

Dug into the mattress, an anchor for the missionary position, keeping one high and true.

Careful, certain types will lodge it in the ribs, an alternative to wit.

THE NECK

Beheading wasn't really it. Severing the neck, a kind of superior castration. How it brought the crowds.

For the Japanese, of course, the neck is the erotic ne plus ultra. Small wonder.

Rising out of the clothes, naked, sinuous, beautifully muscled, it slopes gracefully from the shoulders, undulant, tapering toward the skull, inviting the hands to embrace its swelling mass, to caress it, pulsing with life, topped with the head knob, alive with slippery hair and flicking tongue.

And then it contains the voice box. The mystery of speech alive in that fluid column.

How can one chain it? It must be naked. Its decorations are the breasts. Its occupation is connection. Its accomplishment is song.

FINGERS

They can make a coin disappear, tie a knot, comb hair, or destroy the composure of woman.

Jointed like frog's legs, they hang in a tangle from the hand, ready to leap into action on cheek, breast, or thigh in the flash of an eye.

Used to beckon, warn, or beg, the middle one is reserved for rude asseveration.

Snap them for order. Whistle with them. Goose. Thumb your nose.

— W. A. Fahey

Northport NY