### Wednesday April 1

#### My Job Interview

It’s remarkable how quickly it happened; such little time and such little input was required for me to develop a flinch reflex to John’s approach. I suppose that makes me smart. A quick learner.

What happened tonight??

I have no idea.

I was sure he was trying to talk me out of this.

But he says he was trying to give me what I wanted.

I see how it’s tricky.

I see how what I’m asking for is equivalent to what I’m asking not for.

He’s just trying things out.

So am I.

He shouldn’t have been so harsh.

But maybe he should have.

I absolutely questioned my commitment to the project

My interpretation of my desires

While i was tied up in his back seat.

I had so many ideas of where he was taking me

I didn’t like any of them

I didn’t feel like he liked me

I didn’t think i was turning him on

I was terrified

And unsure

And powerless

And i asked myself,

Isn’t this what i asked for?

What is he possibly about to do to me that I did not explicitly invite him to do?

Kill me?

Did I push the wrong button?

Did I push the wrong guy?

Did I push my case too hard?

Do I care or do I don’t?  
I don’t know.

I was afraid when he put me down in the middle of the road

It was paved

And it was so close to the busy road

I didn’t understand what was happening

I didn’t want to get run over

I didn’t want to get left out there

I was so cold.

It was only a coincidence that I was so lightly dressed

It was the interview outfit he said i should wear.

He put it down on the dirty asphalt

And his dirty floor that I haven’t cleaned yet

And he told me it wasn’t professional;

That it was like ...

He said he wants to share a life with me???!!!

Why would he say that?

Why would he say that now?

It’s just that i’m asking him for his love

And then during the tenderest part of the sex

When he was kissing me so gently on my legs

(the calf with the marks

From my favorite bread slicer

That I stole when he left

Cause it means more to me)

And that was the most painful part of the sex

And i wonder why

Did it reveal a truth?

Or reveal a lie?

He says i don’t need to save the tab

For the suicide hotline

That didn’t answer

But look at me now.

Only walrus saved me

She meowed and meowed at me not to

But john was sleeping

I’m already alone

He’s already not enough

I’m asking too much

I’m never satisfied.

He told me he wants to share a life with me??

How is that not satisfying to me???

What do I even want?

I want him to stay up all night hitting me until i beg him to stop

And then immediately miss it?

I’m too easy to break

And too easy to fix

Neither state lasts.

I guess that’s adaptable,

But it’s hard to believe in.

I asked him for time to write and process my thoughts

And then wondered why i needed to process them myself

Before sharing with him

I know i’m self reliant

But am i dependent on that?

Is it the best way?

Maybe I’m just using him for things to write about.

What if he offered me all this and more

At the cost that i couldn’t write it down.

Then would the pain be worth it?

Oh...I thought I was looking for relief of pain,

Not addition of pain.

Maybe i’m just looking for addition of stimulus

And my brain is such

And my culture is such

That this seems like the easiest/obvious/best choice.

Define “best,” please.

While you’re at it, also define

Love,

Forever, and

Meaning

I was so scared when he put me down on the road

Was it worth it?

Are these words worth it?

Or the feelings?

Or the thoughts?

Let’s be honest:

I don’t care if anyone reads this

I don’t care if my ”book” gets famous

I just want my life to be something

That I think is worth writing about.

I want things to happen to me

That give me things to think about

And want to remember.

The sweetest thing he said

Was when i asked him

How he’d feel if my book got famous

And he was more known for

His part in my life

Than his own

And he said he wouldn’t mind

Because he would

Just be so happy for me

And proud of me

That my book was a success.

I just really didn’t expect him to say that at all

I didn’t even secretly want it

It surprised me as much as his kick to my head

And it felt as strong

And i promise i don’t know the difference

Between those feelings

One is pain right now that will end soon

And the other is untold possible pain in the future

That i invite in by perceiving these

Feelings as pleasure when

I can clearly see right now

That those gentle kisses on my legs

Hurt just as very much

As the fourth whip on my neck

But not as much

As the second time

He set me down on the street

And taped my eyes

And walked away.

When he put me back in the car after that

I was so afraid.

So afraid

When i heard the door open,

That he was changing his mind again

And would put me back out there

I wanted to fight to stay inside

But i was tied so tight.

My hands were numb

And my ankles were throbbing

And i had no underwear on

Because i wanted to be sexy when he got there

But now the freeway wind was freezing my ass

And i don’t even think he cared.

He said my outfit wasn’t professional;

That it looked like someone

Someone over 40 would wear

Going to some event

Trying to get laid.

Yeah fuck you too.

You’ll be over 40 and you’ll see

You have more power and opportunity than you do now

It’s not something for me to feel ashamed of

Or him to be scared of

But it was a really mean thing to say to me.

After he’d already seen that dress

And told me it was good interview outfit.

And he wouldn’t give me a smoke

Or a drink

Or talk to me.

Or tell me where we were going

I noticed that the ride was taking extra long

I noticed because he was smoking a cigarette

And the wind through the open window was freezing my exposed ass and pussy

And i keep thinking we must be almost there,

And which turn is he making now?

And why is he going so fast on these roads?

So I worked myself into an upright position

And i could see we were past his house

We were headed south,

Out of town.

I had asked him

(unfortunately in retrospect, told him)

That i needed to stay home,

But his home would have been good too

But now he was taking me somewhere

I didn’t know,

Unsafe,

And far away and cold and without his protection.

I looked at him for a while through the front seats

I thought how handsome he looked

And strong and determined

And i wondered what he was thinking

And i hoped it was good

But i slowly realized it wasn’t

And then i turned my head into the back seat.

And we drove and we drove

And i was cold and i was cold

And I told him I didn’t even have any shoes on

And he wouldn’t answer me

And i started to think maybe i was in over my head

That I didn’t understand him

That he didn’t understand me

But why should he?

I told him i had no limits

But i also told him i only wanted to do it if was sexy to me

How should he know?

I couldn’t show my submission with position #2

Because of how he had tied me.

My ankles hurt

And my wrists hurt

And i was thirsty

And my lips were dry

And i was so cold

And the ground was rough

And the street was dangerous

And i didn’t know if he cared.

I didn’t know if was paying attention

Or remembering

Or caring.

What if he was incompetent like the rest of them?

What if he didn’t MEAN for me to get run over?

What if he was planning to run me over?

That’s not a sexy way to die.

And I really don’t want him to get in trouble.

Even if he goes overboard,

It’s not his fault.

Our limits are vague.

He’s not a doctor.

He said he’ll research how to be safe,

Like he did before,

And then forgot.

But i really don’t care.

I just want him to recognize

And appreciate my sacrifices.

I don’t like that i’m making him feel bad

When he gives me what i want

Or what he thinks i want.

I’m glad it’s sexy in retrospect.

The train tracks were perfect.

It was what i asked for

It was scary

And real

And painful

And new

And surprising

And i loved the power he was showing me

And the care he showed me after.

But tonight was different.

It wasn’t for me or for him.

Or maybe it was.

He said he won’t do it again

But now he also knows

How to frighten me

For real.

Why does he think i’m trying to make him angry?

I might be trying to incite him, excite him,

Invite him to push his limits

To show him that he doesn’t need to ask me

He can make me

And i want him to

But making him angry isn’t part of that

I don’t want to do that.

I just want to challenge him

And show him how brave i am

And that i’ll withstand anything to bring him pleasure

But if it doesn’t bring him pleasure…

If he’s just doing this for me…

I want to say it’s unnecessary,

That if he wants me,

Just wants me in the regular way

To love and cherish

He can have that from me in an instant.

He’s earned it/me

He seduced me so hard

He’s impressed me so hard

He’s made me reach new apecies trying to impress him.

But…

I thought he needed me to play hard to get

I thought he wouldn’t want me if I wanted him for keeps

And that’s true

We’re all contradictory

But is he saying now he does want me?

That i’ve landed him?

That he sees how valuable i can be to his life?

But will i?

Will I become complacent just like i’m afraid he will over these two months?

Will we keep raising the ante

And say the life i have with you

Isn’t enough for me anymore

I want something

New and different and exciting

Again.

Oh my god i didn’t bring that up.

I told him my fantasy,

My dark fantasy,

About him forcing me to wait tied up in his house

While he goes out to seduce another girl

Which i know he can

And would do it not so much to impress me

(which it does)

But to satisfy his desire for new pussy

Which mine no longer is.

I tell him,

And i believe,

That those experiences will only make him want me more

Appreciate me more,

Sigh and think of them,

“Is that all you’ve got?”

But what if?

What if?

What if one time it’s someone like me, or him, who offers more,

Is better,

And earns him away.

That should be okay.

Why this struggle again?

I love him

I value him

I respect him

I want him to be happy

I want him to be the happiest

But only if it’s because of me.

I don’t want him to be happier without me

I’d want him to be less happy

That’s mean.

I’m mean. And selfish.

No.

I just want impossible assurances.

Opa loved Oma forever.

They had the war

We have the virus

It will bond us forever

Until one of us dies

And leaves the other bereft.

There’s no good end.

No reward for a life well lived

I’ve seen that.

We all die alone

(except those of us lucky enough to find a worthy death partner

Which so far I am not.)

What is he really offering me?????

What am i really offering him???

What do we even have right

Knowledge

Or capability

To offer each other?

I will give you my best

As long as you make me want to.

That’s what I keep saying.

And I tell him exactly how to do it

If only he could read my mind.

I guess i can’t read his.

We just need more practice.

He said he was sorry for tonight.

He admitted that he overreacted.

That he misunderstood my intentions.

That he wouldn’t do it again.

But now I know precisely that he could.

Him doing it and apologizing

Is not proof that he won’t do it.

It’s proof that he will.

Is that what i wanted?

Is that what he was showing me

b/c he thought/knew i wanted that?

I guess i did.

Will he really think it’s sexy in retrospect?

Will I?

I guess I want to be humiliated only on my terms.

It seems like a clear distinction to me.

Only do it if it turns you on

Makes you feel powerful and manly

Expresses the depth of my commitment

Not to make me feel like i don’t please you.

I want to be corrected

I want to be punished

But only because you

Want me to do better

Not because you think i’m against you

Or because you don’t want me

Or because you don’t respect me

Or because i’ve hurt you.

I never mean to hurt you

Unless i’m just childishly

Trying to communicate

That you’ve hurt me.

I usually have such good instincts with him

I know what he wants

(When he asked my why i wanted this position,

When i’d finally won back the chance to interview,

I asked if he meant he wanted to see my presentation.

He asked if my presentation answered that question,

And my secret special mind told me the answer:  
“I want the position because i love you.”

And it was so true

And so right

And so good

And i am so grateful for knowing it

And feeling it)

But now I had no idea how to appease him

I didn’t know why he was so angry

I didn’t know what he was planning

I had so many scary thoughts

But if he was going to kill me

I thought it was okay.

I guess that’s what I’ve asked him for

Essentially.

Save me or kill me.

It’s gotta be you or me.

And if you do it it’s probably a lot more exciting

And a better story

And not so sad

And maybe even sexy

But i’m starting to doubt

That last part.

I thought about all the dirty fantasies I’ve offered

And requested,

And asked myself if I really wanted them.

At least not this way

Not unless we were in on it together.

I just want to have a deal with someone.

Like a contract

That i’ll be your #1

If you’ll be mine.

Why’s that so weird or wrong to want??

I told him that I didn’t think I could compete

With the basic bitches

At their basic bitch skills

So instead of trying and failing

I looked for a different path

And realized that the special kind of guys i like

Appreciate that approach.

So I cultivated that

But maybe i’m still a little sad

That i can’t be a regular lady wife

For a happy good successful guy

Who wants to cuddle his lady

Instead of slap her hard.

Am I afraid my cuddling isn’t good enough?

No no no

That’s not right at all.

No guy has rejected me because I was

Lacking in basic bitch skills.

They’re all happy to pick up my slack;

Cook the food and clean the house.

So what’s wrong?

Why isn’t that good enough?

John is so good.

He could be happy with anyone

(maybeeee)

And I want a good guy like that.

I deserve a deep challenging interesting special guy

But not one of the ineffective-at-life ones.

A functional special guy is really hard to come by.

Plenty of women will love john because he’s so functional

And wouldn’t even notice he’s so special.

He says that i’m 100% the best thing that came

Out of him moving here.

He doesn’t believe that things happen for a reason

Because they don’t

But if they did

We both want to believe we were brought together.

He says he’s afraid he’s going to take me away

From my protected forest

And i’ll either wither

Or hate him.

But where does he want to take me?

What does he offer in exchange?

Yes I’m content here

But am I not asking to be saved??

Does the princess not want to be whisked away to the castle (in Italy)?

But am I really going to keep him happy?

I can’t be disappointed again.

Not again.

(link to Paul coming in second

For the second time

On Big Brother,

Looking down, shaking his head, mouthing over and over,

“Not again. Not again.”

The thing is that it happened for the same fucking reason.

As Julie cuttingly observed

“Always a bridesmaid, never a bride.”

Bc he did the same thing again

He betrayed people

And then didn’t own up to it.

What am i doing again?  
What am i going to do again to make john realize

I’m not as good as

Initially presented?

Am I overconfident?

I told him I think I’m smarter than him

He said he doesn’t think i’m smarter than him

I don’t want him to think that

But i want him to think he has to compete

And of course we can both excel at different things

But i just want him to be impressed by how smart i am

And also show that he really is smarter

But i’m the smartest closest a girl could get.

Am I misrepresenting myself?

Am I a bait and switch?  
I never said I wasn’t high maintenance

I’m a high performance girl

And guys are supposed to love tinkering

To get the settings just right.

Later, after the presentation,

I gave him my final argument:

I kneeled on the ground in position #2

And presented my bare openings to him

And offered me and them with my whole heart

Because I knew that’s what he wanted.

And I did that freely even after he’d

Almost just left me in the road.

He said he tied me with my hands in front

Instead of behind

So i could get out of them

But i couldn’t have.

I couldn’t have anyway.

But i did appreciate that he wore his nice dress shoes

And didn’t kick me with them.

But i’m afraid it’s not enough.

He’s been loved before

I’ve loved before

It’s never been him and me.

I tried to be so honest with myself

For him

And i told him that all i wanted was to

Believe i was special

And for someone i believed in

To affirm it.

And he didn’t.

He just said nothing.

Maybe he was falling asleep.

Maybe was unimpressed by claim that i’m smarter than all the computers

So i had to backtrack

I had to rely on myself again

I said nevermind

I don’t need you to tell me i’m special

I already believe it

And i’m just offering to share that with you

And if you don’t recognize that as a fucking special gift

Then off with you.

But maybe he doesn’t want to always feel

Like he’s so lucky to have me.

Just barely worthy of me.

But that’s how i want to feel about him.

I want to feel so so so lucky to have him

(and I do

If i do)

Even if it means him reaffirming

That he can win plenty of girls

Even if stings me a lot

Like i told him it would

Why don’t people care about my pain?

When I tell them how to save me from it,

They do the opposite.

If i say

“Please do not do this.

It will hurt me.

I do not want this.

This is exactly the worst thing you could do to me.”  
They do it.

With little to no fanfare.

And if I say,

“I’m in pain,

And i don’t think i can take it,

And i would love for you to save me,

By doing this.”

And they don’t.

In both cases they pretend not to notice what they’ve done.

Why did he ask why i was kicking my feet?

I don’t know if i’m in more pain now

Or less.

At least it’s something to think about

And not the virus.

I ensured that our contract included a disfigurement clause

--it’s not included with chromic pain or disability--

It’s allowed

--and i hope he recognized, welcomed--

Because if something is important,

Don’t you want something to remember it by?

Some evidence?

TIme heals all wounds, but slowly, and maybe not for the best.

My back really hurts.

I don’t know if it’s from how i was tied

Or being hit

Or lying on my stomach typing.

Certainly bolth.

He said he feels he ought not

To ask me about michael.

I want our relationship to be about us

And not michael

But he’s part of me

My past and my present

As much as i want to forget

The pain will resurface

Like sean has lately.

