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The hope for a listening sky

The hope for a listening sky, my reflections on sex

What were those lips? I had no vagina. Yet those lips

I could not anticipate, a masturbator all my life, what a woman would be. Hopes I had of an orgasm, an absence in the past, and a bad memory. It did not come.

But then, those lips gave me something. Extraordinary feeling at the moment, but a better, more lasting one after. I forgot the petty competition!

No more, while remembering those lips, I contemplated my adversaries. No longer mattered who's the best talks, the greater income, or the more numbered girlfriends.

My longing for the peace of no comparisons finally achieved.

All I had heard was wrong. No need to be aggressive, no need to submit her. A more surprising thing. She felt the same I felt. Exposition!

The word was that. From the moment she told me to undress, a little authoritative, but also smiling, perhaps the best of all, guessing my pleasure of being naked, and feeling the same while drying her vagina with the towel, from that to the end, a pleasure of exposing.

The delight of her tongue in my neck, my neck exposed, a murmur of a decontrol starting, the decontrol then exposed, and her subsequent laughter of pleasure, of a feeling she knew so well!

Just a few minutes before, also she had lost the guidance for a little time, accelerating her mouth movements on my penis.

Romance I never needed. That was pornography for most. But I hope for a listening sky.

One who will see my context, and understand that that pornography was heavenly also.

A strange God you may say. But He came to me when I left the house.

I now suspect all sexual intercourses, all positions, all possible experiences lead just to the pleasure of exposing yourself.

I believe in one God, everywhere, and also of exposure permeating all of sex.

An outcome of decades of clozapine may be. In the impossibility of an orgasm, another strategy devised.

I cannot know. I will never know. But does that matter? Or what matters is the God of pornography, a good one, merciful of the lone masturbators, who understands them, and guides them into the brothels, eases all their anxieties, so they can feel a woman, and ultimately experience Him.

We are not bad people, those with no partners. We had no choice. And we are voyeurs. Sure we are. All we can see we see. We assume risks, the reward is worth of that. We do anything to see a pantie. And two women kissing we observe, we stare at them, until one of them screams aggressively what kind of pervert we are. We are not perverts. We just don't have partners. And yes, a horse on a beautiful smiling girl is a sight worth a lot of risk.

The listening sky knows I was abused. A child does not abuse another, because he also is a child, I heard. But the child here, somehow, was forty years old. Thirteen, but already completely unashamed of his homosexuality, and a deep knower of how to deceive younger kids.

That night I'll never forget. I lost my childhood there.

And again, I have to resort to the listening sky. Many times I wished to repeat the experience. And that for so many is final, final that I learned well, and now I am an appreciator of penises.

How can I say, that is an outcome of the abuse only, not my nature twisted. Only I learned an orgasm is possible in that manner, but so what?

Consult the God of pornography. He will tell you the exposure is greater than the orgasm himself. The exposure is how you contemplate Him. He is tolerant, and friendly of all the abused. He guided me to that woman, to show me if I could reach an orgasm in the fantasy of a new abuse, that was far inferior to the lips of a girl like that.

Gay people say I am a coward. They are the brave, they just assume their love for a penis, and they are better citizens out of this. That is the purpose of psychoanalysis, that safe haven for me to admit the power of a penis.

So ironical! I know that power since eleven. And sure, do you think I will pass that knowledge on, knowing what is thought of men who know a woman's thing? Never!

But all these wise gays, they have not consulted the God of pornography.

They have no idea the cosmic experience I went through. Had they, they would abide it is better to forget that penis, and focus on those lips.

A superior hypnosis. What is the pleasure of an exposition, but a hypnosis induced by the novelty of an observing, laughing woman?

Bisexual is their mother.

There is a sky who understood this.