

to vitomil and črtomir

*simona semenič
this apple, made of gold*

vesna

today i dreamt i was a queen
i was a queen living in a castle
it was an enormous, beautiful castle, filled with tapestries, filled with paintings, in one, a girl was
leisurely lounging on a bed, naked, she had flower blossoms in one hand, covering her sex with the
other, behind her silky legs a dog was sleeping, curled up into a ball, pale skin on white sheets,
behind her, the folds of a green curtain were falling gently and yet the painting was glowing red, the
girl was staring at me, looking at me gently and seductively, as if she wanted to tell me, i'm here
i'm here
the queen
walking around the castle
from one picture to another
from one tapestry to another
the sun slowly seeping through tall windows
walking through this castle
so light, so soft, so pretty
my husband was the king and was away, he'd gone to war or wherever king-husbands go
i was the queen
walking through this pretty castle filled with paintings and tapestries, the servants following my every
move, my every breath
i was the queen and i could choose any of my subjects to fuck
as they're standing in a double row

*they're standing in a double row
female and male servants
she's walking and observing them
one more fuckable than another*

vesna

one more fuckable than another
how am i to choose

*she's moving slowly among the servants, here and there kisses someone lightly on the cheeks, a
woman, a man, rubs herself against a woman, or a man, caresses a man, or a woman*

how am i to choose
i am the queen

the double row disperses

*she wakes up
stretches in her big bed, checks the watch
closes her eyes and caresses her breast
smiles*

caresses her crotch with the other hand

vesna
there's a sea of sadness inside me
i am like that

when i woke up this morning, alone in my bed, i found myself unbearably craving a touch, a male body, a penis
some mornings are like that
and then i started to think about the penis i'd want to have inside me
this is the most beautiful cock in the world, the most beautiful
perhaps also because i'm in love again
although ... no, no, this is the most beautiful cock in the world
although i am in love again
i started thinking of all the other cocks in my life and comparing them among themselves, just cocks, phalluses, amongst themselves
and the one i crave for now is definitely the most beautiful one
not the biggest, but the most beautiful

there's a sea of sadness inside me
i am like that

i am, then, lying in my bed, alone, the alarm will go off in four minutes and twenty-one seconds
twenty
nineteen
eighteen
i'm lying in my bed and i am soft and supple and willing, lascivious, if you will, horny

she's lying in her bed, she is soft and supple and willing, lascivious, if you will, horny

vesna
some mornings are like that
i'm thinking of this most beautiful cock, four minutes and sixteen seconds

she's thinking of this most beautiful cock

vesna
i imagine taking it into my hand, squeezing it, hard; i approach it with my lips, lick its head with my tongue, very gently, again, and again, then i take it in my mouth, whole, i have it whole in my mouth, it's getting bigger and bigger, and two minutes thirty-five seconds and then again and i'm travelling up and down the cock with one hand and mouth at the same time, and with the other i'm playing with my nipple,

she's playing with her nipple

vesna

while i'm imagining this, i'm playing with my left nipple with my left hand

while she's imagining this, she's playing with her left nipple with her left hand

vesna

and with the right slowly caressing my bud, until the pussy turns moist, and would now

and with the right slowly caressing her bud, until the pussy turns moist

vesna

inhale exhale,

inhale exhale

vesna

and would now sit on this divine cock while his hands would play with my titties, i'd arch on top of him, a minute and a bit, an inhale and exhale

inhale exhale, faster

vesna

and inhale and exhale

inhale exhale, even faster

vesna

and a little longer and i'll come, a little longer, inhale

a voice from the background

peter

will you have coffee, too, sweetie?

živa

what, you fuck?

vesna

i removed my hand from my crotch, as if it were red-hot iron
but it wasn't that hot, not yet, dammit, there wasn't enough time

*she's still breathing fast
her nipples are still tender*

živa

no

she's breathing, she's breathing between the now and here and that promise of an orgasm that has just frozen, that has just passed, that has just gone

živa

isn't he on a plane?

she still has her left hand on her breast, her right on her clit, and the echo bringing satisfaction echoes softer and softer and softer

a voice from the background

peter

živa!

živa

no, no

she removes her hand from her breast and her crotch

a voice from the background

peter

živa!

živa

coffee?

a voice from the background

peter

yes, shall i make you one, too?

živa

yes, peter, i will, thank you
shouldn't you be on the plane now?

a voice from the background

peter

no, haven't i told you that they changed my flight, i'm leaving in two hours

živa

aha

okay

i said and yielded to the fate, what else was i to do

i caressed myself once more, a little bit, just so i wouldn't forget the feeling

peter enters the room

peter

good morning

živa

i thought you'd gone, since you were not in bed

why did you get up before me, then?

peter

eh, i was set to get up early, and then i said to myself, i'd get up anyway and seize the morning

živa

do you have something naughty in mind?

she approaches him and caresses his belly, brings her crotch to his thigh, rubs against it

živa

a quickie?

peter

hm, yes, not a bad idea, but not now, not now

peter pushes her away gently

peter

i want to go over my symposium paper once more

živa

of course

the alarm rings

mira

today i dreamt that i was a queen

that i was a queen living in a castle

this was an enormous, beautiful castle, filled with tapestries,
filled with paintings
light, soft, beautiful
my husband was the king and was away, he'd gone to war or wherever king-husbands go
i was the queen
walking through this beautiful castle filled with paintings and tapestries, the servants followed my
every move, my every breath
i was looking at a painting of a girl sitting by the window, looking at herself in a mirror, naked but a
piece of red fabric draping across her right arm, her loin, across her sex and diving between her
thighs, the girl looking at herself in the mirror that she was holding in her right hand, her reflection in
the mirror behind her, on the green wall, the girl's skin is fair, fair, and yet the painting glows blue,
glows blue like the sky through the window, like the distant mountain range under the firmament,
glows blue like the headscarf, wrapped around the girl's red hair, the girl's looking in the mirror, her
nipple between the red fabric and her fair hand is shyly looking at me, as if it wanted to say you
almost can't see me, but i'm here, i'm here
you almost can't see me, but i'm here
i'm here
the queen

and ...

she stops and just breathes

priest
you were saying?

mira
it's hard to get it out

priest
don't make it hard for yourself, god will bless you with his mercy, god will set you free

mira
i was a queen
i was walking through that beautiful castle, filled with paintings and tapestries that spoke to me from
the walls, the servants followed my every move, my every breath
they were standing in a double row and ...
i was the queen and i could choose any of my subjects for ...

