



DUBLIN SUNDAY

Place: Dublin

Time: Sunday, late afternoon, June 16, Bloomsday

Characters: Paud, 50-something
Keith

Glossary:

wanker: masturbator, jerk, fool

Caverject: medical aid against impotence

Bollocks, bollix: balls

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Dil, nipple clamps, dildo, magazine collection, videos, poppers, and Caverject. All at room temperature. Below 25° C. Paud, no longer seeing Paud in the mirror where a brittle stranger stood, hoped that somewhere in the miscellany he would find pleasure.

Paud initiated his evening of self indulgence with a large glass of low-budget brandy and a couple of pain killers. A teensy flickerette of energy raised both eyelids a fraction. Dilated pupils reflected light in the inert water of his eyes.

It was another beautiful summer sunset, making him feel pretty bloody awful. The more beautiful the skies, the uglier the Dublin rooftops, making that man stuck in Paud feel stuck in hopelessness.

The tears on the right of his face rolled faster than those on the left. (His shirt was actually wet with tears.) A clear mucus ran from his nose. Sundays were always difficult. Having an appointment with himself helped.

Over one of his latest breakfasts in Temple Bar he realised he was far from being in the mood for a spot of yoga. No, so he'd done what he always did when he felt that way. It had worked since the age of three. Huddling himself into the far corner of his wardrobe, knees tucked up to his chin, bottom resting down an inch above his heels, face buried in his hands, he'd allowed himself to sob soundlessly, like a girl (like a small boy) humiliated and lost, for three full hours. Occasionally he'd experienced mild breathing difficulties as the afternoon slipped away.

His left hand was fingering the deep wrinkles in his forehead. He knew exactly how he'd pass the evening. He

wasn't really in the mood for what he was going to put himself through. But it was in his diary. *W*. Inked in: *W* for *Wank*.

He wasn't getting any younger. Who'd have him when he left sentences hanging? Who'd help him when he couldn't be bothered with food anymore, or washing? Who'd be the first to make him a bowl of clear soup, tidy his bedclothes, do his laundry, help him to (and from and during) the lavatory? Who'd attend to his needs, day and night? Answer: no one.

Just thinking about his life was enough to render him immobile, paralysed by regret and indecision and ruminations on what might have been. The purposelessness of it all, not to mention the incompatibility of pheromones, phobias, and fetishes.

The highlight of the day had been the (hand) washing of his seven pairs of socks and two of his four shirts in a pink plastic bowl. Any activity usually dragged from him a feeling of (uselessness) weightlessness. The hot soapy water briefly rinsed over his condition of indifference to (pretty much) everything. The highlight of the day had been ruined by his washing the socks before the shirts, getting the procedure back to front as he did from time to time. Because of this, he'd had to use double the amount of washing powder to avoid what he considered to be a contamination of his shirts. He hated waste. Waste made him feel stupid.

The room swelled with pure piano. He sat proudly at the edge of the room behind the (very impressive) baby grand. Forehead creased with concentration, shoulders a little hunched, finger-synching to the notes, rhythms, and crescendos. Reflected in the window were his fingers, running up and down over the keyboard cover, shielding the ivories from his out-of-practice touch. When the CD finished, he lifted the lid, but was unable to do anything more than breathe in that very special smell he'd spent years savouring.

Pouring another drink, selecting another CD, he returned to his stool to continue his pre-recorded performance. He sat, still. Stiff. Ready. —Nothing. He'd forgotten to press PLAY.

I wonder if anyone will ever know about the emptiness of my life, Paud thought. I wonder if anyone will ever stand in a room that I have lived in and touch the things that were once a part of my life and wonder about me and ask themselves what manner of man I was. How to ever tell them? How to

ever explain?

Paul hoped that no one would ever guess the emptiness of his life by touching the things in his flat, by looking in a mirror he'd gazed into for long hours, hating himself. He knew he'd end up alone, deciding at an early age that loneliness would be all his when his (fair-to-middling) looks had gone, money spent. He was right.

