

Jerking Off Before Mole Night

Half hard cock in my right hand, left braced against the cold bathroom counter
Pubes billowing out against the zipper's teeth
Phone dead, nothing for inspiration but
My reflection, imaginaries, refracted memories:
Honeysuckle Weeks in *Foyle's War*, strawberry blonde or redhead?
A crumpled print-out of a bare-chested Kathy
Ireland, green eyes in
gray woods
My goose-pimpled skin
in the mirror, hairy thighs
Sarah Castelloni's thong
poking out of her jeans in Biology
My girlfriend's off-center
tramp stamp as she
bends over the Liberator
foam wedge
Girl in community college
Anthropology class with an apple
ass in black jeans
Need to buy a new water filter at Lowe's
Girl I fucked while housesitting for Josh,
what was her name?
Flirty middle-aged lady on the flight out of Newark with nice legs
Hadizah!
Her name was Hadizah, small perky
tits, huge bush
Porn star Adriana something getting railed by TSA at the airport,
anal plug—alert security!
Back of my girlfriend Alexis's thighs,
her ankles on my shoulders
Mexican place tonight is known for mole but I just want a dilla
Josh's headboard rubbing taupe paint off the wall to reveal
a glossy Kelly green
Mrs. Smith, my eight-grade teacher's ass—a rev
elation in tight black wool slacks
The Pleiades,
a constellation of birth marks below Alexis's knee
God, I miss Shannon, the one,
she married an engineer named Devin
She did that thing with her tongue
and she loved me

loved me loved

me

There's a Housman poem about the Pleiades

Does Alexis love me?

Do I love her?

Incredible tits

Long nipples on my lips

Mrs. Smith

Green Ireland eyes

Hadizah

Alexis

Butt plug

Alexis

Honeysuckle, hone—

knees, heavenly

suck

Shannon,

Shannon,

Shannon

...

...

...

The toilet paper roll spinning, spinning, that sad, too familiar sound.

I don't love Alexis.

I doubt Alexis loves me.

The rainy Pleiades wester.

Devin is a stupid name.

Alexis orders the mole. I do too. It's what they're known for.