Maybe I wait to grieve one love

Until after the next one has ended.

Thank god for John, though.

He has protected my heart from michael

As much as one could

If it weren’t for him,

If i had been left all alone,

I couldn't have lived with it.

It breaks my heart that Michael could.

Would he be sorry now,

If he saw what alternative I’ve chosen?

How bereft he’s left me

That this is what i need to be satisfied?

It’s not their fault.

I’m not in my right mind.

It’s no one’s job to save me.

But then why do I keep wanting the job of saving them?

I told John I couldn’t bear to be a failed muse again.

I can’t let him down.

He can’t let me down.

When I was in the car,

I really did question my commitment

Can I really prove my conjecture?

I don’t know...no one ever knows

But I believe I can

And I’m going to try until I can’t

Or he doesn’t want me to anymore.

I don’t know how this all happened.

So many things at once

Such a complicated recipe

So unlikely

So unexpected

So good or so bad?

Why do I always have to decide that??

Can’t it just be?

Don’t I like things that happen

Instead of things that don’t happen?

Well I don’t know.

Maybe I’m sick of things happening

And I want to pick one last thing to happen

And then not have to worry anymore.

John keeps asking

Who’s using whom

And who is taking advantage of the other

But why does it have to be that way?

We’re both vulnerable now.

Why can’t we be saving each other

Instead of using each other?

Because that’s unrealistic?

Because it gives our agency away

And makes us depend on the other?

I promise I didn’t want to get attached to you!!!  
I was happy enough how I was

Maybe like how you were happy enough

But I guess you wanted this

You tried so hard to make me fall in love with you.

Maybe you tried harder because I assured you

It wouldn’t work.

Everyone loves to work their charms

But then you have to deal with the consequences.

I specifically said,

Let’s do this,

“Consequences be damned.”

Okay.

How now to damn them??

I guess I was saying I was

Open to anything?

And so were you?

Are you still?  
Are you more?

Do I want more violence

Or just more love

And more intensity?

Maybe you can show me

Other ways to feel it.

It’s just so immediate

So devoted

So all-encompassing

So finite

So simple (in ways).

Maybe the only reason

I try so hard to convince you i’m so special

Is because i want to make you feel

SO SPECIAL

That of everyone

I picked you.

I’m not satisfied by regular guys

By boring guys

By guys who are easily satisfied by me.

I want to satisfy you,

That my greatest want

But i want to work for it

I don’t want to do it

With one hand tied behind my back

(I mean, I do)

Because I want to show you

That I’m working for you

That I am not trying to placate you

With occasional

Gooey sentiments

Because i know you love them

But i don’t want to do that

Just because you want it

But BECAUSE I know how much you want it

I want you to know

That I really really really really

Mean it

When i do.

I don’t want phone calls that end with

“Love you”  
“Love you too.”

I mean I guess that’s sweet

If that’s your baseline

But then don’t you have to up the ante?

Does the millionth

“I love you”

Mean as much as the first?

More??

I feel alone right now

I wish you were awake with me

Or i were asleep with you

But i also need my alone time

As do you

But it seems a little more alone

Compared to being with you.

I don’t feel alone

Because i’m thinking about you

And how to love you

And how to let you make me happy

And maybe you’ll read this

And you’ll think it’s nice

Or that you understand me more

Or that i understand you more.

I just want us to dig and dive

Until there’s only nakedness

And acceptance

And trust

And some sort of forever peace.

Maybe we’re scared we won’t like each other deep down

Or the mystery will fade

Or the expectations will be unfulfilled

And we will despair again

But have beautiful memories

And not horrible ones

Like you keep saying i’m giving you

Maybe i’m not picking up

On how much you’re trying to give to me.

Here I am telling you that i’m willing to do all kinds of things

To prove to you that I’m here for you

But i’m assuming

That everything you’re doing

Is because it pleases you.

Like the contract says.

My pleasure is serendipitous

Consciousness is a byproduct of entropy

An unconscious consequence

Like stardust

Beautiful

Ephemeral

Meaningless but to those cursed with consciousness

And a perverse need to find meaning.

Maybe the reason I think I’m smarter than you

Is because you seem so capable of

Being happy.

I love that about you,

I admire it,

I want you to teach it to me

But i also think

That no one can be happy

And also insightful enough

To understand

What’s not going on.

This isn’t a good evolutionary trick.

To make us suffer to an untimely death.

I promise you this though.

If you make me pregnant,

I will INSTANTLY

Love that baby more than you

In ways you could never understand

And your dick will become

A filthy abomination

That i don’t want anywhere near

Me and my baby.

### Thursday April 2

Best day ever

Followed by worst day ever

So ups and downs

But let me reconsider

Let me challenge the assumptions that i hold onto so strongly.

Madame Teresa told me

That i don’t have to apply

Lessons learned

By other men disappointing me

Onto you.

These are not similar cases.

The results will not be the same.

I can imagine cradling that baby

While john cradles me

And we both gaze at our baby

And gaze into each other eyes

And feel a completely new level

Of awe and joy

And what our love has created.

I’m going to hold onto that possibility

I’m going to believe it would have happened that way

I can almost feel it

I can almost imagine us there

Maybe the dmt will let me see what

Might have been.

I’m rapidly turning rabid for you.

You said you needed to get your emotions in check

That you’re so fond of me.

But now you’ve pierced my seal

And made me feel safe enough

To let my emotions grow unrestrained

To even encourage them

And relish them

And luxuriate in how right and good and safe

It feels

To love you freely and completely (infinitely)

And let you know it.

I want to send you the biggest box

And inside is the biggest heart

I’ve ever had

You made it so big

That i have so much extra to give to you

You did ask me to try to melt you with my love

And drench you with my desire

And i amazedly said,

“I did it! I really did it!”

But wow oh wow

When i look back now

I was just beginning!

I learned your alphabet

And thought I was fluent.

But now I’m at that stage

(which can frustrate intermediate learners)

Where I know enough

To begin to comprehend

How much more there is to know.

The language learners are frustrated because they want to be fluent now;

The amount left to learn

Seems daunting and insurmountable

And the gains are now small

Compared to effort spent.

Oh but that’s now what it’s like for me!

I’m at the intermediate level of loving you

And I’m so proud of all I’ve learned

And I’m so excited to learn more

So excited by the sense

That there’s SO much more

For us to enjoy about each other

And about life

Together.

So many more ways I can learn to make you happy

And make you love me

And make you feel more loved than you’ve ever felt

Or imagined you could feel.

We’re helping each other discover the unknown

Mechanisms that neuroscientists

Are seeking.

It’s really just like math.

We have ideas

We try some things out

We see how they work

We try some other things

We maybe get a little frustrated in the middle?

Maybe we might ought to prepare

For a slump

And have plan to deal with it

To remind ourselves of

Primacy of the project

And recommit.

Might not happen,

But we should plan for the best and prepare for the worst too

But oh how good it feels when you figure it out!!!

When you see how it all fit together

And the piece you were missing

And now it all makes sense

And you either wonder why you didn’t see it before

Or you marvel at how you arrived at such insight.

I want to ask you the questions

That you wish i would ask

I really do want to therapize you!  
(therapize your cock)

I want to phallo-analyze you

I want to integrate you

So you make all the sense

And see the biggest picture

And understand your place in it

And feel happy and confident and joyous

At where you find yourself

And what it means

I think about all the times in my life

I said wistfully, longingly, and sadly,

“I wish I had someone to…

motivate me

Inspire me

Believe in me

Encourage me

Support me

Go there with me

Do that with me

Try this together

Learn things together

Be brave together

And i can’t believe that i finally really do.

I loved doing yoga in the yard with you

I loved it so much

You were so encouraging

You made me feel like i was doing so well

And made me want to keep doing it

And impress you

With how strong and flexible

You can make me

And that i don’t hate it

I just needed someone to hold my hand

And show me how

And care about how i do.

Oh my god.

I am so turned on right now

My desire keeps bubbling up and

Has nowhere to go

And i have to groan out loud

And tighten all up

To let it out

For a moment

Until i remember

Another thing

That’s we’ve done

Or will

Or might

Do.

And then it rises up again stronger than the last time

Oh my god.

My wrist aches from writing 100 times (well 110)

“John sees that Sophy is the most beautiful wildflower in all

John is so fun

I have so much fun with him

Everything seems exciting

### Friday April 3

THE NEXT FUCKING DAY

I knew it wasn’t real

I knew it was too good to last

I always know

I knew better than to believe again

I guess i hate you most for that

For giving me one last big disappointment

Did i forget to put “hope” in the contract?

You should tell yourself,

“Oh, i guess she had more issues than i thought!”

“Geez...she told me she was a relatively healthy mental sex slave”

“Typical woman...she says she wants something, i do my shitty best to give it to her, and then she’s not happy? She didn’t appreciate my arm around her?”

And probably not add this part

“... as she poured her own fucking whisky cup THAT WAS IN THE CONTRACT THAT I WOULD PROVIDE after TWELVE HOURS of leaving her fucking alone to her own thoughts and not giving her the massage she earned, and not watching a show with her like a regular couple--nope, I’ll skip straight ahead to the sorry honey i’m so sleepy phase”

...and I fucking let it go, and I stayed up all my byself all fucking night not even hurting myself, and writing all kind of sincere but now ruined shit about how much i love you and how much i appreciated you saving me, and i was so excited at my idea, and i knew how much you would love reading them when you found them, and then i came to bed and i loved you, and then in the morning you came to me for sex and that was nice...and then you left me. You fucking left me alone all day long. Where was my milk? Where was my lemonade? Where was some water or food or coffee? Where was the massage i earned? Have you yet fullfilled your six hours of attention to your devotee ONCE of only two fucking days we’ve had??? NO!!!

I did everything I could to make you happy yesterday. It was such a happy day, even though i poured boiling water on my hand while i was making you coffee and you never noticed. I noticed it. I noticed it when the sun made it sting while we were outside hanging up your laundry, and tonight in the bath when the hot water made it burn and I could have killed myself 100 times over while you were doing i don’t know what. Feeling happy because you thought i was gonna love you for free?

When I locked the bathroom door and stayed in there in the dark for an hour with the water running, and you didn’t even check on me. After hours and hours of you ignoring me. ARE YOU STUPID? I thought for sure you’d slap me when i suggested that.

I thought that was your biggest fear. It’s mine too.

I even just wanted somebody that i valued who would even care if i died, who would just put in the smallest interventions to keep me alive. Even if they only wanted me alive so they could fuck me. But you never checked on me. You never brought me water. The only water in the bedroom was the water that I had gotten for you when you were sleeping and i was up all night telling steph and doug how i’d never been happier and i finally thought i’d found someone who valued me and wanted everything from me. I guess you do...but i thought the deal was that you were also going to take care of me, and not just leave me all alone.

I’m sorry, John. You should be sorry too. You just want someone to love you. You don’t want me to force me to love you. But then why did you make me think that? Why didn’t you just tell me that a regular version of me was good enough for you, and then I didn’t need to try so hard to offer you something that none of the regular girls would? Why didn’t you just say that you wanted me? Probably because you don’t. Even with me offering you the things that I think are the most i have to offer, it’s not enough. What do you want the most????? Why are you not telling me?? Is it because you don’t think i can give it to you?

I really believed in you, John. I really, really, really did. But I didn’t *need* this. If you just wanted me regular, and made me believe it, I would have done that. But you said you didn’t want that! You told me you didn’t want it. And I already agreed that regular relationships don’t work, and I thought if I offered you this kind of special thing it would work...but also i don’t mean that--i really didn’t need you until you made me need you. That just makes this even more terrible and more worse...maybe i should have flown to michael! He would ignore me and take me for granted too. What’s the difference? He’s spent twelve fucking years on me, and I blew him off because he DISAPPOINTED me, and you said that you wouldn’t, John. You told me that you would appreciate me in a way that he doesn’t, didn’t you??? Didn’t you? Why would I give you more for the same amount of keeping me in the background???  
That’s what fucking Beta John did too. The father of my actual child. He just wanted to do his Man Music Cock thing out in the world, with the security of an ignored woman and child in the background. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT???

I dreamed this night that we had a baby. I had already been pregnant, and the baby came before we knew about it. It was only 20 weeks old, but it survived. I can’t remember what came after. I don’t think it was good, but maybe it wasn’t worse than this.

Do you see now why I told Beta that Doug’s songs were more important to me than he was?

Do you see now why I told you that I wouldn’t give up drugs for you?  
Because he let me down, and you let me down, and songs and drugs don’t.

If you’re sitting there on some high horse thinking that I’m all fucked up

Let me remind you

That all i wanted was to offer you what every decent girl wants to offer every decent man

And i tried to add in so much fucking more

Because i thought i had more to give

And i thought you wanted me to give more

But apparently you just want some fucking regular

Boring fucking easily satisfied woman

Who will sleep in your bed

And love you

While you ignore the fuck out of her.

You thought you’d get that out of me?

After one fucking day of our contract??

John, I am so disappointed.

I still think that yesterday was the best day of my life

And i owe you for that

Just like i owe michael for europe and the other stuff

And i owe sean for his songs

But so what????

All I want,

is for one fucking person to value me

And actually want to keep me alive

Instead of putting in

The tiniest amount of effort

To earn the right

To say

“But I loved her!

I tried to save her!

For one day!

As it suited me!”

What the fuck were you doing all day that was more important than me?

I would rather you run me over on the street

Than leave me alone in your bed

Ignoring me

And letting some

False idea

Of how i inflated your confidence and value

(FALSE!!!!)

Give you peace

While you sit there

And jack off

To your math and music and cock

While i die obviously

Wishing just someone

Would care enough

To knock on the door.

To bring me some foamed milk

After i fucked him so hard.

After I signed two months of my life away

As long as he would

Just fucking

Make me

Feel valued

And worthy

Of staying alive.

WHY CANT YOU DO THAT JOHN????

Am i not enough for you?

Or am I asking too much?

If you don’t want the kind of assurances that

Fucked-up ladies give you

Then tell me i’m not fucked up

And that you would want me anyway.

I can tell you every fucking way you let me down

In the last 24 hours

But then i won’t respect you.

CAN’T YOU SEE???

Do you not understand words???

Ideas?

Feelings?

Why are you accepting defeat so easily?

Why are you showing me that I’m really not worth your time

Or effort

Or that you don’t know what to do to make me happy??

I understand that you were tired!!!

I get tired a lot too.

But I TOLD YOU that I was in a bad place.

I TOLD YOU THAT I NEEDED YOU TO SAVE ME

And isn’t that enough to keep you awake?

No, it’s not.

I’m up alone in the night

Trying to convince myself that I’m worth saving

And I did all that research

To show you that

There isn’t anything wrong with you

If you want to be rough and dominant

And I did all that research

To show you that

I’m at risk

That i’m at really high risk

Of dying.

And I’m begging you, John!

I’m begging you to save me.

I’m begging you to give me some reason to live

Whether it’s because

Your cock needs my service so much

Or because you love me

But i guess neither is working.

I don’t understand!!!!

I see that I’m in a bad place.

And that it’s unfair for me to ask you to save me.

But I offered so much!!!!

I thought this contract

Just really meant

That you would save me.

That somehow I could offer you at least enough

That you would put in the effort

To keep me alive.

But I can see it didn’t work.

And the only reason I’m still alive now

Is because of some strength

Of my own.

I wanted to think that you were worth my life.

I wanted to think that if I died

I would do you some good

Or you would care

Or maybe you would decide

That i had enough to offer you

That it would be worth the smallest efforts on your part

To keep me alive

But clearly not.

You thought one day of me being happy as your sub

Would make me be happy?

That after that I’d just entertain myself

While you entertained yourself?

What were you doing all day???

What were doing all day that was more important

Than giving me water

Or milk

Or sex

Or love

Or ANYTHING???

I’m not satisfied being in the background.

If that’s what a sex slave is

I’m not into it.

Why did you let me so alone in the locked bathroom for so long for???

Did you see how much I cut my calf??

