

“[Watching Jason Pettus perform] is like you’ve suddenly been thrown in a John Hughes film and there’s Duckie, standing right in front of you. Well, Duckie with a beer, a cigarette and a stiffy.”

--*NewCity*

**G A D
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
CHICAGO
U S A**

**JASON
PETTUS
MORE
POEMS
ABOUT
BLOW
JOBS**

The pieces in this compilation were originally published in the books *Chicago Stories 1997*, *Chicago Stories 1998*, *Chicago Stories 1999*, *Chicago Stories 2000*, *Psycho Poets*, *The Tao of Now*, and *The Heat Can Sure Do Some Crazy Things To You Sometimes*.

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For more of Jason Pettus' writing, including a daily journal, please visit his website:

www.ilikejason.com

or read through your mobile device via AvantGo, a web portal for PDAs:

www.avantgo.com

coming and going

There
is
come
just
everywhere

I think
as I lie in bed next to you
you sleeping away
me wanting to sleep away

There is dried come all across my belly
wet come all across the sheets
come on your outsides
and your insides
splashed across your bottom
drying on that
little
silver
ring
that is your secret
and (now mine)

and you do not bother to clean yourself
but instead konk out
spread-eagled
spread across the sodium lights
because you are a warm person
and you are a hot person
so the stale humid
warm
hot
air in the room
does not bother you

you even turn the fan off
you even get under the covers
and let the warm and hot
come of mine
and come of yours
slowly dry
on your outsides
and your insides

and I watch you this morning
iron a dress
dressed
only in a pair of white cotton panties
and I think

you are the only person who's ever made me come while they were on top
and

you are the only person who's ever smoked a cigarette while I went down on them

and

you are the only person who's ever made me feel comfortable
lying around naked
on the bed
in the middle of the daylight hours
the unblemished sun
highlighting
my blemished body
my erection
having no business
and no purpose
but no problem
either
in your eyes
or mine

You are the only person who's ever made me feel sexy
and masculine
and like maybe
just maybe
you wanted to sleep with me
because
YOU WANTED TO SLEEP WITH ME
and not because of what I say
or what I think
or who I am
or how I feel
but because you wanted to sleep with me

(Although
I know it's not true
because you've already told me
because
it was
because
of what I say
and what I think
and who I am
and how I feel
)

but that doesn't matter
because you make me FEEL like
you wanted to sleep with me
because
you wanted to sleep with me

You're the only person who's ever thought it okay to
go to sleep
with fluids
and sex
and sticky
and goeey
all over
like hey, that's the fucking point
of

fucking,
right?

That you are the most loud, fervent, violently anti-porn person I've ever
known
but you fuck more like porn than anyone I've ever known
(and there's got to be some
connection
there,
right?)

Maybe not.

And I could tell you all the other things I was thinking,
like how glad I am that you've shared these fears
that no one else would ever guess would be going through
your particular head

like how I've waited my entire life for someone
to utter the magic words you did:
"I've had this big crush on you"

like how surprised and happy I was
to find out that
you're not nearly the psychotic
you portray yourself on TV

But all of this would be beside the point
and would be told to you
just because you don't believe them yourself
and I want you to believe them
to know they're true

when my
real point
is that
you inspire
heavy metal
rock cliches
from me

You
rock
my
world

And you catch me staring at you
and you laugh and say in your sneering voice
"So whaddya gonna write about ME in that little book you're doing"

and I laugh

and I say

"I dunno."

this is what i liked about our one night stand

That you would be so bold as to flirt with a boy at two in the morning on a deserted street waiting for a bus in the rain.

That you thought it cool that I carry a computer on me.

That you wanted to try to read one of my pieces out loud, sight unseen.

That when I drunkenly propositioned you with my heart about to leap out of my chest, you made it seem like it was just about the most natural thing in the whole world.

That you confirmed the idea I had always had that the things I do to try to seduce a woman I find attractive actually were things that seduced you.

That you were so moved by one of my pieces that you simply kissed me.

That you took my clothes off first.

That you didn't give me a hickey or any of those other weird territorial things that some lovers do the first time they love.

That you were sensible enough to get started in a one-night-stand and not stop in the middle and say something like, "I have many issues" or "it's not you, it's me" or "I think we're just in two different points in our lives right now."

That you neurotically worried about whether I really did find you attractive or if I was just lonely and wanted to fuck someone that night.

That you had the courage to say that out loud.

That you took the sex for exactly what it was and it wasn't any less or any more than the exact same way that I was also feeling about it.

That you got to talking about 'The Pillow Book' and asked me to write something on your naked back with my finger so you could guess what I was writing.

That when I quoted e.e. cummings on your back you said "I'll never be able to look at e.e. cummings the same way again."

That what you wrote on my back was:

IN THE RAIN I FOUND MY SOULMATE

That you didn't suck on my tongue when you kissed me.

That not once during the entire night did you ever make me feel like this was the desperate act of two lonely people needing intimacy. That instead you made me feel all night like this is the way the world SHOULD work, all the time, every day.

That you worried about your own sexuality when my age and the time on the clock finally caught up to me that night.

That when I groggily asked you that morning to leave your phone number and you said "I put it on the fridge," what you meant was that YOU PUT IT ON THE FRIDGE, literally, in twelve-inch-high numbers with a pink highlighter.

That when you called me that day, you mentioned that in your own groggy state that morning, you had thought it would work the same as a dry-ink pen on a wipe-off board, and it wasn't until later in the afternoon that it occurred to you that a highlighter's not exactly the same as a dry-ink pen.

That the phone number you left in twelve-inch-high numbers wasn't fake.

