

A thousand years from now, as some tanned angel steps into her bath and drops her towel, don't be surprised if the steam says "Wham bam, I'm in heaven!" and the soap replies "Me too, Charlie. That's just where I am."

## PUSSY

It was all we cared about, those highschool years of calloused fists and smuggled Playboys. All day long we scanned for skirts to look up, blouses to look down. Every flash of breast or thigh stiffened the will of every guy to get pussy. First Steve, then Ted, then Carlos, then Johnny, one by one

they did. One by one they got pussy, and traded cruising the Chuck Wagon hang out for helping girls watch baby brothers, or go shopping, or do homework — anything to reach that slippery jungle we were all bananas for. I watched my friends' lives coil around them like pythons

in those Tarzan flicks I watched to see Jane's thighs; and I wanted to be wrapped in those coils too. Then it happened: I got pussy. It was all I'd hoped and more, sweaty nights parked in Dad's Dodge, or panting out on Devore Field with Linda, which meant beautiful, which Linda was. Only later

did I wonder, was it worth it: Ted and Carlos, Johnny, Steve, and me shouldering open the heavy door marked Adults Only, pulled by dirty blues guitar through velvet curtains into our own bedrooms where girls we knew lay in our beds and offered us that cherished slit which drew our boyhoods inside blissfully to die.

— Charles Webb

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