

I Don't Know How It Happened

Wonderful Magic

Touch.

Reciprocity.

On the Creation Of Belief.

It was a simple gesture, one comprised of desire and love. But deeper in meaning, than that which we can know and express.

In this case, I speak of a close familiarity.

There was the pleasure derived from the response. Not to tease, but to arouse oneself through the response. She didn't seem to mind; well, of course, she didn't mind. Sometimes she only seemed to mind.

I had touched her there, upon the very tips of her womanly founts, those that distinguish her sex from mine; and with a wonderful magic, they enlarged firm and sensually alive, my fingertips, revealing all, to the rest of me.

It began who knows when or where, but continues even now as part of us, a simple gesture, whose purpose is unknown to us, but only in its barest outline; some outlines more clearly defined than others.

If one was blind from birth, or was about his affairs only in darkness, and did not know the reality precisely, and if his fingertips were imbued with all those sensations, he too would know of the wonderful magic, the magic of touch, and reciprocity. But how much further enhanced with vision. To see as well as to feel, even though one be not constructed like a Greek Goddess. Just to be a woman to this man who sought arousal through the reality of touch.

But more than arousal; that is only a small part of our desire to make contact. To know reality through feeling, rather than through imagining. And the pleasure earned through pleasure given.

Do not all respond to touch, to the bristling presence and stirring aura of another being? Our feline friend who stretches, who purrs, who grows exotic with excitement, clawing at us of too much cloying touch; and our canine friend who longs for those pats and strokings, his tail wagging insistently. And horses, cows, goats, sheep, rabbits, gerbles, guinea pigs, ferrets, rats, do they not all come for contact? Well, sort of; but amongst themselves, horse to horse, cow to cow, goat to goat, cat to cat, dog to dog? And what of the lion, the elephant, the coyote, the jackal, the hyena;

I Don't Know How It Happened

the whale, or the spiny cod, the lobster, the whole of the avian world; the thousands of insects hooked on juices and spittles; what endless sources of touch and excitements?

And although it might offend some other sensibility, do not criminals, sexual perverts, rapists, all those outcasts, good or bad, do they not desire touch, reciprocity, a belief in that other reality, something not locked up inside of themselves? And what of the mentally ill, the schizophrenic, the insane; how desperate must they be for the reality of touch, so untouchable are they.

And again, to speculate upon our preoccupation with the psychology of the boob! Long before pubescence, a sweet young thing is taught to be concerned about the shape of her boobs. All the department stores display the maiden form from prepubescent, to the perfectly shaped to the overly buxom, to the ancient, all gloriously cupped and reshaped to resemble the Greek Goddess. What doth become a Virgin's Secret? Not, what doth become a Virgin? It was embarrassing to be a late developer, and worse not to develop at all. And at age fifteen, on the night of the first prom drolled in the strapless evening gown, after the dance, in the privacy of his timidity and her prudence, a longing to be touched.

And then I thought of the billions of that fair sex, slightly after the noticeable change, where sensation had become more manifest as a center desirous of touch. Does it ever leave, though shrunken shriveled and drooping with antiquity? Then, think again of, conservatively speaking, some three billion teats x 2 of various human mammalian configurations, all eager for touch. Imagine the task to touch all; once, hardly enough.

What is this reality of ourselves locked into our given encasement, especially with our vision, and our easily enchanted beings? As I have said, even in total darkness, whether blind, or in the chosen the darkness of night, or whether confined to a cell for wrongful acts, or committed to an institution for the unfit mind; misfits, all, with the desire to touch and be touched, though under a dark cloud.

Perhaps, for sensation, for arousal; but what better way to know reality? The wonderful magic of reality, the place for the Creation of Belief? We so eagerly accept belief in things that do not exist, but only in our imaginings? How can there be any more convincing reality than touch? Is not that desire most persuasive?

And just imagine what it would be like if that Elusive and Illusive God to whom we pray, would only reach out to touch us,

I Don't Know How It Happened

just once! Imagine us, a nipple on the breast of Mother Earth being touched by You Know Who!

And imagine further still the touch of a bureaucrat, your public servant reaching out to touch you, touching with warmth and a helping hand, with sympathy and understanding.

They had inquired of me 'if I had it to do over again what would I do different?'

I had wondered what I would say if such a question had been asked. At first I thought it a foolish question, almost as foolish as "what do you want to be when you grow up?"

A dream at the beginning and a dream at the end in a purposeless universe.

Then I remember my own arguments to myself about purposelessness wherein I had argued that 'one assigns purpose to life'.

Given that choice, I thought I would like to attend the University of Philanthropy where one could study Altruism, Togetherness, Benefaction, Benevolence Lovingkindness Humanitarianism, Chivalry, Knight Errantry; and Tactile Reality. I found there was such a glaring need for these disciplines, but unfortunately there were no Universities with such a curriculum. So it was back to the School of Hard Knocks.