Hell, I liked that most of all.

t h e potential t h e kinetic

I seem to remember some sort of
hazy snippet of memory from
some junior high school science class somewhere:

that there are two forms of energy,
the potential, which is the energy being stored up,
and the kinetic, which is the energy in action.

And when I asked her what she did
she said she was a dance therapist
which of course intrigued me
and confused me
just like she intrigued me
and confused me

and so of course I asked her out

And she sat at the table and had nothing to drink
and explained dance therapy to me
which apparently revolves around the concept of

kineticism,

of energy in action.

Of the idea that there are literal, physical ways
that one can put one's body parts
so that they align with or against one another
to produce
actual,
tangible,
specific,
emotional reactions.

Which, of course, I thought was complete new age bullshit.

And she sat there
and still had nothing to drink
and took her glasses off
and put them back on
and took them back off
and put them back on
and she talked about the energy inherent in a physical action
before the action is perpetrated,
the potential energy behind every action we take

so I invite her back to my place.

And when she leaned back on the couch,
leaned back and casually brushed her shoulder with mine
and turned her face so that it was full on to mine,
that's when I knew to kiss her.

And when I looked up
and she was straddling me
her shirt off
her left leg squished between the cushions of my couch
her right leg straight out against the floor, supporting her weight,
that's when I knew to ask her to spend the night.

Somewhere, I think junior high it was, they told me about energy:
the potential, which is the energy being stored up;
and the kinetic, which is the energy in action.

I told her that she looked like one of those old
Nazi propaganda photographs
taken during the 1936 Olympics,
photos taken by mad geniuses
to prove the physical superiority
and purity of the Aryan race.
When she leaned over me
with her clothes off
and that 1920's haircut of hers
draped into my face,
like a flapper gone insane,
she looked like the perfect
Hitlerarian ideal.

I meant it as a compliment.

And we moved in tandem that night
our bodies literally danced as one

Every time I curved my arm
she knew the exact and precise counterpoint
that would perfectly
elegantly
precisely
compliment my action.

Every time our hips would mutually thrust
they would be in exact
and machinelike
patterns
timed precisely to
always
meet
together
at each others' upthrusts

We moved with a synchronicity
that usually takes me years of practice
to learn with a lover

We would wait for each other
She would lie beneath me
her face buried in my elbow
sweating
frowning
lie completely still
for thirty seconds
sixty seconds
ninety seconds

waiting for that next thrust from behind
that she knew was coming

and I would wait
those thirty seconds
those sixty seconds
those ninety seconds
before thrusting again
because that is what old, familiar lovers do
they build the tension
they let the potential build
and build
and build
and suddenly let the kinetic explode
without warning

and it was a transcendental experience for me
I was filled with joy
and with awe
and with reverence
I felt like I had met a past life lover
I felt like I could do no wrong
I felt like I had met my soulmate

I fucking saw God that night
and I'm a fucking atheist!

And we lied in bed
and she pushed her toes against mine
apologizing profusely for their coldness
and I laid my fingers on her back
and I told her
what I just told you
about the past life lover
about doing no wrong
about my soulmate

and she said,
"Yes."
"That's what I do."
"Like I said."
"That's kineticism."
"That's what I do."

Somewhere, sometime, I think in junior high it was, I was told about energy:
The potential, which is energy being stored;
and the kinetic, which is energy in action.

I'm not a skeptic anymore.

t h e
h e a t
c a n
s u r e
d o
s o m e
c r a z y
t h i n g s
t o y o u
s o m e
t i m e s
p a r t
n i n e
t e e n

The men were masturbating together in front of a television showing pornography. It had been a blistering June day, 100 degrees at its peak, easy, and one of the men went over to the other man's apartment to get real drunk and try to forget about the heat. The two of them drank some beer and then they drank some more beer and then they ran out of beer and had to go buy more beer and then they drank that beer and before they knew it it was two in the morning and they were trashed and chain smoking and exchanging humorous stories about who was not getting laid more that summer. The man who owned the apartment said I bought some new porn which was normal for him to say because the two of them regularly watched pornography together and also obsessively discussed pornography in their idle moments. The other man said Well, put it in and they sat around and watched lots of random fake-looking women get fucked by lots of random fake-looking men. The man who didn't own the apartment had always thought it foolish that they watched pornography together and didn't jerk off, after all, what the hell was the point of watching porn if you weren't jerking off? Otherwise you're just sitting there getting all horny and uncomfortable, it just didn't seem right, and he was drunk enough to finally say this to the other man and the other man agreed and so nervously they undid their pants and took out their penises and started masturbating in front of each other, watching the television. It had been the hottest June anyone could remember in a long time, hot as a dozen Klieg lights in a cheap motel room, a woman with silicone breasts would say if there really was such a thing as a woman with silicone breasts. The two of them sat on the floor and jerked off and the man who didn't own the apartment noticed slyly that the other man's dick was huge, big and fat and white and sticking straight out from his body, and the man started getting fascinated with watching the other man jerk off, so much so that eventually he was watching the other man more than the pornography and, he noticed, the other man was doing the same. The man started reaching his orgasm and suddenly thought how exciting it would be to jerk the other man off at the same time, to bring this other guy to orgasm, how weird and thrilling it would be to hold another man's penis in his hand and make him come. Spurred by this thought the man suddenly had his orgasm and he looked down and his hand and pants were covered in sticky white goo and the videotape was still playing, the fake men and women still endlessly fucking away, sweat glistening all over the silicone and steroids and the man suddenly felt foolish for the thoughts he was having. He put his dick back in his pants and the other man did the same thing and they both sat there saying nothing for about ten minutes then the other man flipped off the tape and said You need another beer? and the man paused and said Yeah, sure, and the other man went into the kitchen and brought out two more beers and handed one to him, sighing, and said, The heat can sure do some crazy things to you sometimes.

t e n o h o n e t h i s m o r n i n g

She let me take a photograph of her naked so I could keep it at home. So I could masturbate to it when I was lonely.

