

After Reading Signs in a Club with a Dress Code

by XXXX

I like violence
because they refused to pay attention to me
as a child.
Fucking fascinated me:
It is supposed to feel good?
Like how? Like when I eat ice cream?
Or when I spin and feel I am about to rush outward,
limbs everywhere, and something more essential
will be left spinning where I was standing,
pulled together while everything else
was forced out?
But that kind of pleasure is unbearable,
almost like death itself.
How frightening!
As a child, I thought:
I should like to fuck very much,
and one day I will do it all the time,
because I like pleasurable things,
and find no more use for the body
than it.

