

Mouth Manifesto

by Deborah Oster Pannell

I want you to kiss me like you're listening to my tongue. I want you to hear the rhythm of my heart through my lips. Can you feel what I'm telling you? If you're entering my borders, it doesn't matter where - my mouth, my pussy, my ear... you'd better pay attention if you wanna get inside. I'm not a display for you to wander around in, I'm a place for real transactions. No window shopping allowed here...

You think I'm pretty? Invite me to tea. You wanna feel my breasts? Ask them if they had a hard day at work. Conversation is an aphrodisiac to them. If you're this close to me, I promise we've got something in common besides the weather. I need to know that what's inside of me is as important to you as I think it is.

Here's the thing. There is going to be an exchange here - of fluids, of breath, of you, me, you, me, you, me, oh my god, yes. It's gonna be like that. So don't leave me out of it.

Don't think I don't know how you like to watch me. If I walk in front of you, it's hard for you to concentrate on anything else, I know. There's nothing like being admired. I wash and scent and trim and shape myself for you. I love your gaze upon me, peeling away my layers, thinking about me inside out. But the irony of disappearing from view when you finally get close enough to taste me. Aaah, that's enough to break the toughest spirit.

I'm not even sure what I'll say when we get there. I might not say anything. I might just listen to you. But if you're paying attention, you'll hear me listening, too. Have you ever heard someone else listening? It's a soulful taste for the brain. And when I do speak up, oh, the luscious sounds will paint you with my desire. You'll be drenched in it. You won't be disappointed... listen...

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