

*I need you to touch yourself.*

Without even touching me, he seemed to provoke these sensations deep inside me. I felt myself swallowed up by this explosion of feeling. There was not a single part of me that was not caught up in this intensity and profound release.

**She finds the diary of an initiate. And the experience overwhelms. Her diary is her manual and she needs to learn its lessons. At its most intense desire will cause her to rub against painful memories. This will be her excuse to divorce herself from its energies. At that moment, desire will overcome her.**

I always felt the most gratified that he had picked me. I would never admit this to him. I never did. But this was the ultimate tribute to my experience. That I was no longer a only a girl. That the pull of my desire could engage him. I am woman!

**She uses beauty for her self assurance. This confidence hides the hollow that is desire. And she longs to fill it up. She cannot push her pursuit to the point that it is faceless. She clings to the mask as if it is her, her everything. She turns around and looks at all of herself in the mirror. She thinks that she is ready.**

*I need you to come to me tonight. I'll die if I don't see you.*

**His lines are practiced and work to effect. Desire has already cut a path for him and he is following its trail.**

I feel that everything has led up to this point. That I have never been more ready than this. My previous lovers appealed to some weakness in me. I have chosen him because he is more than any of them. More than I could ever be. And at the same time so much less.

It could not be better than this.

**The diary is a series of repeated scenes. The voyeur learns from her tutor. Then she imitates the acts and manipulates the devices. She is learning how to become a machine. And her feelings oil the mechanisms.**

I now wonder if I was meant to have many lovers. If he is not enough for me. I almost want him to cheat on me. Or try to cheat and catch him. Then I can just shut him down with my gaze. Destroy him, reduce him to nothing.

I am afraid what will happen to him if I leave him. I am afraid what will happen to me.

**She has already given herself to multiple partners. Group sex will be her revenge against this lover. He wants her to leave him. Then he can exercise his magnetism. He feels that he can conquer her. He has always had his way with women. But multiple partners at the same time. Another woman, a man. She laughs. It will be too easy.**

**Then he cannot focus his jealousy. The immensity of his desire will be too much for him. She thinks that she can drive him crazy. It is already beyond that. He has let himself go wild with this desire. It will be his undoing.**

Whenever I get away from him, I think that I am over him. But I feel him sulking, his tongue trailing along my stomach and finding its refuge deep inside me.

*Dear GA.*

*I'm never good at writing, much less writing letters. But you have opened up something inside me that I was never aware existed. I have always wanted something to give meaning to my life. I have been wandering in a daze until I met you. And now everything seems clear...*

**It is his prelude to betrayal. He has realized the power of her desire. And what is worse, he starts to believe it. Such a fate for a man who prides himself on his prowess. The cat has his tongue!**

As soon as he is inside me I feel that I am bursting. I cannot contain myself. The tingle trickles all over me. I quake. And then we move together. I seem to fall with him. I gasp for breath. And then the rumble seems incredible. I roll over infinite landscape with him.

*You are irresistible. My whole life is changing. And I thought that my only concern was pleasure. You have awakened me to a new world.*

**She believes that her power has its source in his charm. He is only sapping her of her strength. She is drowning in this illusion.**

*You are exciting me. Even when you are not here, I can feel your presence. I want you to phone me. Make love to me on the phone.*

I feel the morning embrace. The confidence that his love can give me. Come to me!  
The sun promises me a heat so intense that it burns away all my doubt. PASSION!  
I am yours.

**To smash this innocence! The belief that her desire is paramount. That it can be served without yielding to the ravages of time.**

*I have been looking for you. Are you avoiding me.  
–I want you to come over.  
–We agreed that we needed to spend some time apart.  
–And it hasn't been working.  
–It's not really up to you to say. I need some time by myself. I can't have you over here all the time.*

I always feared this time—a time where physical contact is my only liberation. If he leaves me, then I will be the victim of these solitary passion that no solitude will permit. I will be tossed in these winds.

*I am nothing without you. When the air moves through me I can smell your perfume. I am touched by the eternity of your breath,*

**Her servitude is overwhelming. He pretend to be wounded so that he can wound. And she touches the hollows of his flesh and believes her knife is the source. She wounds with her words. He is a shape-shifter.**

He takes my pain to heart. I have never met a man who provides such remedy for my confusion. My contact with him lingers in those moments when we are apart. I stare at his picture. He is with me. My saint!

