At a table by the stage

I put three dollar bills in her
g-string and tell her to come see
me when she's done

I watch her the whole time

When she comes off stage I get her

We go back upstairs

She strips naked, I tell her
I want everything but can only do
200, she agrees

She gets a condom from the bouncer

"You have got such a sweet face, oh my God,"
I tell her, and I mean it

She sucks my cock and puts the condom on,
Then she mounts me.

She has rules—she doesn't kiss, no playing with
Her pussy or eating her out. No problem.

She's a good little performer. I fuck her cowgirl
And then missionary, she makes the most
Perfect little noises "Oh-oh-oh, right there!
Rightthererighttherighttherereoooouuhhhhh!"

She asks if I came several times. I tell her it takes
Me a long time to cum

She sucks my cock some more and I finally
Cum when I'm jacking off into her mouth while
She plays with my balls

While I put my clothes back on I ask her
How long she sees herself doing this,
She says this is the last year, she wants
To go to Detroit Mercy and be a nurse

I try to tell her how strong she is and how
Much I appreciate her doing this for me and
For all the other pathetic strangers that come
In here looking for a little semblance of love

"It's my job," she said, "I mean, I'm not doing it
just for the money"

"Thanks, bub" she tells me.

She kisses me on the lips and hugs me. We do this
twice.

I wait for her while she tips out the doorman and
Steps back into her onesie

I give her one more hug by the bar as she sits
For another cigarette, I tell her good luck

When I get home
I listen to I'm On Fire
and think about Metis
And her sweet face

*Hey little girl is your daddy home
Did he go away and leave you all alone
I got a bad desire
Mmm, I'm on fire*

"more strippers"

I go back to the strip club
A couple times in june, once
After an open mic night I go to
The coliseum and fuck around
With this stripper named Eos
Who looks like a thick selena
Gomez and who lets me finger
Her and sucks my cock and
I bite her nipples which I'm
Worried hurts her, she says
She'll come out and hang again
But as I'm sitting at the table
Another dancer comes up and
Asks what I'm doing and I say
I'm waiting for Eos and she's like
Yeah she won't be back out here
And I realize how stupid I am

Then I go back to the flight club
And fuck this bitchy little blonde
Most unpleasant experience ever
She's barely able to contain her
Disdain for me, I'm pretty sure
She's a victim of human trafficking
When I ask why she got into this
She just shakes her head and says
"My friend has some crazy ideas..."
She keeps raising the price as
We're doing it, and I have to go
To the atm, and there's a huge
Fee for it and she's like, "sorry"
And I'm like," so am I"

For a few weeks I'm afraid I got
Herpes from her or Eos but it
Turns out to just be ingrown pubic
Hairs so whew

Then I go back to the vu in late august
and I spend 200 dollars on a dance
With this black girl with acne named
Imani, she takes my picture (without

My face, I check) and gives me these black
Wristbands as tokens of our time
Together, we just sit and I tickle her
A little bit and it's nice to have someone
There for a bit but whatever

There is nothing cinematic or poetic about
These latest encounters with sex workers
I get no real nourishment out of them, I am
Just fulfilling a bodily urge, they are
Cardboard cutouts

I had a fling with a girl I met off of seeking
Arrangement.com, I bought her a new car
And she fucked me for about three months
Before getting back together with her ex
I took her to my buddy hutch's wedding
And all the wives hated her because she
Was 21 and they were all pushing 30
The guys were all cool enough to her, tho

I met her at the end of march, it was the
Same day the trailer for It came out, and
We met in Howell on a Friday night and
Got a hotel room and I fucked her and
We watched aqua teen hunger force and
Family guy and it was April fool's day

Then the next day I followed her up to
Lansing and we saw Beauty and the Beast
and drove through the sunset countryside
together and I spent the night at her house
and we watched when marnie was there
and the prince of Egypt and she showed me
a video she'd put on youtube of a bunch of
clips of her and her friends with the cinematic
orchestra's to build a home playing it's really
simple but really effective, very touching and i
start thinking about when I was 21

she comes to see me when I'm in a hotel room
in lansing a week later, and I give her a grand so
she can buy a new car, she spends it on this shitty
beater, the guy totally ripped her off, I should've been
there

she comes down to my new apartment a few times and we hang out, I buy her a nice dress for the wedding and in the cabin after the wedding we lie and talk to each other

but shortly after the wedding she says she's getting back together with her ex and I say fine but it's a bit sad, I remember the last night we watched Pinocchio together and she took a morning after pill before she takes off, and as I'm closing the door and saying goodbye to her I go, "and always let your conscience be your guide" and it's the last I see of her

there's another girl—Eirene, she's 20 and very hippie-ish I meet her in ann arbor once at crazy wisdom and we go To the Fleetwood and she doesn't eat anything and I Figure I won't see her again but she comes over and We chat and then I tickle her on the bed and before i Know it we're both naked and she's jacking me off and I'm cumming and we cuddle for a bit and then she leaves And I never hear from her again