The silence of his old age was broken with sniffs, occasional sighs, and slightly hysteric giggles every once in a while. A small blue suitcase he kept under his bed contained mementoes of happier times (sexy times) when he could get his dick to shoot three or four times a day. When he could get his dick up without shooting it up with Caverject. Times when his arse was penetrated by as many as six men (twenty) a night. Times when he had love bites and bruised nipples. Times when he had large phone bills from late night chats to men he liked to think of as lovers.

A laugh.

Paul, or the man Paul saw, appeared at the mirror in a grey-and-white striped, short-sleeved shirt. He was fielding the pages of an old (wonderful) diary, then looking out at the view. Several times he returned to the pages. 1997. He looked like he had a problem either with his concentration or that he was trying to remember where he'd put something.

"Ninety-seven," he said, circling an index finger over the date. He was going to have the worst hangover of his life the next day, but he didn't know that then. Each and every adventure had been compulsively catalogued since 1986, lest he forget. The exhaustive fuck journal was reassuring. At times the pages came fresh to him, like reading the adventures of a stranger. This way he experienced some fun. Again. The journal was not enough, though.

He sifted amongst snapshots, Polaroids, envelopes containing pubic hair, a pair of heavily stained Calvins, cigarette packets, a glossy 10x8 of Johan Paulik, napkins with phone numbers stabbed down. He was looking for a memory (to hit him hard) from out of nowhere. No joy came from a knotted condom containing sour spunk, two cigarette ends, dried flowers, postcards from Amsterdam. And, ah!, he was remembering that time in Paris where he got up to so much ooh-la-la.

A Pee Wee Herman doll: present from a soldier now

stationed in Yokohama. That was in 1990. Magnus. Big dick. A competent fuck, but mechanical. No fun for either of them. A black plastic comb, a stolen souvenir to remember Alberto who'd advertised himself in *BOYZ* as "Hot Latino Action." What the old man wanted was the glorious stink of that young male's sex there under his nose right that minute. Him, and all the other boyz he'd paid to savour by the hour: Aaron, Cerith, that tall Scott Butler.

An empty bottle of poppers, a greasy index card. (*Height: 6'1/1.84 Chest: 38/98 Waist: 31/79 Inseam: 34/86 Shoes: 10/28 Hair: Dark Blond Eyes: Hazel Specialities: Hands, Teeth, Fire-eating, Watersports.*) Ticket stubs for clubs and bath houses and dirty little cinemas: *Show Palace* in New York, *Century* in Los Angeles, *Yanko* in Paris, and his very favourite, *Sex World* in Munich. A well-thumbed copy of *Vulcan*: some wretch calling himself (or called) Randy Ray in a wet teeshirt and little else spreadeagled over a motor bike. Anal wall on show. And Leigh's ad:

WEIRD + HEAVY GUY, 39, seeks big-cocked handsome, totally horny brainy dirty lads (beer-bellies a bonus) for snogging, oral, tit torture, digital and mutual fucking. Also keen to start fisting. No SM shit. And a big NO to Christians. My pussy needs a lot of verbal abuse, Lycra + other genuine attention. Leigh on 0171 790 XXXX.

Paud shook his head. "God bless Leigh," he said to the scrap of paper out torn out of something called *Capital Gay*. Sometimes he felt so pathetic, thinking of all the years he'd spent pumping cum out of his dick, all those years alone, all those thoughts. Years of humiliating, debasing, painful, abusive, roped, gagged, cock-spurting experiences. Years spent in fear of syphilis, hepatitis and herpes had been ended with the start of a new fear (genocidal serial virus) hatched out in the late seventies. He smiled. What a great time he'd had when he could get it up without the aid of Caverject.

He'd lived, taking his life in his hands dressed in black leather—whatever the weather—in neighbourhoods which were non-neighbourhoods. Where the clubs were, where the action was. Many was the time (wandering, hunting, stalking)

he'd come across more than the occasional couple in an alley, casting shadows as long as monsters' teeth, fisting and fucking, getting blown. Shadows projected from artificial light, streetlights and neon. Only rarely sunlight. Dawn.

He could tell many a (smart cocktail) tale of ballerinas who'd had abortions, or what young men used to get up to, in the hope of advancing (ha ha ha) their careers in the record industry. Those were the days.

