



"It really doesn't matter what size I try," she thought, as she pushed the last of her long locks into the bowler, and seated it firmly on her head. No matter how tight the hat she wore, the words still leaked out of her and worked their way down her body, some stopping at her mouth, taking the express route into the greater consciousness of the world, while others preferred to suanter slowly down to her hands, awaiting the long and lanquid process of inscription into one or another of her tomes. Now, however, most of the words were to get no further than her body itself. She contemplated this as she observed the verse she had inscribed on her left breast. She had been carefull not to smudge the writting as she squeezed her bussom into the bustier which she was now modeling for herself in front of the mirror. She had been so meticulous as she had penned the poems of love and desire onto her body. She wanted to make sure that they would survive there until he could read them all. Not a single word, letter or minor punctuation should be rendered unreadable by bodily fluid or foolish wipe. Already she could appreciate the sublime act of temptation this posed for herself. The final stansas of the verse read backwards in the mirror as she twisted first one thigh and then the other to check if their placement was still just so, and to confirm that they had not turned to little rivulets of inked persperation and musk as her excitement at the temptation mounted.

She wanted him to read her slowly and thuroughly. To fully savour each vowel, consonant and punctuation mark as he digested her love and desire. If the tantric lust of the exercise teased and tempted him as much as it did her then it would certainly be the kind of dream that she had wanted. Ending in the all consuming embrace of two lovers who had shared the suffering of the wait while smothering in each others intimate presence. Perhaps she would recite more of her poems, gently, to his phallus, as he read loud from the sweep of her hip, or the inside of her knee. Or might she scream out these words while he read his prose into her womb, caressing her with words of his own.

The final stansas were putting up a fight to survive unsmudged as she arefully trimmed the lips that she had cut from the image in the mirror, and fitted them into the floral arrangement on the bedstead. The mirror had given up the pair of arms which even now were writing further words of want and hunger across her shoulder blades and the cleft at the top of her curving behind. In the mirror the lettering on her neck was beginning to run under the insistant urging of the small beads of persperation which sprang from beneath her jawline. Lucky that she had traded places with the image so long ago, feeling safer with the body that she saw on the other side, the body that had returned her stare.

The ink on her didn't run, not yet, the mirror was more excited than she, in its role as a

voyeur it had no promise of release as she did. The best that it could hope for was the pleasures that his reflection might lavish upon it, if the light were still good. When the phantom arms had finished their part of the literary cosmetic she rubbed them with the glue stick and fitted them into the collage she was constructing on the top of the bureau, along with the limbs and genitalia of the previous nights collecting. Throwing back the covers of her bed, she gave one last glance at the mirror and lowered herself to the mattress. Arranging the covers over her poetry she closed her eyes and hoped that perhaps she would awaken to find that, during the dream, he would replace her words of passion and desire with words of his own. For its part, the mirror would know no dreams, only the emptiness of a darkened room, a darkness which robbed it of its own dreaming. For a modern day version of my 17 year old essay, look here: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/markvelasquez/sets/72157594300193433/detail/>