

GODDESS

Even in the apparent contradictions of the present, we are led to one immutable principle. The eternity of our pleasure depends on the intercession of a deeper ecstasy, our access to the Goddess.

My dick is massive. And the swelling cannot be contained in the proximity of my surroundings. My penis fills the sky. The only hollow that can contain my immensity is the GODDESS.

The sky extends into the universe.

--I have come for you.

--If this continues, we will upset the orbits of the planets.

--Goddess, I can accept that option.

If I travel up and down her legs, I radiate throughout the curves of the universe. She can hardly claim to be protecting the needs of the planets.

I am waiting for this one massive galactic fuck.

--You're the only one who could ever fill me up like I need to be. You know what is involved in our coincidence.

As her legs spread, I can feel this ether wind. And electromagnetic shock. I can feel myself being sucked in closer and closer to the core of her energy. Suddenly, I am vaporized in these forces.

--You thought that you could overcome me that easily.

--Goddess, I didn't seek dominance. I simply hoped for our communion.

--You're a clown. All you wanted was a big fuck. You think that I'm really going to enjoy this.

--I always thought that if you enjoy it, that I'd enjoy it too.

--You're thinking too deeply about this.

--I'm barely thinking. I'm just overwhelmed by your charms.

--Flattery doesn't work out here.

--What does work?

--True love.

--I've got a big dick; there wasn't anything about a big heart.

--Just make the dick even bigger. Then your physical involvement will grip you in a more extreme way. For the time being, we'll call that love.

--Is that what this is all about? Just a bigger fuck.

--This is about eternity. It's a fuck that had to last forever. Do you have enough to go around and around and around.

--This isn't paradise. This is torture.

--I'm a Goddess. I didn't say anything about paradise.

--Well give me my dick back and we can go at it.

--Isn't there any romance.

--I've been praying to you all along. What more do you want?

--I could use your soul.

--You've already sprung my heart. That's about all that I can really offer you.

–I think that I’m getting caught in a traffic jam.

How can I distinguish between dream and revelation? I’m trying to enjoy it as it goes along. I just think that I need more of an incentive from my past.
At what point did my devotion degenerate into this reverence.

–You always sought nothing less than total worship. Hasn’t this been your goal all along?

–Now you’re being silly.

–I entreat you to grant me my wishes.

Three wishes:

I want a real kiss.

I want you to reveal your secret name.

I want some of what you got!

TESTS FOR THE RECOGNITION OF GODDESS

ability to grant miracles (she could be working as an intercessor)

ability to grant miracles immediately (what’s this—a spiritual cash machine)

ability to refuse miracles when requested (now this is getting really difficult)

THE TASTE TEST

If it doesn’t taste good...

I can taste the traces of your last lover on your body!

purification

MY LEGS/ MY PUSSY/ MY MY

--I like to give and also receive.

ENTREATY TO THE GODDESS

Give me what I want, NOW. And while I’m waiting for now, give me something that I can suck on.

–Just sitting here sucking on a sucker.

In order to get your entreaty heard: the requisite packaging. You have to take sufficient time to...

If you want to get your entreaty heard, you have to be sitting at the front. Box seats are a premium and are part of our season ticket package. Winking from the distance of the box seat to the floor is sufficient to be seen and therefore would qualify the player to an audience with the GODDESS.

AUDIENCE WITH THE GODDESS

You get five questions to guess my identity:

Are you a moon child or a sun child?

Are you funny or runny?

Do you like any other flavors?

Do you mind if it drips?

If it tastes bitter, will you still swallow?

We have to develop a taste for LOVE. That is how you learn to LOVE the Goddess.

She is spread and ready. Everywhere there. In and out and everywhere in and out. Are you in?

Follow all the paths and you may actually make it this time!

1.the myth

Do you have a feeling? Have you ever had a feeling? Is it there? Can you touch where it is?

2.the visit

Can you come for a visit? Do you have some free time? Is it safe for you to get away?

3. aftermath

Have you learned the words that express what you have felt since the visit? Can you teach the world these new worlds.

4. the haunting

Will you continue to haunt me after your physical form has been ground down to dust?

5. the promise

Is there any part of you that you have not given to me? If there is, when will your total devotion begin?