Mind collapsing backwards through the psychedelic spermotheque of the past—seeing his life clearer with his eyes shut than his tired old eyes had allowed him since his fortieth birthday—fond (flashback re-wind) memories of Chad Conners, Steve Marks, Kip Harding, Danny Sommers, Ryan Idol, Wes Daniels, Brian Maxx, Al Parker, Anthony de Marco, and Joey Stefano hit him. Not forgetting, oh no, not forgetting Jeff Stryker. (Mmm.) The he-man screw-man of his dreams.

Men in rubber, leather, sportswear, military uniforms, and fundoshi, groaning and groining. Youth famous for inheriting outrageous equipment from the gene pool.

He remembered evenings in (at home) with *Body Network*, *Uncut Club*, *Muscle Hunting*, *Muscle Time*, *Power Grip*, *Power Tool*, *Stryke-Out 1*, *Loaded*, *Daddy Trains*, *Squaddies*, *Hard Hats*, *Bondage Dreams*, *Lunch Hour*, *Stiff Cocks*, *Comparing Cocks*, *Inch By Inch*, *9½ Inches*, *The Bigger The Better*, *The Biggest One I Ever Saw*, *How Big Is Big?*, *Bigger Than Huge*, *Jaw Breaker*, *Like A Horse*, *Face Down*, *Dream Lover*, *Horny Arsehole*, *Deep Inside*, *Pumped*, *Electro-Anal Kink 2*, *SM*, *Dank*, *Man Shit*, *Human Toilet Seat...One More Time...* and evenings out at Manhole and Back Drop. Paragon was always good on Wednesdays (fat & hairy), Thursdays (naked only). Trips to Time Limit, Nagoya Topman, Megamix, Sexy Dream Host. All essential toys from the *C'est Bien* catalogue. Dialling 03-336X-XX69 to choose a boy by numbers: A88 in black Speedos, B12 in blue jeans, B16 in the wet, skin-tight, superfine white knickers. (Lovely little waist on that one.) Dialling 03-390X-XX82 where Mastercard, Million Card and Visa were all so welcome. Dialling Body Bank on 03-33XX-XX45 to snack on No. 31 in his thong, No. 83 in his snug-fitting cartoony boxers. When he rewound the smutty little highlights of his life, the big-dick contests at King, 579 Sixth Avenue, would always creep in. The majority of contestants were working

boys. Nicely available. Handy. Big dicks and broad shoulders (bodyguard-wide, commando-thick), that was his style.

Paul looked at the ticking grandfather clock. The pain killers, he reckoned, would be taking effect by the time the injection (eagerly awaited) was beginning to work. It was, indeed, time.

Beside the oil, nipple clamps, dildo, magazine collection, videos, and little brown bottle of *Rush* was the Caverject. The essential little crank-starter in something resembling a child's pencil box. Blue. Plastic. Caverject in the Caverject box. A little vital something ten months away from the heavily stamped use-by date. Magical Caverject in the magical Caverject box: a blue, plastic "little something" containing one glass vial of Caverject. 20 micrograms of the stuff. Inside the blue, plastic "little something" there lay, so tidily, one glass syringe containing 1 ml of clear-solution bacteriostatic water, two antiseptic pre-injection swabs, soaked in isopropyl alcohol. A couple of sterile, non-pyrogenic, single-use needles.

"What is Caverject?" Paul was so pleased, making irony of himself in Camera #1, repeating the imaginary question from the imaginary late-night chat-show host for the imaginary mini-documentary on erectile dysfunction. "Caverject," Paul, playing directly to the imaginary studio audience, explained, "Caverject Powder, is *alprostadil*. A substance similar to the natural substance in the body called prostaglandin E1, something which widens blood vessels so that blood can flow in the penis more easily. Without it (ha ha ha) I can't get an erection."

"Go on," the imaginary late-night chat-show host for the imaginary mini-documentary on erectile dysfunction half-whispered.

"I'd been having trouble with my waterworks, having to get up three or four times a night, bursting to go. Sometimes there'd be nothing more than a dribble. So I went to the doctor and he sent me off for a scan. Some cold jelly—KY?—was slapped here, on the lower abdomen, and my internal plumbing flashed up on the screen. Quite spooky, really."

Paul began to prepare for the injection, thinking to show it to Camera #2.