"you already know what this is about"

I'll be as brief as I can

Had 300 dollars to blow
couldn't decide if i wanted
to go to the vu or the flight
club

decided on flight club

get in there, get booth
shot girl comes over
we bullshit chat, she
says she likes to watch
the guys with the girls
and i ask her what
she thinks it's like
to be a guy at a
strip club

what do you mean?

you don't sense a
nervous tension masking
a sense of shame and
self-loathing?

well, what's it like for you?

she's got me

she tells me how she
fucks around with her
boss, who's this chubby
guy with glasses and
a goatee who walks
around in a full suit
she opened up to him
at an afterparty once

my morose self-
consciousness
eventually drives
her to another table

more time goes by
i drink my coors light

a 34 year old comes over
and tries to chat, i'm not
interested and she picks
up on it, i feel bad for her
but i also am not here to
spend money on women
i'm not interested in

finally give up waiting
for someone, go over
and give a one to this
blonde on the pole

two others come over
two thick-hipped
hispanic girls named
missy and angelica
and they sit with me
and also bullshit chat
neither of them seem
like they want to be
here

i mention i'm waiting
for the blonde and they
go get her for me

she comes over, we
bullshit, she makes
1400 a night, her
name's Artemis
she openly talks
about making her
money from sex
and blowjobs, i
say let's go up
stairs and we
do, we dance,

we cuddle, she
sucks my dick
and i cum while
jerking it while
she's licking my
balls

she gives me
a baby wipe
and i clean
up

we have the
usual parting

i walk outside
and wait for
valet and the
night smells
amazing

"Artemis and Callisto"

i go back to the flight club
on a Sunday, get a booth
get a beer, it's almost midnight
and no one's there

i go upstairs and see
Artemis sitting with a
blonde at the bar, both
of them holding cigarettes

i go up an introduce
myself again, she
doesn't remember me
but i mention i was there
last week, the other girl's
name is Callisto

i ask if they want
to come hang in the
booth

Artemis is 20 and Callisto
Is 19, or so they say

they come downstairs
and sit and are quite
eager to get me to
the VIP section, very
enthusiastic about
earning that money,
saying things like

"how did you get the
two hottest girls in the
room?"

and

"you ever had a threesome
before?" (I say I have,
mentioning Selene and
Hecate from the previous
february)

"how about this month?"

"No, not this month, not
yet..."

and

"you have a nice dick"

the latter is said as

Artemis feels me up

at one point she

leans down and

gives my engorged

manhood a suck

through my jeans

Callisto is less about it

but they both work it

and i'm easily swayed

it doesn't take much

and we're upstairs

again

the bouncer gives us

the big room, the same
one i had the first time
i got my dick sucked in
this place

they get topless and
ask what i like to do

i start making out
with Callisto, wondering
how many dicks i'm
kissing right now
but while Callisto and i
make out Artemis
takes off my pants
and starts jerking me

the price is raised from
last week, 200 apiece now
is what is agreed upon

we go to it

i ask Artemis if she
has a condom, she

does and says, I
wasn't gonna put your
dick in my mouth without
one, sweetie."

"i figured," i say,
"just checking" and
Callisto is on me, let
the games begin

Artemis sucks me off
while Callisto straddles me
and i tickle her and suck
her tits and make out with
her and feel her up

Callisto says she's ticklish
but is not

then they switch places

Artemis mentions we're
two songs in and if she
should finish me off

"Sure."

two minutes later
and i'm cumming
while jerking off
into Callisto's mouth
(through the condom
of course) while
Artemis sucks my
balls

the whole thing feels
very rushed but it's
worth the money

Callisto says that i'm
going to have to
pay her for the songs
as well as she puts
her bra back on, in
a mean sort of voice

i give them 40 dollars
extra apiece

they say how generous

i am

i ask if they want to

hang at the table some

more

we do and Callisto and i

chat about her life

she's friends with

a local band called

space trash

i ask if the two of

them want to

come on the podcast

and they say they do

Callisto and i exchange

numbers

then we go upstairs

so they can smoke

at the bar, and this

other guy, big bald

head makes him
look like his face
is carved from
stone comes over
and starts feeling
up Callisto, both of them
staring me down

I look into his beady eyes
I think about mentioning
I just ejaculated into her
Mouth not twenty minutes
Ago but think better of it

she mentions he's
a good regular, gives
her 500 a song, but
not to mention that
she does extras

i don't give a fuck
but they're both
eyeing me for
jealousy and i
betray myself,

can't help it,

it's just how

I'm wired, I'm

Trying to talk

To her about

The podcast

And I stammer

A bit

Artemis and i

talk about her

life and how her

mother owns this

wedding production

company, they

film weddings

and also do

these interesting

first date reenactions

where an actor

and actress will

act out your first

date, Artemis

mentions justin

timberlake and

jennifer aniston have
done videos for them
before

how stupid do
these women
think i am?
I wonder

And I
Immediately
Answer
Myself
"it doesn't matter"