6. the risk

Will take this pill or that? If you don't take it how can you ever recover?

7. the gift

If you look inside the box, you will discover how you can survive. Will you look inside?

8. the fall

Are you dizzy? Will you give in to your dizziness? How can you fly without wings?

I'm feeling ill. Can you make me feel well tonight.

Who's watching?

What does he look like. Can you ever see him once he has offered you that pledge of your

LOVE?

Who wants to know? Who could be there to know? To learn what they need to know.

Look in his face.

-I can't. The light is too bright.

You need corrective lenses.

Eating too much-watching and eating. Something to mark each second and the slow erosion of time. The marks of sadness. Way beyond fatigue.

DESIRE

Have you ever seen the face of desire? When you start to see your lover's face reflected in your own.

-This has gone way too far. I have to quit. I have to leave.

THE BUTTER TEST

Rub melted butter all over your body , and have him lick it off. Bake to a golden crisp!

haunt					the voice
come back	visit				the WORD
	tourist	pilgrim			the frequency
		pilgrimage	resort		ENCODED
			last resort		carrier
				retire with extreme prejudice	channel: bandwidth
				the blow	family
				response	conglomerate
					entity
					acquires the GODDESS
					--TRUST AWAY

Dear Lee:

I can refund all your money if you send me the credit card receipts.

GINA

–My name is not Lee!

Dear Gina:

Get me off one last time. I'll pay well!

While she is stimulated, the Goddess smiles.

How can you be sure that this is the Goddess and not some imitation? What makes her the Goddess other than the qualities attributed her by the believers? How can she grant the believers any hope of salvation—any hope for an answer?

A night in heaven. Mind blowing.

If that's really mind blowing, there's nothing left after the body blow.

–I knew this was coming.

He's taking a rest in Florida.

–He's not my lover. Although we have derived a series of insertion rules.

Excitement at the point of insertion cannot increase due to insertion and eventually must undergo cessation of excitement. Although insertion can permit maintenance of excitement for a period longer than simple observation of the source of excitement.

DAMN!

He kisses her on the neck. He whispers in her ear. Touches her on her back.

How can she really be a Goddess if you can get that close to her?

He kisses her on the back. Touches her on her neck.

That she could not contradict him [THE GOD PROOF], but would need to make her arrangements outside of his view.

Can you feel that wind. It's blowing on you.

“I can't really cheat on him. He would know. He could sense it in my touch.”

And he didn't know about the mouthwash.

–It kills the flavor of cum.

–A suck or a fuck.

–Two for the price of one. Half and half.

What would I have to do to get the money for a night? An hour. A second. Now!

Take care of this for me.

–You can copy his name and telephone number off my sheet. But I'm going to deny that you ever took it.

–Do you like to give blow jobs?
–Only if I can wear a mask.
–Aren't you afraid that this is going to be over soon.
–I'm a Goddess. I'm immortal.
Each dream comes with a place.

This really had nothing to do with you at all.

After the onset of my amnesia, there is little respite that I can discover for my former condition. Formerly, my past experience was sort of a bridge to my escape. But now the tyranny of the present is worse than ever.

The continual repetition of this agony is too much. Even pleasure in its own way only marks a new level of suffering. For here I fear becoming captive of my desires. That any slight delight might sway my attention and that I would forever get lost in that particular attraction. In that loss, I could never attain that consistency that would propel me to the next level. Worse still. I could never reach my Goddess.

I immerse myself in the immediacy of my excitement. She looks at me. How can she rescue me from the depths. She is my goddess for the moment. Due to my amnesia I fear that I cannot use this energy to fund my transport to the next level. We share a look that leaves us both breathless. She wants to use our hypnosis as a way to arrive at a physical communion. Without touch, we have already sounded the lower reaches of our being. She pins me down on her rug floor. She laughs as she lords over me.

–You don't know what you're in for.

I have little to compare this with.

–I want to keep you prisoner here.

She had small perky breasts. She was half-dressed, still in a black skirt, black hose, and pumps.

–Everybody does the same thing around here. They just toil after the same dream. But there really is no hope. It's the same thing day after day. No one stands out from the pack. They all get lost in the same morass.

–What?

–I want you to eat me out. And then I can suck your dick. But I'm not going to let you penetrate me. I'm married.