"My prostate had swelled to such a size that it had squeezed the urine track into an S shape. I was given an epidural which deadened feeling from the waist down and

put on the kind of chair you often see women in. You know, a legs-up-in-the-stirrups job. (Could have used that in Amsterdam.) I watched the operation in the reflection of a darkened viewing gallery window. Went in through my penis, they did, with this little saw.”

“We can cut that later,” Paud imagined the imaginary chat-show host saying.

“I was cathetered until the bleeding stopped. Hospitalised for three days in all. Wonderfully looked after I was, particularly by a little hunchbacked nurse whose name I can’t remember for the life of me. The doctor said, ‘You’ll be back in shape down there in three to four weeks.’ But I wasn’t and it came as a bit of a blow. With nothing happening down south, nothing moving from the perpendicular to horizontal, I went back to the doctor and said, ‘Hey, I’m a practicing homosexual and I don’t want to get out of practice!’ I felt he could have been a little more sympathetic. Didn’t get so much as a smile out of him. He just said, ‘Wait, and see what happens.’ Story of my life.”

Paud could see his own face (not bad) talking (big close-up) on the imaginary chat-show screen when suddenly at the bottom appeared the gigantic words ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION (not imaginary) for all the imaginary audience (a sympathy of applause) to see.

“I was offered three options: 1) a pump, 2) Caverject, and 3) a prosthesis of a permanent spring-like stiffy.” (Oh no.) “I tried the pump, a bit like the one Jeff Stryker’s brother uses on himself in *Powertool 2*, but it didn’t do much for me. So it was Caverject or nothing. Then the doctor said I had to be circumcised because of my tight foreskin. Talk about one thing after another. Can’t inject Caverject if you’ve got a penis shaped like a banana or a tight foreskin. Hard to believe, but true. Right then, let’s get started. You’re supposed to wash your hands and dry them on a clean towel, but we’ll skip that.”

The sad old man (international sex tourist) got busy with the pre-injection (multi-lingual) swab, the *tampon a ulitiser avant injection, the tupfer für die Injektionsvorbereitung, the totallita para uso previo a la inyeccion*. It smelled of school test papers.

“I find that a dose of 10-15 micrograms does the trick for me,” Paud whispered to Camera #3, flicking up the flip-off

plastic cap.

“Here we go now,” Paud said removing (dramatically) the rubber cover over the syringe. “Upjohn Ltd., I thank you.” His unsteady fingers had difficulty prying the needle out of its protective casing. “Bloody things.”

Having fitted a 22-gauge needle to the syringe, having gently tapped the syringe to work any air bubbles to the top, Paud held the needle close to his eye (checking out Camera #3) but up and away from him. Slowly, very slowly—he didn’t want to waste a drop—Paud pushed the plunger until some liquid squirted out of the needle.

“Push the needle through the rubbery middle of the powder vial top,” he said, even straight he sounded not campy but a camp parody of campy, “then push the plunger down firmly to squirt all the solution onto the powder.

Silence.

Paud gently swirled the vial until the powder dissolved.

Silence.

The mixture looked fine: totally dissolved. Clear.

Silence.

“You are now ready for your injection.”

Making sure the needle tip was at the bottom of the vial, Paud carefully pulled up the plunger and drew the measure into the syringe.

Change of needle. A finer 30-gauge needle.

Silence.

Tapping the syringe again, ever so gently to drain any air bubbles to the top, Paud repeated the routine.

“There. 15. Let’s go for it.”

Right-handed, Paud (fully clothed) held his penis (hugely exposed) in his left hand. Index finger underneath, in front of those testicles, thumb on top, just where it joined the body, he yanked the thing over (towards) his left thigh and squeezed it between thumb and finger.

“Hello,” he said to the bulgy muscle in the upper half of his penis.

Silence.

Quick antiseptic pad wipe.

Silence.

A few seconds for the skin to dry. A nervous cough.

Silence.

The searching for a new point of entry, avoiding veins, avoiding obvious blood vessels under the skin.

“Just a little prick,” he winked at imaginary Camera #1. “Just a little prick,” he sang (camped).

In went the needle, precisely as shown in diagram A of the instructions he no longer relied upon. Straight through the skin into the muscle, as shown in diagram B. Instructions he could quote word-for-word right down to the compulsive twenty-line Note-for-Doctors-Only paragraph.