Artemis says she's
invested over half
a million into the
company over the
past year

she says she gets
a thousand a night
minimum, down
400 dollars from
what she told me

last week

i think of how poor
i am compared to
them

Callisto's regular has
disappeared, and
she makes off down
the bar and starts
chatting up another
patron

Artemis has to
go to the bathroom
and says she'll
be back

k, i say

i chat with the
bartender a bit

finish my coors light

i look off the balcony

and i see that

Artemis is downstairs

in another booth

and then she

gets called onstage

i take off, wait in

the sprinkling

october rain,

unseasonably

warm, while

Callisto's 500 a dance

regular chats up

another guy, i'm

pretty sure he works

there, he has the look

of a bouncer but who

gives a shit

on the way home i

contemplate whether

the podcast will

actually happen

when i get home
i shower and wash
my cock and balls
religiously

"Artemis: that was fun"

Went to the Flight Club yet again

Going to stop beating around the
Bush here—this is an addiction I
Have

I'm bored, I go to the strip club

I make excuses, blah blah blah

It is what it is

I go in, get my booth, my beer

I notice a pretty brunette, tall and
Skinny, as tall as me with her
Heels on

She gets off the bar stage and
Tries to chat up a guy at the bar
But he isn't interested

I follow her and ask her if she
Wants to hang out

Her name's Moira

She's pretty, will be twenty one
In December

We sit and bullshit, nothing worth
Mentioning here

I ask for a dance

We go upstairs

I ask her to take her shoes off so
She's not so tall

"The floor's nasty" she says

We dance for a bit, her breasts
Are small and pointed, her body
Is of the tall model type, her
Brown hair is straight and down
To her ass

She's not ticklish

She looks miserable

"So what do you like?" she
Asks after a bit

I tell her

"How much are you willing to
Spend on me tonight?"

"I can do 150" I say

"I start at 550"

"Oh, fuck that"

She dances for awhile,
Very uninspired, and
Then I suggest we cuddle

She sits down next to me
With her legs curled over mine
She massages my boner
Through my pants

She looks utterly miserable,

Again, just this look of complete
Defeat on her face

"You look unhappy" I tell her

She gets offended by it but
Is too depressed to really
Work up a response

We call it a night after the
Second song. I pay her and
Go looking for someone else

I find a pretty black haired girl
In glasses, and we go up to
The bar and as fate would have
It the only two open seats are
Next to Moira

Don't even remember this new
Girl's name, because we talked
For a little bit and then she says
She has to go onstage but will
Come back

I'm not expecting anything so
I go downstairs and also not
Surprisingly my booth has been
Given away

I go back upstairs and sit at the
Bar next to Moira again, she's
Eating a salad now, and we
Don't say anything to each other

She still looks extremely unhappy

Some seats in the middle of the
Bar open up, I get a Corona and
Move over to one

I'm not there two mintues when
Who sits down two seats away
But Artemis, the girl from the
Last time I was here

I strike up another conversation
She remembers me

She's been at the Coliseum this
Whole time, it's closer to her house

She's not making much money tonight

"Got some ones," she says.

After some light conversation I suggest
We go to the back so she can make some
Money

We get an extremely tiny curtained section
And get to dancing

She strips naked—she's wearing a new
Outfit, this see-through onesie that looks
Like it's made of spider silk—and make
Out a bit

There's people talking behind us
The bouncer who regulates the
VIP section is pissed about
Something

"Do you wanna have fun?" Artemis asks

I do

She undoes my belt, removes my pants
Sucks my dick without a condom for about
Ten to twenty seconds, I'm too weak to
Stop it

I lean forward and ask if she has a condom

She nods

She takes off her panties, I didn't ask for
Sex but it looks like I'm getting it

I hope this doesn't exceed my budget but
My libido is in control now

She mounts me, fucks me, and the bouncer
Literally two feet away behind the curtain is
Angrily talking to another dancer, being
Really nasty, these guys have to make
The girls afraid of them if they're to be
Taken seriously

Artemis is riding me, asks if I like any other
Positions, but I don't want to switch because
I'm worried we'll be heard

Artemis mews in my ear as she rides me,
My dick gets harder in the condom, I finish
In her and she dismounts

"Are you done?"

"Yeah."

"Good."