No, that's not true. That's something I dreamt about this morning before I woke up to see if my alarm had woken me up yet.

I wrote a poem about her last week and I used this line in the poem, "I wrote a poem about her last week."

No, that's not true, either. I never wrote that poem. I dreamt that I wrote a poem about her last week and that I used that line in the poem, and now I really am writing a poem about her and using that line in the poem, "I wrote a poem about her last week."

I have to get up at 10:30 this morning and I set my alarm except I have a habit of sleeping through my alarm so all morning my body keeps waking me up to check and see if my alarm's woken me up yet. And the whole thing starts all over again.

The photograph is of her in the bathtub. We used to date but now we don't but she felt sorry for me because I can't have sex anymore, so she let me come in and take a photograph of her so I could masturbate to it at home whenever I want.

No, that's not true. I don't know her. I dreamt of a woman who is in a magazine I own full of photographs of naked women that I masturbate to when I'm lonely.

I take the photograph and masturbate to it this morning. This is real. I am writing a poem and this is also real. It is 10:01 A.M. and my alarm is still on. I leave it on in case I fall asleep again.

I wrote a poem about her last week and I used this line, "I wrote a poem about her last week." This line is caught in my head. It's not true. I don't know her. She is a photograph in a bathtub in a magazine of photographs of naked women that I bought to masturbate to when I'm lonely. And now I'm writing a poem about her to make the poem real.

There's a group of women poets in Chicago I know that just formed a performance group. This is real. I keep having weird dreams about them. This is also real. Last night I dreamt that one of them felt sorry for me and let me take a photograph of her naked so I could masturbate to it when I was lonely. She was in a bathtub and she lifted her hips out of the water so that I could see between her legs in the photograph when I masturbated to it.

Except the woman's not a poet. She's a woman in a photograph in a bathtub in a magazine full of photographs of naked women I bought to masturbate to when I'm lonely. And I was lonely this morning so I took out the magazine and I masturbated to the photograph so not it's real. And now I've written the poem I dreamt about so now that's real too.

The clock hits 10:30 and my alarm goes off. I turn off my alarm and decide to go back to sleep.

t h e
d i r t y
v i o l e n t
l i t t l e
t h i n g s
y o u h a v e
d o n e
t o m e
a n d t h e
d i r t y
v i o l e n t
l i t t l e
t h i n g s
y o u h a v e
y e t
t o d o

Mosquitos buzzed my head tonight
snapping their shrill beaks in my ears
and everytime one would land
to steal from me
to take the blood I'll never get back
suck
and fly away
you would gouge your pink frail fingernail
into my flesh
and again
and again
leave an asterick of indented skin
a tattoo of your own creation
that wears away in a few minutes
"This will hurt"
you said
each and every time
you did it
"This will hurt"
"This will hurt"
"This will hurt"

When I took you to the hospital
you bit me
on the neck
right here

on the neck
my pants grew a face
which laughed at me
Shoes did a little tap dance of their own
volition
And now I have a purple flower
to remind me that you're real
that you exist

You said the book was better than the movie
I've never read the book so have to take your word for it

Earlier tonight
well, not early early
before the hospital
after the prom
before the drums
but after the wine
a bloodsucker landed on your hand
started to suck
I saw it
you didn't
and I hit you
left a smear of blood across your skin
"I'm sorry"
I said
"It was biting you"
I said

and after the prom
before the hospital
before the beer
but after the wine
you gave me a canker sore
but I don't really believe it
but you insist that it's true

When I took you to the hospital
you asked me to
lie down with you
naked
for a half-hour
We laughed about fingernails
but you used them anyway

We laughed about teeth
but you bit me anyway

I headbutted you
but it was an accident
We couldn't see each other
all I could do
was feel your trembling naked body
hop up to mount me
and jump off
and hop up
and jump off

I kicked your boyfriend
in the testicles
as hard as I could
in the hospital
but he didn't feel it
because his balls are numb

You know this
and that's why you went to the prom with me
why you hit and bit and gouged me
Why you danced to the drums
under the watchful eye
of the Missouri river
why you fucked me in a hospital cot
keeping absolutely silent
so as not to wake the doctors

You get released
in three weeks
which is when we'll see each other again

And I wonder

what
acts of violence
will you
reward
me
with
this
time

none of theabove

(This poem was written by taking the last line of each "None of the Above" personal ad from the October 2, 1998 issue of the Chicago Reader.)

Married white male in Rogers Park.
It seems that we have too many things in common.
Please respond if you live in the northern suburbs.
Western suburbs.
Northwest suburbs.
City dwellers preferred.
Joliet area a real plus.

First timers only.
Couples only.
Nonsexual gatherings only.
Serious callers only.
Only serious couples respond.
Women only.
Women only, please!
Couples, women, men.
Age, race, weight not important.
Race, size unimportant.
I prefer brains over beauty.
I prefer dominant, gray-haired straight guys with hairy chests and big hands.
Medium build (not obese) please reply.
Please be safe and sane.
Please be height/weight proportionate.
Seeking someone under 50.
IQ larger than bra size appreciated.
Must be beautiful inside and out.
Nice butt and bust a plus.
Asians and black men a plus.
Blond or Asian a plus, Oak Park even better.
Looking for a good friend.
Looking for someone who can relate to this time of life.
Looking for someone who wants to do it all.
Looking for someone who is looking to leave a mark.