she stops and just breathes

priest
you were saying?

mira
for sexual activity

priest
aha

mira
they were standing in a double row
female and male servants
i was walking around them and watched them
they were all so beautiful, so very beautiful, one more so than the other, young, old, women, men,
i couldn't decide
i moved between them slowly, touching them
touching their skin, smooth, wrinkled, rasp, soft
warm
supple
it felt beautiful, father, very beautiful

the double row disperses

priest
how long have you been a widow?

mira
two years have just passed

priest
do you miss your husband?

mira
no
i mean, yes, i miss him, of course i miss him, i miss him a lot
but ...
that's not what it's about, father
i miss ...

priest
you miss sex with him?

mira
no
i mean, yes, i miss sex, but not with...

priest

go on, say what burdens you

mira

i don't know how to say this, i don't miss my husband in this sense
i never did, in fact, father
i mean, not even when he was still alive
i craved for someone who wasn't my husband

priest

in what way?

mira

in all ways, father
i wanted to socialise with someone else more than with my husband
i wanted to watch someone else laugh
i wanted other hands on my breasts, i wanted other lips on my nipples and another tongue on my clitoris, that's what i wanted, every day, for so many years i can no longer count them, do you understand me, father?

priest

oh my god

mira

yes, father, i keep saying that too

vesna

there's a sea of sadness inside me
i am like that

živa

yes, i have to get up, too, get breakfast ready for the boys and get them ready for school
are they up yet?

peter

no

živa

o, great, a bit more time
do you want breakfast, too?

peter

what are you making?

živa

buckwheat groats with dried fruits

peter

don't feel like having this healthy breakfast of yours, sorry

živa

yes, yes, i know, if everyone ate healthy, you wouldn't have a job, what would we live off then will you then fry eggs and pancetta for yourself and take one rupurut after?

peter

i will pretend i haven't noticed your sarcasm
besides, rupurut is an antacid made by bayer, ours is rutacid
yes, don't worry about me, i'll have eggs and pancetta

živa

but ...

peter

after you're gone, yes, so that boys don't start arguing
i know

živa

you're the best

kisses him on the cheek, peter caresses her shoulder

živa

i'll miss you

says she and rubs herself against him just a bit more

peter

it's just three days

živa

yes, you're right, three days can pass with both of us at home and we don't see each other

živa

have you packed everything?

peter

yes, of course, last night, and i've packed my shaver just now

živa

god forbid you forgot the shaver, really
you could grow a little beard every now and then, you know how sexy you are with a little facial hair

peter

i grow it at the seaside
but i cannot go to work so dishevelled

živa

god forbid
careful so you don't eat just junk while you're there

peter

i won't, i won't

živa

better get sloshed one day

peter

i will have a glass, for sure, but i can't get drunk, for who will do the work then

živa

you can indulge every now and then, come on

peter

i do indulge
what will you be indulging in these days?

živa

considering that my pussy will be rather lonely, i'll wait impatiently for saturday night

peter

aren't you going out on saturday?

živa

i am, but i'll be home early, i want you to myself a little in the evening

peter

fine, entered into my calendar, saturday night – sex with the wife

živa

you're impossible

*she says and heads towards the door
we only hear*

živa
alright, boys, get up, get dressed, school!

*peter stays in the room, makes the bed, smooths everything so it's just as it should be
sheets and pillows and things
better three times than once*

vesna
i am like that

*she likes to say
she says*

vesna
i am like that
some would call me a hooker, a floozy, a whore, although the meaning of these words presumes that you fuck for money, and i don't do that, i give it out for free, gladly although ... well, there was that one time, one time only, and only to try it, i didn't really need the money, i just felt like it, in fact sanja and i agreed that once we'd try to get some money for a sexual favour, just to experience what it feels like, he was an italian, old, short, bald and perfumed, italian, you know, giacomo, he wanted to shag me and wouldn't take no for an answer, bella ragazza this, bella ragazza that, i didn't understand him, he understood me even less, i said 200 euros, and i thought if he pays, fine, if no, also fine, this he understood, ma dai mi un sconto, said giacomo, and this i understood, too, solo per me, solo per te 150 euros, i said, bene, he said and we went to his hotel room, his cock was quite imposing, this giacomo, big and beautiful, i have to say this much, and also otherwise he was pretty damn nimble, pretty damn nimble, blimey, i have to admit it was quite difficult to take that money, but a promise made is debt unpaid, and so i took it perhaps those who call me a hooker are absolutely right, i've done it for money although, when i remember how hard i came, oh jesus christ and all the apostles, how hard i came, when i think now of that giacomo how devotedly he was making out with my little star, oh, yes, as if he were doing it for the last time in his life, the time moves forward in slow motion and then ...

and then the time stops
and then the time stands still
aaah

*while peter is making the bed, sanja enters with a ping pong racket and a ball
with the racket she hits the ball into the table
ping ping ping*

vesna

well, when i now think of the bald italian, oh, i forgot to tell that he had the remnants of his hair on sides dyed black, anyways, when i remember giacomo now, i think, i should have given those 150 euros back and paid him another 150 to lick me one more time

oh, yes

but tide and time wait for no woman

and a principle is a principle, i can't pay for sex when i decided to be a whore

i am like that

there's a sea of sadness in me

when peter arranges everything, he takes one last look at the bed, perhaps smooths something down, caresses his crotch and leaves the room

ping ping ping

sanja

well, mira, are you ready?

ping ping ping

mira

here

sanja

well, go, let me hit that

mira

oh, no, not today

let's go

sanja

rock, paper, scissors

mira

scissors beat paper

i start

she serves

ping pong

ping pong

sanja

are we going to buy the little dress afterwards?

ping pong

sanja
or have you changed your mind again?

ping pong

sanja
you've no chance

ping pong

mira
up yours, you've no chance

ping pong
ping pong

mira
we could go, although i'm still not entirely sure
i'm not ready yet
damn it!

sanja
one-love
i told you
you've no chance!
my serve and ...
hop!

ping pong

sanja
no, no, i'm not interested if you are or aren't ready yet
we're going to buy the little dress, we doll you up like god intended and you'll shag him this weekend

ping pong

mira
i don't know, i don't know
he'll be in town for another month, i'll see him again

sanja
well, go on, we don't have infinite time at our disposal now

mira
yes

ping pong

sanja
okay, then we'll go and buy a swiss miss, too

mira
a swiss miss?

