

Grendel

"Dream"

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I had a very disturbing dream last night.
In this dream I found myself making love to a strange man.
Only I'm having trouble you see, because he's old...
and dying...
And he smells bad, and I find him repulsive.
But then he tells me that everything is erotic, that everything is sexual. You know what I mean?
He tells me that even old flesh is erotic flesh.
That disease is the love of two alien kinds of creatures for each other.
That even dying is an act of eroticism.
That talking is sexual.
That breathing is sexual.
That even to physically exist is sexual.
And I believe him.
And we make love beautifully...

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