I’m CRYING OUT FOR HELP.

I’m not even trying to hide it!!!  
I TOLD YOU

That i did that because you weren’t

Giving me enough to think about

Or enough to do.

And your response was to go to sleep??

Leave me alone all night?

And then not even pay attention to me

When you were finally awake????

And then when I still had so much hope

And I’d thought so many nice things about you

You just did your regular day?

And you never needed me?

You never wanted me?

You never thought about me?  
You never worried about me?

You thought ONE DAY of me being your sub

Would turn me into your normal girlfriend?

IF that’s what you wanted

You ought not to have told me

That you didn’t want that.

Maybe you’re more fucked up than I am.

I told you what I wanted.

I told you how you could make me happy/survive.

You said that would make you happy too.

And now you’re happy

As you exactly fail to do what i asked

That you said you would do?

All I want is to be important

And i’ve seen today

That i’m not.

You don’t need me

You just need some idea

Of having someone

That you never even

Utilize.

Why don’t you kill me

And put me out of my misery

And use your ability

To ignore reality

And pretend

I’m still in your room

Doing whatever useful thing

You thought i was doing

In here

While you minded your own fucking business.

I wanted you to save me

Because i couldn’t convince myself

I was worth saving.

Maybe seeing that you don’t either

Will make me reconsider

If i want me for myself.

You don’t want me for you

But maybe i’m more valuable than you

And you see that

And you want to let me go

To try again

To find someone who both

Wants to save me

And is worthy of it.

I believed in you so fucking hard.

All you had to do

Was not give me the time and space

To think about how

You were letting me down.

But you gave me so much.

And i thought about dying

But then it made me mad

To realize that you wouldn’t

Even fucking care.

I still think you had the most potential, John.

I still think you are a great guy.

I just think you should have told me you wanted me

Or made me yours

But you’ve done neither.

So now I realize I’m on my own

To find meaning in life.

I can’t give meaning to yours

And you won’t give meaning to mine

So I guess I’ll just go home

And read more books

And sleep more

And watch more shows

And think about how either

Every person is so disappointing

Or how my expectations are impossible to fill

I wanted more meaning from life.

I thought you could give it to me.

I thought we were in such a special time and place.

Why did you leave me so alone???

I thought you valued me!

I thought you wanted me!

I thought I was proving to you that i could offer you so much.

But you only want it when you want it

For free

And without the price I’m asking.

Which is meaning and weight and value.

I’m going to ask you to take me home now.

I’m safer there than here.

I’m not going to kill myself if there’s no one to care.

I might as well take the rest of my pills

And eat all those ding dongs

And see what happens

I’m sorry that I asked

Too much of you

And that you asked

Too little of me

I think I’m having a bad time.

I think I’m in a bad place.

I think it might be bad.

Didn’t I send you the research??

Didn’t you read it??

Didn’t you care????

I’m afraId I’m trying to be intense

Because of the virus

And because of you

But because of my brain

It’s going to go father than i meant it to

And i had hoped that could lead

To so much hot sex

And some revelations

But instead

I bet too much on this sexy quarantine life with you

And I lost

And now

There’s nothing.

I guess I have time.

I think I’ll fix myself a spliff.

I don’t know what you’re doing out there.

Either you’re letting me decide what i really want

Or you’re feeling tortured by the pain you’ve caused me

And how deeply you’ve let me down

Or you just are doing your own thing

And you don’t fucking care.

OR

You are feeling ineffectual

And you don’t know what to do

And you’re BREAKING MY HEART JOHN

I gave you my LAST

MOST DESPERATE

CHANCE

To survive.

I offered to do everything for you,

To love you more than anyone ever had

To value you so much because you valued me

All i wanted was for you to pay attention to me

To give me that massage i earned

Or watch the show with me

Or give me those six hours of attention a day

Either by pleasing you

Or making you mad

But it didn’t matter

Either way,

Whether I tried so hard to earn it by being good

Or if i tried to force you to give it

By not doing what you asked

Either way,

I was all alone

And paid no attention to.

I don’t know what you want

If you’re happy to spend all fucking day

Doing whatever you were doing

While i was unloved

And dehydrated

Und underutilized

And thirsty

And hungry

And unloved

And unnoticed

But i hope it was the most fucking important

Thing you’ve ever done in your life.

I hope that you believe whatever you were doing all day

Was worth more to you

Than my love for you

Or my life

In general.

Cause that’s what you wanted

And that’s what you got.

Maybe you’ve taught me a lot.

Maybe you’ve saved me after all.

Maybe I don’t need to be some fucking asshole

Male

Loser

Stupid

Sex slave

To find meaning in my life.

I tried to give you all my meaning.

I wanted to add it to your value.

BUT YOU FUCKING SHOWED ME

AFTER ONE FUCKING DAY

THAT YOU DON’T

FUCKING

NEED ME

So go ahead and do it on your own.

Let’s see how far you get.

Remember when you made

Me feel happy by saying

That you’d be happy

If my book were

Successful????

Well

Now my book is going to be about how

MEN and

Their fucking bullshit promises of LOVE

Or even,

Even,

Just the BASIC

JUST THE MOST BASIC

Fucking level

Of taking care

Of another

Fucking

Living creature.

JOHN.

Did you pay more ATTENTION to the survival needs

Of bernard and walrus

Today

Than you did

To me???

I think you did.

Did you give them any water

Or food

Or affection?  
Did you give me any?

Your answer doesn’t matter.

I didn’t feel it.

If you feel bad after i die

You and michael should talk together

About how easy it was

To let me down

I’m not sure which of you failed me more.

I had almost accepted that I couldn't count on michael

But then you

Tried to trick me

Into thinking

There was a kind of guy

That i could count on

But you couldn’t even fucking keep up the trick for two days.

It’s the most evil trick

The final letdown.

You saw how much michael broke my heart

Did you think that was a chance to show me

It could get worse??

I don’t know if you’re cruel or stupid

I think it’s the same

Why would you offer to save me

And then let me down?

Why would you make my hopes up again

For one last time

When you know that being disappointed

Has hurt me so much

And that i was trying to offer you

Any

Any

Any

Any

Other kind of hurt besides that??

How did you not understand

That all i wanted

Was to not

Be

Disappointed???

I didn’t even care what i was signing up for

It could have been bad stuff

I just wanted you to do

What you said you would do,

I just wanted you to do what you said you would do

And for you to be doing it for me

And not just for you

Or even if it were for you

If you were doing it

On purpose

And not just

Because you’re

Not paying attention

Or even bothering

To think about it.

### Saturday April 4

Okay so he had nothing to say

Except

“I guess i didn’t understand you

And i still don’t”

and silence

Great

Thanks

At least the milchreis

Is good

Better than michael’s

Pre-calc lessons

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Week 2

Monday: ?

Tuesday:

train tracks reward for something or another. Super freaking hot. Hard on john. The approaching train blew its horn just as we were driving away. He was really angry at me bc he didn’t really want to do it in the first place, then I refused to suck his cock, and it just made him mad. That’s when he said, do you really want to know how much trauma i have inside me? I could really hurt you. But lately he hasn’t said anything about that at all, not when we talk about why he likes this. But my lord this was hot. When he counted to five and I didn’t get his dick all the way in in time, and he smacked me to the ground and started kicking me. I don’t think it was the first time--wasn’t that in his kitchen, where the consequence for something was that he was going to make me clean his kitchen floor on my hands and knees, chained, while he kicked the shit out of me. That was definitely his idea. Where did that motivation come from? And the other time when the consequence was to slap me, and he dragged me to the kitchen and was that the first time he slapped me? I don’t know why I love how it felt so much. I can’t remember which of those was the time that I tried so hard to do the puzz in under ten minutes, just barely didn’t make it, and then threw the pad aside in defeat, despair, and fear of what was to come. So fucking hot.

Wednesday:

job interview. I started getting cold sores (he whipped me on the face at the tracks) so I took a million pills and got painful diarrhea. I still finished my presentation and got all dressed up, but asked if he could come over here instead. He didn’t like that, and took me to the road and set me down. I was terrified. But at home I melted his anger by telling him I wanted the position because I love him. Then I gave my presentation, I got hired, we wrote our contract, signed it in blood, had great sex, and he fell asleep. I was up all night in the music room writing

Thursday:

When he woke up in the morning, he came in with the collar and ankle cuffs, put them on me, took me out into the living room and…what? He asked me if I remembered and then reminded me but now i forgot. Once i sucked his dick in his office chair. Once he fucked me from behind while i kneeled in a flimsy lawnchair in the backyard. We also did yoga out there, and at some point i poured boiling water on my left hand while i was making his coffee. I did the dishes, the laundry, vacuumed, and wrote 100 times that he thinks i’m the most beautiful wildflower in the meadow and he’s plucked me to keep all for himself. I also did school work, and almost ran out of time to do my writing and vacuum before 10. If I hadn’t done it, he was going to whip me 100 times. Yikes. Or spank? Still yikes. But i made it, with three minutes to spare. My hand was almost falling off. When I was done he read it while I kneeled in front of him. Everytime I found a mistake, he’d circle it with his orange pen, walk around and bend down to show me what I’d done wrong, and then spank me. Sometimes he’d spank me first. He said my left-hand try looked like a methhead. He said my ‘in”s looked like arabic. I felt like this had been the best day of my life.

I stayed up all night in the kitchen writing little love cards and love letter to him, and eating the casserole he’d made us for dinner, and swiping the serrated bread knife across the back of my right calf every time I went over for a bite. When I was finally tired I snuck into bed and we had amazing sex.

Friday:  
It all went wrong.

Once he made me lick the hardwood floor. I love when he pushes my head down into it.

Last week I complained that all my tabs were slowing my mac down (the way our porn slows down the big mac) and proclaimed from now I was just shutting em all down and starting fresh. He said yeah, it doesn’t matter!

I said but i won’t have my suicide hotline tab

And he said

I didn’t need it anymore

So sweet

Once he checked on my wound,

Said, “you’re ok”

And I said,

“I know I am”

With all the weight of grand sincerity

And he was so happy

And we had the sweetest hug

And what a blessing

That it makes us each so happy

To make the other happy

And be appreciated

And have our love be felt

Remember they said grief is just

When you have love to give

And can’t give it?

Plus we’re learning

So much

And so fast.

Our rate of increase

Has been huge

After the slow burn

Of our start.

We might just want to

Try a more constant

Increase

So as not to

Up the ante

So so high

So so fast.

Maybe because we’re

Each so perfect

And we’ve spent

So much time

Learning

And

Liking

Each other,

We thought it would be easy

To do anything

Together.

Like when john did

The thizzle pills

And felt his brain

Sizzle a little

(like the plug on my toaster!)

(like the lighter under my neck)

And then he

Felt himself

Thinking Harder

To understand the math.

Then he said,

Maybe the math just got harder?

It certainly did.

And so have we.

We’re not doing worse

We’re just searching for

Intractable relationship

Solutions

That others have given up on.

But! We’ll get one of those millennium prizes when we do it!

I’m sorry I tried to quit the project,

The seminar,

The research,

The job,

You,

Me

And life.

### Monday April 6

Um...it probably wasn’t personal. Which isn’t to say that you didn’t have the power to stop my pain, but you didn’t cause it, and it would have been there either way. Maybe feeling so close to feeling safe made me more afraid that it wasn’t real. I really really hope you believe me that I wasn’t trying to manipulate you or hold you hostage. I was just asking for help, trying to express that I really really needed you, at a time when I didn’t think any of my other coping mechanisms or means of communication were enough. And that’s not just because you didn’t wake me up, it’s also because of everyone I ever knew and their reaction to the virus. I’ve told you before you’re my last chance, and I don’t mean that as a threat either. I just feel like I’ve tried so hard before, and I’m planning to try my hardest ever with you. So it’s just that if that doesn’t work, I can’t imagine having any hope yet. I am putting all my eggs in your basket, and I”m betting the farm, and I’m trading in all my stocks for blow jobs, and I’m believing as hard as I fucking can (I’m happy that today I can) that if it is possible for one person to meet all of another person’s needs, that I am going to do that for you. Don't get your boner all stressed out--I hope to be strong, confident, with a sense of self-purpose (and well-loved enough--that’s your job) to graciously participate in an open relationship that allows us both to be reminded how amazing the other is. I don’t want to be polyamorous, though. I never used that word with Michael, never thought it was okay, until I met you. Then I thought, okay, polyamory is chill. But now I change my mind. I know no one can stop either of us from falling in love with someone else, but you see that it takes a long time. If Michael had been loving me enough, if he had been here for me, I wouldn’t have had the time or energy to devote so much thought and love to you. So I think sex and dating are fine, but not falling in love? Is that okay to ask, of either of us? Remember one night I heard a song lyric that said “this will be the last time I fall in love,” and it was supposed to be romantic, but I thought it was sad? Now I’m not sure. It’s still sort of sad, but not sad like a dog finding its forever home, or sad like having your dream career. Maybe I assumed that if you didn’t fall in love again, that was the end of love and excitement for you. But maybe the real alternative is just staying in love and being excited by that and each other? I mean, just reeling someone in enough to bang them is pretty exciting. Falling in love is a different kind. Certainly rarer and more work to find. I don’t know.

My gosh, look at me now!

For weeks I’ve been feeling tremendous relief that life as we knew it might be over.

And for days I’ve felt that wasn’t going to be enough for me.

If it DID go back to normal,

I don’t think I could take it.

You can’t go back

You can’t unknow

You can certainly uncare though!

How bout that.

All I wanted was to not think about the future, not have to figure out all that stuff that I keep trying to figure out.

But now he’s talking about if we need to take down the ropes when Josey comes over,

And I’m talking about if he can move to a research university

Assuming i’ll be with him.

It’s almost dirty and perverse in the same taboo way

As the bdsm sex is

To indulge so much

In this mushy sincere love

With tenderness and tears

And sweet scary statements

Of overcommitment

All the things we think

We aren’t supposed to and

Shouldn’t do

Are the most exciting

To do

When you decide to do them anyway.

He seemed a little less sure than me.

I’m still confused about what he wants

Even though i asked and he told me.

I guess i asked if he *would*

Have wanted me as a regular girlfriend

And not

*DO* you want me as a regular girlfriend?

Should I ask that?

Am I pushing too much?

Does he love it

Or does it freak him out?

Does it freak him out

Because I’m made him

So scared of being sweet

That he thinks it might be a trap

To trick him into being so sweet

That I don’t like him anymore??

Okay, so he says no, he doesn’t think it’s a trap

And i’ve convinced him about the radical candor

And he takes me at my word

That’s so relaxing.

Also he knows he can always read my things

If he ever doubts my sincerity

Or level of disclosure

With the caveat

That if he reads anything concerning

(or extra sweet)

He has to talk to me about it

Or have the tables really turned

To where he’s worried instead

Of I’m worried?

Okay, so he says no,

That he loves it when I say sweet things

And that i don’t need to worry

About being tooo sweet

Or cloying

Sat Apr 4 - Mon Apr 6

(Three highlights: slapping my clamped nipple with the mac case, smothering me with the towel [nb, smothering seems less fun than choking], and what he said to me after he tied me up)

What a date!

Sometimes I think this quarantine is all one big date.

We realized we don’t need to worry so much

About pushing through,

Because there are lots more to come

Or at least a few.

I guess that’s one of the things the virus has taught me

You can’t count on things staying the same

Any day, everything could change.

I’m pretty sure Rainer’s been telling me that all along

And i did believe him

And I haven’t taken

the parts of my life i enjoyed

For granted.

Today we did the crossword challenge again

I got it in 9:28.

Under five was that he’d gently shave my pussy

5-10 was that i’d wear the tail and crawl around,

And 10-15 was that I’d spend 24 hours being his barmaid,

Wearing an apron and bringing him drinks

And he might not always be the nicest customer

Sometimes he might be the difficult kind

Who slaps me on the ass on my way out

Or says the drink tastes like piss

And to make it again

Or maybe even throw it in my face.

He does have a loooottttt of good ideas.

