A naked drunk hottie 
sleeps as though 
I never talk afterwards

Proving that every boy 
can make her nap 
and showing me that 
she understands the game

Handing her 
friendly little blowjobs 
out to all of us 
like they were candy

Though soon 
light will come

And then sorority girl 
you may find 
the easy high of love 
spring too late.

-Aaron Black

“Bitch”

“It’s over,” I tell him again, perched in the desk chair across the room, one naked 
leg tucked up underneath, while watching the effect of my statement. The air is stifling 
and perspiration beads on my bare skin, dampens the cigarette dangling between my 

fingers, ash threatening to fall to the floor at any moment.

“Why?” He’s hunched over the navy flannel plain of the bed, a devotee 
appeasing the goddess of the temple. Shadows from candlelight accentuate the abyss 

between us, incense burdening the air as smoke cloaks the room into obscurity.

“Tell me why,” he demands. Crouched rocking, back and neck naked, vulnerable, 

shuddering and heaving interrupting the encumbered silence. His face buried, self-

blinded, where our scent lingers—musky, sexual, tantalizing—locked temporarily into 

the fabric. He gulps our fragrance in greedy lungfuls, an addict consuming an 

endangered drug. Shaking fingers desperately clutch at the softness, a broken nail 

catching and snagging on the cloth still warm and indented from my body. His growing 

panic and tears and saliva moisten my head’s cavity in the pillow, pale bare skin clinging 

and caressing where my limbs had rested.

“I’m not interested anymore.”

Blue eyes stare up at me, silently yelling and screaming and begging. Pale, 

washed-out blue. Watery blue, drowning in a sea of salt. Attempting in desperation to 
uire a rescuer. Guilt-ridden blue. Guilt-causing blue. Blue searching my face and 
movements for a glimmer of hope with purpose and expectation. Voyeuristic blue. 

Submissive and misunderstanding blue. Blue blindness.

“At least tell me you’re sorry,” he pleads, my silence his only answer.

-CJ Wukovits