She hands me a baby wipe (she's such a
Professional) and I clean myself up, tuck
The condom away with the baby wipe
And we dress

I pay 200 for the encounter, she asks for
250 but 200's all I have and she's fine
With it

We say our goodbyes and walk out, she
Tosses the used condom and baby wipes
In with all the other tissues and used condoms
The trash bag behind the bouncer's table
Is full, I can see

I follow her all the way down to the main floor
And she keeps walking, doesn't turn back and
I almost walk out the front door before realizing
I'm still holding my corona

I go to the bar to set it down and this blonde
Is sitting there, she says she's seen me before
I tell her I've been there before, she says her
Name is Tyche, she's cute, and I tell her
I'll remember her next time

"Galene"

Went to the Flight Club
Again last night

Got booth

Saw Stone-face the
Bald Gargoyle talking
Up a petite blonde with
A shock of curly blonde
Hair, so blonde it was neon

Place was quiet, tall thin
Blonde on the stage

No one there otherwise

I got up and asked the
Girl to hang out, I thought
It was Callisto at first, asked
If her name was Callisto

"Galene" she says

She comes back to the
Booth and we start bullshitting
She's been there 2 days, she
Says

"That's funny," I say. "Every
Girl I've talked to has said

It's their first or second day"

After some chit chat—she's
From Brighton and graduated
In 2013, about half of the girls
At the flight Club are her classmates
("Wow, Brighton high school didn't
Do that well," I say.), she works
During the week selling paint, she
Might want to go to school for
Nursing but she hates school...
I say let's cut to the chase

She asks my budget

200, I tell her

We go up, get a room, it's the
Same curtained area I had
With Artemis the first time

We start kissing, she kisses
Quite hard, she takes off her
Top, pierced nipples, she's
Insecure about her small
Breasts

She gropes me, I grope her

I'm hoping this escalates into
Something but what feels like
A song goes by and she says
"I hope you enjoyed this honey"
And she asks for two hundred

"Uh, we're not going to do
Anything else?"

"I just gave you two songs
And it's a hundred a song."

"It's 25 a song, I told you
I've been here before"
I say, looking her in the eye.

"Well, we're not supposed

To let you touch us or
Anything."

I glare at her, we both know
This is bullshit, she breaks,
Gets all snippy with me

"Well, how about a hundred?
Hundred and fifty?"

"We'll do a hundred," I growl,
Relenting, letting her beta me

"I'm going to need like three
Dollars to tip my bouncer, too"

I give her ten for the "bouncer"
And get the fuck out of there

"See you out there, honey," she
Says. I let the curtain swish
Behind me and she doesn't follow

I go downstairs and right out
the front door

I hope that little cunt had a nervous
Breakdown after I left, I hope she
Broke down in tears on that red
Cushioned chair that's got the
Ass sweat of a thousand horny
Dudes soaked into it, and bawled
Her eyes out because she knows
Her life is never going to get any
Better, she has to get up and put
Her clothes back on and go downstairs
Where Stoneface is waiting to man
Handle her some more, she doesn't
Deserve anyone's sympathy any
More than a lonely average male
Like me does, the world is a power
Game and you take what you can
And fuck the rest, this is what we
Get when people are treated like
Objects

I'd say this is the last time but
We both know that'd be a lie

"Nyx returns"

so i went to the vu
again tonight

i get in, there's a
bit of a line, i pay
give them my coat

go into the show
room, it's packed
no one i know, i
take a table over
by the dj booth

two decent skinny
girls hanging out
at the bar behind me
i go up and ask one
of them for a dance
but she's going
onstage so she says
She'll find me when
She's done

Whatever, I say

i go back to my table
and see a flash of
black hair whip past
me, headed for the
dj booth

I turn my head and
See her mount the
Stairs and speak
With the dj

it's Nyx

her hair is different
it's fluffier now and
shoulder-length but
other than that she
looks the same

i watch her talk to
the dj for a second
and then go over
and say hi

"Nyx!" i say

both her and the
dj look my way
with irritation

she sees me
and at first she
doesn't register
anything but then
the look on her
face is forced
happiness in
its purest form

it takes her a
second but she
comes down and
hugs me, says
she'll come sit
with me and
she comes
over to sit at the
table and i say
why don't we
just get a vip

we go back

get a room

start talking

she's been through
a bunch of shit in

the past year since
i saw her

rehab in march for
alcohol abuse
abusive
relationship over
the summer, she'd
stopped stripping
while at rehab
and came back
in august to supplement
her income working for
a car parts factory in
new boston, she has
her own place in flat
rock now

she looks okay, but her
voice is scratchier and
she has a world-weariness
about her now, her pep
is dampened, everything
she says seems to have
a helpless sadness behind
it

she mentions her life
insurance at one point
her mother would get
200 grand if she died
she talks about it, and
i could totally see her
offing herself

the girl i knew last year
is gone
this is a woman

she dances for a second
while we catch up before
i tell her she doesn't have
to, i'm tell her i'm paying
her 175 dollars a half hour
to talk with me essentially

we cuddle and i tell her
all the shit i've been up
to, she asks about the
music I was making

the conversation is forced

i tell her if she doesn't
remember me it's fine

no, we went to the movies
i remember you

she brings up the last time
i was here, when i walked
out because she wasn't
coming out, she says it
was terrible that night and
she took a dance and when
she came out i was gone

