

The Big Tits of Beth in L.A.

by Jerry Ratch

Next, through my grad student apartment at Verano Place, came Beth. Big tits you could suck on all night long, just don't touch Pussy. Beth held me all night one night when I was totally freaking out after smoking what I thought was normal dope at a poetry party after a reading by Michael McClure down in San Diego. But it turned out somebody had laced the dope with something super strong, some form of speed, or coke or god knows what — without telling us! — and my entire insides felt as though they had descended into my boots. I was wearing boots, don't ask me why!

Beth took me home to my apartment and stripped off her top, setting those huge tits loose and held me to her chest, where I could nurse whenever I started to panic (most of the night!) as I witnessed the image of my own body pulsing in and out along with three enormous arrows, as in a diagram of some sort. I thought I was dying, but she kept saying, No, no, you'll be all right come morning, don't worry.

She held me that way until dawn. Those tits were like life preservers. She just would not take off her pants during the night, until all of a sudden at dawn. And she let me come up inside her as I grew calmer, like a soothing cup of tea, like a good warm breakfast at dawn, as though welcoming me home from a long voyage with Ulysses, out in search of Helen and those big tits of Troy. All night long on the mysterious sea of dope and cocaine, or heroin, or whatever was in that stuff.

