

# After Reading Signs in a Club with a Dress Code

*by* XXXX

I like violence  
because they refused to pay attention to me  
as a child.  
Fucking fascinated me:  
It is supposed to feel good?  
Like how? Like when I eat ice cream?  
Or when I spin and feel I am about to rush outward,  
limbs everywhere, and something more essential  
will be left spinning where I was standing,  
pulled together while everything else  
was forced out?  
But that kind of pleasure is unbearable,  
almost like death itself.  
How frightening!  
As a child, I thought:  
I should like to fuck very much,  
and one day I will do it all the time,  
because I like pleasurable things,  
and find no more use for the body  
than it.