sanja
you know, a sexy chemise, and a come-fuck-me bra, and some provocative stockings
you'll open your legs, and he'll be eating out of your hand
or eating you out, if you so choose

mira
damn it!

sanja
you've no chance
two-love

mira
come on, sanja, you're just distracting me with stuff like this
you're doing that on purpose

ping pong

sanja
a little bit
i'd like to provoke you to gather your courage and finally slip between the sheets with jacob

ping pong

mira
and that swiss miss will help me with this?

ping pong

sanja
the swiss miss is more for you than for him
so that you feel even more beautiful and seductive and that you're even more self-confident when
you grab his cock

ah, damn it!

mira
this is because you talk nonsense
one versus two
my serve

ping pong
ping pong

sanja
no, mira, i don't talk nonsense
and men love this cheap shit, do you think the lingerie industry would turn billions otherwise, there
isn't a hero that wouldn't drool over a swiss miss, jacob will go berserk, too
let's go get the dress and the swiss miss and over the weekend you'll shag him and that's it

mira
fine
let's go

sanja
attagirl!
fuck!

mira
two two
i told you today was my day!

this room, this bed, this mirror
these paintings
this ping pong table
this sea

she swims
the sea

živa
sometimes, when we're at the seaside with the family, i take half an hour for myself, find a stretch of
the beach that's not swarming with holiday makers, i dip into the water

vesna
and i imagine that it will wash everything off me, i imagine that the water will wash off all the shit
that collected there with time, that gathered there through the centuries of soaking in manipulations
and lies, that it's washing off me all the thoughts about the body that is sinful, dirty, that the pleasure

is a matter of weakness, that the craving for a touch is vulgar, lowly, that carnality is a touch of evil,
when it is quite the opposite, it is the touch of divine,

živa
it is the touch of divine

mira
it is a touch of divine, since forever and for all, all
i dip into the sea so that it washes all this filth off me and i feel my beautiful body

živa
my perfect body

vesna
my beautiful perfect body, i run my hand over my soft tits, once

mira
and once more

živa
and once more

vesna
and i enjoy it

živa
i enjoy in touching my tits in the salty freshness of the sea

mira
there's nothing erotic in this, no excitement, just pleasant sliding of fingers over the softness of the
skin

živa
tits, belly, hips

vesna
cunt, thighs, knees, me, whole

živa
soft and beautiful

mira
perfect under the glittering surface, in the sun

živa
perfect in my craving for touch

vesna
perfect in touch
more

*this room, this bed, this mirror
these paintings
this ping pong table
this office desk*

this man, andrew

andrew
come here

živa
what?

andrew
come here

come here, says he, licks his finger and when she approaches, he pushes his finger into her pussy

živa
oh, andrew, please

andrew
i won't hurt you

*she tries to pull away, failing
failing, because she doesn't want to pull away, a promise of an orgasm awakens in her, is awakening*

živa
no, really, no, somebody might come

andrej caresses he neck and squeezes her lightly

živa
you're hard

andrej
because you have the prettiest pussy and because it's dripping

živa

yes

andrej

lift your skirt so i can do you

živa

we've a meeting in ten minutes

andrej

oh, come on, boss, the sooner you stop talking, the sooner we will go

živa

but ...

andrej

you promised to be good

živa

yes

she lifts her skirt and turns towards the desk

andrej, with one hand, pulls her knickers down, and with the other, takes his penis from his pants and pushes it inside her

živa

ouch, slowly, go slowly

andrej enters her slowly

živa

yes, slowly, yes

yes

andrew goes in, faster, faster

they fuck

she tries to moan as quietly as she can

andrej slides his right hand under her shirt and fumbles with her nipple, while his left hand plays with her clitoris

this shop with sexy lingerie

sanja

well, where are you, i've been waiting for eons

mira

oh, sorry, i went to confession and it ran late

sanja

again?

mira

yes

sanja

you go there somewhat frequently recently, what's wrong with you ?

mira

well, i don't know, i like going to church, i've always liked going to church

well, except to the mass

but ...

you know, churches are peaceful

silent

peaceful

you know?

silence and peace

and i listen to my voice when i'm telling the priest

and everything makes sense, my voice, my words, my thought

i feel lighter after that, really

and the priest is okay, he listens, doesn't push, he sits there and listens and then i feel lighter

sanja

with that young fuckable priest?

well, if it's like that, you're forgiven

mira

oh, no, no, please, that thing's too young to be fuckable

sanja

but that's why it's fuckable, because it's fresh, because it doesn't yet smell of staleness

it's firm and full of energy and stamina, what more do you want

mira

well, i don't look at it like that, not at all, he's too young

sanja

oh, come on, young fresh meat, how else can you look at it?

well, let's go, let's dress you up into a queen

mira

i'm not entirely sure if this is really a good idea

this young fresh flesh

vesna

praise the lord

priest

may he forever be praised, amen

vesna

then i forgot, i apologise, father, what comes next?

aha, in the name of the father, the son, and the holy ghost
can i start now?

priest

may god who illuminates human hearts help you to recognise your sins and reach god's mercy, amen

vesna

i've not been at confession for a long time, father

priest

what do you mean by long time?

vesna

since confirmation, father, almost ten years

priest

oh, dear, that is a long time
and what burdens your soul now?

vesna

hm

yes

i'll be direct, you know, father

priest

this is the best way

vesna

i'm a whore, father

priest
what do you mean?

vesna
what i said
that i'm a whore
not because i like doing it, that's got nothing to do with it, i don't need absolution for that
i came to you ...
i'm a student, father
and ...
well, i have a professor who ...
well, in short, i went to a professor's office hours about a paper, i sat down on a chair next to his
desk, he is ...
how to put this ...

priest
are you fond of the professor? it that the problem?

vesna
fond? you mean if i'm in love with him?
oh, jesus christ, no, no, i'm not in love with him
but he is so ...
so ...

priest
are you perhaps physically attracted to him?

vesna
physically attracted?
oh, christ, no
no
i mean, now that you mention it and if i think a little, he doesn't look that bad, he's actually quite ...
attractive, for his age, charming, has a beautiful voice
but no, no
that's not why i'm here
i'm here because i whored myself out to him, do you understand me?

priest
no, i have to say that i do not understand
you've slept with a married man, is that what you mean?

vesna
i haven't slept with him, eek, no

priest

then i don't understand at all

vesna

so ...