I mean, if he’s not really into the bdsm

He is still sure talented at it

He has quite a knack.

Tonight when I smashing my face into his jeans

I looked up and said

I know what you want.

He asked what

And I said,

You want me to beg for your cock.

I said,

Please, may I unbuckle your belt

Pretty please may I unzip your pants

Pretty please with a cherry on top

May I take your cock out?  
What will you do with it then,

He asked?  
I’ll eat it all up!   
I said.

It’s my sundae with cherry on top.

He looked at me a minute,

And said

“Okay, Sophy.

You can have my cock.

But you have to get it out.

With your hands on my feet

Using just your teeth.”

Damn!  
Good fucking plan!

Make me work for it!

And give me a chance to show off my fucking skills.

I asked if I could use my tongue as well,

He permitted it,

And then I proceeded to

Pull his belt loose,

Through several smooth maneuvers

Of my teeth and tongue and head

And i used my tongue

To lick and flip the male part of the buckle

To the right

So I could pull the rest of the belt free.

I confessed I was worried about the button

That’s always the hardest part for my hands

But i gripped hard and pulled to the right

And it came right out.

Maybe i should do it like that

All the time

It was also easy

To grab the zipper pull

With my teeth.

At first I tried to pull too

Fast and hard

And lost my grip.

But i quickly realized that the key was to

Go slow and steady

And let the teeth fall apart

Instead of ripping them

Out of alignment

(Did he like when he was whipping my face with the large whip, and when he paused and slowly pulled it across my face, or who knows, maybe he was mashing it into my face and mouth, and I grabbed onto it with my teeth when he tried to pull it away, and he had to pull harder and shake my head around with it to make me let loose. Is that something that is intense but not frustrating?

We had a fight about how he’d know if I was giving him 70% of my sucking strength.

Finally he pushed me away.

So sad.

He was frustrated.

I just wanted him to push my head onto his cock just how he wanted

But i guess i had already been doing it just how he wanted

And he wanted to enjoy it

Instead of me keep interrupting to encourage him

To push my head down.

In retrospect,

I *WAS* giving him pretty exceptional head.

I wanted to give him control,

But it wasn’t the right time.

I guess he should have told me to shut the fuck up and keep sucking

Or pushed my head down when i tried to get up and talk.

I’m encouraging him to influence my behavior

During primary protocol,

So it can be sexy and instructive

Instead of making me

Pouty, resentful, and hurt.

I WANT him to tell me what to do and how to act.

I don’t understand why,

If he doesn’t like me defying him,

He doesn’t just nip it in the bud

When i first start up.

If he wants me to be submissive because he wants to dominate me

Then he should dominate me

And make me do it.

But if he wants me to be submissive because he wants

Non-coerced-looking-sex,

Then he should just say,

“I don’t want to be rough right now

I love what you’re doing

And i just want to keep

Enjoying you do it”

I’d understand that.

But it’s no good for me to keep

Goading him into giving me something

That he doesn’t want to give.

Then we’re both unhappy.

We said we were taking a day off

But then he put in the tail

And i took off my glasses

And i thought we were moving

Into high protocol.

I guess next time i’ll just try asking.

It’s just that i did ask a couple of times

And it was distracting me

And i thought him.

Getting him to do it in the

Context of the sex scenario

Seemed less distracting.

I think we’re all like Billy Pilgrim.

Getting unstuck in time

Traveling around from life to life.

That’s really how I felt when I came back to after John slapped me in the chair in his living room.

Wow, I had forgotten what instigated my use of Heideger!  
Ridiculous, because that was huge.

I don’t know if he slapped me harder,

Or if i was weakened.

I think he slapped me four times?

Or only once?

It felt almost like coming out of the DMT

Like I’d been somewhere else

Like I’d been somewhen else

And I had to think a minute

To remember where I was supposed to be

And what the context was

And how I was supposed to feel.

And I saw john’s face close up in mine

It was all i could see

And also the feelings of my body

Were started to buzz

And fuzz back in

And he had that wild look on his face

Which normally i love

In times like that

But it’s not his normal face

And i was trying to

Understand what reality i was in

And that face

Comes in a reality

That is not quite ours

And it wasn’t what i wanted to come back to

But i remembered enough

I used my safe word

And i knew i just wanted

To lie with him

And be in that reality for a while.

I know this is the feeling of passing out, either from choking or standing up too fast, and it was the feeling of the dmt (though that was more intense)...is this just what coming out of unconsciousness always feels like? Why Rainer had his epiphany after anesthesia? Why people love auto-erotic asphyxiation? I thought it just made the orgasm more intense. I didn’t think it was about traveling to different realities or reaching into your consciousness.

He wanted me to tell him to “shut the fuck up and focus on tying me up” because he kept getting distracted having fun talking to me.

I popped off my mouth gag, after one half of the mac case broke into pieces after the first hit, and spouted, “Made in China!!!” and then sucked the gag back in and looked at him with really big excited eyes. It was a risk, because I wasn’t supposed to talk, and he could have reacted madly, but instead he appreciated my joke and later said he was glad I did it. Even the contract encourages me to use my intuition and do things that I think will please him.

We talked about ways to limit my talking, but they were either too complicated, or carried too high a risk that we’d miss a brilliant idea. Plus we like talking to each other. It’s such a sweet sweet combination of hard and soft. I would say hot and cold, but it’s really hot and hot. I’m glad I’m not in a situation like Doug has. That would make me feel bad. Does that girl feel bad? Did she already feel bad and this helps her be a little better?

That night (well, at 1pm), we cuddled in bed while i tried to find a way to rest my neck and not let my sweat drip all over john. My scalded hand was stinging and I wanted to put something on it.

I think it’s important that he look at my wounds after a session and make sure nothing needs attending to. I can’t blame him for not caring for wounds that I inflict myself, but ones he gives me, he should take nursing responsibility for. Like the cigarette burn. Shouldn’t he have been putting some neosporin on that? I thought maybe my scald was second degree, so i looked up the distinctions (it’s just whether it goes through 1, 2, or 3 layers of your skin), and it turns out the scald is first degree, but the cigarette burn is second. (We talked about it and he agreed, so he came on my scald (seemed to help!) and put neosporin on my cig burn. He also agreed to keep my right arm unmarred.

I was a little sad last night thinking about how pretty and nice my skin used to be. I should tell him I want to keep my right arm nice.

He said, “I thought you wanted to be hurt. I’m confused about what you want.” I told him I totally understood, but there was the line between stimulating exciting pain, and totally painful overwhelming pain. Obviously as the giver it is harder for him to know what is too much, but I think he probably is responsive to when I tense all up for a few seconds, and then relax a bit and start breathing again. That probably means that I’m ready for more, but hopefully not the exact same thing. And the more seconds I’m looking away and moaning in pain, the less likely I want you to do it again. I like things that are intense, but that I can bounce back from quickly, painwise. I did also want to talk about how I react after something like that. It was hurting quite a lot when you whipped the inside of my thigh, and after I’d hide it away and cringe for a bit, I’d open my thighs up to you again. I’m not sure if you interpret that as submission or defiance. I mean it to be the former. What I’m saying by doing that, by facing you again and not turning I’m saying that I’m not hiding from you, that I’m opening up my still-stinging vulnerable thighs to you, showing that I trust you. I’m hoping that you won’t do the exact same thing in the exact same place right away, but I want you to know that I’m leaving that decision up to you, and I’m brave enough for whatever you decide to do. You could also interpret it as a challenge, depending how close to the edge you want to push me at the time. You could keep going until I protect that part for long enough to show you I’ve had enough and enter position two, if I can, to show you that you’ve reached that limit of my bravery. It just depends on if you are trying to give me that exciting amount of pain that turns us on, or if you’re in that mood where you want to demonstrate your dominance. I still don’t understand how to get you there without making you angry. I know I’ve asked more than once, but I still don’t have a handle on it. Maybe you don’t either. Honestly, that would be okay with me. Like I said, I recently wanted that extreme amount of pain and dominance (well, last week) because I was trying to suppress my internal pain which was particularly intolerable, by trading in my fears for physical pain and trust in you. I suggested to you once that I might not want to do that anymore if you taught me yoga and loved me, but you said you didn’t think that would happen. I agree I wanted extreme sex even before this happened, but it was more in the form of shared intensity, and not so much about me receiving pain from you. I wasn’t then (as far I knew/know) trying to shove down any bad feelings. I was just super energized by fucking you and wanted to do it as hard as I could, and try all the different things because they’re so fun. I guess you’re right--maybe it was when you fucked my throat so hard that I realized I liked showing how much I could do and far I would go for you. And I kept liking it and liking it. Yeah, slippery slope. Haha, we’re not at all like the frog in the boiling water, because the point is that he’s dead before he even realizes the water’s heating up. But we know. We see. What kind of curve do you think we’re on? Is it like the virus? Are we almost at the apex, or are we at the linear appearing part before things really get going? I loved it when he said, “Now we’re getting somewhere.” Doesn’t that imply he wants to keep going there? I’m so confused. Maybe I should just tone it down and be less demanding and do what he tells me to do during sex for a couple days. He’s got such good ideas, though. Maybe he’ll come up with some way to please us both. I just hate thinking that i’m the only one who likes this and that he’s doing it for me despite his own preferences. But I think I’ve given him plenty of opportunities to tell me “I don’t want to do this anymore. Let’s just be lovers who have really hot sex.” He hasn’t taken any of them. But he was also embarrassed to admit that he’d have loved me regardless, so maybe he’d be embarrassed to

SEAN

Mar 25, 2020, 7:10 PM

Amus

I've been going through my old hard drives. I haven't heard this song in ten years, and I forgot how it ends. Hearing it again ripped my heart apart





0:03 / 4:34





I my god Opotamus !!!

I honestly haven’t recollected this song is so long. Now I’m crying 

Can I ask you a last favor amus? I'll forgive everything I ever fairly or unfairly blamed you for if you do this

I don't have any of your songs after 2010. I don't have a recorded version of that song, or what "you know" became

And I was supposed to be the guardian of all your songs

I need them, Doll



Even if you blamed me for everything ever, I would still do that for you.



1

I will start chipping away at this project. You are indeed the guardians of all my songs !

Madison and I have been stuck at home for quite a few weeks now, so that seems like a good opportunity !

I hope you are well and safe 

Thank you amus. That will mean the world to me. I'm glad you and Madison are safe. Stuck at home is The Place to be!



1



I know. I can’t believe all the assholes and imbeciles still out and about

Mar 25, 2020, 11:40 PM

I never understood your deep existential pain and disgust with humanity until now

But now I understand

We all deserve to die

I feel like I'm living in a completely different world than other people!!

Like a twilight zone or a nightmare



It really does hurt.

I'm sorry I didn't understand you before

I don't know how you've lived with it all these years



It hurts how many people actually don’t give a shit. It hurts how many opportunities I missed to make a difference because I was too busy hurting



1

I was in my ladida Polly pockets ladida spliffs bubble



I just want the balance of my days spent making the world a bit happier and better place.

Your songs are such a treasure amus

You added so much beauty to this world

I wish more people appreciated you



You were just doing what we all were doing... trying the best we can with what little we were given in a world that mostly values money and power. Be easy on yourself.

I was scared of everything for years; a freer in the headlights. I am slowly coming into the light.

\*deer\*

Tee hee yeah



I have many new songs. I’ll sing them for you when we are free to congregate again

I thought I had finally gotten all self actualized this year... And then everything I thought I knew was meaningless

But can't you zoom me a concert or something?



Yes !! Zoom concert !!! All the kids are doing it !

I love trees and songs

You promised me a lifetime of concerts amus



I did. I will keep that promise

I missed a lot of them

I never heard some

That's so wrong



It’s okay. I missed some too. I’ve not had much music in my life the last few years.

Perhaps you are the catalyst of my return

I hope so. I've been a failed muse save for you. But your songs are worth it. I have to go, doll, this is making me too sad. But can we talk sometime? I want to make amends



I too would love to make amends. A part of my heart and creative spirit will forever be yours.

Sweet dreams until we talk

Okay. Sweet dreams and "Omar!"



Nate is a giraffe

I love Nate



1

Mar 27, 2020, 11:02 PM

amus, i'm here to report that i'm ready for my zoom concert at any point. i got trained on zoom



I see a Zoom concert in the not-too-distant future

please don't disappoint me

i need it soon

Mar 30, 2020, 8:28 AM



Madison had another episode this weekend.

The neighbors called the police after she was yelling that she wanted to kill herself. I’ll let you know when my fucked up life is less fucked up

Mar 30, 2020, 11:38 AM

I'm sorry, although I can understand her point. What do you mean by episode? Is she suffering from a mental illness? You of all people should understand someone wanting to escape the pain of life

If she wants to talk to me I'd be happy to



I understand all too well her suffering.

The last couple of years have been a roller coaster ride. I suspect borderline personality disorder, though with a young adult it can be hard to get at the root of things. Today has been nice and calm.

Thank you for offering to talk with her. I will let her know.

Tue 1:26 PM

madison is a treasure



1

10:10 AM



It will be very hard to get my head above water this week, but do you want me to do a Zoom Opotamus concert on either Monday or Tuesday evening (13th or 14th) ?

11:39 AM

I would absolutely love it, doll



Okay !!! Do you have a preference for on of those evenings ??

2:34 PM

I choose Monday because there's a higher chance we'll both still be alive

Can I make requests?



Haha !!! That is a statistical truth !

Yes, request away !

Seen by Sean Harrasser at 2:50 PM

4:20 PM

Great! Basically I want every song that's about an amus, except PU b/c that's too sadly full of hope. But ones like, fourteen, sunlight, rain, fifty years, and any new ones I never heard, even if they make me cry. I remember there was one that mentioned slc that I only heard once. And any new ones that are power ballads like forever approaching zero cause those are my fave. also it's been a long day, cause it has. maybe wander? And definitely I'm not Afraid, because that's acutely relevant. Oh, and the piano song with the chorus "You Know." I dont know if that was ever recorded or got a different name, but you played it a lot at my new house and i loved hearing it.

i hope judy and egon are okay

A lot of my pain about either Michael, the virus, or all my life changes have been surfacing as grief about Sean. Maybe the Michael pain is too fresh, but I know I need to grieve something? Or maybe I realize that Sean loved me more. Michael denies it, but how does he know? I told Kit I’ve already been grieving Michael for a long time. I don’t know if it’s true. Maybe I was just expecting it, or fearing it. I want to say I really thought things might change when he finished. He’d eventually find a position somewhere goth, and he’d be old enough to have realized that he’d never find someone better for him than his gma, and we’d live happily ever after, never taking it for granted because we’d spent so many years longing for each other.

I wonder if Michael is doing some tragic soap opera thing where he loves me and wants me, but doesn’t think he’s good enough for me (either period or without finishing his phd), and is forcing me into John’s arms as a sacrifice? That doesn’t seem like Michael. He told me he’s afraid he’s boring. But I’ve never complained about that, except when I complain that he does things with other people that he won’t do with me. If he’s worried I think he’s boring, he could at least try the things with me that he does with them. Or all the times we’d walk by something cool looking in Europe, and I’d pull on his arm and say, “That looks cool. You wanna check it out?” He either wouldn’t answer me, or would say, “Maybe later.”

Oh my god two of my mom’s uncles and her grandfather killed themself 30s, 40s,

One of them had jaw cancer when he was 30

Her one sister is bipolar and the other had shock treatments bc of post-partum depression

How really is this different from domestic violence?

If someone saw my bruises

And saw me flinch when john moves near me,

They might ask if he was hitting me.

If I said no, or that it was consensual,

They might ask further about our relationship

Hear that i think you’re all i have

Don’t the abused women often say,

“But he loves me!”

“He takes care of me!”

“I need him!”

But the difference is that they are afraid.

They don’t think it’s sexy.

They want it to stop happening.

That’s a huge difference, right???

I’m not sure I’ve ever really known any abused women

Except on tv.

They all seem desperate and stressed out and trapped.

But I’m happy and relaxed and tied up.

