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# ODE: TO A WONDERFUL MISTRESS



## Sex and surfing.

by Myke Bartholomew  
5 months ago

It's been a long week. The confines of my existing infrastructure are wrapped tightly around me. The normal spreadsheets. The normal commute. The normal noise. This week, they've all caused abnormal stress and it feels like I'm running with my eyes closed. I long to live in a world free from the fetters I've chosen for myself. Walking calmly at a stretched distance from incessant internal dialogue, Instagram feeds, and those who lay safely beneath the covers of their cocky pseudonyms. When I feel this way, I run. I run quickly to the bosom of my liquid mistress and leave the demons pacing patiently at the tethers of the shoreline. This evening is no different.

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Sex and surfing.

by Myke Bartholomew

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### MOVIE: ALBEE LAYER'S SLOW GRAB JUDO!

She greets me with a dropping tide and wind-blown goosebumps on her skin. I slide into her slowly but anxiously, waiting for her affection to wash me clean. Normally she's so cold, so frigid, but not tonight. She's the warmest she's been in years and our connection is flourishing on a deeper level. I work through the shore break, stroking with intent and steady arm speed. I am focused. I am adamant. I am happy there is no one on this peak. But it's not ten minutes into our rendezvous that I understand why. Tonight, she's moody. Her temperament swaying in every direction. Her face is hard to read. Our conversation inconsistent and almost nonexistent. I'm not sure a date night is exactly what she needs. But I am with her for a purpose. As a means to crack the cage that has its bars locked securely around my spirit. I need her to be there for me. I need to hear her voice and feel her touch across my face. I need to rub my hands along the surface of her breasts and bear the freedom in the momentum she creates. I need her to be there for me.

The current pulls me from her sweet spot. I fight to stay together. My shoulders and triceps burn as though my blood is made of acid. I'm always fighting the current. And right now, I'm tired of that old struggle. I submit to the greater path that she has chosen for us, sitting calmly in her movement as the city blocks pass swiftly by. I lose myself in thoughts, reflecting while staring at reflections of the sky. I caress her outer layers as the water flows loosely between my outstretched fingers. I feel what she feels. I know what she knows. I have a stronger understanding. In that instant the wind suddenly ceases, as if the sea is holding her breath to say, "This moment is for you and for you only." Her goosebumps recede, leaving in their wake an unblemished surface that mirrors a slab of polished onyx. The sun leans down and impregnates her far-off reaches, fireworks of yellow, orange, and pink explode outward from the horizon. Their communion, a visual act of love, with me as the declaring witness. I duck dive a walled set wave, watching the ocean effortlessly fold over herself in the aftermath of their climax. The sight, a glazed canvas of colors that looks like a Dali painting created from Picasso's pallet. I breathe in the stillness, hovering weightlessly between night and day. It is here, in this space, I finally feel free.

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And more! Episode five, The Habitat...

by Rory Parker

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...and then posts it on Instagram! Such social media savvy!

by Derek Rielly

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