i went during office hours to this professor, right

i sit down on a chair next to his desk and thaddeus, this thad, professor phooey and bad, begins to ...

this is how my friend sanja and i call him – thad, professor phooey and bad, she gave him this name,

sanja, well, and thad, professor phooey and bad, starts telling me how much i mean to him, that

when he sees my beautiful eyes his life becomes more beautiful, why don't i come to office hours

more often, i look at him, i smile, i think how sanja would now say to him, in cold blood, that she'd

sue him for sexual harassment, although i'm not sure if this qualifies as sexual harassment, i mean, i

do have beautiful eyes, right, father, well, i'm still uncomfortable, i think, what the fuck does he have

to busy himself with my eyes, we'll talk about swear words later, father, i'm thinking what sanja

would tell him now

sanja, she's my friends and occasionally my lover, but that's not part of this story, in short, i look at

him and think what sanja would say to him now

that he should stop bullshitting, she'd tell him something like that, perhaps she'd also add that he

should shift his energy to servicing his wife's clitoris, if he'd managed to even discover it in the past

thirty years, of course, rather than harassing every filly that passes by, and then, along with that,

she'd serve him in legalese, because sanja is a law student, you know, father, well, sanja would also

serve him a couple of articles from legislation he violated and the drool would be left without any

lines, i think about what sanja would say now, i smile at him, play an innocent maiden who doesn't

get the hints, shyly move away when he places his hand on my knee, i try to move, i'm embarrassed,

awkward, i don't know how to behave, goddamit, i apologise, father, i will need absolution for the

swearing, thad, professor phooey and bad, is after all my professor, a boss, almost, do you

understand, on the food chain, she's a series of links ahead of me, do you understand me, father?

priest

now i understand

vesna

i would like to finish college, i'm afraid to rub him the wrong way, i'm afraid to just move my knee, i

freeze with that idiotic smile on my mug and i don't say anything sanja would say, i agree to this kind

of communication, what else can i do, i am, after all, a whore, i've established that right from

beginning

but when i'm a whore at the desk of my professor, i don't like myself then

i like myself when i'm a whore at some other desk

this office desk

she and andrew

fuck

živa
more, more, give me more

andrew
yes, yes, but

a quick inhale exhale
another
and another

andrew
but

inhale exhale

andrew
we have to go now

živa
yes, we'll go
more

andrew
isn't herr doktor

inhale exhale

andrew
on a business trip?

živa
yes
he is
he is
he is

andrew
then we can continue in the afternoon

živa
yes, yes, yes
no, no, no
now
now

now

inhale and exhale and inhale and exhale and inhale and exhale

živa

now

now

a

a

and then silence

and then the time stops

and then the time stands still

vesna

i like myself when i'm a whore next to some other desk, and i don't need absolution for that, father

priest

khm

vesna

no, no, don't you worry, god and i have sorted all this out

but this ...

this vexes me, you know

i can't be like sanja is

i'm not able to say no to this sleazy swine

i apologise, father, for swearing,

i think, i will need absolution

this young fresh flesh

this office desk

this ping pong table, empty

this room, this bed, this mirror

and then these paintings

they can also be

can also be set design elements

these people, these characters who, for example, sit at the same table, these husbands and wives or boyfriends and girlfriends, they can also be set design elements or actually props, a husband and a wife sit behind a single table, enjoying their own preferred delicious sauce, he, for example, beer, and she a chocolate frappe, each one of them suckling their own preferred sauce, this is the moment of the day intended for pleasure, they sit at the table, suckle the sauce and stare in front of them, each in her or his own emptiness at the same table, and at some other table it's the same, a husband and a wife staring into their own emptiness, perhaps all the words have already been spoken, perhaps all

the contents have already been worked on, perhaps this is that real pleasure, when there are no more words and no more contents and when it's time for you to be, goddamnit, flooded by peace

the endless pleasure of peace, when there's nothing else that you'd still need to share with someone, nothing but your life, because by some series of coincidences a while ago some contract was signed that binds both of them, the husband and the wife, each one of them with their preferred delicacy, binds them until death

so, these people, these characters, these props behind tables

there can be three tables, four, five, ten

a multitude of tables behind which sit the props with their preferred delicacies that are of course not all necessarily beer and chocolate frappe and this desk

andrew
we have to go

živa
stay inside me just a little longer
a little longer

andrew
it's a minute to

živa
oh, fuck,
they'll come looking for me

she pushes him away
she laughs
they both laugh while they're hastily getting dressed

živa
when will you bang me again?

andrew
when you ask very very nicely

živa
pretty please

andrew
pretty please what?

živa
pretty please, fuck me

andrew
if you're good

živa
i will be, promise

andrew
well, come over in the afternoon, or tomorrow, if herr doktor is away

živa
don't you call him herr doktor, too, sanja already calls him herr doktor, you get on my nerves

*she pushes her tongue into andrew's mouth
while they're fixing their clothes they're making out
knock on door*

živa
just a moment

*this sexy slip
this come -fuck-me bra
these provocative stockings*

mira
just a moment

sanja
oh, go on already, i'm curious, i want to see you

mira
here

sanja turns around

sanja
dammit, i'd do you right here wearing this

mira
i don't know what you're waiting for

sanja

oh, mira, you're terrible, terrible
right here?

mira
well, i don't know
perhaps a little

*she approaches sanja, breathes very close to her
caresses her cheek with her hand, her neck, between her breasts, her belly, her hips
slowly
she rubs her cheek to sanja's cheek
slowly
she places a hand on sanja's buttock and pulls her closer
licks sanja's lips
sanja parts her lips
they kiss*

mira
come over to my place tonight

sanja
okay

mira
i'll put the swiss miss on for you

sanja
you think you need it for me?

