

I'd like to try something. Think of the review as case history; a form that crumbles without a reader haunting its margins, a form that crumbles without the performance of an analyst. While the process of writing a case often leaves more questions than it answers, I'm drawn to the capaciousness of the analytic encounter told again, and again, and again. Though I am no analyst, even I can see the story changes with every telling.

Let us begin for my sinuses hurt, the pudding won't stop burning, and I once heard God in the fiery gigue of my metal fillings. Have you ever listened to a hole that howled? Take me to the church, take me to the couch, take me to the very beginning for I have a story to tell.

The Dollmaker or The Pervert's Dream

I was never a cruel man, no, never cruel. I just liked for them to do exactly as I asked. To sit, to tilt their heads, to part their lips, to open their legs, exactly as I asked. If a stress position is held at the right angle, for the right amount of time, the trapezius will begin spasm. Angel wings flutter across their backs. My angels.

I didn't allow them to leave my studio, for that would mean I'd miss the jeweled streams, the shy dribbles, the teasing wetness that would emerge wiling and wanton from their soft clefts, those pulsating gates so close to the mucus lined roses of their interior.

Tears and spit would often mix with the piss from the relief, the sheer exultation of release. I liked to emerge from behind my camera, my easel, my workbench on all fours. My cock straining against my trousers, my pearls of semen weeping down my thigh, my tongue running over the floorboards. I had to taste every drop of salt, of ammonia, of regret, of tongue, of fire, of hate they gave me. What gifts we shared, when they did exactly as I asked.

The Little Wasp or The Breakdown of Order

The Little Wasp was a feral woman found wandering the grounds of the Jesuit compound one foggy morning in early March. She was christened Little Wasp by the Brothers of the Burning Head, for the air began to buzz the day of her arrival. The Brothers did not like to look the Little Wasp in the eye, for they were unaccustomed to the presence of women. They couldn't help but think of her unkempt and free under her narrow shift each night as they engaged in the ritual flagellations of their order.

The Brothers thought she may have wandered off from sort of traveling side show, some unholy circus that pimped out God's most touched children. She had no language, she reeked of menstrual blood and excrement, and her teeth were sharpened into a fine set of points. The Brothers deposited her with fresh linens in the cupboard underneath the stairs. She did not move for ten days.

The Little Wasp had the air of a house cat who learned once more to survive in the wilds, her pigeon shale eyes looked at the world wide with a hazy sense of ownership and distrust. Her neck—though crusted in soot, mud, the refuse of life lived out of doors— was thing of beauty.

The faintest outlines of veins ran like rivers wild with life, electric sparks, under the veil of her fragile skin. The Brothers would privately wonder, each of them, what it would feel like to trace their coarse hands over her throat and follow the lines of those rivers to their most southerly port. Could her neck bloom like a paper flower or bruise like their thighs at midnight? So they wondered. The woman under the stairs crowded their thoughts, God no longer had purchase with the Order of the Burning Head.

On the morning of the eleventh day, the Brothers called the Sisters of a fellow order for help. Such a cry was desperate indeed for the Sisters of the Thorn Heart were forbidden to look at men, to breathe their air, to speak with them, to share their touch. The orders communicated a plan through the help of a hermaphroditic envoy employed by the Sisters for such emergencies. The Mother Superior confirmed that their youngest novitiate, Sister Eloise, would journey to the Brothers to pray over the afflicted woman as the Brothers remained barricaded in their chambers. The Sisters hoped to bring the Little Wasp into their order.

When Sister Eloise arrived at the compound night had fallen and a low thrum pierced the air. The Brothers locked in their chambers heard the noise and shed their robes. They whipped themselves into a bloody froth, frenzy mixed with sweat and cum. Sister Eloise had received instructions on the location of the staircase. When she approached cupboard and opened the door, the Little Wasp enclosed the Sister's right index finger with the needle-sharp teeth hidden behind her cracked lips. Blood trickled down Sister Eloise's hand, blood ran rivulets down the elegant neck of the Little Wasp.

Sister Eloise looked into the woman's sleet stuffed eyes and saw God, death, the future, the last day she ever cried, the fires of hell, the berries rotting from last year's Feast of Exaltation. She began to scream. She screamed in orgasm, in sadness, in terror, in something like love for this strange, mute woman. The Brothers joined the girl's howls. A chorus of moans rang high as heaven across these burning lands.

And thus, the Little Wasp became a saint.

The Doll or How The Hysteric Learned to Laugh

The day I learned to breathe, my maker covered me with a skein of the most delicate lace. The filagree whirls of paradise's blooms, of fragile birds of air and fire, clouded my vision with marvels. I had only recently learned to open my eyes. My lashes brushed against the fabric's weave like a bride's shy supplication. I am perfect as my maker made me so. My ball joints are orderly, well-lubricated. I am kissed, licked, and pinched every night. My flesh spills like ribbons, I arch my limbs into the most glorious of Christmas presents. I am a present, I am paradise, I am the one you call when a gasp catches in the throat with delight.

Yet one day I was made a creature of this world.

There is a gentle groove built into my left thigh, soft as a real woman's skin; one over-loved and under-worked, a connoisseur of pleasure haloed in soft, gamey down. This is a secret built for

my maker's pleasure. He does with it what he will, for I am anything and everything. I'm an impossibility with a cock-sized hole that begs to be filled.

A wasp, a buzzing, pricking thing, entered his studio one summer day. The wasp landed on my left foot. I felt its appendages map the terrain of my yielding legs. The clever beast soon made its way to my hole and burrowed deep within. My lips, twin petals, opened in a round O. I cannot scream but air began to fill my silken gullet. The lace pulls into the soft meat of my mouth; the veil pulsates gently with each strained breath. I am forever lying on my maker's workbench, a round swelling O ripening and ready for rot.

Your Analyst's Face or The Scissors that Cut Me in Two

I am a liar, an idiot child, a man with a thousand faces.
I am the temple whore, the faerie king, the tiger that stole your mother's head.
I am your last, your greatest, your all-American virgin.

This writing both is and is not a review of *Puqpa*.

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