I’m just thinking that to an outsider

It would be hard to tell the difference.

And if anyone noticed, and worried,

Wouldn’t that be us involving

Innocent bystanders in our sex life,

Whether they want to be or not?

That’s not allowed.

I don’t want to have to cover my bruises.

Remember that time after Goat whipped me

Too hard and unsatisfyingly

In...2010?

I roller skated around town

In cut-off jean shorts

And taught at butte

With my short dresses.

Was I crazy that year too?

My lord.

But those students have lived some life

Some of those women had been abused.

I hope they didn’t worry

But felt solidarity

And understanding.

I suppose we could limit marks to my torso and ass during summer?

I did offer to cover up for him at work

Which is a HUGE offer

Because he knows how much gratification I get from my outfits

And how much i love sundresses

But i don’t think he had a minute to appreciate it

Because he had been worried about telling me

About enrollment drops

And hence lecturer cuts

Next semester.

But I don’t care anymore.

I don’t need a job.

Because now I have him.

I told him that,

Prefaced by “real talk,”

But he just said,

He knew that.

Plus, he is my job.

I offered myself to him full time.

And I can focus on my book.

That didn’t really match with teaching anyway.

It is weird to think that I might not

Ever teach math at Chico state again.

I really enjoyed it,

And each group of kids made it different,

And teaching new courses was fun,

But i think it *was* getting a little stale.

Remember how excited I was to give it up and move to Italy?

The only reason I cooled my heels

Was because of Lumi and John and

Coke and the master’s classes

And my great teaching schedule

And a renewed appreciation

Of my house and things

As i thought about leaving them.

My mom says that if her John dies before she does, I’ll get the house. I told that to John, except I said, “*we’ll* get the house.” I couldn’t tell if he had a reaction or not. It was a sweet but bold move, but also potentially freaky.

He said he’s long past being worried about us getting too serious.

But he does still say he likes to be alone.

He said he had a moment of superficial questioning

If he really wanted to sign this contract

And throw his chips in with mine

The night i freaked out the most this week

(Friday after the Thursday that I called the best day of my life,

Which was after the Wednesday night that was my most terrifying experience,

Which was after the Tuesday night that was the most intense

Sexual experience of my life (train tracks).

Can’t remember what happened Monday.

I told him he could move anything he wanted

That I had placed on his office desk

As set dressing.

I pointed out there are times I don’t want things moved.

He asked, for example what in here?

I answered that I would be sad if he moved my little girl picture

From its perch above his desk

For when he gets the math blues

And put it in the closet.

He said “you know what,

That’s my favorite thing in here.”

So so so sweet.

I finally asked him if he would still be with me

And still want to be boyfriend/girlfriend

If I weren’t offering this ultra-ultra

Exciting sex.

He did think about it a minute,

But determined that yes,

He would still be happy to be with me

In a more traditional sense.

I pressed a little.

I said, so I would have been able to overcome

Your resistance to being in a relationship

Even without the kinky sex and the virus.

He said yes,

And then,

That he was a little embarrassed about it!!

But I LOVE it when he says sweet

Tender

Loving

Things to me.

I guess I did tell him not to be too mushy

And he did tell me he’s been restraining

His puppy dog tendencies

So that makes me feel

Like it’s extra sweet of me

To ask

And basically give him the go ahead

To turn on the mushy feelings and sentiments.

But then I’m also starting to feel a little toooo mushy myself

Not in the sense that i don’t like it

But in that it’s going to be too much for him

And he’ll start to feel trapped

And like i’m not as cool as he thought

Because i’ve clung to him

So quickly

Cleaved to him

So completely.

I hope he doesn’t think it was all a plan

That i was “playing” hard to get the whole time.

I told him the truth,

As i always do,

That while I was trying make dating/chasing me

Titillating and exciting

I also just

AM

Hard to get.

I really didn’t want to be gotten

But he’s just toooooo good

And i guess i realized,

Esp after the virus

That i myself ought to get

While the gettin’s good.

But remember when I complained

That he’d made me need him,

And that he’d done it on purpose?

He said plainly

That he did

Do it on purpose.

Was that just a sexy thing to say?

MAIN THEMES: Does reality exist as I perceive it? Obviously not, so why would that be my main theme? To what extent does it influence my perception?

### Tuesday April 7

# [**Help, I Think I'm In Love With Andrew Cuomo??**](https://jezebel.com/help-i-think-im-in-love-with-andrew-cuomo-1842396411)

**Rebecca** Fishbein

[3/19/20 12:20PM](https://jezebel.com/help-i-think-im-in-love-with-andrew-cuomo-1842396411)•

[Filed to:ANDREW CUOMO](https://jezebel.com/tag/andrew-cuomo)

My roommates moved out of my Brooklyn apartment just ahead of the pandemic, and their replacements haven’t moved in yet. (At this point, they might not move in at all.) This means I haven’t had much company in the last week, and based on [current](https://www.vox.com/science-and-health/2020/3/17/21181694/coronavirus-covid-19-lockdowns-end-how-long-months-years) covid-19 predictions, it might be like this for a long time. I am lonely and scared and anxious, but I have mitigated some of these feelings with my day’s two bright spots: 1) My afternoon run, and 2) New York Governor Andrew Cuomo’s daily streamed press conference.

I worked in local New York news for years and developed an intense and reasonable dislike of Cuomo. He has repeatedly [hindered](https://theslot.jezebel.com/andrew-cuomo-is-a-fucking-snake-1790712955) attempts to reform the criminal justice system, he took advantage of a once largely conservative state Congress to [keep](https://gothamist.com/news/cuomo-wants-to-make-roe-v-wade-part-of-state-constitution) progressive legislation on reproductive health from becoming law, he fucked around with the MTA so much he [forced out](https://www.nytimes.com/2020/02/03/nyregion/cuomo-andy-byford-mta.html) the only useful subway leader the administration’s ever seen, etc., etc., etc.

And yet, in this time of crisis, with little concrete information available, I need Cuomo’s measured bullying, his love of circumventing the federal government, his sparring with [increasingly](https://nypost.com/2020/03/16/de-blasio-hits-the-gym-one-last-time-before-coronavirus-shutdown/) incompetent city leadership. Not only that, but the less contact I have with other humans, the more I start to think of Cuomo as my only friend. I’ve started laughing at his little jokes. I catch myself touching my hair (not my face!) when he talks about an increase in testing capacity. I swooned when he told a reporter he had his own workout routine. I have watched a clip of him and [brother](https://jezebel.com/has-chris-cuomo-always-been-hot-1842376803) Chris Cuomo bickering about their mother at least 20 times. I think I have a crush???

It seems I’ve fallen victim to Stockholm Syndrome, which Merriam-Webster [defines](https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/Stockholm%20syndrome) as “the psychological tendency of a hostage to bond with, identify with, or sympathize with his or her captor.” **Cuomo isn’t holding me hostage so much as coronavirus is, but he is the only one telling me what to do, where I can and cannot go (anywhere), who I can and cannot see (everyone), who I can and cannot listen to (President Trump, Bill de Blasio), what I can and cannot eat (anything but pasta).**

**Each day, he reinforces those rules, and though at first I chafed at isolation, now I know it’s good for me. I’m being kept safe! He really cares!** I have completely forgotten about his refusal to legalize marijuana or enact bail reform! **I’m sure he’s doing this all for my own good**, and for yours too! Should I not have voted for Cynthia Nixon???

And now, when I stream his presser on the governor’s [website](https://www.governor.ny.gov/)—every day around 11:30 a.m., complete with a PowerPoint presentation—**I feel comforted. I feel alive. I feel protected. I feel... butterflies.**

I text my friend Dave, a local reporter and someone I probably won’t see in person for months. “I think I love Andrew Cuomo?” I write.

“You have a deep sickness,” he responds.

It’s not just me. Suddenly, everyone loves Andrew Cuomo. Ben Smith, the *New York Times*’s new media columnist, wrote a [column](https://www.nytimes.com/2020/03/16/business/media/cuomo-new-york-coronavirus.html) this week headlined “Andrew Cuomo is the Control Freak We All Need Right Now.” Politico ran a profile on him that [digs](https://www.politico.com/news/magazine/2020/03/13/andrew-cuomo-2020-125084) into his past (and present?) presidential aspirations. Reporters I trust and [respect](https://twitter.com/MaraGay/status/1239927075152199681) keep talking about how this is Cuomo’s “finest moment.” There is also some intense discussion online over whether or not Cuomo is hot. I say yes. Sandra Lee, please let me have him.

You may think my brain is poisoned. You are probably correct. We are only about one week into New York’s tangible coronavirus crisis. No one knows how long this will last, how many people it will kill, how many jobs will ultimately be lost, or what the city will look like when we emerge.

As I sit alone in my apartment on the couch one of my roommates left behind, wondering when I can escape, if I’m already sick, if anyone will ever hug me again, if my 74-year-old father will survive this, only one thing is certain. **Andrew Cuomo, Dear Leader, will take care of me. He loves me. He is the only one who is here for me. He will help me get through this.**

And when I finally do, I will need an endless amount of anti-brainwash therapy so I can rightfully yell at him for [using](https://jezebel.com/prison-inmates-in-new-york-are-manufacturing-hand-sanit-1842221699) prison labor to make hand sanitizer.

Okay!! So John isn’t my Jesus, he’s my Cuomo. Or Cuomo is Jesus. No they both are!

I asked him to do me a favor while I washed the dinner dishes (I made the salad and reheated the casserole he made, totally made the whole dinner myself), and he said, ‘Take out the trash?” I said, “No! But that’s a sweet offer. I was going to ask if you would play piano while I do the dishes.” And he did and i loved it and I hope he did too.

During the organization’s [coronavirus briefing](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7i1ipJoG7mE&feature=youtu.be&t=2856) on Monday, Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus said he was “appalled” by the comments from the scientists at a time when there was need for global “solidarity” to defeat the march of the pandemic. The comments, [made during a discussion on French television last week](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-52151722), were centered on the launch of trials in Europe and Australia to see if a tuberculosis vaccine could be used to treat the virus.

“If I can be provocative, shouldn’t we be doing this study in Africa, where there are no masks, no treatments, no intensive care?” Jean-Paul Mira, head of intensive care at Cochin hospital in Paris, said. “A bit like as it is done elsewhere for some studies on Aids. In prostitutes, we try things because we know that they are highly exposed and that they do not protect themselves.”

Camille Locht, research director at France’s national health institute, Inserm, agreed, saying: “You are right. We are in the process of thinking about a study in parallel in Africa.”

Tuesday night

I know because nick was there on his riding lawnmower with his muscles.

But i don’t need to make john jealous of nick.

John has his own muscles

And i’m his riding mower

And i don’t even want to make him jealous

Because he makes me feel

Like he already

Appreciates what he has.

Every perverse thing we suggest turns out to be hot

In retrospect at least.

I wore trashy knee-high skin-tone nylons

For my Linda, Alison, forever-waitress

Only job for a woman

Escaping a small town

Abusive husband

Small child

No education

Unsupportive parents.

He wanted to shove them down my throat to choke me

But they didn’t obstruct my nose

He gave up

And i grabbed one and pulled it over my head

Like a robber

Or a mannequin

He cut a slit for my mouth

I thought those robbers could see

But i guess not.

At least they could breathe!

John was so turned on.

Way more than he expected.

He put his hand over my mouth

And told me to shut up.

I was glad.

I realized i’m just making all those sounds

So he doesn’t think

I’m one of those dreaded common girls

Who

“Just lies there”

(which seems to turn him on quite a bit when I do it, by the way)

And honestly would rather not

Deal with it

If it doesn’t come up on its own.

But why did he shooosh me?

Did he want to forget I was me?

Did the nylon mask

Obscuring my face

Make him feel like he was fucking

Something bigger than me?

No,

Just something less specific?

Fucking his dick into the world

Without any thought

To anything but

His own dick

And his own fucking.

That’s absolutely fucking fine with me.

We love each other.

I know that now.

We don’t need to gaze into each other’s eyes

Every tiem we fuck

Just to prove it.

He wanted me helpless and impaired

And compromised

And all smooshed up.

And NOT about anonymizing

I want to feel like the whole world is fucking me

Not just one guy

Not even the best guy

I just want to feel

Like i’m getting fucked.

In general and overall and without my participation required.

I think we’re both on the same page.

We want the best there is to offer,

Meat wise

Plus more.

All the more.

I wonder if the guys really mean it

When they say the worst possible partner

Is the girl who just lies there.

Maybe that’s what they really want.

Clean my floor and lie there while i fuck you

Don’t get all turned on

Don’t squeeze out my cock

With your pussy contractions.

We collaborated on picking out my waitress outfit

Our ideas really elevate each other.

I got the lime green kitten pumps

To match my yellow apron.

I sewed bells to my collar

(but not to my skin,

Though he might have liked that,

But maybe not…

The lines are so confusing.

We just keep pushing and pushing

The line in between us

Back and forth and

Directions we don’t know about

Until we find

Where it either naturally lay

Or where we fucking hammer it down.)

Because we have control.

Isn’t that his whole point?

That he wants to be in control?

And of course he knows that is futile.

(he says that makes sense,

But acknowledges that it is futile

And doesn’t even really want

Control over me,

It’s the sexual power

That’s overwhelming

Intoxicating

intense.)

Is the virus-related loss of control

Making him want to find new ways of taking control

Like over me?

Yes.

But he always wanted it.

Did he try to take control of the other girls?

Yes….but they gave it up easier.

And offered a lot less.

He’s always wanted to feel in control

But hasn’t always had it.

I needed to be out of his control

He wasn’t seeking control of me

I wasn’t seeking to be controlled

Except in bed.

But then i lost all the control

Bc of the virus

And michael

And needed to cash in.

But we encountered extraordinary circumstances

That brought out these underlying needs

That we had so so luckily

Laid the groundwork

To satisfy each other.

Does it make him sensitive

When i joke about lurie

Or scholtze ?

I’m just trying to tell him

That he’s

Exactly my type?

Late Tuesday night

After john fucked me so good

With a nylon stocking over my face

And my tongue flicking the tip of his dick

Just like he told me to,

And i made him cum so hard on

My nylon face, my pushed-up boobs

And my scalded hand

(Do you see that that’s two times?

In one night?

One hot

And one medicinal?)

And now I’m up alone in the night

In the living room of his house

Our south chico house.

We forgot to bring a lamp

But i guess he has a spare.

I plugged it in

But it’s the kind that glares.

I guess they all are.

I wish I could get some fucking light in here!  
Okay…

I wish it didn’t fucking glare!

We’re both so aware of our contradictions

We both realize we’re asking the other for

Two impossible things.

I’m asking:

Fuck me like you think I’m the sexiest woman ever

Love me like I’m the most valuable creature that ever existed

Punish me like i have so much more potential

Control me as if you know best

how to make me count.

Show me how my inherent value

Can be of value

To you

And then to me.

Show me through the intensity of your passion

And your lovemaking

And your gestures

And your desire

That i’m the only one

Who has ever

Showed a glimmer

Of living up to

Your high expectations.

Because you’re the only one who’s shown that to me.

I told everyone already,

I’m tired of throwing

My pearls before swine

Even though pigs

Seem quite smart.

If you, MAN, are not aware of how valuable I am,

How much I have to offer,

If you want to follow the other path

Of all the other

“MEN” who have let me down,

And made me question the value of the whole gender,

Then join the pile.

Say hello to the rest of them.

“Oh hi, how were you not good enough? Oh, I mooched off her. I used her for security when I had no one else. I used her for affirmation when I didn’t believe in myself. I used her as a child-bearer bc I could tell she didn’t think she deserved anyone better than the first (or next) guy who liked her.”

What is the fucking difference here?

What makes me feel like I’ve won the lottery?

Is the difference his devotion?

His abilities and intelligence and strength and caring?

Or is just that I’m all out of options?

Is anything better than I death I was ready to welcome?

No.

Definitely no.

He is without doubt the “best” guy I’ve ever loved.