mira
actually, no

*she holds sanja's breasts, kneads them
sanja pushes her hand under mira's the swiss miss and caresses her pussy*

sanja
i'll fuck you like you're the last whore in the universe

mira
yes

*this room, this bed, this mirror
these paintings*

živa

i know exactly when i decided to become a whore
it was that one time at a family trip, after one night when peter once more didn't find his way to my
clit, as sanja would say, anyways, a family trip, chaos, but we had a good time, and then i had this
urge to pee, we were driving through some boonies towards home, i've no idea where we were, in
short, i desperately needed to pee, peter wouldn't stop, he's in a hurry to get home because he still
has work to do, not now, not now, he says, hold it a little longer, wait another minute, it will make it
so much nicer later, i got possessed by aggression, i was really this close to hitting him that time, i
only held back for the kids, please stop, i'll leak, please, i beg him, literally beg him, but he keeps
smiling and smiling, not now, not now, smiling and speeding on, because he still has work to do, then
finally he stops in front of a bar, i run in, straight to the toilet, i barely manage to undress and
aaaaaah, aaaaaah and i look through the window to my right, the window is covered with some silver
thing, half peeling, aaaaaah, but on that part that's still sticking to the window, there's a faded
inscription – whore
whore
well, then, at that time i asked myself what i'd rather be if i had to decide, a nun or a whore
a whore, any second of the day
aaaaaah

vesna

one time i met this dalmatian man, šimun he was called, dark, tall, handsome, a sexy devil, his lips
were a proof of god's mercy, i could easily imagine how to make out with him, how i'd suck those
lips, oh, how i'd latch onto them, in short, we talk, this and that, nothing to burden one's random
access memory, and then hotlips blurts out that he likes me, that he likes that i'm curious
curious
curious!
what does an honest woman do, even if she's a whore, particularly if she's a whore, when a
dalmatian man called šimun says that she's curious?
turns tails and runs, of course
not the way he'd want to (or she, at the end of the day), no, she just smiles prettily and farewell
goodbye
curious, i beg your pardon, so young and already a slovenian, it was all perfectly clear in a second,
yes, yes, i can imagine licking those lips, how our tongues taste each other how my sweat becomes
his and his mine, how we intertwine, i can imagine this, but if a dalmatian man tells you just like that
that he likes you because you're curious, then you know that his image of a sexual encounter is not
even closely similar to yours, then you're totally clear that the second when he pulls his, in his own
opinion glorious, dick out for his trousers, it will all be over, perhaps a second or two latter, no, no,
thank you, farewell and goodbye
some would say that i'm filled with prejudice, that this is a stereotype, they'd be right, but my
pleasure is directly from god and it is fear of god that keeps me away from such risks
i am like that

there is a sea of sadness inside me

this room
this bed
this mirror
this ping pong table
sanja is hitting the ball into the table with her racket
ping ping ping

sanja
vesna, stop your monologues and come

vesna
so you can bang me?

sanja
so i can bang you, of course

vesna
but i haven't told yet ...

sanja
you will, now grab a racket

she grabs a racket

sanja
good girl

vesna
always

sanja
now step in front of the table and turn towards me

she steps in front of the table and turns towards sanja

sanja
now inhale and extend your exhale

she inhales and slowly exhales

sanja
and one more time

she inhales and slowly exhales

sanja
good
are you here now?

vesna
yes

sanja
let's do it

vesna
rock, scissors, paper

sanja
rock beats scissors
i start

ping pong
ping pong
ping pong
ping pong

vesna
but today i'll beat you
i'm furious

sanja
something with philip again?

ping pong

vesna
no, philip is great
philip has ...

sanja
... the most beautiful cock in the world
i know, you've told me
more than once

ping pong

vesna
oh, shit

sanja
concentrate

vesna
yes
yes
goddammit

sanja
one–love
my serve

ping pong
ping pong

vesna
he failed me

sanja
who, thad, professor phooey and bad?

vesna
yes
bloody bastard

sanja
two–love

vesna
disgusting pig

ping pong

sanja
you should have done something straight away
it's too late now, now they'll say you reported him because he failed you
swallow and move on, nothing else to do

vesna
i'm furious, goddammit
he said i wasn't thorough enough with the material

that i didn't tackle it innovatively

ping pong

sanja

if you'd unzipped his fly and sucked his micro wiener, that would be an aspect innovative enough
not to mention thoroughness

ping pong

vesna

well, perhaps i should have done this
to be frank, i'd have preferred to suck him than to smile, i'd feel better

sanja

you do realise that you don't have to do either?

vesna

yes, i know
philip thinks ...

sanja

oh, the most beautiful cock in the world also thinks?
now i'm interested
stupid bitch!

vesna

two-one
don't make fun of philip
fillip is wonderful
fillip ...

sanja

... has the most beautiful cock in the world, yes
well, go on, play

ping pong

vesna

philip thinks i should speak up
that i should find other girls he's touching and that we ought to speak up together

sanja

damn, this most beautiful cock of yours is quite something

i'm a little jealous

vesna
you don't have to be jealous, you'll always be the first and only one

sanja
bitch!

vesna
two-two
heehee
my serve

ping pong

sanja
and what are you going to do?

vesna
i don't know
i'm afraid
and why would i do anything
i suffer one more year and it'll be over, why deal with it now

sanja
yes, and then he'll try to stuff his stinky cock down some other girl's throat
but not your problem, no

ping pong
ping pong

vesna
i'll pretend i haven't noticed your sarcasm
i don't know, sanja, i don't know
i really don't need this as well right now

ping pong

this fresh young flesh

živa
today i dreamt that i was a queen
that i was a queen living in a castle
it was an enormous, beautiful castle, filled with tapestries, filled with paintings, in one, a girl, naked,

with one hand hugging a swan, the swan's wing resting on her hips, butt, thighs, next to her on the lawn two boys are playing, also naked they're picking flowers, behind them there's a huge egg, a river in the distance, a bridge, a palace, the swan is looking at her, but she's looking at the boys, at the flowers they're offering, a white swan, fair skin, pale horizon, and yet the painting glows green, the girl is looking at the boys, looking at them, smiling, tenderly, as if to say, i'm here

i'm here

a queen

i was walking around the castle

from one picture to another

from one tapestry to another

the sun slowly seeping through tall windows

i was walking through the castle

it was light, soft, pretty

my husband was the king and was away, he'd gone to war or wherever king-husbands go

i was the queen

i was walking through this pretty castle filled with paintings and tapestries, the servants following my every move, my every breath

i was the queen and could select any of my subject to ...

she pauses and just breathes

priest

yes?