No one-night stands, psychos, stalkers or nuts.
No commitments, please.
No exchange of partners.
Absolutely no couples.
No druggies.
Male as go-between OK, as participant not OK.

I'm a good guy, please be the same.
I am clean and discreet.
I will return all calls.
I can appreciate your style.
I can do it.
As far as I know, we only live once!
I just want to watch.
I'm just happy to be of service.
My only motivation is enjoyable role-playing.
I am willing to travel.

I'm awaiting your presence.
Feel free to try me in my next incarnation.
If you desire I will let him join in after you teach me the art of lovemaking.
You will enjoy my knowledge and manner.
Handsome, fit, charming and easygoing.
Interests: arts, dreams, camping.

All boundaries explored.
Possible to serve us both.
Let's explore life together.
Maybe we can find something mutually satisfying.
Your husband and/or boyfriend is welcome to be in attendance.
We want to make you the center of our attention.
Discretion must be insured by both parties.
Discretion please.
Long-term relationship or just friends.
Halloween is just around the corner!
Love a bit of bondage behind closed doors.
1-100 people OK.
Reciprocation not required.
Noncommercial.
Unconventional, rewarding experience!
Companionship, maybe more.
Safe, sane, consensual fun.
Safe sex only!
Nothing kinky, just sex fun.
Check me out guys, it will feel incredible!
You won't be disappointed.
Disappointment doubtful.
Kick back and enjoy!

Call me.
Call now.
Call for the chance to complete yourself.
Call and let's (panty) play!
Call your pierced, provincial (and bald) friend.
If you're ready to party give me a call.
If you're a bisexual female, please call.
If you're not afraid to live a little, give a call.
If you love receiving, let's talk.
We know you called!
Find out and call.
This is worth your call!
Hoping to connect with the right woman or couple.
All replies answered.
All calls answered.
Let's see if the chemistry is right.
Do it!
You won't regret it.
You'll be making a great decision.
Try me on for size.
Why wait? I'm not!
You deserve it!
Go to the nearest phone.
Please reply if you've been where I'm coming from.
Please try again.
Please call.

taking alover

"Julius left for San Francisco in the summer of 1969, leaving Evelyn and the child behind. It was the first summer she took a lover." --
The Men Who Loved Evelyn Cotton, Frank Ronan.

I would like to take a lover.
Like a store. A store of lovers--
"Can I help you sir?"
"Yes, I'll take that one, right there."

You have already taken me, my lover.
You have taken me without even realizing it
when you slip into the booth next to me
and bang your knees against mine
and I feel the
knock-knock-knockknoknoknok
and all I can do
is stare at the menu a little harder
"Can I help you sir?"
I'll take -- I'll take
I'll take a cup of coffee
I'll take -- I'll take
Can I help you sir?
Yes, I'll take that one, right there.

I would like to take you, my lover.
I would like to take you home
and lock the door
I would like to shield you from Budweiser poets
I would like to shield you from
petty jealous ex lies
from petty jealous ex whatever
I would like to take you home
and lock the door
and feel that one bead of sweat
drop
and splash
Can I help you sir?
Yes, I'll take that one. Right there.

You have already taken me, my lover
my secret lover
when we bounce and bang and whizz and curve
up Clark Street and down Clark Street
and up Broadway and down Broadway

and up Lincoln and down Lincoln
When you force me to take your hand
and you -- YANK --
and I am forced to call upon the secret mantra
taught to me by a lesbian in San Francisco
"Just repeat the dashboard in your head over and over
Park reverse neutral drive drive drive
It will eventually go away
Park reverse neutral drive drive drive
She will eventually let go of your hand
Park reverse neutral drive drive drive
Park reverse neutral
drive
drive
Can I help you sir?

Yes, I would like to take an invisible lover
and I would like to sit her down
at an invisible table
I would like to feel her big shoulders
in my hands
I would like to feel my lips
on the back of her neck
I would like to feel my cock
any goddamn place she would like to feel my cock
Can I help you sir?
Yes, I'll take that one. Right there.

I would like to take your books, one at a time
run my finger down the spine
feel for the crease
from when you laid the book down
while in the bathtub
I would like to memorize every word on that page
an entire library of stolen private moments
in my head
I would like to take you, my lover
I would like to
Can I help you sir?

Sir?
Can I help you?

Yes.
I'll take that one.
Right there.

to theta of bruce springsteen

She had become obsessed with the Bruce Springsteen album Nebraska these days. She'd sit in her studio apartment week after week, playing the album, over and over, hour after hour, it's on vinyl, always vinyl, always analog, always scratchy, always loud. She had become obsessed with music about places musicians have never been to these days. Bruce Springsteen singing about Nebraska, R.E.M. singing about Cuyahoga, Billy Joel and Saigon, U2 and God's Country, Uncle Tupelo and New Madrid, Brian Setzer and the Hopi Indian reservation. She liked touching the album covers, feeling the stark, barren black and white photos under her fingers, smelling the faux-neo-new-wave-No-Depression-alt-dot-country sub-sub-genre that was the mid 1980s. In a world where reality leads to nothing but bitterness and disappointment, she had come to believe, why, the only sensible choice left was to invent your own reality about real places you've never been to, real people you've never met, real events you'll never attend.

