

Notes Made While Waiting for the At-Home Pregnancy Test to Ripen

There is a boulder by the shore in Maine I wanted to be friends with. And a tree in preschool I used to hang out with at recess. A yew-tree. I have made due in small ways. I have loved things and people who do not love me back.

I feel like an unfilled thing. An unfillable thing.

But sometimes the joy leaks out my ears and all I want to do is love. Relief and regret. Giddiness. Gratitude. Hope. An ocean on a winter morning. Sea mist rising smoky white. Quiet. Quiet hope. Smoky. Holding out a hand and waiting. Purposeful as sun. As airflow. Random pieces. I thought I wasn't feeling anything but maybe the receptors wore out. It's in there. Seeping. Smoldering. Summertime is holy. I am holy--pointed in that direction anyway. Compass needle seeking. Hope.

The joy is leaking onto the page.

How to Like It

There's something to be said, I suppose, for the perfunctory jackhammering of mainstream pornography, the accepted range of high-pitched vocalizations, its overall clinical hairlessness. Mainstream porn should be a niche fetish--call it something else, more specific. Call it "mole-core," as in naked, burrowing, can't see their hands. Let people into mole-core be into mole-core, don't shame them, but maybe don't inundate children with this warped idea of what sex has to be, because when children grow up into adults who believe mole-core is standard we go out into the world and engage in disappointing mole-on-mole action. Nobody wants that. (Except that particular sub-sub-category of mole-core fetishists.) Most porn is terrible, or, maybe, not to my taste and yet I'm still watching it regularly if not compulsively. This segment of my personal history has re-organized my brain, taught me what to like and how to like it. I know its normal-not-normalcy is hurting people. Women, the ones I count favorites, are young, agreeable, and pretending and I wonder if watching them means I would like to be fucking the most vulnerable version of myself--if I'm jealous of the men who got to me first or maybe I'm trying to find the piece that was slipped off at the bedside, crumpled to the floorboards, and never picked up again. I'm not talking about virginity. I'm talking about agency. Porn taught me early to shape my desires around boys like an arm hugs a body, or rather, like a mouth takes a cock. We don't talk about how porn has a way of birthing need for itself. I don't know if I could return to the wild pathways of my wandering mind. I'd like to try. Here's a list of things

I'd like to see in mainstream porn instead: Witty banter that leads to realistic sex. Sexual tension that leads to realistic sex. Authentic femme desire that leads to realistic sex. Imagine two people who have longed for each other ten years, three months, and seventeen days finally acknowledge their mutual hunger. We watch them shyly undress together for the first time, naked bodies glowing in the misty-blue predawn daylight. They're saying yes yes yes, and so am I.