živa

it's hard to get it out

i was a queen

i was walking through that beautiful castle, filled with paintings and tapestries that spoke to me from the walls the servants followed my every move, my every breath

they were standing in a double row, male and female servants, and ...

i was the queen and i could choose any of my subjects for ...

she pauses and just breathes

priest

you were saying?

she wakes up

stretches in her big bed, checks the watch

closes her eyes and caresses her breast

smiles

with the other hand she reaches to the other side of the bed, seeks out a hand and places it on her crotch

the body besides her wakes up she caresses her crotch

sanja
good morning

mira
good morning

sanja
were you dreaming?

mira
i'm still dreaming
don't wake me up
just continue right where you left off

sanja
oh, damn, i must have had a good time, you're dripping wet

mira
i know
go on

*sanja caresses her crotch
she leans over sanja and starts licking her nipples
from the nipples, her tongue slowly slides towards her navel, her hands caress her hips, inner thighs,
hips again and her mount
sanja moves her hand from her wet vulva to her mouth, licks it and starts playing with her tit
they breathe
loudly
she laughs*

sanja
why are you laughing

mira
i think you were also dreaming, your pussy is drooling as well

sanja
go on

mira
yes

she starts performing cunnilingus

they breathe

sanja
move it over here, put it into my mouth

she moves her slit onto sanja's mouth
they lick each other's genitals, she helps herself with her hands, sanja's fingers pay attention to her anus

this room, this bed, this mirror
this double row of servants
one, two, three, four, and perhaps five or six or more and more, if the imagination supported by financial, mental and similar states allows it
this double row of bodies
young, fresh
they stand silently next to one another
young, fresh
with halberds in their arms
these halberds

she and sanja breathe
lick each other
fondle each other
and they breathe louder
moan
and then they moan some more
and more

these halberds
this double row

and then the time stops
and then the time stands still

živa
for sex

priest
aha

živa
were standing in a double row
female and male servants
i was walking around them and watched them

they were all so beautiful, so very beautiful, one more so than the other, young, old, women, men,
i couldn't decide
i moved between them slowly, touching them
touching their skin, smooth, wrinkled, rasp, soft
warm
supple
it felt beautiful, father, very beautiful

the double row disperses

priest
how far along are you now?

živa
three months

priest
and you're sure your husband isn't the father of this child?

živa
yes
peter, my husband, had a vasectomy

priest
aha

živa
despite the fact that i wanted another child

priest
aha

živa
or because of that
you know, my husband doesn't leave anything to chance

priest
aha

živa
and he didn't want more children, he said two were enough, that you can focus on two and still have
some time for yourself
and because he didn't feel it would be fair to ask this of me, he had a vasectomy
so, no, he's not the father of this child

priest

would you like to have an abortion? is this why you came to confession after all this time?

this fresh young flesh

and she doesn't notice it

*she looks past the grille, looks past the fresh young flesh, looks somewhere far ahead, past the grille,
past the fresh young flesh, past the confessional, past the altar, past the church, past the street full of
cyclists, cars, pedestrians, dogs*

she looks somewhere far ahead and dreams

again

dreams about the two of them, a nest, a camper van in which they travel around

about sweaty nights that know no end

about him inside her, obviously

about herself inside him

about how he embraces her and her life is perfect for a moment

about how he embraces her, most of all

this embrace is her haven

this is where she wants to go

more and more

priest

are you thinking about an abortion?

živa

no, no

i won't have an abortion

i'll give birth

that's not why i'm here, father

i don't know what to do, how to tell him

whether to tell him

stay with him or leave?

priest

and the baby's father, do you have feelings for him?

živa

no

no, i mean, yes, i'm fond of him, he's a good person, but ...

no, i don't want to be with him, if that's what you mean

i don't love him

no

priest

what about your husband ? do you love your husband?

živa
yes

priest
aha

živa
yes, i love him

priest
do you respect him?

živa
yes, of course i do
peter is ...
he's responsible, he's ... a wonderful husband and a wonderful father, he's gentle, attentive,
educated, well-read, successful, he makes good money
wonderful

priest
but?

she doesn't say anything

sanja
but?

she doesn't say anything

sanja
but you want him to lick your pussy every once in a while

živa
ah, come on
that's not the problem
i mean, yes, he could lick it more often, but ... it's not that

sanja
swiss miss is the solution, i'm telling you

živa
a swiss miss?

sanja

a fucktastic slip, a fuck-me suspender belt, you'll open your legs in front of him and he'll be eating out of your palm
or eating you out, if you so choose

živa

oh, fuck, i don't know

sanja

oh, come on, men love this, there's not a single hero what wouldn't drool over a swiss miss, i bet herr doktor will get a hard-on, too

živa

but he does get a hard-on, the problem isn't that he wouldn't get a hard-on

sanja

he gets it hard on easter, pentecost and on assumption, but you also want to get it on christmas and on birthday, right?

živa

well, at least on my birthday

sanja

then you have to do something for it, no?

živa

yeah, but i don't know if sexy lingerie will help

sanja

you have to start somewhere
or we can head straight to a sex shop

živa

oh, no, no, he would find that ...

sanja

sexy?

živa

no ...
rather ...

sanja

vulgar?

živa

no, not vulgar, he's not a prude
banal, i don't know, superfluous
yielding to trends and what's that ... mass media hysteria

sanja

oh, yes, yes
i keep forgetting that herr doktor is a politically conscious dealer
his drugs would sell just as well in a perfect world without any mass media hysteria
i still cannot quite grasp that you married a pharmacologist
a pharmacologist?!
this is, like, bottom of the barrel
first he tries to sell you one drug to poison you with, so he can sell you a different drug that will cure
this and poison something else for which he's going to sell you a new drug and so on cum gratia in
infinitem
no, no, this is worse than a dealer
bottom of the barrel

živa

but it is legal and legitimate, is it not, madam barrister?

they laugh

sanja takes a piece of sexy lingerie

sanja

oh, look at this, this will be perfect for herr doktor's birthday present

sanja holds the sexy piece against živa's body

sanja

damn, when you're in this, i'd do you right here

priest

what about sex with your husband?