She had become obsessed with her bathtub these days. She took two baths a day, every day, 11 a.m., 7 p.m., scented oil from the Body Shop, scented candles from Pier One, Bruce Springsteen singing the ballad of Tom Joad as loud as her junior high school record player would go, flipping from side A to side B with soggy naked fingers. Life looked pretty good from the bottom of a bathtub, she had come to believe. White tile, white ceiling, white porcelain, silver nozzle hovering in the sky about a million billion miles away from her trembling, nicotine-addled soggy naked body. You could get lost from the bottom of a bathtub, she had come to believe. You could drown from the bottom of a bathtub, she had come to believe. Literally, you could drown from the bottom of a bathtub.

She had become obsessed with concepts from science fiction comic books these days. She wondered if there really has existed a night when every single human on earth has simultaneously dreamt of the person they love. She wondered if the Devil really did look vaguely like David Bowie, and the master of Dreams like that guy from Echo and the Bunnymen. She sat in her bathtub and felt the beads of sweat trickle down her back and wondered if, while she'd been walking around the city today, people could just look at her face and tell she'd gotten fucked last night. And make no mistake, she had gotten fucked last night, good and fucked. Nine months was an awfully long time to wait for Mr. Right but it was even a longer awful time to wait for Mr. Wrong, so she had gone out last night and gotten as drunk as a poet on payday and she had grabbed the boy who always made slightly lecherous and neurotic suggestions every time he saw her and she had gone home with him and gotten herself good and fucked. She liked saying this out loud to the echoes of the white tile. She hadn't made love, she hadn't had sex, she had "gotten fucked." She had gotten nine months of libido fucked right out of her body last night. She had gotten nine months of cynicism and fear and masturbation and yelling at random strangers on the street, nine months of binges and staring at the walls and crying during every single episode of Felicity simply fucked right out of her body last night, six hours of red-hot Marlboros and white-cold Culligan, six hours of tattoos and Jane's Addiction and kissing and then some more kissing. And life looked pretty good from the bottom of a bathtub, she had come to believe, but she suddenly realized that life looked a hell of a lot better from the corner of Belmont and Clark on a warm spring day, holding a bag of donuts in your hand and staring straight up at the sun.

She got out of the bathtub without bothering to towel off, leaving little wet traces of herself on the hardwood floor as she walked across the room. She took the Bruce Springsteen album and she snapped it over her knee like a 1950s anti-rock-n-roll preacher. She was tired of made-up stories about real places, she had decided. She was ready to go record her own critically-acclaimed solo project, she had decided. She put on a CD of the Spinanes. She turned it up to 10. And she danced naked around her studio apartment, she danced and danced and danced, flinging water all over stark black and white photos and science fiction comic books.

maddie t h e queen of internet p o r n o g r a p h y

She's the queen of internet pornography

MADDIE-O DOT COM

The "O" stands for orgasm

The "M" stands for Madeline

You know, that little French girl

who was the hero of all those kiddie books

that the little girls get stuck in their heads

and carry them in the back of the brain

their entire lives

Laura Ingalls Wilder

Betsy Byers

Ramona

Madeline

Maddie

MADDIE-O DOT COM

She,s the queen of internet pornography

She does it this way

She does it that way

She does it every which way but loose, wink-wink

It's a postmodern porn website!

It's where you can not only look

at naked people on the internet,

you can laugh at the irony

of sitting on your computer

looking at naked people on the internet!

MADDIE-O DOT COM!

She's the queen of internet pornography!

She uses a Macintosh!

She has flaming tattoos up her arms!

Her email address is

BOSSHOG@DUKES.OF.HAZZARD.COM!

"I'm not doing this for the money~

I'm doing this for the lesson of empowerment

and to raise my inner awareness
of my self-image!"

Maddie!
MADDIE-O DOT COM!
She's the queen of internet pornography!
She takes it up the ass!
She gives it up the ass!
She ties people up
and whips them on their butt
with a cat-o-nine tails!
She pees on people!
People pee on her!
And why,
why oh why does she do it?

Because she's Maddie!
MADDIE-O DOT COM!
Queen of internet pornography!
She doesn't give a shit--
This pays twice as much as waiting tables
This pays three times as much as temping
and I was just getting screwed there too
I could save a little
I could take up cocaine
I could take that trip to Europe next year
It beats Starbucks
It beats Kinko's
It beats bike messenger
It beats massage therapy
It beats the Gap
and let me tell ya something,
fuckin' Marshall Fields wasn't about to
let me start my work day
at two every afternoon!
Maddie!
MADDIE-O DOT COM!

By entering this site, you are declaring that you are a person 18 years or older, and that it is legal to view adult material in whatever part of the world you're in. Click below to bite into the soft and creamy insides of MADDIE-O DOT COM.

m e a n d t h e g i r l s a n d t h e p o r n a n d t h e d i l d o s

So, I'm going to the porn store. It's Thursday, it's 6 pm, and I'm going to the porn store. It's Thursday, it's 6 pm, I'm just finishing up work, downtown, in a suit, some woman from Canada keeps sending me incredibly dirty emails that I'm reading, at work, I'm writing back, at work, It's Thursday, it's 6 pm, I'm going to the fuckin' porn store!

It's a walk. It's downtown, but it's a walk. It's Chicago and State and I'm Madison and LaSalle, it's a bit of a walk. It's the best porn store I've found yet, and I've looked at a lot of them. It's big and varied and inexpensive. It's clean and well-lit and there aren't a bunch of creepy guys hanging out by the quarter booths. It's a good porn store. It's downtown. I'm downtown.

