

The Night a Whore Got the Best of Me

She had slept with two of my friends already. One voluntarily and the other had done her when she was passed out drunk. “She was good, Krainock.” He told me. “Wasn’t she lifeless?” I asked. “That’s what made her so good, no struggle, but I’m worried.” “Why? Does it burn when you piss?” “No, no...nothing like that...I came inside of her.” “Were you wearing a condom?” “No.” “Well, what the shit? Why would you do that?” “It just felt so good.” My friend was worried because she had made it clear that was a conservative and did not believe in abortion. “Life begins at conception!” she’d say. “I believe it begins at the heart beat.” I told her, “Well, you’re wrong!” she told me. “O.K.” I said. I didn’t like her very much. She was in love with herself, and I could never respect a person that was completely satisfied with themselves, especially if they thought they were better than most, because in my experience I had never met anyone worth loving. When I first saw her she walked out of the house in a black, one piece swimsuit with just a diamond shape cut out to expose her flat stomach. Her tits were nice, but that’s about it. She snarled her face as if to let me know I couldn’t fuck her even if I wanted to. She walked slow, one foot in front of the other like Elizabeth Taylor. I sucked on my brown ale and watched her test the pool water with her manicured toe. On the exterior you’d assume she was a woman of class, but deep down she was rotten. I saw it in her, swimming like a python. My buddy took her to the dark corner of the pool and planted a kiss on his lips. He wasn’t a man of particular wealth or good looks, so I sat and watched it like a sad modern art piece, trying to figure out her angle, sucking my brown ale, the only thing keeping me alive. I felt that I could have died right t here. I was in the same room as the Devil. This woman embodied all that was wrong with love, why it would never work. And I decided that women are like Copernicus, they’re only good in theory.

As the night went on she only got worse. She sat, smoking her cigarette, holding it with movie star capability, blowing the smoke out of the corners of her mouth, a single mole dancing on her upper lip as she did it. Her stories were dull; how she was once considered for the cover of Playboy, how she had traveled to Paris and drank the world’s finest wine under soft spaghetti lights... it was all quite phony. Through her bullshit she almost became transparent. I felt as though I could literally see right through her, and there wasn’t a heart in there, just ribs and lungs and tits, spectacular as they might have been. I imaged her having big brown nipples, bumpy, taking up most of the breast. That’s always a tragedy. I like nipples to be little and pink, looking right out at you like the eyes of God in *Gatsby*. “I consider Marilyn Monroe one of my personal heroes.” She told me. You could never have a can like Marilyn, I thought to myself. Then a silly, little man came over in a black turtleneck with thick rimmed glasses and air-kissed both sides of her face. The crowd had turned from people I could tolerate to people I simply could not, *artists*. It was cannibalism to me to speak with a fellow artist, and they were the kind that couldn’t forget the Beats, who got up on sofas and recited *America*, and who would never admit how over-rated *On the Road* was. I decided that I had had enough. I went home and didn’t write about her. I couldn’t bring myself to do it. She didn’t deserve to be immortalized by me, so I crawled into bed feeling a bit defeated, feeling as though it was another wasted night, and I felt a little sad, because I let my heart control me instead of my dick and that is a fatal flaw. The heart stands the same amount of chance with a woman as a flower does with a nuclear bomb. I put my hand over

my chest and felt my heart beat, and then I thought about why they call it a 'rib cage' and I decided that it was because it kept the heart locked up, not letting it out, making it sing in there all alone.

My friend had come into some money and lived in the good part of town in a big house that was decorated like a re-enactment of the Alamo; cowboys everywhere, elk horns hanging down from every doorway and even a little cowboy boot soap dispenser in the bathroom after you took a piss. He began seeing what's-her-face after she woke up on his couch, hung-over, and she saw that he was rich and was a fuck-machine. We all knew it and watched it unfold. He told us it was just a onetime fling, but she kept coming around to be taken out to nice restaurants, and drink his mediocre wine, and get fucked good and hard. He'd come over and tell me of what an animal she was, how she was into the kinkiest things, that she went to work with his juice in her hair. "She's a careless man's dreams." he'd tell me, "She's so wonderfully filthy." he'd say, but she was getting too attached and he decided to cut her loose. After three weeks, after all the good wine had been drunk, and after he made a nice dent in his bank account, he let her go. She took it hard, not because she had fallen in love with him, or even that she really enjoyed his company, but now she needed to find a brand new sucker.

Three weeks had pasted when I got a letter from her, telling me she wanted to continue a *friendship*. I smelled revenge all through the letter. I decided to play along for a while and wrote a brief letter back about how I was very busy writing and wasn't sure if I had room in my life for more friends. It teased her, I was playing hard to get and I reveled in that fact that she was probably taken aback by the idea of someone like me, a poor, hairy poet wasn't quick to spend time with a big titted floozy like her. She wrote back telling me of my maturity and how brilliant I was, how I wrote with honesty in a time when everyone was trying to be so tough. I ate it all up with a spoon. This was at a time when I hadn't slept with a woman for a better part of a year, and I was in such low spirits that I couldn't find the moxie to even masturbate, it feel good to get the attention, even misguided as it was. I watched women pass on the street and felt nothing, my brain had gotten the better of me, I knew that every one of those women was carrying an invisible cross and they were looking toward me to nail them to it. But I still had a prick that desired a thick body to sit on top of it. My last woman would hold it in her hand while flaccid and do a little voice like it was talking and we'd have a good laugh, but then she went insane as they all do. As a writer I am at a loss for words on how to describe what happens to a woman during the tenure of a relationship, I can only say that they go inside...

After a few more letters we arranged for a meeting at my place. I knew I was getting laid, not on my own merit of course, but because she wanted to twist the dagger in the side of my friend's gut a bit, and being the poor friend that I am, I had no problem with it. I didn't bother to clean up the place and I came to the door in my bathrobe. Her lips were shellacked with fire engine red lipstick, so thick it shimmered and ran off her lips and onto her chin a bit. I cringed at the thought of the lipstick's taste. When she entered, she gave the small room a look over and swallowed hard, trying to act as if it was the most comfortable place she had ever been in. "Something to drink?" I asked. "Wine, if you have it." I opened a fairly good bottle, poured it into two glasses and took a seat on the couch. "I have to be honest with you." she told me. "Alright." I said. "I thought you were a terrible man when I first met you." she paused for me to say something, but I just sipped the wine. "...but as I read your work I saw what a fragile man

you were, that you put on this tough-guy persona...” “I’m not that tough.” I said. “No, but some, I must say, turned me on.” “I have that skill.” I said. She went in for a kiss, but I pulled away. “Here, wipe some of that shit off your face.” I gave her a napkin to remove some of that lipstick. Her kiss taste like bruised grapes, mushy, like two lips together, but not an actual kiss. I grabbed the back of her head and pushed her harder into my face. We moved it to the bedroom and got undressed. Her nipples were large and brown, bumpy, taking up most of the breast. I crawled into bed giving her my worst, her moans getting louder and louder, a good actress, she was, then I made it and rolled off. Some of her hair hanging loosely down on her forehead. From the looks of it, it had been one hell of a screw. And lying there next to her, I envisioned the telephone call from my friend the next afternoon and I knew that these were the last moments we’d spend together, for once she walked through my door I’d probably never see her again. She took out a cigarette and I lit her up.