He has all the perversity and anti-social nature

With the amiability and desire to not make enemies

To fit in

And have fun,

And the ambition and drive and interest

To finish your terminal degree

(ouch, my boner!)

And get a job

And always have a fucking lady doting after you

And learn how to fuck like a stud

And communicate

And understand women

And cook and love cats and speak german

And do yoga and not be jealous or mean

And oh my god how did you do it?

I understand how all the women want your sex

And your marriage

But what about your special soul?

And your perversity?

And your fear of having to be what you think you need to be?

They can give you the sex, the love, the marriage, the devotion, even the baby,

But I promise you, John,

They don’t understand and love and support you

The way i do.

Do you see the difference between a woman

Who is looking for a “perfect” guy,

And she finds you,

“He cooks, fucks, gets a paycheck, isn’t a tool”

And says, “Bingo!”

Versus me

Who is 100% happy on my own

Because I have a periphery of men

My dad

And michael

And lovers

To meet a modicum

Of the needs

That I know

No man

(one or many)

Can meet.

I learned to rely on myself,

The ghost of michael,

The bolstering of my dad,

The joy of pollys and orange and yellow

The energy and financial boost of my job

The excitement

And randomness

Of my casual dating

And exciting stories

Of disappointing dicks

And underwhelming men.

We both understand

How difficult we are to please.

We feel so transparent.

I say,

I give me to you!

Here is the code!  
Press it and I’ll be yours!

And you say,

Well,

Maybe I want to…

Are you sure the code will work?  
  
And I say

Well, I thought, but maybe

Not

And you say the same.

Love me

Don’t tell me that you love me.

Love me

Treat me like you love me

Love me

Accept my love like treasure

I love you

Accept my love

However.

I thought that was a song I knew but now I can’t remember it.

I told him…

I realize now that I was wrong.

I was trying to make you angry

To force you into giving me

What I wanted.

You did, and it was sooo soo hot,

But you didn’t want to,

And you’ll resent me

For it

Eventually.

Now I see that the way

To get what I want

Is to give you what you want.

But we’re just both so confused!!!

You say that you want to be in control.

That you don’t want me to defy you.

That you want me to submit to you

And your love

Completely.

But we both know you wouldn’t have wanted that

If I hadn’t fought so completely

At the beginning.

You only want it from me

Because you know

That i didn’t want to give it

And you wrested it from me

With the incredible strength

Of your specialness

And your understanding of me

And the power of your cock

And your spirit.

And I guess I wrested it from you

In all those same ways.

If you had been desperate for me

If you had clung to me

If you had brought me flowers

A few weeks sooner than you did

I would have had the sinking feeling

Of another guy

Who thinks I’m for him

When he doesn’t know anything at all.

But instead,

You brought them

At the exact right time

Of the exact right day

To make me say

“WHO is this guy??

Who checks all the boxes

And does all the things

None of the other guys would do

To make me feel special

But also makes me feel hot and wanted

And like his dick is a fucking prize

That I better jump at

And suck suck suck

To show him

How much i notice his noticing of me

And that I’ve been waiting so long

For a sweet smart special

“Only for me to understand”

Fucking hot guy

To appreciate me

And how I appreciate him.

Please John,

Please don’t let me down.

Don’t let me let you down.

We’re so smart.

We’re so hot

We’re so intentional.

Why do you tell me that you like the variety in me

Like you like variety in women?

I’m not a woman.

I’m sophy.

I’m yours.

At least,

I could be.

Do you want me

To show

“The other guys”

The new moves

That you’ve shown me

To make your cock so hard with my mouth???

Are you anxious to pass that on?

I don’t want to be jealous of you, or possessive.

I don’t want you to be that way with me.

I just need some fucking assurance

That if I continue to give you

EVERYTHING

I have or can think of

That you will continue to

“Prefer” me

And most importantly,

Give me your plus one

To the next big thing.

I want to give you mine.

At some previous point John pointed out

That sometimes in bed

He notices the razor blade,

And would rather not

Sleep with a razor blade,

So could i not?

Um...obviously I’m not

Leaving

The razor blade

Loose

in the bed

On purpose.

I hear you saying that you’re worried about getting a fucking little cut

But i can’t do anything else about it.

I hate these boner stresses.

Fuck the patriarchy!  
What if I had to feel bad everytime I needed lube?

I know it’s not related to how turned on you are

I know it’s not related to your masculinity

And i’m sick of it interfering.

I know you’re a fucking man

I know you can fuck me hard

I know your dick gets big enough

To choke my throat.

I don’t need it ALL the time

Remember when i just laid on top of you

And rubbed on your almost-boner

And came so hard??

Why can’t we do that anymore?

What’s wrong with that?

It’s like if you don’t have a hard-on

None of us gets to get off.

But that’s silly.

It hurts us both.

I’m telling you that

Your cock is fucking rad

It’s normally hot and fun and a party time

And sometimes it gets huge and hard

And overwhelms my esophagus and face

And that’s super hot

But i’m glad it’s not all the time.

I just want you to give me a black eye with your love-hardened cock.

Other than that

I love it when you

Massage me

Spank me

Choke me

Boss me around

Force me to do stuff that I want to do for you anyway

Just grind together and make out

Let me luxuriate in rolling your dick around in my mouth

--anything but making me stress out bc your’re stressed out bc you think i’m stressed out because society and the fucking cock.

You know how I love it so much when you’re sweet and loving and gentle,

But I don’t want it all the time?

Your boner is like that too.

I love it,

But I don’t need it all the time,

So relax.

I’m worried that even bringing it up to ease your mind will make you stress more.

That sucks.

I just don’t like the tension.

And you know I WANT you to be rough on me.

Can you use that as motivation?

Or would you just blame me for it?  
It’s not my fault!!!!  
I’m hot enough!

Gosh, but really, I feel SO SO SO FUCKING LUCKY, JOHN.

I can’t express it.

Not only are you the most competent and real man I ever dated,

But you made me feel so hot and competent,

And it was just so fun

And hot

And then we accidentally fell in love

And now we’re not alone.

Just because of our dating and attraction

And willingness to continue to impress the other

We now are not alone

And even more

Have the time

To explore

This super fucking hot hot hot

Emotional

Love love love

Time with each other.

Also...what’s wrong with my pussy??

Have you noticed I haven’t come since a long time?

Why doesn’t that get as much attention as your boner?

Why don’t we worry about that

And make me feel guilty

And prioritize my recovery?

I know!!!!  
BC no one gives a fuck about girl orgasms

Not nearly as much as boy orgasms

Or even boy boners!

The boy would rather have a boner

And me not cum

Than make me cum

Sans his boner.

I should tell john that.

Worry less about your boner

And more about my cumming.

Yeah….:)

It’s just that I am going to be SO

So

SO

SOOOO

Fucking pissed

If he’s tricked me into loving him

And being emotional

And offering my whole self to him,

Only to later back off

And say

Eh….

You’re too easy.

I’ve been trying so hard to play hard to get

Because i was

And i knew he was

And that that’s how it works,

But he’s telling me to forget about that

And i want to believe him

But i’m worried it’s one of those cases

Where even ourselves don’t know what we want.

Yep, that’s just the way it is.

Neither of us can tell the other exactly what we want

Bc neither of us knows,

Even though we want so badly

To stay in love.

He asked me for a hint,

But all i ever say,

And i think i’m sincere,

Is that i need to believe he’s perfect

And that i have his love

Because he thinks i’m the best girl

For a perfect guy like him

And he never wants to let me go.

I’m (we’re) so worried about this

Nice-guy persona that isn’t sexy,

But I don’t think it’s the niceness that is the problem.

Those guys are either incompetent,

Insincere,

Or unsexy in a different way.

John’s niceness does not make him less sexy.

His niceness makes him nice

And his SEXINESS makes him sexy.

He seems to have thought seriously

About why he was looking at me that way

In the original tie up

With that big dildo.

I guess his answer

Was that he was

Relishing the fact that he was so in control.

I was tied up,

I was blindfolded,

I was in love,

I was turned on.

And it wasn’t even quarantine yet!

But...he knows

he doesn’t need to use those binds

To tie me down.

So if it turns him on to do it,

Don’t i need to make him feel like he has to?

I did decide and learn and agree

That angering him

By defying him

Isn’t the way to make him

Satisfy my desire for him

To sexually dominate me

But i’m already worried it’s not working.

But how can I tell him

Again and again

That i need more stimulation?

I can see how turned on he is

When i’m on all fours

And he’s licking my ass.

He’s thinking about himself

And his relation to my ass,

And i love that.

But my head is way over here

So far from my ass and his head

And i’m lonely and bored

b/c while the ass or pussy licking

Feels real good,

It’s just one tiny tiny part of my body

Not huge like your cock.

I’d rather gain a huge traumatic hot memory

With you

Than try to entertain myself

And wonder what’s wrong with me

That i can’t stay in the moment

From just genital stimulation.

(actually that is obvious

But it’s just again

That my head is in control

Always drawing away my attention

(maybe so *she* can get my pleasure!?)

And it needs to be overwhelmed

And taught a lesson

That when i’m trying to fuck

It needs to shut the hell up.

Maybe that’s why i like the slapping.

Because it’s a man i admire

Telling my fucking deliquent brain

To shut the fuck up

And pay attention

To the fact

That he’s about to fuck me

Hard.

I like it when you make my pussy feel good.

I like it even more when you make my nipples excited.

But most of most of most of all

I love it when you control my whole mind

With your love and power

And the force you exert over my whole body.

Your love is a force!

I already told you it pained me more

When you kissed my calf so gently

Than when you whipped me.

I don’t think I understand the difference

Between pain and pleasure.

Sunday day sleep,

I think it was,

You fell asleep before me

Like often,

And i stayed awake in your arms

Thinking again and again

About what you said saturday night

After you first tied me up.

You asked me to listen to you,

Which is rare,

And I did,

And you told me to look at you,

And I always do,

And you told me

As i remember the sentiment,

*“Sophy.*

*Do not kill yourself.*

*If you do,*

*It will BREAK*

*My*

*FUCKING*

*Heart.*

*I’ll never get over it;*

*It will be the tragedy of my life.”*

My fucking god,

How much that is what i wanted to hear.

That is all i wanted.

And his sincerity!

How he said my name,

How he looked in my eyes,

How his voice almost broke

When he said my death

Would

BREAK

His

fucking

heart.

He said it was the second time he was telling me that.

I guess the first time I was too kurfuffeled to remember

But i’m so so so so glad

He told me again.

It was the highlight of my night

In spite of when he smacked my clamped nipple with the computer case

And made me turn away

And tighten up

And hold my breath

Or breath real fast

Until the pain inevitably started fading

After 3 or 4 seconds

That felt like the way

John counts to ten.

(so slow...not standard or atomic...more punitive)

Or when he smothered me with my favorite towel

After he’d used it to clean up my piss

That i leaked on the ekornes stressless lounger

When i choked on his cock.

Until i thought my eyes went wild

But i guess he couldn’t tell.

It’s so strange how we do not tend to agree

On which of our sexy moments are the hottest.

In fact we seem to actively disagree.

But he’s a man

And i’m a woman

So i guess that’s no surprise

But we know we’re growing

We’re learning about each other

And sex and love

And communicating.

But again,

Neither of us can confirm that we really want what we’re asking for.

I try too hard to tell him what i think i want

And i try too hard to think about what he wants

But you still don’t know if that’s enough.

I told him tonight that my favorite part

Of our early sex

Was when he would hold onto my neck with his hands,

And i did love the tightness and the choking

But mostly it was the way he looked at me while he was doing it

The intensity.

I guess now he’s saying he was turned on by how much control he was taking?

But that’s only because he thought it wouldn’t be easy.

If he’s now IN CONTROL,

Where are going to be his opportunities

To TAKE CONTROL?

With the role-playing?

With playful disobedience?

With my natural acquiescence?

I asked if he’d always been seeking a girl

Who would let him take control

And he said no

Because they all did

Right away anyway.

Huh??  
And then why did he or they leave?

Will he get tired of me for giving him control?

He says the main complaint of women

Is that he’s not available enough.

Yeah that was mine too.

*So he wants to take control of a woman*

*And then leave her to fend for herself*

*Which she used to be able to do!*

*But can’t anymore!*

While he’s out doing his own thing

And feeling like hot shit

Because he has control

Of an unsatisfied woman at home?

Has he learned his lesson?

Have I?  
I think the lesson I learned is

Not to pick a shitty guy.

But there must be more to it than that.

I must play a role.

But I’ve often been sweet

I’ve often offered sincerity.

I asked john how i could know

When he wanted easy control.

I said,

If I had offered myself to you that

First night we met at duffy’s

Would you have wanted me?

He said no,

That would have been weird.

Lol, that’s not the point.

We all know he wouldn’t have desired to control me

If i hadn’t initially made it so clear

That he could not do that

And i didn’t want him to.

HE was defying me!

And it was only because my defiance

Riled him all up.

So now he tells me he doesn’t’ want that

That he wants me to submit

And comply.

But i don’t trust human nature.

I know he believes that

But i don’t think it will work.

What can I do???

He says he doesn’t like it when i defy him and make him mad

So he shouldn’t give me what i want when i do.

I don’t understand why the train tracks was so hot for me

But not for him

And the road was so hot for him

But not for me.

If he wants control,

Pulling up my sleeve

While i’m kneeling on the train tracks

With my head on the rocky ground

Showing my submission

After he slapped me

And kicked me,

And pressing his lit cigarette

Into my arm,

Seems a lot more tough

Than setting me down

On the deserted road.

But so so so so

Fucking hot to me.

Would he have done that

If he weren’t authentically mad?

Would he have done that

Just for shits and giggles

To wet my pussy?

I just don’t think so.

And even if he did…

Would it feel the same?

I remember i was so submissive

So given up

I forget what you’d just done

Kicked me a lot

And i wanted you to stop

So went in position two

The extreme version

So folded on the ground

On the rocks

Between the rails

And i could hear you

Standing behind me

Breathing heavy

Seething

Considering

Sucking on your cigarette

Exhaling hard

Considering

While i lay so low and folded

Yet peaceful

Awaiting

Whatever came next

Whatever you decided

I had no fear

Only trust and anticipation

And possibly shame

For having angered you.

And then i heard you walk over

And kneel down behind me

And i waited

The longest moment

And you yanked up my left sleeve

And i didn’t know why

But it surely made sense

And when you pressed your cigarette

Into my arm

It felt so rich

And so right.

It didn’t hurt like the road

It didn’t hurt like when you pushed me away

It felt like…

Honesty

Earnestness

Desperation

Effort

Commitment

Bravery

Faith

Relaxation

Salvation.

I don’t know why.

It really didn’t hurt at all.

I never felt any pain from it.

I just loved the whole thing.

I hate that you didn’t.

Maybe

part of giving ourselves to each other

Is agreeing to do things

That don’t make us happy

Simultaneously.

(But didn’t Rilke tell us not to give ourselves to each other?

That that results in nothing but a mess?

But why else would I do this?

Who wants to be a part-time sex slave?)

I mean, that’s a lot to ask.

Synchronicity?

In this space-time??

Maybe that’s why everyone

Is always going on and on

About the simultaneous orgasm.

What’s the big deal?

Just put your memories

Together.

That’s all you’ve got anyway.

Why base so much meaning

Or significance

On something that’s so so fleeting

And yet, the former,

While sounding more frightening

And leaving significant physical scars,

Made me happy

And turned me on,

While the latter

Scared the shit out of me.

And vice versa for john.

Is he really going to be motivated

To burn me with a cigarette

Just to re-express his current control

Without being pressed

To prove it??

I asked if he was also worried

Like me

That there was a chance

We were in a trance

And would wake up soon

Horrified by what we’ve done?

He quickly agreed it was possible,

But seemed less

Worried than me.

He said he wouldn’t be like James Spader in secretary

And say

I’m disgusting I can’t do this anymore

And dump me.

I guess if he decides he can’t do this anymore,

He’ll want to be my boyfriend

Regularwise

Without beating me up.