And somehow this writing materialized. The unending search for purposefulness in a sea of purposelessness. Purposefulness exists in touching nubile boobs. But as we have learned, often the hard way (speaking of the school of hard knocks), one is not at liberty. But if that great University did exist, all the emergent ones of that gifted persuasion might study the art of granting liberties.

Let us wonder at and ponder the sense of things.

From ancient times to the present, and extending into that dubious and unknown future, the erotic aspects of mammalian existence and development have been, are being, and will be emphasized and exploited.

I remember those questions, "I suppose you want a feel". And when I peered too long at certain manifestations, "What in hell you looking at?" The obvious questions perhaps. The answer is also obvious. I remember her insulting remark upon the occasion when she had leaned over to retrieve her wrap which lay upon the divan, and Napoleon seized upon this opportunity to glance upon the assets to be found beneath her gown, 'if you want to get a better look, you will have to grow up'.

I Don't Know How It Happened

From my very own infancy until this very time, I haven't heard any moral with regard to the study of manifestations, lest it be to 'get your mind out of the gutter'. Boobs in the gutter?

The boob is a wonder to study, especially in its capacity as the recipient of, and deliverer of tactile sensation. As well as the most satin like and supple organ to glean the fruits of evolution. Some had speculated that the eye could not have evolved, that it had to be created. Then the eighth day was devoted to gravity. As well the boob is a marvel of study under the influence of gravity.

My father used to say, "Stand 'em all on their head and they all look alike." I never bothered to ask father where he had acquired such a sapient insight. He did not elaborate upon the significance of the statement. What little I know of him, not really wanting to know more, for fear of too many resemblances that might augur for my suicide (which I may need to effect in any case, because my preoccupations seem of a similar kind [I haven't made a study of the universality of this preoccupation]), I suspect he was referring to the crotch. If so, it was a very narrow view of the distaff side of things. But did fit well with his other dictum, 'find 'em, fuck 'em, and forget 'em'. I was the 'poorest fuck' he ever had. Standing upside down, I suppose? From what I understand of mother; one of a very circumspect disposition, she would not have submitted to such a position, if she had submitted at all.

But lets move on to gravity.

Yes!, standing on one's head does provide the mammaries an interesting anatomical suspension/projection. As well, there are all the permutations of such anatomical persuasion if one was to rotate the body lengthwise, perpendicular to the integument, through 360 degrees; each and every angle a wonderful study in itself; and further, to rotate said persuasions through 360 degrees on other axes. The tactile sense would not in any way be harmed, but most likely enhanced; as well as a well-rounded aesthetic. Well, well!

I make light of something grave. I haven't any right to speak this way. It is insulting, and embarrassing to those most offended by the implications; despite the aesthetics involved.

Try telling that to the Madison Avenue crowd who use the boobs, often unaesthetically, to promote every kind of hoopla you can imagine. Somehow the boob is a safe object, safe for pub(l)ic consumption, whereas the pubis is not. Don't know why exactly; just is. No public pubis. Too Sensational.

So, you, not of the female construction, must imagine what they, of said persuasion, feel when they don't have what it seems to take. And why they should be so preoccupied with what's up front, and compromised to the degree, they will fake it, with pads,

I Don't Know How It Happened

implants, prosthesis; and those oversupplied opting for reduction. It is part of their identity to have something there, though it be so scant a projection to be almost non-existent, something a snug jersey or sweater might reveal to its fullest, leaving little of the little mystery to doubt.

Don't know why exactly, but Mr. D. Morris made some speculation concerning rear entry, boobs resembling gluteus maximus. Speaking in terms of tactile misapprehension.

It all started millennia ago with fecundity. And with aesthetics. Recall those Etruscan relics. Since we have such an overpopulated planet now, fecundity has lost its significance, and has been combated with anorexia and bohemia; but it hasn't resulted in any noticeable genetic alteration or modification of the structure of things, or reduction in number. The Greeks got into the aesthetics of things, which if truth was to be known fully, might be linked to the other steadfastly. We owe a lot to the Greeks.

Those given to levity will present us with a choice, deeming 'something is better than nothing'. Since most of us cannot qualify for the perfect, the goddess, the Madison Avenue projection, we are apt to settle for something less; we have to, that is; or do without. Enter ones possessed of levity, announcing their offerings, those with a beauteous countenance, but lacking in other female accouterments to attract the male sensibilities; or, those with the latter in spades, lacking a countenance of a kind that Mr. Pollock was brought to say of Ms. Guggenheim, 'put a sack over it'. Crude but somehow honest about what attracts one. Is there some question about all of this? Biologically? Mr. Pollock became a classic dribbler. She had the last word.

