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In The Midst of An Echo

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During our play, Jeanette contributed a vast amount to the mood with her soprano sighs and pants and moans. She lived up to all the expectations I didn't have time to previously form.

"Jeanette," I muttered wistfully, realizing her inability to understand, "you are one beautiful creature."

"I am capable of multiple orgasms," she smiled.

I didn't know whether that was a subtle request for more, or merely a learned response to the word 'beautiful'. I did know that one more fling would run well over the time Larry granted me.

"Can't Jeanette. Gotta go."

"Come. I am capable of multiple orgasms."

"Jeanette, tell me," I whispered. "Does this mean I'm not a virgin anymore?"

"O-oo-oo," she cued. "Once more, Handsome."

Laughing--hysterically--I skipped out the door and followed the brightly colored carpet to the preparatory room.

Bud Foufos

IN THE MIDST OF AN ECHO

for Trena

I move hands through slow, thick air
leaving trails and traces.

Do you watch with intent?

I long to look at you.

I long to linger over each silken vertebrae
to knead the muscles of your soft back.

I long to be strangled.

I long to try on your pants to see if they will fit.

I long to kiss your neck until I long not to repeat myself.

Do you feel the heat of suffocation?

I wait not to touch your hair and touch your hair.

I long for ends and find there are none.

I long to smooth your nose

so that we may breathe again, and

I long to leave myself for your eyes

which are black wildernesses with ebbing irises.

I long for an open mouth which is speechless.

Phil Mercurio