Withdrawal of needle. Firm press of pad against needle mark. Gentle massage of penis to help get the Caverject spread through the muscle.

It would be half an hour before the erectile tissue was on the go. Thickening, but not lengthening. Half an hour to go. Time for another drink. Walking about his room, penis out, exposed, expectant of lift-off.

Paud breathed in deeply. He could smell (only) himself, not the *pot pourri* mouldering in assorted Chinese containers on the mantlepiece. Not the African violets and small begonias thriving by the window. Not the vase of lilies, beside him, which sent out a sweet scarf of scent his way. No. Just him. And he needed a wash.

Pushing his video cassette (porno) in through the rectangular slot (like mailing a letter) of the machine, black but for the silver SONY, Paud crossed his trousered legs (his penis rolled out ready) as if for a chat over coffee. When the screen popped on, the porno star (also an actor in a cigarette commercial) was walking down a road with a sense of solid sexual purpose. The video fluttered, copy of a copy originated in Hollywood, images scrambling. A long shot. A speed boat. Four boys. Tight, white, wet skintight shorts. Close up. Startling bulge about to be pulled out of blue jeans.

ADULT BOYZ FOR ADULTS ONLY

The pirated video had been badly transferred. The copy guard had turned its images different shades of blue. Blue shirts, blue shorts, blue towels. One beautiful big-dicked (blue) boy after another fucked themselves (blue) crazy.

“Mmm.”

A close-up: amazing pale blue swimming-pool eyes floating...floating in blue, teasing out of a blue face. Blue flesh. A blue boy burying his blue cock in between the blue bollocks of

another slightly smaller blue boy. Later: a sizeable Hollywood stud's blue penis shooting a wad of pale blue semen over a shaved blue blond boy's butt, second in attention-grabbing to the homosexy assault of the soundtrack of oinks and grunts over a 130 bpm track. Covered with blue spunk, already pulled down by gravity, the blue boy looking up to the screen with a (cheeky naughty boy) grin to say, "Same time next week?" Just the four words. Another scene, a particular favourite, began, starring Rock Hardon.

Paud, in shirt and trousers with penis (exposed) lay stretched staring on his couch, finally smiling as he approached, remote control in hand, that blue footage of Rock Hardon he'd seen over and over. Lovely cum shots. Slow motion. Freeze frames. Paud controlled the hardons and cumshots in others he could not command in himself. He put his hands together and gave a few claps for the divine body of lucky Rock Hardon. Pornography (the constant gift) was his saviour. Only money would have got him a helping hand. He had planned ahead. A couple of years back he'd palpitated up close to a heart attack at Cork Airport when he'd smuggled back three porno tapes from NYC. Those titles! *Suck, Hard, Inches*.

Paud rewound the video (repeatable, obedient) to the beginning.

Masturbating at his (open) trousers, he eyed the charming blue man lying face down on a bed of blue sheets, jockstrap framing pale blue buttocks. How Paud smiled as the camera zoomed in on that arse, made hairless the morning of the video shoot with a fist full of depilatory. How he smiled as those dream-boy bollocks tightened and relaxed, buttocks sprayed with oil and water to emphasize the (lovely) shiny, clear contours, those (delicious) sharp shapes. He knew the video so well. Knew the point where the young man rolled over. Knew the dick wasn't that big, but, pressing HOLD, he knelt (worship, whoreship) before the screen at that (transubstantiation) point where the porno stud raised himself up to stand above the camera. (Change of lens, switch to wide angle.) Paud's lips hungered (desperate) for action. His throat and man-hole ached to be stretched by that cockhead freeze-framed across his screen.

The Caverject hit him full force. His dick rose, and Paud (Himself, at last Himself, again Himself) sprang to life.

Consciousness changing. He rose from his knees, reached for his toy box, and tore his shirt off. When the clothes pegs were pinned to his enlarged nipples, poppers inhaled in alternate nostrils four times (ceremoniously), the black-rubber dildo (size of a baby-doll) slipped in, up, slowly, increasing pressure, down on the thing, he exercised the kind of breath control a midwife would applaud. He'd taught himself a (traveller's) thing or two in the long years of pleasure seeking. The change of consciousness he'd been circling for rushed through him like a fix as he leaned up close enough to kiss his screen.

