

SUE

by Cecilia Dougherty

Three times a week I take the Hollywood Freeway south to the I-5, the 605 and the 405, from the haze of Sunset Blvd. to the frightening legislated monotony of Orange County. I am always thinking of you, Sue, as I roar through SoCal at 75 mph. The Malibu goes up to 80-85 all on its own if I don't pay attention, take a quick peek at the speedometer every couple minutes, keep it steady at 75. Any faster than that and I enter a new space, unfortunately, of continuous phobic imaginings that things will suddenly go out on me—steering, brakes, trans, pumps, anything—and the car will fly down the freeway, its little passenger in utter ecstasy and terror. On my way to work. KROQ is an irritating companion, too straight, stupid, thick. A tape, then, The Cranberries, more straight people, but doing easy listening. I can probably sell this tape in a couple months, along with *Pod* and some other ones. I wish I could trade in this mood for something more physical. I want love. I'm tired, ridiculous. I think about August especially, and the newness of everything with you. Some of your 25 years might've rubbed off on me, but I think it was actually the other way around. At 41 I still find new ways to make love. At 61 *that* thought will be a joke, exposing my ludicrous fears and vanity. Leslie said she could hear you come, even over Ethyl Meatplow. Sorry, Leslie. You should have been convinced by then, Sue, been changing. You should have decided to move to the West Coast by now, leave Kansas City, stay with me for a while, forever. *Fucking bitch cunt, fucking bitch etc.* I, an idiot, go over those two weeks last summer like they were immortal, but I'm beginning to forget some of the details. I make up new things all the time that we supposedly engaged in.

So now you're doing blood sports? Just like in the old days. You were supposed to be over that a few years ago, when

adolescence still figured into it. Having a flashback, probably, unfinished business with yourself. Kansas City sucks, like the entire Midwest. A warped, myopic population. They saw me in short hair and thought, "a guy." You said you like passing, but I don't. I hate being called sir, especially when I have lipstick on. How could you choose that over me? Don't cut yourself too deep, by the way. Remember to mark the razor beforehand.

I wanna see you soon, I guess. I'm into doing a lot of things with you, Sue, most of it sex. It's like I'm in love with you. The sex has to be active, us moving around a lot and doing it for hours, or for a couple days. You said you would draw blood for me next time. What am I supposed to do afterwards, lick it? Did you get your test results back? Should I suck on it where the cut is? I don't get it yet, but let me know. I should call you from my office when I get to Irving, about this and other stuff.

Visit me soon, please. Touch me like you did at Nancy's house. Like my skin was incredibly smooth, divine, translucent. You turned me on slowly and deliberately at first. Then it got rougher, hard, me and you eventually plastered against each other with a lot of force, karma, energy, what have you. I want that. I want to be grabbed at suddenly, put into a good spot for easy access, held down and fucked. I'm into running my tongue across your head, licking the shaved part all over as I get fucked. It means you have to hold me on your lap. I'm into kissing your whole body, my tongue running along your sides into your armpits, over your breasts and stomach, down to your cunt hairs. I want the insides of your thighs, too. It'll be strange and unnerving to see you, who is proud, give up your cunt like that with your legs wide open. As I look at your face from that vantage point, you would look different, more human, maybe beautiful. I would move up into your cunt from there.

I like feet and toes, too, unless you think that's weird. I could suck on your toes and have you fuck me, or rub my clit. I like you rubbing your head on my tits and cunt—the shaved part

I'm into kissing your cunt like it was a mouth, a French kiss with my tongue inside you as far as I can go. Then I'll go up to your clit, make it hard, rub it around and around. You look and taste good down there, Sue. I kind of remember the taste. I wish there was...oh fuck it. Passion, burnout, other things. After looking and tasting, I'd probably fuck you, like I was overwhelmed.

In LA they don't make a distinction between passion and a good make-up job. Or even a terrible make-up job. The East Coast is different. They want a high realness factor, a passion of embarrassing depth, even if it's only about art openings or money problems. The great lesbian writers of today are all like that, analyzing every sigh, gasp, thump. Critical, cynical, corny. They could give each sex act its own history, and make every metaphor burst with actual meaning, as though comparisons actually function in the physical world. I can't do that, not in the videotapes. Maybe I should use text. *Ha ha*.

Back to the West Coast and traffic. I get nervous and paranoid every time I pass the spot on the I-5 where the Malibu broke down. I get nervous on the 605, too, near the other spot where the engine almost burned up. It could happen again, any minute, as I pass these places. Like cell memory — same problems, same stretch of roadway, same weird industrial fucked-up car odor. Joey took me to the Bodhi Tree after the last mishap and we bought a smudge stick. I smudged the whole inside and outside of the car. Everyone told me to get a smudge stick as though it's as good as going to a mechanic. You'll see when you get here.

