

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 expect. Love had rejected her
for so long that love had become to
her a kind of hell. Her body trembled
in place by the necessity of her
breath. 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.