One must understand even the permutations to attractions, and from whence they come. I speak now of fads. Fads represent a change in the panorama. One day tall and skinny, without any trace of emphasis, and the next something more rotund. And one day all parts revealed, the next, all concealed. One day plain, the next, adornments that obscure; a fashion statement without relevance to anything for sure. As skinny, bony Godiva on horseback or in a SUV.

Of course that's not all there is to it. When one is in love, any part of the anatomy might suffice to awaken uncontrollable desire. Love is often an imaginary thing encouraged by phermones. One's vision is necessarily altered to abet nature's design. It is only afterward that we realize what, in rut, we have done.

Not to mock, not to mock, lest one seek a nonexistent perfectibility of things; a condition for which we do not have sufficient capacity or time, considering our circumscribed rise and fall. Sad, No!?! And would not the demand be so dire as to bring

I Don't Know How It Happened

about war as did the advent of Helen? Absconding with the virgin from the other's tribe? We can safely claim that the Civil war was not fought over Mary Todd.

Somehow it has all become very important. Many successes by those who were willing to settle for less; mounting number from many mountings, consuming something consumable; growing smaller by the hour. Nibble nibble nibble; let us not quibble. Not where will it end? But, 'it will end.' Mounted and consumed.

Mother earth is one huge nipple. And one big rape off.

Don't mind this sidetrackedness; it is surely a vice from which this fool is not easily parted. I am able to repeat my concern without regret or remorse. While doing so, I indulge myself in loosely associated parallels. It all bears upon how we view life, as something to be revered or to be ransacked for our pleasure.

Many minds are at work in each capacity, the reverers and the ransackers. In Kyoto, in Montreal, in Stockholm, The Hague, in Johannesburg, in Rio, oh meoh oh myoh, mankind conferred upon her disheveled appearance.

Most everybody wanted sustained development. Milk from the fount. Even though it was clear that some would do without. When you design a priority, it is 'me first', others later, or never. Ayn Rand preached against sentimentality.

The side effects of sustained development, depletion of resources (milk), sky high, and deeper than the depths, pollution; global gobble, mountains of waste, enforcement of social inequities, unfairness and injustice. A real crap shoot in the back alleys and by ways of this one marooned sphere amongst millions of spheres.

Acronyms are waging a valiant but futile war against those who deem the planet theirs to ravish for short term gain. All gain is short term, based upon the longevity of the gainer. Oh! sure the gainer can pass along more than his share to his corporate buddies, and his progeny, all somehow protected by covenants, invented by them, and posted in the local precincts the planetover; and enforced by the big GAT.

What's mine is mine and what is yours; you mean you still have something? Is mine. 5% already control 90%.

What we need is not a gawd, or retribution, or equity, or fairness, or justice, but a manager.

If I do not allow my cynical self some freedom, I could not rest in peace RIP; my own private RIPoff.

Believe me I do attempt to understand.

My other half, the one with the boobs, informs me that I am more optimistic than she, that my sense of reality is warped by idealism; that I need to face up to the death of the planet. She

I Don't Know How It Happened

senses its death. You have to understand she has been a biologist, a researcher in molecular biology (biochemistry) and genetics and development (speaking of sustained development) all of her life; her father was a biologist, her grandfather was a naturalist. She comes with a bias, but perhaps some wisdom as well. She senses death because she knows man as she knows bacteria, as something really immutable; resistant to change. It is so that man cannot change into something he is not anymore than can a bacterium.

There is something about her knowledge that sticks like glue. But she still smiles more than I do. Her acceptance is predicated in her knowledge. She does not intimate that things will last for her lifetime; that what follows follows. It goes without saying that man and bacterium will adapt until the very end. As a biologist one knows these things; they are observable; and genetics (what is harbored in the DNA) is a pretty solid foundation for reversion to a previously evolved model, no matter how much you attempt to alter it. Adaptation (evolution) is natural, whereas genetic manipulation is unnatural. She applies this knowledge to any attempt to change man's basic makeup. Man is more apt to adapt to a fucked up planet than he is to change himself to prevent a planet from being fucked up by him. Man cannot be changed. So my idealism is another aberrant anachronism. But she still likes me anyway; allows me liberties.

A rapid die off is the only solution; a severe cutback in what seems a redundancy of occupation. Man's existence proves nothing; anymore than did the dinosaur. Seen one dinosaur, you've seen 'em all. Man only imagines he is an improvement, whereas he is a monumental Quckup. The sooner over the better; but better things will not happen. They will just limp along without the help of man, sorrier for the encounter.

Helluva place to end the sense of touch. It has to do with deserving something, which we may deserve. We deserve just deserts. Locked away in place devoid of touch. A place where we will be shackled so we cannot touch ourselves; driven out of our mind with imagining things that could be if we had only played it smart.

So, I don't know how it happened that I was one of the lucky ones to have escaped into the world of touch. I am like the others in the serving of my needs in the moment, without considering the consequences.