i tell her i don't remember

she doesn't do the dom/sub
stuff anymore, she says she's
settled down quite a bit

she seems really depressed
but there's nothing i can do
for her, there's nothing she
would let me do for her

i mention hanging out again
she says we'll exchange #'s
and she'll "pencil me in"

we talk some more and
the vip ends and we switch
rooms for another one, it's
the one we used to have

we cuddle some more

i ask if she needs a sugar
daddy, she says she likes
being independent

i tell her about Antheia
she talks about how horny
she's been lately, well let me
help you with that, sweet girl

i feel her nipples and her
belly, rub my hands all over
her, wrap my hand around
her neck at one point

"That doesn't help
(with the horniness)" she
says

"that's the idea," i tell her

"Someone's gotten sassy,
she says. "I like it!"

I pinch her nipples until
she grimaces, one at a
time, she pulls away and
I ask if it's too much

"yes but no," she says
grinning

she leans
forward and i kiss her
shoulder and the nape of
her neck and she puts her
nipple in my mouth and
i sink my incisors in and
bite down
hard
and she is breathing hard
and she holds it there for
a little bit and then pulls
away

we cuddle some more
then the guy from behind
the curtain calls out "JJ

You're all set!" and
I ask her, "JJ?"

That nickname stuck,
she says, they used
to call me Ka-Jay-Jay
and then that got changed
to JJ and now they don't
even call me Nyx
anymore

I give her her money, she
shows me her new vape
asks if i'm sticking around
i'm not

then i'll walk you out, she
says

we go down the hallway
and she pulls out her phone
And hands it to me and
i type my number in and
now it's in my phone again

we'll see where that goes
probably nowhere

she starts talking to a guy
at the end of the hall about
going for a smoke and i get
in line for my coat

she comes over and hugs
me

take care of yourself, i say

hey, yeah, as long as i keep,
you know, breathing through
my nose and out my mouth...
she says, trailing off, that
Forced smile still on her face
Everything about her forced

see ya

see ya

and that's it

i feel bad for her, i admit it,
i'm worried about her now
but i also know there's not
much i can do about it, i
can tell she's a young,
scared girl in a hostile world

and I'm one of her regulars
so there's nothing i can do
except write about it here as i
lick my incisors and worry
if i bit down too hard

Epilogue:

I'm not expecting to hear from her

But the following night, I get a text

What days don't you work again?

I wait an hour and then reply

Just Sundays

Half an hour later

Dang :/

And that's it

"Iris"

Been awhile since I've had a stripper story
So here we go

Went to the vu the other night
200 bucks in my pocket

They remodeled everything
A guy with a snakebite takes
My intro fee and I check my coat

The place is blue now, not pink, and
Way less trashy, walls are smooth and
Blue now, stage is bigger, there's only
One pole instead of two

The bathrooms are actually lit, like lit up
They appear to be regular bathrooms,
Not the dank, dark pits that were here
Before, they could easily fit in an office
Or a hotel lobby, I'm seriously shocked

I sit in the back, talk to the waitress, remark
On how clean the place looks now, all the

Hanging silver moons and stuff are gone

I mention the bathrooms

Yea, you know why that is?

Why?

The darkness was to hide the uggoes

The ugly guys so they wouldn't feel bad

About it, I guess they don't care now

Guess not

I get a water, I don't touch it

A couple dancers come by, I ask

About Nyx, she's not there

When I got there they were doing

The parade of strippers

I saw a dark-haired greek-looking girl

With hair like black licorice coming

Towards me, make eye contact, she

sits down, her name's Iris, let's get

A VIP

How long you been doing this

This is her first day at the vu

Bullshit

It's a lot of work, she says

In we go; she takes her boots off,

Her feet stink so she puts them on

Again

She has diamonds attached to her

Nipple piercings and says getting

Them caught on things is painful

As I take her into my arms, she tries

To tell me that touching is extra, but

I tell her I've been here before

She dances but I tell her I want to

Cuddle and she seems pleased that

She doesn't have to move so much

She puts her arm around me and i

Do the same to her

We talk

She worked at legend's in Detroit, hated it
Came here, lives nearby, she's from Brighton
She's 23, she looks kind of demi Lovato-esque
But with sharper features and a thinner physique
Olive skin, hair that's as thick and black as tar-
Colored yarn, Mediterranean features, her
Front teeth are kind of fucked up and her
Eyeshadow is applied messily but she's
Really quite pretty

She's friendly enough; we talk about her life,
She tells me she wants to move out of Michigan
She's going to California in a month, or maybe
She'd just got back from seeing a friend who
Just bought a 6 bedroom house, they're a couple
Guy works with autistic kids and his wife works
Doing something else I can't remember
They're friends, I wonder if they all fuck each other

We talk about our shared love of reading—Stephen
King is brought up and she mentions how she read
One of his son Joe Hill's books earlier that year and
It was actually pretty good, she describes the plot to
Me and it actually sounds interesting

She tells me about how she cried at legend's one
Time when a guy grabbed her pussy while she
Was dancing and his friends were "acting like
Assholes" even after she told them to get away
From her stage. They tipped her a dollar and
Said, "Thanks for trying, honey."