She has a past that lingers in her every gesture.

Where can there be any link in this experience to some passing over to another state. This is a permanence to where we are now.

–I can't wait.

Can I? I already feel too absorbed by her appeals.

–If I perform oral sex on you, it might loosen you up a bit. You might forget about the guy waiting for you at home. Maybe it's better if you just lived in the present. Enjoyed what you can get for now.

–I was just thinking that I could hang on for the night. This really isn't my fault at all. I didn't know who you were. I didn't know how far this was going to go.

–Just take it for what it is now and maybe more can happen along the way. How does that grab.

–You’re starting to really bore me. Why don’t you finish up here and just take off.
As I lift up her skirt, I am really turned on by her slim legs.

–Do you like my legs. Wouldn’t you like to be inside me?

We collapse in our embrace.

The night overcomes us and in darkness what can her lover really see. I slide her hose off. She pushes my face in her crotch. She gyrates up and down to enhance her pleasure. She forces me to bury myself deeper inside her.

–I really thought that if I was this far along that I wouldn’t be put through any more silly tests like this.

–There’s something that I want to show you.

–I’ve thought that I’ve seen everything up to this point.

–There are a couple of hundred layers still to go.

The pain shakes me from within. It has been a long night. I have been plagued by these ghosts. There is simply no way to escape their effect. My stomach rumbles. I am being shaken from within.

Will I stop my allegiance?

I have asked for a sign. I have asked for her assistance. How can she ask when she cannot be heard? How can I ask when she seems so far away. So I wait lost in my doubt, immersed in my pain.

If I did not ask, she would feel no need to answer. Since I have asked, she feels no need to answer. Why can she not grant me some spring rain. Why do I thirst when I cannot quench my thirst. The more that I am parched, the harder it is to make my entreaty. The room grows warmer, and the effect is oppressive.

I have merged but I have still not been absorbed into the universe. I get cast back into the world and am distracted by the arousal triangle.

At this site she offers me the golden penis.

–Touch it to receive extra credit. Boy, do I need it.

She has become vain to the point of needing nothing less.

–Your penis is too small. You can never access this paradise

She starts to review the stages that I must undergo to attain my satisfaction.

–All your aspiration needed to be acted out in public.

–I don’t know if I can really manage it.

–I can teach you new techniques.

–What?

–Read the manual!

In the tropical sunlight, her lips are magnified. Her whole body echoes the gentle tones of her voice, the universe reverberates with these melodies.

–I’m falling for you.

–Maybe you could wait in line.

–I have.

–So has everybody else. Besides, this is only the pre-line. Then there’s the line, and then

there's the post line. It's going to take forever for you to get your audience. By that time, I'll be too exhausted to do much of anything. But you can watch all my fun on the big screen. I'm good at doing it in public even if you're not.

>>So do you want to take a peek. I've given you some free credits.

To watch her on screen is going to make it no easier for me.

-How can you sustain it?

-You expect super powers. I have super abilities. Plus assistance. The only bad thing is the coming down.

-I thought that the Goddess doesn't come down.

-She comes down deeper than anyone else. That is the greatest fear of us all.

-So what about this assistance.

-Maybe you could use some-assistance.

-I could use anything that can help me keep it going. But assistance is not really what I'm looking for. I was thinking that maybe you could let me assimilate into the inner circle.

-That's why they call it the inner circle. It's not a place where you can just assimilate.

The air filled with this potent acrid smell, a mixture of sweet wax and vinegar.

-I need to tell you something and there isn't much time.

So are the demands of a Goddess.

-There's only one way to achieve immortality. You have to believe that you have the power. Really believe. Too often we catch ourselves as we fall. You have to be willing to really fall all the way. Not try to hold yourself back. If you think that you're going to get hurt, even if it's for that one brief second, then it's going to happen. You can't hold back. You have to throw yourself completely into the fall.

>>I have surpassed fear. I have attained the limit.

-You know that I have no choice if I want to look credible.

-Choice.

-I have to turn my back on the absurdity of your puzzle.

-Absurd. It's the only thing that means anything through the stupidity of your pursuits.

You need me if you're not going to look like a total scum bag.

-You are the culmination of my strange pursuits.

-And it really doesn't get much worse than this.

-So you admit it.