It's a bit of a walk. I think, hmm, how can I make this walk go a little faster? I know, I'll get stoned. I'm downtown. It's 6 pm. Where am I going to go to get stoned? Ah-ha, the Hilton hotel. I smoke a big ol' doobie in the men's bathroom of the Windy City Lounge and Cocktail Club. Not a soul comes in. I walk out in a THC haze the thickness of pea soup. It's Thursday, it's 6 pm, it's 96 fuckin' degrees out, I'm stoned, where was I going? What am I doing? Oh yeah, I'm going to the fuckin' porn store!

Walk. Walk walk walk. Walk walk walk walk. Start realizing. Hey, this porn store is in River North. River North is a rich neighborhood. It's 6 pm. I've never been to a porn store at 6 pm. There's rich women everywhere. There's rich beautiful young women everywhere I turn, everywhere I look. How am I going to walk into the porn store without a hundred rich beautiful young women seeing me walk into the porn store?

I start slowing down. I start letting rich beautiful young women pass me by. I start looking over my shoulder to see if any rich beautiful young women are behind me. I create a 50-foot buffer zone so I can slip in hopefully unnoticed, well maybe noticed, but no one right behind me whispering, "Oh my God, look at that guy, he's going in that porn store."

The moment of truth. I have created my buffer zone. It is smooth sailing ahead. I open the door with confidence. I walk in. I close the door. There are three rich, beautiful young women standing at the counter, paying the admission price. I turn around. They hear the door. They all look up.

At me.

Fuck!

I can't leave now, I'M ALREADY IN THE STORE. The damage has been done. But wait a minute. The beautiful women are in the porn store too. They're customers just like I am. I have nothing to feel guilty about, right? WRONG! THEY are three sorority sisters from U of I throwing a bachelorette party for their lifelong friend Jamie who's getting married in two weeks to Steve, an insurance adjuster for Peat Marwick who lives in a condo in north Lakeview. I am some creepy stoned tool of the patriarchal system here to spend my hard-earned money to keep the sisterhood in slavery and later joylessly masturbate to surgically-altered breasts which do not exist in the real world. Jesus Christ, I suck! But it's Thursday, it's 6 pm, I'm stoned, and hey, they've already caught me.

The employee asks if I want tokens or am I just browsing. I WAS going to get tokens but brother, believe you me, NOW I'm just browsing. I walk up to the magazine rack. The three beautiful rich young women stand directly behind me, their backs almost touching mine as they peruse the vast array of vibromatic choices in front of them. I brace myself for the inevitable conversation, delivered in

high-pitched, cackling, drunk at Nick's at two in the morning voices:
"OH...MY...GOD, look at this one, it's two feet long! OH MY GOD, it's bright purple! Jamie's just going to scream when she sees this! OH MY GOD, we have to get this one, we just have to get this one right here!"

To my surprise, this is not what comes out of their mouths.

The beautiful women move with grace and elegance, soundlessly padding through the store like Japanese Senseis in paper shoes. They speak to each other in low, quiet, intimate voices:

"Well, what do you think of this one?"

"Hmm. Is that going to be big enough?"

"Well, I don't know about you but I think I'm going to need something larger."

"What about these bumps and ridges? Have you used something like this before?"

"Oh yeah, the last one I bought had those. They can REALLY come in handy."

I can scarcely believe my ears. Three beautiful young women inside a porn store, having a frank and earnest discussion about their favorite dildo choices. I start realizing, I'm a witness for a moment of empowerment! Three beautiful young women reclaiming the porn store for themselves! Three beautiful young women reclaiming their own sexuality and God-given right to orgasm! Three beautiful young women having a serious discussion about what may or may not aid them in their elusive quest for person ecstatic climax!

I start getting...turned on!

I start imagining the three women and I slipping into the back booths for a personally-led test drive of their new tools of empowerment, STOP, Jason, STOP! Stop thinking about sex! But I can't stop thinking about sex -- I'M IN A PORN STORE! Every direction I turn I'm confronted with naked flesh, writhing, sweaty bodies caught under the harsh glare of Klieg lights in a southern California hotel room! I start imagining the three women changing their discussion from the potential to the kinetic, not just talking about their personal jerk-off techniques but showing, sharing, leading the way with a swift hand and a sharp tongue, STOP IT, Jason, STOP IT! You must stop fantasizing about these three innocent women standing next to you...in the porn store...talking endlessly about the dildos they will be opening in a few short hours...

I am caught in a Kafka-esque nightmare! Row after row of the most beautiful, disgusting sex acts known to humankind, and my MOM handing them to me on a platter, inviting me to take them to the next room but to first finish my vegetables! I'm freaking out! I've gotta get out of here! I grab my things and start bolting for the door!

But wait. I stop. I think about it. It's Thursday. It's 6 pm. I'm STONED. I turn around and yell out to the store, "Ladies, it has indeed been a pleasure to be a fellow shopper with you all today. If I may make a small suggestion in regards to your current purchasing dilemma. I believe it was said best by Vince Neil, lead singer of Motley Crue, in his haunting lyrics to the 1985 song: "Every night has its dawn. Every cowboy sings a sad, sad song. And every rose has its thorn." The women stare at me a moment then burst into applause, blowing kisses past the flavored condoms and towards my cheek. My work here is done. It's Thursday. It's 6 pm. I have been to the porn store.

**anobscene
poem for
my new
lover**

Your tongue is amazing.

Your tongue is a wet
16-wheel big rig
barreling its way down
the highway

Your tongue is a
Mack truck
covered in gelatin
racing to meet
the convoy
downstate
Ten-four good buddy!
HONK-HONK!

