

# ROBISCHON



she attempted to diffuse love in a  
way she had never known it - as  
Baudelaire, unconsciously, nothing  
could measure up to what she had  
come to regard. Love had rejected her  
for so long that love had become to  
her a kind of hell. Her only refuge  
in place by the necessity of her  
desire, she reached... she wanted  
him to hold down her like a bear-  
skin rug, spread out on the floor  
in front of her, never thinking,  
even when she licked him.