Obviously that is fine with me!  
I like this hot sex,

I like discovering how it can turn me and him on

And how much he can do

And how much i can take,

But honestly….

Really…

We all know that either of us

Would be fucking stoked

To have the other

As a regular

Thing

Of course...that would mean something different for me than him.

He’d get to stop thinking up reasons to punish me

But i’m sure i’d still be expected to suck in cock in the same passionate way.

But i need him to turn me on and make me desperate and hungry for it!

Like I am right now.

In an hour there will be the new cuomo update

And i’ll stop this writing

And go back in the bedroom

And prop up the mac

And get somehow under his covers

(he gets so cold at night!)

So that i can hold his dick in my mouth

While I watch cuomo talking

And then i’ll be able to go to sleep.

Today, Tuesday,

I was Dottie (Dorothea)

The small town waitress

Tasked with serving Dr. Lind

And hoping

That i could entice him

Into taking me on for good

And taking me out of here.

He had been frustrated with me yesterday

Bc i defied him and talked too much

So today i tried to be submissive but sexy

Quiet but useful,

Unseen but noticed.

He complained,

After he was off the phone with his brother nels

That i didn’t check on him enough.

Didn’t i notice that he’d ended his phone call?

No,

Because I was trying not to eavesdrop

Because i wanted to so bad.

I waited for him to finish and come out

And washed the dishes

After I finished the vacuuming

And my census.

But then

I missed him too much,

I couldn’t wait anymore,

So i went into his office

To rest my head in his lap

While he finished his call

But instead he was already done

And disappointed

That i hadn’t checked

On his needs.

Doh.

It’s so hard to figure out.

But we’re doing good.

Trying real hard.

I love being his waitress

And secretary

And housecleaner

And sex slave

And favorite thing in the world.

We talked about ways for me to earn punishments

Without making him mad

Through puzzles

And competitions

And challenges

And natural corrections

Like when i brewed his tea too long

And he spanked me for it.

I told him it’s the only way.

I’m too sensitive to accept

Criticism

Outside of

Primary protocol.

I told him,

Not only am i known for the

Tightest pussy

And the

Deepest asshole

In town,

But i’ve also been known

To solve a wednesday puzzle

In eighteen minutes or less.

So we came up with the stakes

And i wrote them on my

Es ist einfach

Waitress notepad that i kept in

A pocket

Of my half apron.

I found a stubby little pencil

And clipped it to

A Red Lanyard

Around my neck.

<18, we watch the first episode of black mirror

18<x<25, he tasks me with sewing more bells on my clothes

>25, he balls up my trashy knee high nylons and shoves then in my mouth.

I did great, almost would have gotten under 18, but for a few clues that were intractable. He helped me a bit, and I finished just over 25.

He said he was impressed, that I’d done very well, and he offered me a deal of the first two instead of the third. I was amazed! “You’re offering me a reward and a medium instead of a punishment? You are too nice!” He said, “Oh, no, you’re still getting the pantyhose in your mouth. But we can watch the show too.” Aha! Still nice. Except he fell asleep and we didn’t. But here I’ve done all this writing and I’m just biding my time before I cuddle him and put his dick in my mouth.

Have you noticed that I’m cumming a lot less lately?

Our sex is either you beating me up

Or me sucking your cock

Or you fucking me hard

Or you losing your boner when i’m on top.

And I love then all but the fourth,

And if there’s a good balance of the first three

I probably don’t even care about the fourth

But if there isn’t,

I’ll have to start masturbating.

I asked if he had a nice talk with his brother,

And if he had been talking about the cuomo updates

When he said they were great

And he’s seen a couple.

He said yes to all,

And then I asked, why did you say a couple, like it’s a casual happenstance, when we (I) have watched it every single day for weeks. He said that to him, a couple means two to six. I said, oh sure, you’re just saying that so that we can be a couple even if you have four other girls. He laughed.

I just looked at some old thing I’d written when I was frustrated about michael.

I said it’s fine if he wants to give some leftover dick to the other girls,

But NOT while I am left sexually unsatisfied.

If you have enough left over to give to them,

I better be getting all I want.

We talked about me as Dottie--

If he came back to my restaurant,

And I was there with my ass out whenever he wanted,

And another almost equally hot new girl was there

With her new unseen ass

That he coudln’t touch,

Wouldn’t that seem more enticing?  
If she said, “No, my ass is my own secret garden,”

While i was hanging mine out to dry for him,

Wouldn’t his attention be drawn to hers?

He said, not if she teases me about it.

Then I’ll lose interest

And say, fine, whatever.

So he doesn’t like girls who play hard to get?

I guess he never said he did.

He just said he didn’t want a serious relationship right now.

Those aren’t the same.

Did I think they were?

I wasn’t playing hard to get either.

I was equally uninterested in a serious relationship

And enjoyed flirting

With him so so so much

Because i could see how it affected him

And made him want me

And i loved it

And wanted to make him want me

More and more.

Remember when I told him

In an email while he was away

That he’d made me need him

And he’d done it on purpose

So now he owed me

And he said yes,

He’d done it on purpose.

What does that really mean?

He wanted me all along?

He wished I were easier to get?

That it didn’t take the virus

And michael abandoning me

And him giving me the hot hot sex?

We decided our anniversary is

The wednesday (duffy’s dance night)

Of the week around April 24th

(so so few days before summer!  
Poor past us)

And i can’t wait to see what he does

That will be so sweet

And me too.

So he told nels that we were

Trying to overcome the traditional

Dysfunction of being with your lover 24/7

And having no other

By exploring bdsm

And codified power dynamics.

John was so brave!

And nels said,

“Oh, that’s nice.”

And changed the subject.

I asked John if he were going to tell rainer

Cause there’s a fellow who wouldn’t flinch

And oh what power that is.

To tell rainer,

I’ve taken charge of sophy.

She’s mine now.

And then fucking back it up.

Amazing.

Every perverse thing we consider

Turns out to be hotter than we imagined

And a pretty good idea after all.

John said he would have consulted me first,

But yeah, let’s tell him.

How weird

But cool.

It’s quarantine times

And there’s no rules anymore.

I predict Rainer will say,

“Good for you, new John.

I always thought sophy

needed a firm hand.”

And if it starts to get weird

I told him

Just bring it around

To Oma and opa.

That I wanted to love someworthy guy

Like she loved him

And take care of him.

But times are so different,

And i’m supposed to be independent

And no man’s gonna pin me down!

And we didn’t have a war

Or religion

Or a depression

Or children

So we need another way

To replicate that dynamic

And inspire me to serve john

And that way is hot sex

And domination.

And devotion.

### Wednesday April 8

We came back to our south chico home last night

And he fell asleep

After making delicious

Waffles and eggs

And fucking my face

In my robber mask.

I stayed up all night with the cats

Writing and eating plain waffles

Waiting for cuomo.

John started waking up

He was so happy to see me

I’m making him coffee

Then i’ll suck his cock

And then we’ll make a last trip to costco

To stock up on supplies.

We read each other’s minds.

I want to see if i can do the puzzle

Faster

If he does it first.

And then I sucked his cock

All through cuomo’s update

My jaw was so tired

I couldn’t make it through the questions.

But then he fucked me

And it was sweet.

I told him that i’d been coming less

But have been more turned on

Which is more important

And longer

And hotter

To me.

After he came on my somewhere

We both then had the idea to go to costco

But then fedex told him that his new keyboard

Would be arriving soon

So we were stuck between me napping

And us going

But then when i was by the front door

Cutting myself a little line

(good idea!)

I heard a racket

And opened the door

And there was the delivery guy

And the keyboard

Two feet away from me.

I ran to john and he told me

To get into the shower immediately

And he was so convincing

That i didn’t question it.

John thinks i was the drunkest this morning

He’s ever seen me

Since the tequila night

But that doesn’t make sense

Because i was sober later

After having never gone to sleep.

I was a little clumsy

And tired

But that’s all.

Tonight he made us

delicious

Italianish pasta

And installed the hooks

And we played scramble

(he won!)

And i read him a short chapter

From the dead father book.

He loved it

And so did i.

He asks how i can

Manage to lseep so little

And still function,

But i’s clear.

It’s mamia

That’s how your brain can owrk

Sometimes

Forsome reasons

But it’s not me beeing cool.

It’s me being sick.

I man,

I’m still gad

Hou’re impressed.

### Thursday April 9

### **By** [**Ben Smith**](https://www.nytimes.com/by/ben-smith)

* March 16, 2020

“A crisis shows you a person’s soul,” Gov. Andrew M. Cuomo mused during a conference call with reporters on Sunday. “It shows you what they’re made of. The weaknesses explode and the strengths are, uh, emboldened.”

He keeps referencing this.

Pretty sure he means me

Not cuomo

But bruce

The River

[Bruce Springsteen](https://www.google.com/search?sxsrf=ALeKk00TUCnt17DC8ucqfuDDdtut7-EvKA:1586407069411&q=Bruce+Springsteen&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLQz9U3SE8utlzEKuhUVJqcqhBcUJSZl15ckpqaBwA8tMrBIAAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwizlN3uwtroAhVCITQIHQ8YCiAQMTAAegQIDxAF&sxsrf=ALeKk00TUCnt17DC8ucqfuDDdtut7-EvKA:1586407069411)

I come from down in the valley

Where mister when you're young

They bring you up to do like your daddy done

Me and Mary we met in high school

When she was just seventeen

We'd ride out of this valley down to where the fields were green

We'd go down to the river

And into the river we'd dive

Oh down to the river we'd ride

Then I got Mary pregnant

And man that was all she wrote

And for my nineteenth birthday I got a union card and a wedding coat

We went down to the courthouse

And the judge put it all to rest

No wedding day smiles no walk down the aisle

No flowers no wedding dress

That night we went down to the river

And into the river we'd dive

Oh down to the river we did ride, yeah yeah

I got a job working construction for the Johnstown Company

**But lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy**

**Now all them things that seemed so important**

**Well Mister they vanished right into the air**

**Now I just act like I don't remember**

**Mary acts like she don't care**

But I remember us riding in my brother's car

Her body tan and wet down at the reservoir

At night on them banks I'd lie awake

And pull her close just to feel each breath she'd take

Now those memories come back to haunt me

They haunt me like a curse

**Is a dream a lie if it don't come true**

**Or is it something worse**

That sends me down to the river

Though I know the river is dry

That sends me down to the river tonight, yeah

Down to the river

My baby and I

Oh down to the river we ride, oh

Ooh ooh, ooh ooh

Ooh ooh, ooh ooh

I want more room on the page for my words

Like he wants more room for his cock

He wants me to go Ahhhhhhhh

About him

Like i do

About my pain

And how bruce knows it.

It’s the same.

Maybe i’m writhing around

And kicking my feet

And punching my head

And slapping my face

Until i only have

The rhythm

The melody

The lyrics

And the sadness.

Oh my god I tried to date michael tonight

(Wed April 8)

I thought i could do it

But i couldn’t.

I started crying right away

Faster than i thought

As soon as i saw him

It hurt

It hurt so much

More than burn

Or because of the scald

Or bc he was still there without me

Or because i wasn’t there with him

And i miss it so much.

I want that blumenbeet to still be mine

I want to be his biggest supporter.

Oh my god.

Michael has killed me.

John pushed me away today

Twice, maybe thrice,

In the last couple of days

Because i annoyed him

Just like i annoyed my mom

And beta

And josey.

Not sean.

Not michael.

But it’s okay.

I know i’m a lot.

I couldn’t handle it myself.

It’s just too soon

And john would probably be really sad without me.

He’d probably wish i was still there annoying him

Than completely gone.

He came into the bedroom

Where i was listening to weird music

And gave me a kiss

And asked me not to be pissy

Because he pushed me away

But i wasn’t

And i told him that.

Usually i would be

Maybe the other girls would be

Maybe he wanted me to be

And normally i would have

Or maybe i was

But it just seemed pretty easy to get over

Comparatively.

Right when he said that,

### \*Original Train Story (March 2020) (pg 88)

What can I do???

He says he doesn’t like it when i defy him and make him mad

So he shouldn’t give me what i want when i do.

I don’t understand why the train tracks was so hot for me

But not for him

And the road was so hot for him

But not for me.

If he wants control,

Pulling up my sleeve

While i’m kneeling on the train tracks

With my head on the rocky ground

Showing my submission

After he slapped me

And kicked me,

And pressing his lit cigarette

Into my arm,

Seems a lot more tough

Than setting me down

On the deserted road.

But so so so so

Fucking hot to me.

Would he have done that

If he weren’t authentically mad?

Would he have done that

Just for shits and giggles

To wet my pussy?

I just don’t think so.

And even if he did…

Would it feel the same?

I remember i was so submissive

So given up

I forget what you’d just done

Kicked me a lot

And i wanted you to stop

So went in position two

The extreme version

So folded on the ground

On the rocks

Between the rails

And i could hear you

Standing behind me

Breathing heavy

Seething

Considering

Sucking on your cigarette

Exhaling hard

Considering

While i lay so low and folded

Yet peaceful

Awaiting

Whatever came next

Whatever you decided

I had no fear

Only trust and anticipation

And possibly shame

For having angered you.

And then i heard you walk over

And kneel down behind me

And i waited

The longest moment

And you yanked up my left sleeve

And i didn’t know why

But it surely made sense

And when you pressed your cigarette

Into my arm

It felt so rich

And so right.

It didn’t hurt like the road

It didn’t hurt like when you pushed me away

It felt like…

Honesty

Earnestness

Desperation

Effort

Commitment

Bravery

Faith

Relaxation

Salvation.

I don’t know why.

It really didn’t hurt at all.

I never felt any pain from it.

I just loved the whole thing.

I hate that you didn’t.

Maybe

part of giving ourselves to each other

Is agreeing to do things

That don’t make us happy

Simultaneously.

(But didn’t Rilke tell us not to give ourselves to each other?

That that results in nothing but a mess?

But why else would I do this?

Who wants to be a part-time sex slave?)

I mean, that’s a lot to ask.

Synchronicity?

In this space-time??

Maybe that’s why everyone

Is always going on and on

About the simultaneous orgasm.

What’s the big deal?

Just put your memories

Together.

That’s all you’ve got anyway.

Why base so much meaning

Or significance

On something that’s so so fleeting

And yet, the former,

While sounding more frightening

And leaving significant physical scars,

Made me happy

And turned me on,

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Scared the shit out of me.

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Is he really going to be motivated

To burn me with a cigarette

Just to re-express his current control

Without being pressed

To prove it??

I asked if he was also worried

Like me

That there was a chance

We were in a trance

And would wake up soon

Horrified by what we’ve done?

### Second Train Story-Poem

Oh my god. I was right. I just didn’t think i’d get the evidence so fast.

“Sophy. You don’t know what kind of trauma i have in me. I think i could really hurt you.”

Sometimes when you’re defying me and refusing me to do what I want I just get so angry. I guess you can use your safe word and see if I listen to it.

He seems really unsure of whether this is what he wants.

He seems to be telling me that he doesn’t think this is sexy.

I’m honestly surprised that I do.

We really leveled up tonight.

You can’t go back.

You get desensitized

Like a frog in boiling water.

Ha. i bet he’s worried that he’s the frog.

I’m not the frog.

I’m the flame.

I wonder what he’s doing out there.

He wanted his massage but i scoffed and said give me half an hour.

He didn’t argue

If he wants me to be meek why doesn’t he teach me to be meek?

Out on the train tracks

he tried to put his cock

in my mouth

but i held my teeth shut tight.

He said “open your mouth.”

I clenched my mouth tight

Except for just a millisecond and a millimeter to flirtily say,

“Make me.”

He slapped me hard on both sides and i saw not just stars but flashes of light.

Everytime he pushed me down i sat back up and i stared at him.

I knew that he didn’t feel free to give me what we both wanted.

I had to force him into it.

He had no choice.

He knows that if he really wanted to be cruel to me, he would pick me up and drop me back at my house and not call me.

He knows all I want is his attention.