živa

sex with my husband is ...
fine, i mean, i'm not unsatisfied, if that's what you mean, father
my husband ...
he ...

she pauses

živa

he ...

vesna

he has the most beautiful cock in the world
perhaps also because i'm in love again
although ... no, no, this is the most beautiful cock in the world
despite the fact that i'm in love again

philip pulls his cock from his trousers

vesna

the most beautiful cock in the world, what have i told you

she kneels

she kneels, holds philip's cock in her hands and licks the head

fillip moans softly

softly

she's lightly licking the head of philip's cock while looking philip in the eyes, laughing

philip moans softly, closes his eyes

softly

she travels with her tongue from the head to the base of philip's cock, moistens it, all of it, the most beautiful cock in the world, she moistens it with her tongue, fillip moans, softly, and she with one hand caresses fillips balls that may very well be the most beautiful balls in the world, and with the other she holds philip's cock and puts it in her mouth, with her hand and her lips she travels up and down the cock, she travels up and down the most beautiful cock in the world while stimulating the head with her tongue

but the fact that she's stimulating the head with her tongue, we don't notice that in theatre

živa

yes

you know, this is strange, i cannot even properly explain, but any time i ...

any time i ...

almost every time i ... sleep with someone else i then desire my husband also

i mean, if i sleep with a woman, that is perhaps understandable that i also crave for well, you get the picture

priest

aha

sanja

perhaps this is not a story for the priest

mira
why not?

sanja
well, fuck, young fresh flesh, priest ...
give the man a break

mira
well, i don't tell him everything
now it's hard for me because jacob is in town
so i'm there often

sanja
has he called you yet?

mira
yes
yesterday

sanja
and?

mira
we're meeting tomorrow

sanja
and do you have a plan?

mira
what plan, please
i'm going to the cemetery with my brother-in-law, to my husband's grave
that's all

sanja
sweetie, you're impossible
you're going to the cemetery with your brother-in-law?

mira
yes, we arranged to go to the grave together
he hasn't been since the funeral

sanja
in some other culture, more inclined to showing emotions than ours, i'd commit hara-kiri now
or something

mira

masturbating with words again, are we
and on the level of my students

sanja

i do apologise, lady professor
you get on my nerves
i don't know, perhaps you should tell the priest everything
how two days before the wedding you escaped with your groom's twin brother, that you shagged
like rabbits all night, that you then changed your mind and came back before your at the time future,
and now late husband managed to notice, that you were married for how long, damn, for thirty
years, thirty years of family meetings, weddings, funerals, that you were pining for thirty years for
your husband's twin brother and that he every now and then, or perhaps all the time pined for you

mira

and that the pining sighs were more or less with you all this time?

she approaches sanja seductively, caresses her cheek, neck, lips
sanja laughs

sanja

okay, i understand, you don't want to talk about it, but now you could really take this step, you're
both single, you both have adult children, you could indulge, really
so we can then have peace
that i have peace
that i don't have to listen to this
thirty years
goddamit

mira

sanja, my sanja, you swear too much
you swear like a little girl at twenty who hasn't found herself yet, and not like a respected intellectual
in her late fifties

sanja

well, why don't you swear then?

mira

me? why?

sanja

because you haven't found yourself yet

mira laughs loudly

mira
but you are truly angry, i can see
you have half an hour left, shall we find ourselves?

she approaches sanja, grabs her hand and licks her fingers

sanja
your greedy drooling star would gobble anything that moves
like a pacman
anything but jacob's stick, of course
you only need jacob to have a name to give your sadness

vesna
there is a sea of sadness inside me
i am like that

*this room
this bed
this mirror
this ping pong table
this fresh young body, and another
these two fresh young bodies that are fondling by the ping pong table
she's holding the most beautiful cock in the world in her hands, phillip has his head between her tits,
on her belly, on her cunt, she's caressing the most beautiful cock in the world, fillip has his hands
everywhere and his tongue everywhere and then he lifts her, she lets go of the most beautiful cock in
the world from her hands, hugs fillip around his neck, sticks her tongue into his mouth and again and
more and then she mounts the most beautiful cock in the world, fillip helps her a little with his hands,
he steps clumsily, nearly trips, she laughs, fillip laughs, they laugh while the most beautiful cock in the
world is still inside her, more, more, fillip sits her on the ping pong table, she wraps her legs around
his loins, her arms around his neck, fillip licks her neck, her cheek, her ear, her hair, he's licking her
hair, she's licking him, his shoulder, his arm, his underarm, as if they wanted to devour each other,
more, more, more, the table is squeaking*

this swiss miss

peter
oh, is this my birthday surprise?

živa
yes

she twirls, the swiss miss dances, she steps towards her husband, she takes his hand and puts it on her breast, as if to say, do you like it

peter
it's pretty

živa
what about me?

peter
you too, you know that

*peter turns her with her back towards him, so that he leans her ass to his crotch and rubs against her she leans on him, wraps her arms around him
eyes closed
peter is touching her cheek with his
playing with her breasts, again, and again and more*

the ping pong table is squeaking

*and more
and more*

priest
then why did you marry him?

mira
because ...
i don't know
because...
because he was safer
that's why

priest
and did you love your husband?

mira
yes, of course

priest
did you respect him?

mira
yes, of course, janez was ...

he was a wonderful man

priest
and the sex between you two?

mira
sex with janez was ...
i mean, i wasn't unsatisfied, if that's what you're asking, it wasn't about that, it wasn't about me not
wanting janez

the ping pong table is squeaking

this fucktastic slip
peter pushes the slip under her breasts and gently twists her nipples with her fingers
more and more and more

mira
i wanted my husband
but i've always also wanted ...
and i still also want ...

this ping pong table
she sighs, louder and louder and then
silence

and then the time stops
and then the time stands still

priest
and you feel it's not right in front of god?

mira
i don't know
do you think it's not right?

peter with his right hand stimulates he nipple, with his left, placed across her belly, he's pressing her
to himself

more and more and more
she's leaning her head on his shoulder, eyes closed
more and more and more and then
silence

and then the time stops

and then the time stands still

priest

khm

i think it's right that you felt the desire to turn this over to god
god will grace you with his mercy, he will liberate and help you

philip

i'm coming

i'm coming

vesna

put it in my mouth

philip pulls the most beautiful cock in the world from her vagina, she leans over him and takes the most beautiful cock in her mouth

philip

a

a

aaa

priest

to atone, pray ... one hail mary

mira

i will, thank you

priest

god, the father of mercies, through the death and resurrection of his son has reconciled the world to himself and sent the holy spirit among us for the forgiveness of sins; through the ministry of the church may god give you pardon and peace, and i absolve you from your sins in the name of the father, and of the son, and of the holy spirit.

mira

amen

priest

give thanks to the lord, for he is good

mira

his mercy endures for ever

priest

the lord has freed you from your sins
go in peace

mira
thank you

this room
this bed
this mirror
this fucktastic slip on the floor

she's lying on the bed
peter picks the fucktastic slip and folds it
he smooths the sheets

živa
peter, i have to tell you something

peter
wait, not now, not now
i'm going to get myself cleaned up

živa
of course

peter leaves

this ping pong table
this racket
this ball
ping ping ping

vesna
and not just the most beautiful
phillip also has the sweetest cock in the world

ping pong

sanja
in some other culture, more inclined to showing emotions than ours, i'd commit hara-kiri now
or something

vesna
oh, come on, being smart again

but it is true
and i have to tell you something else

sanja
yes?