**As sure as if he has attacked her, this monster circles its prey. He has already let the venom seep into her soul. He watches as she wriggles in the midday sun. It does the work that he cannot complete himself.**

*–Let me rescue you from these demons that assail you.*

*–I do not need you to rescue me. I need you to destroy me—as you have already. I need you to come over. I need you to stay away. I want you inside me.*

His body drives me wild. I am obedient to his arousal. His mystery. I am already vanquished before he touches me. He obliterates my nights.

I am surprised at my devotion to his anatomy. The muscles of his legs. The taut muscles of his abdomen, his private regions. His balls, his penis. All of it for me. To engulf. Nights of commitment to his flesh.

**She knows how she has exaggerated her expectation for him. She fears his indifference, so she has crushed him with her affection. She already had dissected him, dissected their desire to provoke her satiation. Like pushing food to the back of the mouth to increase its intensity, he will choke on her kisses.**

*All we can do is make love. I am absorbed by your touch every waking moment.*

All we can do is fuck. Really fuck and fuck and fuck. It first frightened me. The ferocity of my desire. Now that is all that possesses me. I can't read. I can't work. I watch TV, go the movies and look at those bodies. Hard, hungry, gasping for contact.

I love their asses. To let my tongue travel all around. Inside the man. To take his dick in my mouth. My candy cane. Lick, lick.

I love it when he gets deep in me. Hands, head fingers. My clit, of my vagina, deep inside and making contact.

**She cannot make contact with him because all she can touch is it. She is the victim of the voyeur. She verges on exhibitionism. And when her audience is more compliant, he is finished.**

*Now that you have given me something, don't take it away.*

**She needs to be warned about his ruse. but this will only inflame her passion.**

My passion has nothing to do with what he says. He defiles me. I let him defile me. I

just want him to degrade me. I want his body. It is my body. I resent anyone who distracts his attention for the least little thing. I want him to call me all day.

*Why are you avoiding my calls?*

**She wants to betray him. Leave so many clues so he can detect her transgression. But knowing that he will stop short, she can return to the reassurances of her desire. He looks around all the time. He is transfixed by other women. But they are all aspects of her. For her, his body has already been parceled out to other men all around the world. She needs fans. Sex is her new stage. She wants to be ravaged by all of them. Pushed to that edge, that edge is sheer annihilation. And in that self-destructive intercourse, she will save him.**

I want him to fuck me in public. Just take care of the deed and then leave me alone in the restaurant. Then I can get some other man to finish the job. To lick me inside and taste what I have tasted and become addicted to.

*I can't live without you. I am going crazy.*

**His illness is other women. He does them to deny his utter attachment to her. She craves other men because she has already given herself to all of them. As long as she does not touch their penises, they have their way with her whole body.**

What do I have to do to have him quit ignoring me?

*What do I have to do to have you quit ignoring me? Let's have dinner before I leave for San Francisco. I know that you want to come along. But it is all business.*

He is afraid that I will catch him with a Raiders' cheerleader.

**She will need her time apart to assess how deeply she has given herself to him.**

We had sex before he left and it was the most mind blowing experience that I ever had. It's not the best sex—that was with Chad. Chad was so free and awesome. He opened up something in me and I have never been the same since. I think that's what he touched in me. The Chad still left in me...

**Her explanation falls short. Her experience with Chad was focused. With her lover she has entered a new territory, an expanse. She is lost within this landscape, but entirely committed to its regions.**

As long as I felt something about all this was dirty, I could sort of rein in things. Now it's all gone a little nuts. I don't want to pretend that this is all that I think about. But something

serious is wrong...

So I guess that I still feel the same way. It's just that it takes longer for the feeling to creep up on me.

So I've given in to the feeling. I like to do things.

**It is essential that she pretends there is something substantial to these feelings. More than a desire to get turned on, more than a desire to turn some guy on. She needs to think that something real, worthwhile is tied up in the feelings that she has.**

*I wouldn't say that I'm depressed, but I have been drinking more. I do like to have fun. Since I have such feelings for you, the drinking can get lonely when you're not around.*

*It's not like I'm just looking for a shoulder to cry on. But I wouldn't mind resting my head on your shoulder.*

He's starting to really bug me now. I like the sex but I'm afraid that I'm getting attached.

