

PROSE POEMS

A Lad Insane.txt

I often sleep in the nude these days, or close to it. Last night the window was open a crack, and it is winter here. The heat had been on, as I like it, but the dog, my partner, was over hot, and so the heat was turned off, the window cracked open, and clad in a blanket I braved the nippy breeze and settled in to snooze the night away, him on his side of the bed, me on mine.

I had a dream, of course I thought it was real while it was happening, that I was in outer space, alongside numerous other people, each of us in our own pill-shaped personal space capsule, alone in the cold. I was looking over someone's shoulder as they were deciding, from a list of icons of people's faces, who to pair up. When two were selected, their capsules floated to one another, and the two people inside were able to reach out through openings and touch one another. I realized, as I was beginning to awaken from the dream, that the touching of each other through the coldness of space was a metaphor for how we show nurture to one another, two fursuiters breaking the magic to hold hands, a skater boyfriend and goth gf nuzzling each other's noses on a park bench, a rider kissing her horse on the mouth through the tiny bubbles of froth.

Through the cold of the winter bedroom, I opened the capsule of my comfy blanket, and let in the dog. He snuggled back in against me immediately, digging his back in against my chest and then exhaling and settling back down into the mattress,

thankful for the gesture, as both of us had become chilly this far into the dark hours. There in our shell of warmth against the cold we were yin and yang, fur clad dog and shaven human, imposing claws and trimmed fingernails, teeth and teeth, heartbeat and beating heart, each in want of nurture and providing it, the end and the way. We snuggled in various positions for hours, I often with my nose buried fully into his fur to not miss his nirvana inducing atmosphere for even a portion of a breath.

When the morning light came in through the slits in the window shutters, he and I bent and stretched towards it like two flowers, our soil our dashed together souls. We stayed in bed a while longer. Then, life's duties calling, we did get up and start going about our day, accomplishing our breakfasts and our morning pees and our donning of clothes, dress and collar. Before too much of the day had gone by, I made sure to lay down again with him where he was, on the carpet in the living room, and watch closely as his tongue glided in a few business like successions over the hair on his forearm.

A Lad Insane 2.txt or Cyndi Lauper

The act of breathing can be done alone, and often times is done alone. And yet somehow, occupying the same personal space as another body and breathing there together is a transcendental experience.

I remember when I was younger, reading kissy-kissy furry comics and feeling a burning envy at seeing two male bodied people get to snuggle. It was a sort of happy jealousy, a deeply glad and deeply spurned state of being. Getting to touch the shadow of the object that is love, but never having touched the object itself. Marcus and Reis. Joel and Matt. They had found each other: they had found somebody to lie in a bed with and breathe together.

It's easy to forget, these days, that I have had the same thing.

He begins running in his sleep. I kiss his fur, and bless his journey.

In, out. Woof woof woof woof woof. In, out. In, out. In, out.

In,

out.

A Lad Insane 3

It's been a little bit of a different morning. Not anything that an impartial observer would mark as all too different, I guess, and yet I felt it the time again to remark, and complete a sort of triptych.

I spent the night drinking wine and playing with a knotted toy, filling up my insides in terms of depth and with an especial circumference right inside past the butthole, and pleasuring myself to furry porn. I think it might be a secret knowledge, unique to those who play with knots or plugs or other bulbous things in their poop chute, to know that there are different sensations depending on how the ring of the anus is approached. To feel a knot entering and to feel a knot leaving are two different things. Similar, both fun, but not identical sensations. To feel a tongue licking the closed outside is a different thing to feeling an inserted finger do a business-like press and rub against one side to test the looseness. So as I was looking at the furry porn, there were a combination of pleasures in the drunkenness, the massaging of my very lubed hand over my female-identifying penis, and the variety of ways I would loosen and push the knot in, loosen and let the knot slide out, or do myself with the floppy smooth shaft for a while.

Usually after such a nightcap, I shower to clean the lube off of myself and pass out for a long sleep. This time though I went to bed luby and sticky, and probably didn't get more than a brief nap in before waking up at dawn and feeling ready to start the day.

I moved a forgotten load of laundry from the washer to the dryer, I did take my shower with some reluctance but it was nice afterwards to be clean, and then me and my dog husband who smells wonderful laid side by side on our bed together, pressed caringly against each other, and I had one arm draped over him as he snored and slept in, and with the other hand I held a touch screen phone and read through some of a piece of yiffy smut that a friend had sent to me, and I enjoyed reading it, it was a good read.