When your tongue
attacks my mouth
it comes in not vertically
but horizontally
so flat and wide
it threatens to suffocate me

Your tongue in my mouth
is a website
saying
"CAUTION: Your browser must be this wide
to properly view contents"

Your tongue
is the obelisk
from 2001
and I am Dave Bowman
floating inside it
and whispering
"My God, look at all the beautiful stars"

Your tongue on my cock is amazing.

Each time you put my cock in your mouth
you manage to
wrap your entire tongue
around it
like a big slippery O

My cock in your mouth
is a pig in a blanket
at some shitty-ass diner

on Western Avenue

My cock in your mouth
is a B-movie actor
slowly getting squeezed to death
by a giant anaconda
in some low-budget
straight-to-video
summer blockbuster
destined for the 99 cent bin
at Tower Records
and I would have it no other way.

There's only one problem.

It's a small problem,
a teeny-tiny
itsy-bitsy
wee ol' little problem
but I feel I should mention it.

You don't leave my cock in your mouth long enough.

Oh, it's great when it's in there,
don't get me wrong,
my cock in your mouth is,
well, insert your own Hostess product metaphor here,
blah blah blah,
but every time I start to
climb that rickety wooden ladder
to ecstasy,
every time I get
two or three rungs from the top
and can just barely begin
to see the sexual Valhalla
just over the mountain ridge,
every time I'm just about to glimpse
the fabled Sight That No Man Can Recover From,
you unwrap your tongue from my cock
and you sit up
and shake my shoulders
and yell
FUCK ME JASON,
FUCK ME,
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE,
I CANNOT SUCK THAT DICK ONE MORE SECOND,
YOU JUST HAVE TO FUCK ME,
RIGHT NOW, FUCK ME RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

And I think,
Fucking.
How pedestrian.

We should try an experiment, you and I,

to see if you could keep my cock
in your mouth a little longer.
I,m thinking, for example, three weeks.

We will attach a needle to your arm
and I will dutifully change your IV bag every 24 hours
so that you'll make sure to get your daily nourishment.
We will form a two-person ecosystem, you and I.
Every time you urinate
I will catch the golden liquid in my outstretched hands
and drink it down
and then when I piss
it will go straight down your throat
into your stomach
and the process will start all over again.

When you are tired and wish to sleep
I will gently thrust my cock in and out of your mouth
taking care not to wake you
and when I am tired
you can do the same.

Not a drop of our bodies will be wasted
nor a single second of our time.

And you and I, we will build our own ladder,
a gleaming, silver, 10,000 foot ladder
that will make all the other ladders jealous
and we will climb those heights of ecstasy
no one has ever climbed before.
We will find Atlantis,
not buried in a watery depth
but floating miles over our head the entire time.
We will climb that ladder
and climb that ladder
and finally three weeks later,
weak, exhausted,
track marks in our arms,
sick of the taste of piss,
we will finally finish
and lie down heavily
on the futon
and smoke a cigarette.

And when we're done,
I promise to you right now,
I will go down on you
for six months straight.

Because, you see,
my tongue?
It knows a couple of metaphors
of its own.

shenumberone a n d shenumbertwo

She Number One said Won't you write a story about us? and She Number two clapped her hands with excitement and said Oh Yes, Please Do, please carve our names in stone to be captured in immortality.

And I said to She Number One and She Number Two, Immortality is a tricky thing, little girls. An uncarved block cannot be restored once the whittling of stone begins, and even though it too will eventually be worn away into dust to be carried in the wind, it will take about a million years for that to happen. But She Number One and She Number Two shook their heads defiantly and said A writer's pen is a one-way street and we understand. Write what you will and we will have no complaints.

And so I wrote. I wrote about how She Number Two cried like a newborn baby the night she was arrested, the night I was a witness to the relacing of her shoes. I wrote about how She Number One almost made a porn film one night, the night I was a witness to a woman out of control of herself. I wrote of little girls flinging themselves out of windows, little girls slashing their wrists and letting the blood soak into the pages of blank notebooks to be licked and eaten by angry, hungry dogs roaming the countryside of Southport Avenue.

And She Number One and She Number Two read the story and frowned and said This Isn't What We Meant. We're not so sure we like this story. And I said, sssshhhh, quiet, little girls, we've only just begun.

I placed She Number One and She Number Two on a flat and round stone in my hut and I grinded them into a fine powder with another flat and round stone and then baked them into taco shells and ate them. I took the little girls home and had sex with them at the same time, making them scream in ecstasy so loudly that the neighbors started complaining. We collected pennies to buy gas to drive to Evanston, and once we got there we stole credit cards so we could get drunk on Monday nights. A homeless man playing a flute gave us a videocamera and I taped the girls urinating into large silver bowls then pouring them into the neighbor's yard to kill all their plants.

And She Number One and She Number Two looked up from a dirty mattress at the corner of Fullerton and Western and said We Don't Like This Story. This story is scary and violent and it's not silly and fun like we thought it would be. Please, they said, we don't want to be immortal anymore. You can take us out of the story now.