"Yeah, you like that big cock, don't you?" Paud whispered to himself. (Oh dear, yes.)

The video screen steamed up with his breath. He kissed what he saw in the mirror of the screen: half American porno-star arsehole, half himself (his beloved late lamented self). His false teeth met hard reflected false teeth. False smiles smiling back all the way from L.A.

Gradual, pulsing jerks, pumped with warmth (stiffened) the object that the Caverject had made of his penis. The thing became enormous, somehow lifting off detached from its stubbled pubic mooring, glans *sans* sheath (glossy and purple and newly clipped). The thing shuddered like a (fun-house anatomy) part recalling the whole, rebelling against the whole wrecked ruined fun-house. Paud's bald head (neatly shaved), haughty face, pigeon chest thrust out, paunch and short legs were what this (exactly nationally average-sized) penis was straining to detach itself from. His dick was so pumped up, so redheaded, so animatedly erect, it waggled like a huge rechargeable dildo plugged into his groin. The circumcised tip was burning (exciting) what with the skin stretched so tight. "Thank God for Caverject." The mass of the thing (tumid) between his legs sucked blue images of the porno-star into his tired old eyes that had seen everything (except in blue). Enormous weariness suffused the man's hopeful face. Sweating. Running wet with sweat.

Outside his window, evening heat (bloody hot June), humidity rising off the tarmac of the street, cooked the sweat and humidity in his flat, trapped back between the buildings, in rooms where his penis (victim of years of tossing, shaking, squeezing, itches, rashes, teeth marks, mysterious dribbles, cock rings, infections, menthol rubs, sores, handcreams, oils,

warts, condoms, spit, acrid urine, and cum-become-catarrh) was barking like a dog to perform its #1 Trick.

The heat reminded him how, shirtless in the hot afternoon, the lad from upstairs, the lad from #8A had passed him by at the bins. Keith. Sexy fucking shirtless Keith, nipples of maroon and brown, carrying two stacks of books bound with nylon string, hands made for playing the piano. What a funny feeling (forgetting fuck) twice a day since then: wanting to cuddle. Sniff of poppers.

Paud's memory clicked into PLAY, rewinding and freeze-framing the premiere of his imaginary video, "Keith Imagined," on his imaginary chat-show. Levi's 501's, white ones, brand new, bit on the stiff side, belted, a piping of hair (pubic) tapering up out of the jeans toward his navel, rising up from the thick black (curly) triangle (teen) of his sweet yolks. Paud imagined stroking gently (tugging) that hair, combing that hair (with his teeth), shaving that hair. Catching Keith shirtless at the bins, cutting Keith off, stepping out of Keith's way, Paud spied Keith's goods free-hanging, rubbing directly on denim, no designer waistband, his lovely bum, a textbook arse in bleached-white denim. Hard and boxy buttocks. Perfect skin. Deep crack. Hairless. Not a blemish. Fresh from the shower, smelling of nothing sweet (but himself). He wondered if the upstairs lad from #8A would ever have a dildo or fist (or thermometer) up that tiny kiss of his the way Paud had the doll-sized dildo up his own arse. Keith stripping (naked) brought the old boy's charged penis close to ejaculating right under his nose. Eyes bulging, tongue wagging, the man Paud saw in the mirror of the video screen had the penis of a cartoon dog wagging in his hands.

Paud squeezed the thing attached rock hard on to his body, bending it (pleasure), bruising it (ecstasy), watching on his video screen a threesome (sort of) in progress. An indigo black youth bent forward sucking his own dick. A second black (blue) bent backwards sucking himself. A third bent his own ten inches into his own ass. Paud had seen the video and, one summer (ages before), the Greek urn it was based on. Into the loop of his endless cassettes he mixed the maroon nipples and cracked buttocks of sexy fucking shirtless Keith sneering at him (cuddling) to fucking move out of the way.