I tell her about my story, tell her I want to write
I mention being an average guy is really fucking
Lonely and she says I have personality and I'm
Not ugly, god bless her for being nice

I pay her her money and I help her put her top
Back on, she gives me a hug and a peck on the
Cheek

Good luck, I say, and we part ways without
Goodbye, I get my coat and walk out again

"**Cyrene**"

i plan on going to
the colosseum but
i pass this place called
players and decide to
give it a try

valet, 7 dollars
doorman, 10
coat check 3
booth 20

Not going to bother

With descriptions

Here because

Everything always

Looks the same

Anyway

place is dead
couple black dudes
ogling the onstage
girls, one middle
eastern dude getting
served a scoop of
ice cream with a
sparkler for his birthday
in one corner, few old
fucks at the bar

i wait for the girl
onstage to get off
she's white, cat-like
names kitty
invite her to my
table

we bullshit, she
asks what brought
me in, i'm horny,
she doesn't do
things like that
but she'll hang
for a bit, we
bullshit some
more, talk about
her day job that
she left, i don't
care,

I'm gonna go to

The bar and see

My friend, she says

You do that

She leaves, i go
over and see if
any of the girls are
worth approaching

one blonde at the bar might be

she takes the stage next

i go up, put dollar bills
in her underwear, say
come see me

she dances, i watch
the espn coverage
of the stanley cup
finals

she gets off, comes
over, names Cyrene
tall and blonde, 21,
i tell her i want a vip
what do i want?
let's figure it out up
there, we go up

rooms aren't rooms

they're partitions with
what look like heavy
mardi gras bead curtains

not much privacy

she starts dancing,
i feel her up, we
make out for a second
she asks what i want
what do you do
i'm good with my
mouth, i take off
my pants, do you
have a condom

i don't

oh well

she sucks me off

at one point i notice
a tattoo on her shoulder

love fearlessly

in some serif font

what's that mean

it's all fucked up, she
says

what is

everything

she bends down
and goes to work
again on my bare
dick, i grab both
sides of her head

and move her up
and down until
i cum in her mouth

she gags

we dress

we go downstairs

bye

good luck

back out to car

back home

wash dick

In the days following

I think more about poor

Cyrene (if that's how it's

Spelled) and her thin

Judy greer-esque face

And the way she kept

Pulling her lank blonde

Hair back out of her

Face when she would

Go down on me and

Her thin lips and her

Cigarette tongue and

The two moles on her

Belly under her left

Breast and where

She's going

"Harmonia"

Went back to the Vu Saturday night
Just that time again
Place wasn't very active
I haven't been here since over a year ago

I thought about Nyx on my way there
I don't expect to see her but I hope she's
All right

Harmonia, from way back in 2016, was there

Get a VIP with her, I pay up front

You look familiar to me

Yeah, I used to be a regular for Nyx

When did you see her last?

December of 2017, I think

Yeah, that was a moment for her

(moment meaning she was going
Through some shit, which was obvious)

Harmonia tells me Nyx's in Arizona now and
Doing better,
she moved away eight months ago

Harmonia and I cuddle, stroking each other

She says she's a professional cuddler

Pressure's on, I tell her

She's blonde now, cleaner than she
Was when Nyx and I did that tickle

VIP way back in September of 2016

We shoot the shit

We talk about reading, we talk about
Music, we talk about all the dumb shit

Conversations thread into each other

I tell her all about Vestal Phases, don't
Know why, I'm drunk on physical touch
She looks up Adrien Carver, says she
Wants to read it, hopefully she doesn't
Tell some rich friend about it and I get
Ripped off, I really gave her all the details
I wanted her to be impressed

She listens, asks questions, not just about
The novel, keeps making that, "Ohhhh...!"
Noise people make when they're trying to
Sound interested but clearly aren't

We do an hour, lying there, I tell her about
The poem I wrote about that VIP in September
Of 2016

Nothing much happens, there's basketball
Playing on the TV in the corner, the Vu is
Cleaner now, doesn't seem so dive, someone
Came in and remodeled the fuck out of it, it's
Even better than when I was here last year,
There's parts that are still getting remodeled,
Open doorways and unpainted drywall

That's my timer, says Harmonia when her watch
Beeps

I invite Harmonia on the podcast, I'd love to have
A stripper on

She says she's interested but when I ask how
We'll get in touch with each other she says
Me coming back in would be the best way