vesna
when i had the most beautiful cock in my mouth and ingested, with utmost pleasure his tasty white
blood, i thought of you

sanja
you skank, again
then i can understand that you were gone with pleasure

vesna
you cow
one—love for me
no, i remembered when you said that thad, professor phooey and bad, will shovel his rank straw
down some other student's throat

ping pong

sanja
i hope you haven't told fillip that

vesna
yes, of course i've told him

sanja
uh-oh, do we have a problem again?

vesna
no, no, we talked about it later, a bit later
after he'd fucked me for the second time
or actually, i fucked him that second time
heehee
shit!

sanja
one—one
well, spit it out

ping pong

vesna
o, damn!
two-one

sanja
well?

vesna
nothing, i told phillip i've made up my mind and that i'll do what you two suggested
i'll talk to other girls, i know of at least two others, so this would stop
i mean, you know this perfect cock unloads into my mouth, i feel his warm sperm, sweet, oh, have i
told you how tasty philip's sperm is?

sanja
you have, you have
play!

vesna
it's so beautiful, so beautiful, this is what it should be like, i can't suck it to some filth just to get a
good grade, no, not just that, i can't smile sweetly at some limp dick motherfucker and allow him to
flirt with me, just because he's higher than i am
he can stick it between the door and the doorframe, if he has to stick it somewhere
and bam!

that's what i've decided

ping pong

sanja
bravo!
i'm so extremely pleased with this
count on me, i'll help you with the legal stuff and all

ping pong

vesna
great
oh, i haven't told you, you know that the other day fillip and i fucked in the toilet of that café by the
river?
in broad daylight, no less
heehee

ping pong

*this cemetery
this man who stands at the grave with a candle in his hand
she stands a step or two or three or four, five, six behind him looking at his back
she's also carrying a candle
looking at him
then she slowly steps to him
jacob sees her, smiles to her
she smiles to him
then they light the candles together
standing at the grave, silently
jacob hugs her over her shoulders
she leans her head against him
they stand at the grave, embraced, silent
then they leave*

*this room
this bed
this mirror
she steps to the bed and observes peter who's sitting on the bed and looking through piles of papers
stacked around him
she observes him
peter works*

živa
peter, i have to tell you something

peter
wait, not now, not now
let me finish this first

živa
it's urgent

peter
can't it wait half an hour?

živa
i'm pregnant

peter
what?

peter puts down the papers

živa
i'm pregnant

peter
but ...

živa
it's not yours

peter
you're telling me that ...

živa
yes

peter
oh fuck

peter gets off the bed and steps towards her

peter
wait a minute
wait, let me ... let me just think
how far along are you?

živa
i'm having this baby

peter
aha
yes
fine
now what do we do?

živa
i don't know what you do, i'm having this baby

peter
if i may ask ...

živa
mine
this is my baby, that's all you need to know

peter
but i love you

živa
i know
i love you too

peter
but ...

živa
i'm gonna go get the boys from the birthday party, when we get back, i'm gonna make dinner, grilled chicken and chickpeas with parsley and olive oil

peter
okay

živa
and then we'll have dinner

peter
okay
and i'll be done with this by then

živa
okay
i'll get going then

peter
to get the boys from the birthday party, you mean?

živa
yes, of course, what else?

she leaves
peter remains alone in the room, looking at papers
he takes a pile of paper in his hands, smooths it
and then another one
and the third
then he stops
then he smooths the fourth pile of paper, sits on the bed and starts reading

this mirror

she, observing herself in the mirror
she, dressed in a sexy slip
she, in a come -fuck-me bra
she, in provocative stockings

mira

i can breathe more easily now
although the desire is still rolling inside me, the desire and also a little bit of excitement, when you're
so close
and between us a hill and a valley, up the hill, down the hill, i want, i don't want, i fantasise, i don't
fantasise
i can pretend that i'm somewhere by the sea, somewhere underneath the pine trees, the warm night
is falling, the cicadas are silent, i'm listening to crickets, waves crushing, a car in a distance, a lonely
dog's howl, night has covered the city, i can pretend that i'm somewhere there, alone and free, that
i'm enough for myself, i can enjoy this, enjoy the fact that i'm alone and free
and yet, when i raise my eyes and see a thin crescent of the moon, i want to watch it with you
i'm floating on the lack of you
although perhaps it's true that you're just the name of my sadness
are you really just the name of my sadness?

vesna

when i was travelling through australia, that was, wait, two

mira

thirty-nine

vesna

no, three

živa

twenty-one

vesna

yes, yes, three years ago, oh, damn, i'm so old, and old whore, heehee, so three years ago, i met this
sheep shearer, sheep shearer, what a fantastic job, he explained all sorts of things regarding sheep,
all interesting, he told me that he needs one or two minutes to shear a sheep, he spoke with such
zeal about those sheep and that shearing, zeal and pride, i listened to him, he totally mesmerised me,
his eyes were celestial blue and his body muscular and tan, the kind that decent women, let alone
decent whores dream about for the most part of our adult lives, such a real muscular body, muscular
from fresh air and sun, not the gym equipment and running shoes, so, two minutes at the most to
shear a sheep, that's what he was talking about, the australian, what was his name, thomas, i think

mira

nathaniel, he was called nathaniel

živa
matthew

vesna
thomas, yes, the australian was thomas

živa
matthew, sweet matthew

vesna
that's what he was talking about, sheep, world championships in sheep shearing, then he was telling me how once he wants to have his own sheep farm, a small one, perhaps a thousand sheep, i was listening, completely mesmerised, sheep, green plain, sun, tan body, muscles, celestial eyes, that he'd love to show me how to shear a sheep, yes, i said, yes, and we went to his place

*this castle
this double row
these halberds
this painting, almost unnoticeable, tiny, among all the others
this tiny painting speaking from the wall
in it, three girls, naked, one girl turning her back, the girls hold each other by the shoulder with one hand, in the other they hold a golden apple, they look, each one, at their golden apple, the earth and the grass and the feet and the calves, and the trees and the thighs, and water and bottoms and vulva and hills and belly and navel and back and sky and arms and apples and breasts and shoulders and neck and hair and sky and face
a tiny old painting in withered colours
and yet it glows
the painting glows*

the end.