

freed and damned

A sweet morning. We wake in the pre-dawn chill, fuck to balance the cold, beginning the day fused, comfortable. The bed's soft sheets, a stinging coffee, and light slowly falling into the window and our lives. Birds sing, the sun's shadows darken west of the cedars, and still, the ease, it breathes. A lovely little breakfast basket of fruit, a glimpse of weather's mood, and we abandon the cabin for the waiting world.

Cool air strolling gently down the glade, coming for us, on the soft meadow, amid green blades of meadow sedges. Gilded light - the light of love in a mountain summer. No one, no one, no one, no one, just us, protected, isolated, undisturbed by the constraining, cramping clump of humanity. Just us, free, unbridled from the lead load with which society anchors and homogenizes life. We're free here.

Smooth, soft white skin, curves, lovely, luscious curves, painted by the sun and shadows, with the wind and river bubbling the soundtrack. On a smooth sand beach, under cover of alders, her on top, lips, fucking, warmth, the heartbeat of her breath the melody in my ear. A picture, black-and-white, her tight to me, me strong, holding her, comforting her, in a field of waving grass framed by big ol' oak trees, old oak trees of wizardly wisdom. In bed, silky, afterglow, touching and talking and reading - glittering. Her eyes, they glitter. Basking on the deck in the glow and flow of mountain's afternoon, the environment's cadence coalescing us all as one, nurtured by wine's touch.

Verdant fjord, water gushing from myriad glittering rivers, milkshake coastal air flowing in, around, up, an ancient place salmon once swam, and you and I, in an industrial wasteland at the water canyon's mouth, twisted iron and rusted iron and splintered metal scraps and heaps and faded-white frames of long-dead cars. Luscious, smooth, sweet lips, tits, perfectly formed for caring hands, laughing, lusting, loving in the wasteland, a synergy of actualizing energy in the womb of the wasteland to fuck like lover birds in a blooming spring. Us, together, the sun complementing the foggy cold, so warm inside and out.

Frosted Sierran air, bubbles of mist erupting from dark, towering pines and firs, her snowy cheeks rubbed ruby by the cold, hair flowing in the seams and straits of the billowing mountain air, pensive looking toward the foreboding black-cloud horizon smothering the western sky, green eyes deep like the abyssal reservoir that was our axis.

Dawn tears my eyes open, and I reach over the bed to feel her, but she isn't there. Just a dirty quilted cover, flat, cool, cooling, cold, empty. I roll back over to my side, defy the dawn and close my eyes, and let the poisonous, infested and infected suburban air seethe into the bedroom, across the bed, chasing me under the covers for an inanimate warmth. I drift, drift back into the somnambulant world, back into surrealistic images, soft and curved and warm and smooth, images that fill out, however incompletely, however pale an imitation, she who I wish were in bed beside me. I sleep.