



A naked drunk hottie
sleeps as though
I never talk afterwards

Proving that every boy
can make her nap
and showing me that
she understands the game

Handing her
friendly little blowjobs
out to all of us
like they were candy

Though soon
light will come

And then sorority girl
you may find
the easy high of love
spring too late.

-Aaron Black

“Bitch”

“It’s over,” I tell him again, perched in the desk chair across the room, one naked leg tucked up underneath, while watching the effect of my statement. The air is stifling and perspiration beads on my bare skin, dampens the cigarette dangling between my fingers, ash threatening to fall to the floor at any moment.

“Why?” He’s hunched over the navy flannel plain of the bed, a devotee appeasing the goddess of the temple. Shadows from candlelight accentuate the abyss between us, incense burdening the air as smoke cloaks the room into obscurity.

“Tell me why,” he demands. Crouched rocking, back and neck naked, vulnerable, shuddering and heaving interrupting the encumbered silence. His face buried, self-blinded, where our scent lingers—musky, sexual, tantalizing—locked temporarily into the fabric. He gulps our fragrance in greedy lungfuls, an addict consuming an endangered drug. Shaking fingers desperately clutch at the softness, a broken nail catching and snagging on the cloth still warm and indented from my body. His growing panic and tears and saliva moisten my head’s cavity in the pillow, pale bare skin clinging and caressing where my limbs had rested.

“I’m not interested anymore.”

Blue eyes stare up at me, silently yelling and screaming and begging. Pale, washed-out blue. Watery blue, drowning in a sea of salt. Attempting in desperation to lure a rescuer. Guilt-ridden blue. Guilt-causing blue. Blue searching my face and movements for a glimmer of hope with purpose and expectation. Voyeuristic blue. Submissive and misunderstanding blue. Blue blindness.

“At least tell me you’re sorry,” he pleads, my silence his only answer.

-CJ Wukovits