The Serious Writer and Her Pussy

by Meg Pokrass

The serious writer has embraced the word “pussy”. Other words for this part of the female anatomy are repugnant, carnivorous.

A pussy has a life of its own. A secret life. One can smuggle drugs inside a pussy.

As a serious writer, in mid-life, she must master speaking the word “pussy” with confidence and authority. She practices doing so out loud for her next book store reading. The serious writer is starting a book tour to promote her new novel which is bursting with ‘pussy'.

She practices reading in front of the mirror, engaging her slightly furrowed brow... medium voice...

"'I love your pussy,' Ian says softly to Trina, his hooded eyes at half mast," the serious writer reads to her refection in the mirror.

“'I love cock', Trina offers, imagining his range of movement.”

Her dialogue is raw. Edgy. The serious writer is known for this.

"'You're huge, Ian... my my my...' and she is touching it through his cords. She is feeling its neck, perhaps its beak... but doesn't want to frighten Ian by admitting to her deepening fear...her hunger,” the serious writer reads.

"'My god. You're damp,' Ian says, stroking her muff, her moistened

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ball of hair, the underwear covering Trina's pussy," the serious writer says, her voice tiring.

(The serious writer is sick of the adjective “wet”. She is experimenting with other adjectives. She wonders if a man would really say ‘damp'... Not just any man... but Ian, the vegetarian with an occasional weakness for farm raised fowl.)

She looks at her face in the mirror. It is a successful face, one that has accepted three Gertrude Smallwood awards. A face that should not have any trouble with the word 'pussy' for fuck's sake.

“Pussy,” she says it again. She says it, right to her face.