**As the guilt grows, she need to justify the feeling. That there's something there besides the sex. Or that there's even the sex as opposed to simply an antidote for the guilt. What can really get her going, shake her up, get her to ignore her predicament.**

Sometimes I think my sex is the most powerful ever. All I want to do is get with guys I hardly know. I mean I'm driving in a car and I'm ready to go down on him. I call it getting over the feeling. Just hanging with it.

**She starts to talk about a friend and the friend's sexual habits. The friend appears more indiscriminately adventuresome. But only when she, the writer of the diary, is sober. The friend is she, just eternally intoxicated.**

**Intoxicated, she is more fatalistic than the friend. It is an absurd liberty that makes the passerby think that she is up for anything. She is sleepwalking. Agreeing to anything and everything.**

*I remember on the beach how you seemed unrestrained by your moral inhibitions. You were wild. And you told me that you felt such a sense of soaring. This was an everything to which you hoped to return.*

*We need to get away. I know you have felt imprisoned in the city, at school. Let me take you away.*

If we started from the beginning I might be able to work through this rotten feeling I have about him. He grosses me out. I think that he would eat my shit if I let him. I'm not joking.

*My tongue is ready to conquer you. Let me lick you in the ear.*

**There is nothing too bizarre for her contemplation. That's why she like him. He can make up all these perversities. All she has to do is pretend that she is going along. Then she can blame him. He is the ultimate in smut, her smut. She keeps goading him and he**

**encourages his own pornographic imagination. He thinks that he is becoming part of a community of the truly emancipated. He simply does not want to lose her to someone more appealing. but she is becoming committed to the pain that he inflicts. A yoke that will inevitably destroy him.**

This controlled madness is how I balance things. But the balance is short lived. It's going to take me over.

Or I fear the alternative. That I give in, become one of them. Enjoy it for what it is. Then it's really going to drive me crazy.

*Don't let them tell you differently.*

**She had already gone too far and the worm is already in her. She cannot get away from its will. It will overcome its hostess. It will have its way.**

I am feeling this massive pressure. Headaches and dizzy spells. There is no discovery here. I am becoming someone new. This is pure torture.

*You frighten me. I have given so much of myself to you and you are becoming less and less part of my life.*

*—All these people are asking for things from me. I can't give them, any of them what they want. Just leave me alone. Let me live my life.*

I just want to lash out at everyone.

**Too far already.**

It all needs to stop. I just want a simple life. Someone who can tell me what to do. Should I get out of bed.

*I need to come over.*

*—I need time by myself. Don't call me, don't send me mail, don't come by. Give me time. I WILL contact you.*

Looking at him has become sort of a mirror for me. Little faults that I might notice in a mirror are detected in his indifference. This frightens me. It makes me feel ugly.

But I really like it when he looks at me with relish. I see my beauty in his. And the more that he wants me, the more that I feel that I am someone special. I really like to look at him. It makes me feel beautiful. I like sitting with him and looking at the sun play on his forehead.

If I give in to him, this is only the beginning. He'll keep coming back for me. There's no such thing as one night

One night is forever.

Once I got drawn in by this feeling, there was no turning back. I like to pretend that it's not there. that I can still do other things—I can't everything is the same—that big mirror. He is that big mirror. And I am getting more and more enveloped in it.

I break it and it's bad luck. I really break it and I'm nothing.

He regenerates, he regenerates in me. I wish that he would let me alone.

There is no alone. I am too afraid of him.

Once I got used to the whole thing—the annihilation became a real turn on. to let myself just fall and fall. I anticipated the bottom but it would never come. Just the fear. It made me feel so wonderful.

I just can make any sense of this. It's all coming out so confused.

Go away!

When I'm with him, I am feeling more and more alone.

I love how he gets things done. If we go to the restaurant, they treat him so well. I feel like a queen. I love it when people look over at us.

*We had such a great time the other night. I've got plans. I wish that you could share in those plans.*

*—It will all happen in good time. You just have to be patient.*

I need a place where I can be alone. Even when I'm in my bedroom, he is there. This is all progressing so fast. It's all so scary. when I'm doing the things that I'm doing, it's just so exciting. but then I feel so depressed. Why is it like this. I want to change how I am put together.

*These flaws that you fret about are nothing to be afraid of—that is who you are. You just have to find a world that will accept you for who you are.*

It feels so good to kiss him. Those slow prolonged kisses. But as I am kissing him, he disappears and all that I can feel is the kiss.

