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Lee's Story

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Lee's Story.

Bored by the new melodies I return to the old. In youth we are disarmed. Not yet our fearful selves.

Therein could I strip off the T & jeans and even the temporary cast on my broken arm and the brace on my clavicle shorn
in one merry swoop so that I like a cherry stood singular and pleasurable. In its time this was sexy in its way.

I'm too lazy to be as easy. I'd just go out and get my dick sucked, or a Slurpee, senior high.

Wouldn't be satisfied as easily now. I want intercourse only with the divine. Nothing as small as we be.

The stars are measured on two criteria: how hot they are and how bright. Some give birth to planets. Some implode.