He doesn’t *want* to be cruel to me.

Does he?

He’s not sure.

Cruelty isn’t sexy to him.

Which part of this IS sexy to him?

I didn’t expect him to kick me in the face.

I didn’t expect him to kick me so hard on my body and my head.

I didn’t expect him to push me down so hard on the rocks.

He pushed me down so my back was on the track

And i forget what else

When I fought him for his belt, it wasn’t just to be contrary.

I didn’t want him to get it because I didn’t want him to use it on me.

But when he won it from me I looked at him

And he slapped my face with it

And then i looked down

He whipped my ass, which was now showing bc he ripped my pants,

Three times and it hurt very much

And i wanted to wiggle away

And i was very relieved that he didn’t do it a fourth time

And then i was satisfied,

And i got into position two

And i tried to bury my ass into my knees

So he couldn’t get at it

And i put my head down in the rocks

And i put my arms out in front of me

And i put my hands together like

I was praying to him to stop

And i waited like that for

What seemed like a very long time.

I was breathing hard

And i hoped he could hear the relief in my breaths

I could hear him breathing hard

And thinking hard.

I’m surprised this is so hard for him.

I thought it would be easy.

Maybe that’s the problem

It’s too easy for him

And things that are easy aren’t satisfying

I know that.

He kicked me in the head,

So close to my eye

I feel it throbbing now.

I’ve never had a black eye

Will i now?

We’re in quarantine so no one will see.

No one needs to know.

It’s so private.

I asked him to pay the transient

9 dollars to watch him rape me

But he didn’t think it was worth it.

Now he has 9 dollars

And apparently a lot of thinking to do

He did tell me i was helping to heal his soul

At the time i thought

But this is so easy.

It ought to be harder

Or why didn’t anyone do it?

Couldn’t anyone do it?

I DON’T WANT TO DO SOMETHING ANYONE COULD DO

But i would be so sad if he decided i was right

And that he ought to pick just anyone after all

What is the point to him

of me

if he is satisfied with so little?

He wants a sex doll?

A girlfriend?

A wife?

I can’t be any of those things.

It’s funny that he made me think i could,

And has now proven to me that i can’t.

I’m so afraid that’s what he wants.

He loves me

I should be meek for him.

I’m trying to show him how much i want to give him

By showing how hard he has to fight

And how hard i am to earn

But maybe he just wants someone to kiss his feet

Just because

And not because it feels so so nice

Compared to being kicked by them

What is the value of kindness

if that’s all you have

to offer?

If he is nice to everyone,

Why do I want him to be nice to me?

[Maybe what’s special

Is removing his face.

He’s not really nice

And he shows that to me.

How lucky I am.

I’m the one that he trusts.

He can reveal his true self

And know I won’t go

Is all love pathetic?

Is it only a game?

I hate all the men

Who’ve inspired the pain

For women to write (die)

About issues of life

That shouldn’t have anything

To do with these men]

Am I making him face parts of himself that will

Make him sad

instead of happy?

Bring him pain

instead of joy?

I thought offering my pain,

My very, very, very fucking valuable special suffering,

Would show him how much

I think his happiness is worth.

But maybe he just wants it easy

Summertime

Etc.

I like the summertime too

I want it to be summer all year long

But i’m not trying to languish.

I’m just so fucking bored of life.

I had it too easy

It doesn’t seem worthwhile

I can’t find something real to fight for

So i’d like to fight john

Until he fights me back enough

That surrendering to him

Is enough of a win.

You saw the look on his face!!!  
You saw how he looked at me when he

Waved that heavy giant dildo at me

Before he hit me in the face with it.

I didn’t expect that.

I didn’t ask for that.

It was his idea.

He enjoyed it.

It was plain on his face.

 

And now look what he’s doing!!!!  
He’s gaslighting me into thinking that I

am forcing him into something

He doesn’t want

That he knows is bad

That he is warning me is bad

When all along

he surely wants it as much

as i do

And feels guilty about it

So is forcing me into the position of

begging for it

And being the instigator

So he doesn’t need to answer

to his apparent moral qualms

About wanting to kick me in the head

And burn me with his cigarette.

So fucking classic.

I loved it, too.

I really did.

It didn’t hurt as much as I expected.

I wasn’t sure what was happening when he pulled up my sleeve

I was already in my most submissive position

When he kicked me over

Then i returned to my most submissive position again

And he kicked me over again

And i returned to my most submissive position…

...maybe he didn’t see it as such

...maybe he wanted me

to stay on my side

(how should I know?)

But he just really deserves more than that!!!  
Why doesn’t he see it?

He could find so many women to abuse

Who wouldn’t appreciate the meta-abuse of it all

And that would be real abuse.

I think I’m smart enough to know what I’m asking for.

I hear him telling me,

“I’m afraid if we keep doing this

I might really injure you.”

So if I keep going,

I’m giving him permission to

“Really injure” me.

Whatever that means.

A scar on my previously perfect fucking face?

That no one got off on?

A broken heart?

A bunch of hidden scars that no one ever sees

And we both got off on?

Or is that just my fantasy and not his?

Is that my fantasy?

Why?

Is his hidden trauma more than mine?   
I told him I would heal his soul

And no one ever said it would be easy.

If it’s easy,

SOMEONE FUCKING ELSE SHOULD DO IT.

I’d rather he dump me now

And find his chinese hausfrau

And leave me to my own

Deeper pain

That requires a more serious and particular and rarer fucking cure.

It’s funny that we were on this path even before the virus hit.

But it’s such a fucking perfect millieu for this.

For MY fantasy?

What is HIS fantasy?  
I thought they were the same.

Maybe I’d rather NOT talk about for once

If the outcome is

he won’t give me what I want.

This is clearly what I want.

That time out on the railroad tracks…

My god, so intense.

It was so real and outdoors and visceral

and emotional and physical

and scary and unknown

and new and unexpected and brave

How did he not love it??

He did exactly what I wanted and more.

My god the fucking cigarette.

What a good idea.

So many people have lived through that pain

And it wasn’t sexy to either party.

Why why why?

And if it’s sexy to me

But not him

Then I AM the abuser??

“She made me do it!”

No, no, no.

He wants this as much as i do

He feels guilty because he’s a nice guy

And he’s progressive

And he doesn’t want to be a misogynist

And he doesn’t want to have a bad soul

And he doesn’t want to have a secret desire to cause harm

And he doesn’t want to lose control

And he doesn’t want to hurt me.

So he’s trying to give me a chance out,

And if i don’t take it,

Then whatever happens next is all my fault

And out of his hands.

Fine.

I’ll take the blame.

I think it’s a bit cowardly,

But he’s the least cowardly

Of all the men I’ve loved

So i’ll take what i can get.

I wish he would own it.

I wish he would admit

He would get as much pleasure

out of Whatever

As I would.

But if I’m wrong,

If he really doesn’t like it,

Then I guess I’d rather

He keep up his nice guy act

And suck it fucking up

And kick me in the head

Against his own better judgment

Because he knows

That’s what i want.

And i guess it is.

I don’t know why.

But I’ve sensed it for a while,

And now I can’t deny it.

I loved it.

I fucking loved it.

I loved staring him down,

I loved asking him to smack me down,

I loved it when he did it,

I loved it when I kept asking for more,

And he gave it,

And I loved it

When I’d had enough,

And i could just hide my head

And breathe my breaths

And appreciate where i was

And how i felt

And that i wasn’t in active pain

But could be at any moment

And it wasn’t because of his grace

Possibly because of my

HARD WON submission

And I didn’t have any fucking brain space

To worry about this and that and the fucking other

That i’m usually worried about.

That was a new new new experience for me.

Physically and emotionally and sexually and life-like.

It was so intense.

It was such a surprise.

He pleased me so much.

I hope he appreciates that.

He took me exactly to the edge.

He showed me exactly the attention I wanted.

Maybe I just want someone to fucking notice me.

Whether I’m impressing them

Or pissing them off.

I just want attention,

And I want a lot of it,

And I want it to be rapt.

I want his rapt fucking attention

And i want it to be because i’m causing him a bigger fucking problem

Than whatever math he’s doing

And I want him to figure out a fucking elegant way

To solve the problem that

I am creating for him right now.

That’s what I’m doing.

I’m making a big fucking mess for him

And I’m dragging him deeper and deeper into it

And he knows it.

The reason that night he tied me up at my house

And we made the hottest porn ever

Isn’t my sexiest wildest moment

Is bc that was B.V.

How could anything that happened before this

Carry anything near the weight of

What’s happened after?  
The baseline has shifted.

Things that meant something before

Don’t mean anything anymore.

I need to find more

And he wants to help me.

What do I do to keep this?

Do I pretend to back down?

Will I lose him if I push too far?

I’d rather die of the truths

Than live with the lies.

I’ve given up enough already.

Maybe he’s sad that he

Is now tasked

With curing my pain

That men other than him have caused

Even though it will cause him pain

That’s the sweetest fucking love.

Maybe that’s what he’s thinking about out there.

Is he willing to live with the responsibility of

Milliondollarbabying me

To make me happy?

That would be the ultimate fucking love.

For him to wonder forever

If he did the right thing

By saving me

In the only way possible.

By relieving me of the responsibility.

What can I give him in exchange???

I thought I could offer my pain

I thought I could offer my will

I told him

“You can break me”

I told him

“I want you to break me”

“I want it to mean something”

“I’m not giving it for free”

I know that men need to earn something

I know you need to prove something to the world.

I’m a thing.

I’M A VALUABLE FUCKING THING

And i’m not easy to get

And a lot of people want me

A lot of men want me

Even my dad wants me

Beta wants me

A million guys would take care of me right now

For FREEEEE

For fucking no fucking effort on my behalf at all

And here I am

TELLING YOU

THAT YOU

ARE THE ONLY MAN

I HAVE EVER

FOUND WORTHY

OF MY FUCKING PRECIOUS SELF

And I know that I can just SAY that,

And so I’m trying to

PROVE

To you that I am WORTH

Your time and effort

And introspection

And saving

He’s probably scared

Because he can tell

I don’t care.

Maybe I’ll trick him

Into going to far

And then he’ll be left

To deal with the consequences

Bc he still cares

And i don’t.

What’s that sound?

What’s he doing out there?

I suppose it’s possible,

Highly possible,

That he knows more than i do

And i should be heeding his warning

And I’ll realize my mistake too late

And i am just a stupid girl.

But if that’s true,

Then i deserve what i get.

Doesn’t he want to indulge his Pirate-tendencies?

He has a chance to tie me up for five weeks

And kick me and rape me

And threaten to cut off my face

And cut off my face

And get away with it.

Just like pirate did.

No one will notice.

They’ll think I died of the virus.

I’d just hate to think he’s doing it for me.

I want to do it for him.

I’ve always been so selfish.

I’d like not to continue to ruin lives.

But then, if he’s willing to live

With the infinite guilt

Of killing me

Without desire

For my own behalf,

I guess that’s as much of a win

As giving some asshole

His biggest jizz.

And you know what?

I DON’T CARE.

I’m sure that your life on its own

Is worth more than

Your life plus me as your sex slave

So if you don’t want me either

I’ll give up.

And you can split

The blame with beta

And sean

And michael

And my mom and dad

But you’ll never get to know my secret!

Ha.

Even if you don’t care that much

You’ll be annoyed by not knowing.

Are you annoyed that i figured out

That

I have to MAKE you???

I’m so fucking sick of having to make my own reality.

You’ve done better than anyone else at helping me do that.

So thank you a fucking lot, and I mean it when you sneeze and I say “Bless your heart” because I’m that fucking sweet and I do love you that fucking much.

I already told you this, but maybe it means more after you kicked me on the train tracks, but when you fell asleep before me last night I kissed you so softly again and again all over your face, and I whispered to you that I love you, and I looked at you wish such sweetness and sincerity and had never felt so grateful to be in the intimate presence of another person before. And that was even before tonight.

I don’t know if you’re here to hurt me or love me but either way i am eternally grateful.

Okay fuck you too. Technology and cats

It’s just that i’m asking him for his love

And then during the tenderest part of the sex

When he was kissing me so gently on my legs

And it was the most painful part of the sex

And i wonder why

### Train Poem (fucked with; not original; trying to be but not a poem)

And you really did it

I was right about you

You exceeded my expectations

You won my love again

My high expectations

Aggravated you

Fed your reluctance

My insistence on experience

Infuriated you

And reduced your indulgence

You didn’t want to do it

I didn’t make it easy

I pushed you to anger

What else did I expect?

You can’t boss the little prince

You can’t force his will

You can try…

And see how you end up

Will you end up like me?

Curled up on the ground?

Your face in the gravel

Keeping it safe

Your limbs pulled in close

Tucked underneath

A turtle in fear

Hiding deep in the gravel

I’d never been beat up like that

Never been knocked around

To the point I don’t like it

And frantically try to escape

My face in the ground

My knees pulled up tight

You kneeled down beside me

It would all be all right

You squatted down

My arms by my head

You waited a second

To fill me with dread?

Or love?

Or desperation?

Or fear?

Fear of what?

I still heard you breathing

I will

NEVER FORGET

The sound of you seething

It was nothing like love.

Did I think it was lust?

Or proof of our dedication??

I’m sure you were only hateful

nothing but hateful

Only you were oppressed

Forced to do things

You would never have guessed

(well..maybe?)

You thought I was the master

Forcing your hand

You never wanted to do this

But you’d do anything to make me happy

Right?

You squatted beside me

You seethed in my ear

You pulled my sleeve down

Well, yanked my sleeve up

I wasn’t clear about directions

But I was cleared out inside

You yanked it

Up to my elbow

I thought

This is new!

What will he do?

What’s about to happen?

My trust was so strong

I waited

I waited

I waited for you

Like I was going to say “I do”

I had NOTHING but faith

In what you had planned

Excitement

Anticipation

Love?

Trust?

Faith?

What?

The yank was so sure

So strong and convinced

I really didn’t know

what you were going to do

I don’t know when I even knew.

You must have made a movement

Reached out your hand

I must have felt something

Something?

A sting or a pinch?

A smell or a sound?

I didn’t feel it

But I sensed it

But when did I know?

Did I lift up my arm

And see what you’d done?

Or did I just pull my sleeve down

And flatten my dress

And say “good job baby”

And praise our success (admire)

I don’t remember

Any reaction

The moment’s disappeared.

I just remember the aftermath

When it was done

And I knew

That you were just the coolest guy

You always knew what to do

To reclaim your power

And show me your worth

What a brilliant idea!?

Who would have thought?

No one normal would do this!

He must be so special!

I don’t know what happened next

I think we were filled with relief

You’d diffused the tension

With tenderness and ease

What else could you have done?

To show me your strength?

It reminds me of the time

You spit in my face

I don’t know what happened

How i got up from the tracks

Did you hold out your hand?

Did you help me up?

(oh I’m sure you did!)

You’re the first real man I’ve loved

Or did I pick myself up? Or if I lifted myself up,

Did I clean up our mess

By straightening my knees

And flattening my dress

Did I pull up/down my sleeve?

Did I see what you’d done?

Did I admire your work?

But I knew that you’d done it

And that was enough

No future

No consequence

No trauma

No doubt

You’d done the right thing

I couldn't think anything else

Maybe we had sex

My hands avoiding broken glass

I don’t remember

We made it back to your car

Chatting away

And as we drove from the tracks

We fucking heard the train.

How long had we been there?

Screwing around?

All the danger inside us

No need for more

But it seems like just a second

After we drove away

The train honked its horn

(my favorite sound)

And we both broke out laughing

And maybe held hands

What a Perfect ending!

To such a beautiful night!

Our love so secured

I’m finally safe.

The only threat’s from outside

Getting crushed by the train

But we avoided it!

Together!

He’ll save me to the end

The closer we came

To getting crushed by the train

While we fucked so in love,

The more I was okay

We missed that big payoff,

But we both got the joke

So close to destruction

But we were already there

We rode off towards home

Feeling like all was okay

I knew now I could trust you

And would do anything for you