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The Proverbial Handshake

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Rebecca Wolff

The Proverbial Handshake

During intercourse, after orgasm, I recently discovered, listening to the radio, the cervix contracts, deadly serious. For conserving energy and time, to hold the sperm closely into the bosom of the womb: to maximize potentiality. This confirms my suspicion that we might be fruitful. When I feel the purse-strings, spasms such as these, and your penis is still right there in my vagina I grow proud of my body’s brain and always mindful that for you these little tugs—ringing proof of what has come to pass between us and of what direction all our work is going in—are also tight. They’re tighter and they’re part of a continuum—praise and acceptance, rejection and denial, perdition and revelation, consecration and endorsement, not to mention downright graciousness and hospitality—which extends between us like a bridge between the mainland and the island, or like a handshake over a heavy oaken desktop. Only firmer.