I can't wait to fuck you. I'd do it sweetly at first, with a slow rhythm and deeply satisfying plunges, Pixies ironically in the background. Then I'd fuck you faster and harder, still vanilla, though, with an earnest girl scout type of lust. I'd use my thumb so I could get my hand around and hold your entire cunt with my fingers. I could also reach around and work your asshole, put my finger in there and feel that scary delicate

membrane between cunt and asshole from the inside. Sue, I *thought* we got along in August. Could you explain what happened that makes you want to knock a whole week off our New Year's visit and completely rule out New York? It's Patty, isn't it, who still has you fixated? Go ahead and fuck her, but the thing with the blood is definitely out, in that case. You said sex with her was terrific, before the accident. While you were in a coma for two weeks, she was in Topeka sleeping with someone else. Life in the Midwest, right? She told you later that as a born-again she had to stop fucking you, but you will still do anything for her ass. I must be stupid. Side two. *Didya hafta let it linger dadada????* You said "Just pretend to feel powerful." I say pretend to feel whatever, nothing.

I need food. This drive usually makes me nauseated, but lately I'm hungry all the time. When I run out of money the appetite increases, and I've already gained 15-20 pounds. Like I'm voluptuous from poverty. Instead of sucking on food, I'd rather be sucking on your tits, pulling the nipple ring, putting my finger through it. I could suck on your tits all day and feel loved, sort of. I like pushing your breasts together so I can suck on both at the same time, back and forth. I get caught up and want to kiss you passionately at that point. I could kiss you softly for a long time, then build up to something with force. Put your tongue in my mouth so I can suck it. If you put your fingers into my mouth, also, I will get wet immediately. You could bite on my neck until there are bruises and welts on it, like that time in the graveyard. Kansas was never more beautiful. I want bruises because of the way it looks afterwards. Remember the ones you put on the insides of my thighs? I took pictures of them, and of the ones on my arms. I also videotaped them after you went back to Missouri.

You said "I like public sex, under the freeway, in the back of the car, near the river." In Lawrence? No way. I like private sex, indoors, warm, no one around. But I like to videotape it.

I'm into getting fucked standing up against a wall or on the windowsill. I'll be fully clothed, right? You can push me back, no talking, and dig into my pants. I'll be wearing the striped ones, with the fruit boots. I'm into privacy so I can tie your ass up, in peace, to the bed. Or make you stick it in the air for easy access, and fuck you from behind. Not exactly doggie style. But your face would be smashed and slobbering against a pillow or on the floor. You could actually be licking the floor, or my shoes. You could get down and lick my fruit boots, the ones I got in Kansas City, and adore me, or simulate it. I could hump you.

Then you'd get on top and finger me crudely from behind. I'm also into squatting and kneeling while my cunt gets played with. I'll piss on you. I want to be hit and fucked at the same time, hitting my cunt with belts. I'm into fucking you with chains, not because of how they look, even though I can relate to that, but because of how they feel, if they're wide enough. I want to put them inside you, leave them there, or pull them out slowly and run them along your clit, on the side.

I'm into drinking and fucking at the same time, having a bottle of something in one hand and pushing your head down to my cunt with the other one. Also getting fucked with the bottle, if it doesn't break. I want the whole room steeped in sex, alcohol, cigs, piss, everything. A strong smell, wafting, right? I'm into getting fucked so I don't stop coming, the come dripping down my legs because I'm standing up. You can come, too, screaming with your head way back. Play with my tits until it hurts, pull the nipples and twist them. More. Say something mean to me at that moment, like cunt, slut and little bitch, etc., or make up something original. I'll drip hot wax on your breasts and on the insides of your thighs, up near your cunt. I'll do it near your clit, too, or some other place where it's not supposed to be safe. I want you to slap my tits, whip and slap my cunt, and tie it up with a tight, uncomfortable rope.

The rope should go up through my ass crack, too, and force my body to get scrunched up. I like being tied up, slapped and fucked, like everybody else. I'd like to fuck you with objects, Sue, not dildoes, but actual objects. I'd put things inside your cunt and leave them there. Any object, any shape, whatever fits. I wish I was seeing you in New York because I'm never coming back to Kansas City, not to teach, not for sex, not for anything. Maybe it would have worked out better if we had waited until after the semester was over before actually getting it on. I was nervous, though, too turned on. I would have been smoother, mellower at the beginning, if you hadn't been one of my students. I couldn't stand it whenever you came to my office to see me, which was a lot. I could suddenly smell you, sweet and tart, so I'd start dropping papers, tapes, everything as soon as you got too close.

In the last letter I got you said "I'd like to fuck you a little, and then take my fingers out of you and lick my fingers slowly while looking at you, and then kissing you. And, sliding my fingers back into you, resume fucking you, looking at you, and sucking your clit. I am waiting but not patiently. I want to scream, and scream. I want to be violent. The sound of breaking glass. The sight of blood is a turn-on as you will see in the video. I was so high after that plus a little drunk I could have fucked forever. It would have been beautiful. Almost makes me want to cry, but not quite. I really truly am looking to the West. Why? I really don't know why I'm so turned on by my own blood—sounds like a power trip to me. I think I have a fascination with sharp objects i.e. razors—razor blades, knives, needles, pins, swords and anything else that is sharp. I like to cut myself."

Driving past the John Wayne Airport. Are they crazy here or simply horrible—a spiteful gesture to name their airport John Wayne? Exit onto Jamboree, Campus Drive, Lot 11. I'll call you from my office. **SWSH**