And I said sssshhhh, quiet, little girls. You have made your bed and now you will die by the sword. I told you immortality is a tricky thing. I am immortal several times over and I don't like it one damn bit. And She Number One and She Number Two cried and said Yes, You're Right, We Don't Want To Be Immortal Anymore but it was too late by then. I hypnotized the little girls and made them fight each other to the death for my amusement. The two clawed each other's eyes out and simultaneously choked each other to death with their bare hands. And I looked at the corpses on the ground and chuckled, then climbed to the top of the highest mountain in the land and I carved their names in the stone, "She Number One" and "She Number Two," in 500-foot-high letters and perpetually doused in gasoline so that the burning words traveled across the miles and all the people of the land knew of the two heroic martyrs. And She Number One and She Number two became immortal. Their ghostly spirits roamed the countryside for the rest of time and if you listen carefully, between the whispers of the wind through the trees you can hear them, the little girls, thanking me and cursing me for the gift I have bestowed upon them.

the man who masturbated without using his hands

He was trying to figure out how to have an orgasm without touching his penis. Here was the thinking. When I was a boy I used to have these things called nocturnal emissions. Wet dreams. It was the process of masturbating in your subconscious. It was coming while dreaming. It was having an orgasm without touching your penis. There's got to be a way to duplicate this in the conscious state. Don't tell ME that Mr. Sandman is more powerful than my rational brain. If I can dream it, I can do it.

So, the man had decided to teach himself how to have an orgasm, at will, just by thinking about it. He would lie in bed for hours at a time, lying perfectly still, not moving an inch. He would (WHHHHW) try to clear out his mind and (WHHHHW) count very slowly backwards from ten and (WHHHHW) try to think of nothing but happy, dirty thoughts.

His mind went in weird directions. He thought, You know, when you're receiving oral sex and the moment of orgasm comes, you are locked into a frenzy of ecstasy. Your lover becomes the most important person who ever existed. You live and die for them. You can't believe someone else has the power to make you feel that good. But when you're on the giving side of oral sex and the moment of orgasm comes, you are thinking, "Hmm, I wonder what I'll have for breakfast tomorrow morning," or "hmm, should I get the Palm Pilot V now or wait six months and get the Palm Pilot VII? 'Cause that one will have wireless internet access, and that would be pretty cool." And the man would wonder why he would be having these thoughts when he was trying to achieve a meditative state. He would wonder if he just couldn't cut it, if he just wasn't a guy who could achieve the Immaculate Orgasm.

Finally in desperation, he turned to his sexual guru, his spiritual advisor, his erotic elder. ..Carl. Carl was the man who knew it all. And the man said, "Carl, why am I not able to achieve the blissful state I was once able to at the age of thirteen? Have I lost my purity? Have I lost my innocence? Is there no hope for me?" And Carl looked at the man and said, "You idiot. Masters and Johnson proved over twenty years ago that boys have wet dreams because they're gyrating their hips against the mattress. You just don't remember it because you were asleep at the time. Now go home."

And he did. And the man sat down in his living room, put on the pornography he had just bought that evening, and proceeded to put quite a few touches on his penis over the course of the night. Because jerking off? It's a pretty good thing to do.

**y
f u c k
l i k e
s l e a t e r
k i n n e y**

Lady, you fuck like sex is going out of style. You fuck like your ability to have an orgasm is going to be taken away from you tomorrow. You fuck like a crazy person. Not an actual crazy person, but a Winona Ryder, "Girl Interrupted" crazy person, cute crazy, sexy crazy, won't take a butcher knife to me afterwards crazy.

Lady, you fuck like an all-girl punk band, right before their very first show, all hopped up on trucker pills and beer snuck out of their parents' basement. You fuck like an angry yuppie in the back of the line at Starbucks. Lady, you fuck like one of those freaky Japanese cartoons that have been shown to cause epileptic attacks. You fuck like a sixteen-year-old boy who's just spent the last four hours watching the Playboy Channel, scrambled, squinting and twisting his head trying to make out the body parts beyond that snowy screen.

Lady, I don't know what kind of freaky shit your parents did to you as a kid to make you fuck like you do now, but I get up every morning and thank them for it. Lady, you fuck like an episode of Jerry Springer. You fuck like Pat Buchanan protesting a pro-choice rally. You fuck like an old-school rapper, throwing your hands in the air, and waving them like you just don't care. Lady, you fuck like someone's secretly videotaping you, and you know that they're videotaping you and you're fucking them anyway.

Lady, you fuck like a homeless guy rubbing his hands together over a trash fire on a January morning. You fuck like those old Asian paintings with the guys with cocks the size of a house. Lady, you fuck like a riot at a British soccer match. You fuck like Richard Daley talking about ComEd. You fuck like that cokehead in the corner of the party who doesn't have any coke and really, really, really needs some coke.

Lady, you fuck like a poet at an erotic open mic, reading a really dirty poem in a pathetic attempt to get laid after the show. You fuck like ten thousand teenagers at a Britney Spears concert. You fuck like ten thousand teenagers at a Backstreet Boys concert. You fuck like ten thousand teenagers at an N' Sync concert. Lady, you fuck like me, but without all the issues. You fuck like a drunk middle-aged aunt at a wedding reception. You fuck like a born-again Christian handing out pamphlets on a streetcorner. Lady, you fuck like someone who just installed Windows 2000. You fuck like a nineteen-year-old comparative lit major who really, really hopes that they free Mumia.

Lady, you fuck like everyone SHOULD fuck and nobody DOES fuck. You fuck like an early-80s European heavy metal band. And you rock me like a hurricane.

**jason
pettus** is the author of three novels and, to date, over forty self-published books of short work. His performance credits include National Public Radio, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, WGN-TV, and the National Poetry Slam, where in 1997 he placed second in the nation as a member of the Chicago-Green Mill team. His nonfiction has appeared in such publications as *Broken Pencil* and About.com, as well as being nominated for the *2001 Zine Yearbook*. Mr. Pettus runs his own publishing company and maintains a daily web journal which has attracted a cult following. In his spare time he enjoys taking too much speed and writing dirty stories about ex-girlfriends without their permission. He lives in Chicago.

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