-I don't promise redemption, only extremism.

-But I want something that I can hold for eternity.

-You want it that way so you can own it. You can put it on shelf and make it go away.

-If it's dangerous enough, you'll follow it no matter what.

-Is that where the threat exists.

-There is no threat

Here's the beginning in a glance

--I don't know what takes me over. I just go along. Then I wonder why. But that's why

I'm a Goddess. **Your** rules can affect me.

--I have nothing left to give

--Don't give up. If you could give of yourself that freely, you could achieve what you are seeking. This is about total. I can't come back and pretend that I didn't go all the way with myself. That is and always been your convenience. That's why you're mortal and I'm immortal. You would rather have the multiple victories that end up being so hollow. This something that I can see that is greater than any single intercourse. This is all about the essence that inheres in us, that holds in our spirit.

--I can hardly do what it takes to reach you. I can't impress you enough. You exist in a place that is too far from me. If you want me to dress as a spider, I will. If you want me to crawl on all fours, I will.

--Spiders have eight legs.

--You know what I mean. You are too far to reach. Too high, too far, too remote for me to ever get close to. You seek that commitment on my part. But what kind of sign have you ever given me.

--I'm a Goddess. I can't simply do what you want. I've got a program to follow. Like there are rules.

--Are they rule rules, or real rules.

--Rule rules that become real rules. Can you understand what that is?

--Is this like some test. Because I'm not too good at tests.

--You love giving them, but not taking them.

--Have you always been a Goddess and not realized your status? Are you only a Goddess for me?

--Think what enabled you to cross over--the only thing that will ever allow you to cross that breach. Think what that is and I will help you.

--I've followed the path.

--You've tricked the path for your gain.

--That's what the path is. It's arranged to give gain to the few while the main toil under its yoke.

--You're talking like a populist now. You're all about the elitism of the path.

--I'm all about figuring out how to succeed.

--Success demands concentration

--If you're not a Goddess, this is the most forsaken path that I have ever taken.

--You're just pissed because you can't get off on the universe.

--At this stage I don't see any real possibility of getting off.

--This is your final conquest--everything. You sour on every victory to spur you on to this final triumph. Is there nothing that you don't want to subjugate under your will.

--The will is given to the psyche in the form of subjugation. We detest its products but we are driven by domination. You are trying to get me to submit.

--I'm trying to have you recognize this harmony.

--I recognized it long ago. You've held me in the green room waiting for stage time.

Now the show must go on.

--Hence your fascination for public sex. Everyone else--you want to watch them all

meander, grope, reach for something that's not there,

–And that's what you've got me doing with you.

–Only because of your resistance.

–Why do you expect me to play around.

–Why do you continue to appear to me under different forms. I could tell about the coming long ago.

–If you're saying what you're saying, then that's perverse.

–If I'm saying anything different, it's perverse. Be honest with me. From the beginning it was all about liberation in sex. Any fuck had some element of the explosiveness which feeds belief in you.

–There's no sense in tenderness, belonging, love in your perspective.

–You're the one who sought liberation in the ultimate fuck. That enabled you to concentrate on the sex. On the liberation of the body from itself. Do you think that I don't know? You're still arguing from the early stages of **your** own pursuit. The circle getting you off sequentially or concurrently. That was your juvenile wonderful fuck. the mister. the belief. the nostalgia. But then you burst through to the core. The reality of the total surrender. Something that you at first had little power over. And it only was marginally connected to any sense of attachment. I can't get out that far.

–You can talk about it.

–I've seen it. But I can't maintain. Either can you except by being a Goddess. You complain about me! You want to fuck the universe! And you are. You have found the tangible form of your dream. What was illusion is now real!

I returned to what made me feel the most protected. What I was taking to feel better, was actually making me more sick. I realized how my belief was failing me. that I had offered her a total devotion. That I had gone to the ends of the earth to appreciate her realm. No one else had ever done that for her. But she was beyond celebrity—she was Goddess. And that was beyond my ken.

–You can't stop believing.

–There can't be belief without some granting of my entreaties.

–You need to be more patient.

–Who else was patient?

–Who else am I granting an audience with now.

–That's because everyone else around here is asleep.

–Sometimes you have to take what you can get.

–I have. And now I want more!