Ok then

I walk out, the dude running the private booths,
Or the kid as I should say as he looks like he's
The same age as the dancers and is shaggy hipstered

His middle finger is prominently placed on the board
Underneath Harmonia's name

"Echo"

i hit up the vu again tonight

sat there for a bit, had one
girl come over, tall and skinny
named lydia, asked me the
questions introductions and
asked if i wanted a dance
no thanks

thicc girls dancing onstage

another girl came over,
thicc, asked if i was
enjoying the commercials
i said she could have a
seat so she did, i didn't
get her name, we chatted
a bit, about what i don't
remember, but then i saw
two skinny things at the
bar and i excused myself

i asked the one on the right
for a vip, an hour, her name
was Echo, gap in her teeth
5'5'' skinny, long legs, c-cup
breasts, breath stinks of weed
she's 22, 23 in october

she's not ticklish except
on her feet so i don't bother
with that

we cuddle the whole time
and talk

she tells me her story

she smoked a woody with
her best friend, i ask how
high she is, she's got
stretch marks and a bit of
a distended belly, she has
two kids, and recently
got into an altercation with
their father and his father

she became a mother at 22
has a 5 year old son and
a 2 year old daughter

she has a tattoo on her side
for her son whose name is
myles and will get one for
her daughter

she's from milan and her
grandpa was an evil person
who had brain disorders

he left her mother a lot of
money and her mother
and father, though they're
drug addicts, raised her
as best they could and her
mother spent a lot of the
inheritance money on Echo's
kids

she's the youngest of 4, and
her oldest sister died of a
heroin overdose recently

she has a cat named midnight
toker with a rare immune
system disorder that causes
him to need regular blood
transfusions

she likes indie rock, alternative
i list my 25 bands for her and
she says she likes goo goo dolls,
clutch and smashing pumpkins

i tell her about myself throughout
the conversation, but she never
asks me anything other than my
name

we cuddle, and that's it, just
lying there, she says she
hates the other couch in the
other VIP room because they're
all falling apart, they take 100
dollars of her 300 for the hour

she's been here on and off
for three years, works at a
diner and goes to school

she told me a story of how
her five year old son just
turned five and had a
birthday party, he wanted
his dad to come but his
dad didn't come until 7:30
at night and the kid sat
in the driveway all day
and missed his own party
because he wanted his
dad there so bad

she called it traumatic for
him and i agree

she talks about working
here, it's a lot of smelly
chinese businessmen
who are rude about her
stretch marks, she was
in a bad mood when she
came in which is why
she smoked

the dj is an older guy
named victor who plays
a lot of 80s shit and calls
her "juicy Echo" which
she says she hates

at one point she asks
if there was a girl sitting
with me before i came over

yeah

if that was me i would feel
so rejected, she says

well, with all due respect,
now she knows how it feels
to be a guy, i tell her

"i never thought of it that way."

i tell her i can't afford to feel
guilty especially when no one
gives a shit if such a thing
happens to me, the girl is
at work, but of course now i
feel a bit guilty

i note it was nice of her to
think of that other girl's feelings
she says she doesn't know
the other girl and the other girl
would probably not think of her
if she had gotten the private
instead

i listen to her talk and feel
her in my arms and smell
her hair, it'll do for now

when it's over she asks if
i want another but i say no

she hugs me lying down

nice talking to you

we walk out

good luck, nice meeting you

you too

ypsilanti is warm and

Night has fallen

"Melinoe"

Vu time again

Went last night

Woman at counter
Says its fifteen
There's another
Guy there, too,
In a blue suit jacket
Bald, black, he was
Busking out by sidetracks
Earlier

I give the woman twenty
She says I can donate my
Change, I pass but after
She takes my wristband
For my coat check (I'm
Wearing my hoodie)
I forget to ascertain
She gives it back

I go to the bathroom
And realize I forgot it,
When I go back and
Ask she says she thought
I said she could have it
She says she was going
To use it for food

No

I wash my hands and the
Blue-jacket guy is in there
Talking about how he
Doesn't know if he's going

To be able to get money
For the month

I go and sit, the place is
Empty, chubby girl onstage
Dancing, one guy at stage,
One other guy at back

Couple girls packed over
By dj booth, dj is young
Guy with ponytail, asks
Me if I want anything
And so does the bartender
No
Stripper comes over, clusters
Of acne on her chin, makes
Small talk, not interested

I notice waifish blonde sitting
With dj, wait a bit, go over, dj
Asks if I need anything, I ask
Him how much an hour VIP
Is, half hour for 100, oh, so
An hour is 200, right

Waifish blonde gives me
Indifferent look

Dj gestures at her, we've
Got plenty of lovely ladies
Here for you

I don't know, man, she
Doesn't look interested,
I say, she looks busy

Oh, yeah, I'm so busy

What's your name, I ask

She's cute in an odd way,
She's got that weird Slavic
Face thing going on where
Her nose is big and her chin
Is sharp and it looks like
Someone took both their

