

Some sort of erotica.— the notes from after.

by Ellen Daly

I think it was a Thursday morning that fall when I woke up to the sun shifting through the frosted glass of your second story apartment window. My vision blurry, a result of either the delicious drinks we had last night or the fact that we had really only allowed our eyes to close a few hours earlier. I examined the remnants of the night before.

Your little downtown apartment, made up of one multipurpose room, with furniture from ex-lovers and dead relatives, and a matted shag carpet on the floor; all too indicative of a rental apartment for college students. I remember the apartment smelling like we had just had sex in every possible place for the countless hours (imagine that) and vanilla candles that after being blown out, smell like birthday candles, and of course the empty beer bottles smelling of stale hops and cigarette butts. Your stereo was still on and the soft but persistent voice of some folk singer lingered from the speakers.

I moved back in your bed towards you, and

with a sleepy snuggle you threw your arm around my waist; I love being your little spoon. The alarm went off, but I don't think you even heard it. For some reason we thought it would be a good idea to set an alarm, but being that it's almost the weekend, I decided we needed the day off, and hit the power button before I heard the NPR station that you had set to wake you.

I closed my eyes, feeling your body against my back, warm and solid, undoubtedly bringing my mind back to just a few hours ago. Sweaty and exhausted our bodies were - wrapped together for both support and warmth. After sex our pillow talk wandered from discussion of our new toys to the latest issue of a favorite magazine. I will always remember looking into your eyes and knowing that you know my body - that when we're together, we defy rules and boundaries. Lines are broken and boxes take new form.

Our bodies radiating heat, slippery against one another, struggling to keep as many parts touching as possible. The weight of your body is skillfully balanced above me with your confident arm curved beneath the small of my back, fingers kneading my flesh. Our breathing increasing steadily, interrupted with laughter, and noises unlike any other. For hours our bodies would allow nothing less than total devotion to pleasure. Feeling the power created by our unique desire gave me breath, gave me life.

Don't forget our bodies, baby. The smells, tastes, touches. Remember us melting the lines. Remember the fluidity.

Your back to mine, I rolled over, reaching over your hip with my arm. My fingers found yours and they clasped together like long lost friends. I buried my nose into your neck and breathed the sweet, sleepy smell of your skin in the morning after. Our breath in sync, I closed my eyes for what might come.

