

# Doesn't mean I love you

by Lillian Ann Slugocki

Just because I fuck you, doesn't mean I love you.

It just means I walk home alone at two in the morning; past crowded restaurants and nightclubs, my dress shifting in the wind, my high heeled sandals clicking on the pavement. You might say, "Why you leaving baby, we're just getting started." I beg to differ. We're not starting anything that can't be finished with a blow job or my tongue.

You might say , Come on baby, it's late, after midnight." I'm a big girl. And it's a surreal night, summer squeezing the last drops of warmth out of the sky and myself, a wraith, my lips swollen. I'm practically naked; coral sundress, very damp panties, black with lace insets. I know I still smell like pussy.

I date men who want what? Can you tell me? Do you want a warm wet cunt? Intelligence? Humor? I do the best I can, but I'm still married. I'm still in love with my husband. But I can't just sit around wondering who he's fucking. I can't do that. That is not acceptable. That leads to very messy and undignified bouts of insanity. So, I ride this horse, so I take this path. So I fuck you instead.

And walk home by myself at two or three in the in the morning, sure I have done my job of being single and available. Except that I am not. I am not available.

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