

The barbarian at the gate, a work in progress

by Lillian Ann Slugocki

Maybe I will lay, face down, on my bedroom floor, hands and feet splayed, like a crucifix, in ecstasy, like the lords and ladies of the underworld, like Persephone and Pluto, and cry about how long I've been gone.

Maybe I will masturbate my 48 year old pussy, and take it to places it's never been before, then I will sit up, smoke a joint, and lay back down again. I may even invite the little man, who lives in the closet, to come and visit me: Come over here, pleasure me, let me sit on your pink latex face.

If I masturbate a second time, I'll get up, go to the fridge and come back with a bottle of wine, but I won't sit up to drink it, I'll just aim the bottle at my mouth, because who gives a fuck if I have wine in my hair, cum on my legs, music blasting, because *I will be the barbarian at the gate again*, I will be my stupid, blasphemous, dirty, sacred, fucked up, glamorous, delusional self again.

And people, trust me, that is a beautiful thing.