**She knows that this is all there is. Her feeling. Already she believes that he's all that's important to her. But she cannot be any closer to him than she already is.**

I want him to rescue me from this hell of myself.

**And he has trained her to believe that this most intense feeling is what holds them together when she is already wedded to that feeling for what it is. He has nothing to do with it and that is her greatest fear.**

*I wish that we were still together. Every sound is an echo of your whispers.*

Something has already changed between us. I think that I am over this attraction.

**In fact, she is starting to bury herself in this feeling.**

I am with HIM to forget that he is even there.

You really hurt me. I gave my heart to you. I was so open and honest and you let me hang in the wind. I loved you. And you messed up things so bad for yourself that you never had

to say anything back to me. You couldn't even figure out for yourself what had happened.

I comforted you. I supported you. Did anything that you asked.

You wanted me to give of myself. You needed me. You sucked me dry just so you might have some semblance of life.

But you were a ghost. And ghosts can't live. They haunt the living so they can come back to life.

All the sweet sustenance and still you are not whole. Need to swallow so much more just to right things again.

You wanted me to love you so that you could know that you were loveable. Then you let that demon-seed take over again. You became the socialite, turned them all on to convince yourself that you still had the power. And you acted as if my love was nothing to you.

I wished that I could say this to you.. To let you know how I feel. But with your skill, you'd just argue out of it like you've always done. you don't have the maturity to live up what you asked of me. You took me under false pretenses.

All I could do was write this to you.

**I don't know if I can capture her suffering. I cannot fall far enough. Can I convey her ecstasy?**

What ever happened to our pledge. What joined us to each other. That you'd always do the same for me that I had done for you.

**Who am I? Someone who can describe what has held her attention. I try to affect her ecstasy. Not just as she has felt it. What would it be to create that feeling for her. How could I become him and radiate the same things that he does? How can I create the conditions that motivate him?**

When I first met him he knew exactly what I wanted to hear. He'd be hanging out with these other girls. But he told me how beautiful he was. I couldn't tell if he was serious. Was he telling them the same thing. But he made me feel so good.

He made me feel like a priceless jewel. That I lived on the edge of his forever.

I burned in his inferno. He had chosen me.

I came to love his body.

Deeper than that. I felt him driving me crazy.

I couldn't even concentrate until I felt his kiss on my lips. Felt his body hold me close. Let him touch all of me.

But his touch grew so deep that nothing could save her but its reassurance.

I drew him in. Felt the bath water hot as it pervaded me all over. I submerged. Let it warm me inside. Drowned in its perfume.

But could he ever match this feeling that I had created for him.

Now I am torn apart by his indifference. Even when I know that we are not together, my nights are full of longing for his touch.

If he could really touch me deep inside.

No one has ever done this to me before.

**His supposed indifference spread its numbing effects. Nothing could approach the loss of his contact.**

There was a time when my body froze before a lover's touch. The fear made me tremble. But he was so awesome. I turned to liquid in his hands. The mind blowing orgasm that penetrated in aftershock after aftershock.. What we had shared.

Then the dead of night came over me.

**His abandonment only made his hold deeper. The nightmare soaked in her very being.**

I had the worst nightmare tonight. This man had snuck into my bedroom, pulled the screen off the window. And he was in the closet. As I woke up, he was on top of me. It tried to get away and I fell. He started to pull on my leg. I tried to make my self all small. I screamed. I tried to wake up

I did; it was daytime. But I saw someone pull the curtain in the other room. And it was dark again. He was really in the house. I was losing my mind. And he did all these awful things to me. He used a knife on me.

When I really did wake up, it was that sickly feeling of the morning. Like after a summer storm, that muggy oppressiveness as if the rain was not enough. And I wasn't sure if he wasn't in the room. I was too afraid to leave my bed.

**Condemned to such lower depths, the only hope is to leave her body. She has to become him. The only way to shut down his light is to become the sun.**

At first, I thought that I needed to find comfort in what has always anchored my life. But it only weighed me down..I needed to fly free. To test my wings. To leave the cocoon.

I became what they wanted me to be. If I could make them excited, I too would feel the same. I became faithful only to the night. And it obliged me.

**A tiger can't changer her stripes, but it can blend into the bush and await its prey**