Hands and made a sandwich
Motion and came down on
The top of her head and under
Her chin and smushed her face

Her name is fairy, but I later
Learn its spelled Melinoe

I ask for a VIP, we go back,
She's incredibly tall, taller
Than me in her platforms
She's skinny, wearing a
Onepiece leather thing

We get to the booth, I just
Want to talk, we sit and talk
She talks about her relatives
Asks me about myself, tells
Me about her sculpture-ing
She made a set of hands out
Of tin foil and newspaper and
Wire, it's to symbolize the loss
Of an infant, she had a step-brother
Who only lived two hours
She tells me about her Hungarian
Ancestors, I blank out, one of her
Tits is hanging out of her leather
Get-up, she keeps adjusting her
Hair

She takes notes in this fat little
Notebook, I write down my
Pen name when she asks for it
I tell her about the podcast,
Danger slater, an author I just
Interviewed

We spend half an hour talking
It's nice enough

I ask to cuddle, she cuddles me
Good, whispers in my ear, blah
Blah blah, I kiss her on the side
Of her head, platinum blonde
Hair

Everclear's wonderful plays,
I say I've never heard this song
In a strip club before but it's
About divorce so I guess it makes
Sense

I ask her to get naked, she slips
The leather thing down but
Says she doesn't want to take
It off because she's not wearing
Underwear

I like to be personal but I'd like
You to be personal, she says,
Or something to that effect

I assume she means being
Conversational

She's got a banging body,
One tattoo up her left
Side that her sister designed
Of a strange vine-like thing
With skulls and birds on it

Her skin is clear, her nipples
Are pierced with hoops, I play
With them, her breasts are
Well-formed little a-cups
She keeps talking to me
About meeting women in
Bars and grocery stores

We cuddle more, I tickle
Her armpits and she turtles

Are you ticklish

Maybe

Maybe is a yes

No it isn't

We cuddle more, I kiss her
Shoulder and collarbone

You have to keep your
Mouth to yourself, she says,
Taking my hat off and
Putting it on, she's 22

Her belly button is
A neat little innie, i
Finger it gently

She runs her fingers
Over me

That's time

I give her the 200

Is there anything else

That was pretty easy,
I say, so no

That's not what we
Agreed to

Yeah, it is

No, it's not

...

It dawns on me

Oh, wait, that's
What you meant by
Personal

I give her an additional
13 dollars, lucky 13

She asks for a hug

Good luck to you

Grab my hoodie, the
Guy behind the counter

Doesn't look at me, he's
A young guy, looks like
A student, probably plays
Video games, has glasses
Probably thinks working
Here will get him laid in
The decadent way he's
Always wanted, seems
Unhappy

Out I go into the night

"epilogue: five years later"

Years go by

The world goes through a global pandemic

My father passes in Feb 2021 of glioblastoma

I switch careers

I'm much happier

But

Without a good paycheck

I cannot afford strip clubs

Or sugar babies anymore

I do not get laid these days

It has been since the pandemic

I moved home, enrolled in

A program for my new job

The vu closed then opened again recently

No websites, no strip clubs

It is exclusively porn of
Various kinds, I keep my
Online philandering to
A minimum, I am the
Brokest I've ever been
In my adult life by
The time I get to the
Summer of 2023

I am starving

I am living at home again
With my mother

I have gotten a new job
And a new career
I am 37 turning 38 now

I am on a more wholesome track

It is better overall

Much better

I don't mind it at all

I am thankful

But I am starving

So I look up escort services

Tryst.link suggests reddit

One weekend I sign up and

Message but don't want to

Buy a burner to text

I'm doing better emotionally

but not better financially

Another week or two goes by

I'm starving

I go to tryst again

I buy the burner

I text four escorts

I get a message back

She's available

She's 400 dollars

She's in Dearborn

She sends a selfie

I talk to her on the phone

I shower

I send a selfie

I'm driving there through

The night, it's 1 in the morning

I get to the room, she's responsible

She wears nurse scrubs, wants

The phone playing music because
Everyone's watching her
Or so she says

We talk about music, about tickling
I relay my tickling community experience
With her, say it's been a few years

Looking into her eyes down on the bed
I tell her it's been 3 years since I had
Anything, I'm breaking a cardinal rule I say

She's 20, turning 21 in a few days

I take off her stuff

I tickle her

She's fun, very lovely

She touches me, I'm naked

She sucks me off, condom on

"I got you," she coos as I finish,

Hands moving up and down

She gets up, goes to the bathroom,

I dispose of the condom, flush it

Whatever

She wants me out, doesn't say it

I got what I came for, I say

We text, I delete everything a few days later

I will not do this again, and I don't

This is no longer me

I will have to live with my starvation

Living with it is way easier when

Other emotional needs are sated

My pleasant, sexless life

It is what it is and I'm thankful