Paud (grateful for small mercies) jerked off silently,

making occasional moan rubbing new menthol on his fire-raw rock hardon. Timing the Caverject, he fast forwarded the video. That orgy scene was good, but he liked what was coming better. His eyes fixed upon a scene featuring two blue boys frolicking amidst the aquamarine bubbles of a Jacuzzi. Occasionally he'd shut his own faded-blue eyes (forehead rippling like a monk), then open again to focus directly on cobalt cock, azure arse, robin's egg balls, perfect lapis-lazuli skin. His fleeting, freeing splash (compliments of Caverject) was on its way toward lift off behind the fire-raw re-chargeable dildo attached to his groin.

He wished to be whisked away. Exit Ireland. Just like that. Go away and be gone.

He wished...he wished...he wished...

He could not take off.

He wished for 3-D TV as he fast-forwarded again, rolling tape fast, in a kind of beautiful terror, decapitating the (blue porno) head smiling his way, sticking on sexy fucking shirtless young Keith's face, and the royal blue eyes in that face were young Keith's, and the neck and the chest were lovely young Keith's, and the nipples on the chest—Keith's—and the ribs and the long flat belly and belly button and the operation scar camouflaged with a (leaping dolphin) tattoo and the jungle of hair spinning upward from the long, dark, heavy, swinging (huge) dick approaching, ejaculating over a pane of clear glass in front of the video camera lens: Keith's. Lovely young Keith. There. For Keith. With Keith. In Keith. Not an orifice on the lad up in #8A failed to get stuffed, licked, sucked, rubbed in the man's imagination. Paud would have sold his soul (again) to have the devil there beside him.

Suddenly, the phone rang (three times) for the first time in two days. The answer/fax picked up. His own voice. (Leave a message.) Hope bloomed inside the old man's chest. (I'll get back to you.) Under his old man's skin, his heavy heartbeat boomed. (Beep) No message. (Beep) No fax. (Hang Up) Only fury.

Final sniff of poppers.

Fuck Keith! Fuck them all! His splash lifted off, building tremble behind his twitching nostrils, in the wrinkling of his nose, in the urgent licking of his (sybaritic) lips. His stomach hollowed. The ache of anger raged down from throat to thighs.

He sniffed. Beyond desire. Rattling his bouncing testicles. Contracting the muscles of his abdomen close to doubling up. Rolling (furious) a little like an epileptic. Jerking away swiftly. Remembering the shiny, blue tracksuit bottoms on (desire) some dumb boy at the bus stop. Sweating. Heart beating like a fire bell. The uncorked (sparkling) explosion came when he couldn't hold back (had to let go), came, came again, quickly, came in rage enraged. He looked in need of (urgent) medical treatment.

The cry the old Paud made just before he came was kin to a vampire's groan at the first light of day. His disconnected ejaculation sprinkled, scattered, and shot three separate arterial sprays as his ticker went ding-a-ling. He thought he'd die, but he (disappointed) sucked in big (Keith-scented) breaths of *O* and *O* and *O* again. He splashed the video screen, and the double-page spread of Randy Ray on a motorbike, then dribbled into his fist, blue-red faced, mouth wide open, teeth gritted, falling back buttocks on heels, the babydoll dildo dropping (popping) out (don't look).

"Ahh!" he said to the close-up of a blue blown-stud blowing, hatred in his hallucinating, fixed eyes, launching that (classic) unbearable look all over his face of someone fighting for air (life), fighting against the close (closing) loneliness of the hot humid Dublin Sunday night. That mouth of his formed another great *O* before squeezing out one long turd of a moan.

As if dying, as if.

His heartbeat slowed from a ferocious old club dance-beat (quaint) only he heard (could never forget). He hiccupped half-unconscious, made brief rattling gasps followed by the more usual fit of (poppers) coughing. His eyes looked out his window at the far distance of the next building, heard the bins banging, everyone in, working tomorrow, Sunday night Dublin blues, Keith kicking up his motorbike, sweet hot fucking Keith, and he passed out into the intimate kind of peace (coma) reserved for world-class wankers. **Flooded. Sticky. GAME OVER.** Paud (wiped out) wiped himself with a tissue. On his video screen, the blue video whores continued to jerk off without him. He'd feel better after a good night's weep huddled in the far back corner of his wardrobe, chin on knees, sobbing for the humiliation and, worse, for the loss of he wasn't sure what.

