Saturday, 1AM

by XXXX

Tonight, as I ate stale fries in the car, after getting back home, my seatbelt still around me, struggling to keep me in place, I realized that perhaps my fantasies of you finishing in my mouth after you've brushed yourself against me with inhuman vigorousness are flawed insofar as they are purely and only that: Masturbatory imaginings, the eroticism of which stems from a vacuous distance asking to be traversed bearing bones that know you by name, that are meant to cling to you like armor. In my dreams I wear the body of beautiful boys whose only past time is ensuring the persistence of my pleasure you are King among them, a garland of lilies around your neck, a crown of carnations around your head. Yet, tonight, as I ate stale fries in the car, I realized that the Kingdom of my Dreams, which you rule with majestic temptation, is unreachable except by sleep or myth.