

Making Love to God (or: A Profound Man)

by Kristen Tsetsi

Greg said, "When I make love, I am making love to God."

Syl rolled the avocado under her palm, side to side, side to side. When he got this way, she used to show interest by asking questions, but after trying four or five times to be involved in the conversation, he told her he found her questions quite distracting and said they deflated his energy-aura, that her interjected thoughts were like holes in his ozone, so she stopped.

"..and, take that avocado, for instance: I would physically — not metaphorically, mind you — make love to that avocado, because you are that avocado, and you are God, too," he said to her and took her avocado. He ran a thumb over the pit — the way characters do in movies with their licking and caressing of vulva-like fruits and vegetables — but he wasn't trying to be seductive, not like that... Syl knew he truly believed she could feel his tongue, his finger.

'What does it feel like to make love to God?' she wanted to ask, so much that she had to cover her mouth. She held onto the question until after he came, and when he answered, his fingers brushing back his hair, he said, "It's like anything else."

