

gay 'bout me!



my sexual fantasies about myself

My lover awaits me every night in my bed. Under the soft, velvety moonlight, I approach him. Cool shafts of lunar light accent his strong arms, his vaguely Jewish nose, and his burning blue eyes. He is the perfect man, a man among men—almost as if Adonis, Montgomery Clift, and Stone Cold Steve Austin got together and figured out how to make a baby. There are other men, to be sure—about three billion at last count—but there are no other men who I'd like to, you know, do. But not only do I want to do him, I want to do him and do him, and after that, do him after he's been done. I want to De Doo Doo Doo, De Da Da Da him. I want him so badly, I could pop a load right here and now. We both know that I am here for his pleasure. He can smell my lust as if it's a day-old baloney sandwich and winks playfully, beckoning me to slip under the tasteful, zebra-striped sheets.

I ask him with equal measures of playfulness and super-playfulness. "Oh, yes," he gasps as if running to catch a bus, "I *llloove* it when you do that!"

"Do I know how to touch your pee-pee better than anyone else touches your pee-pee?" I query him like a schoolteacher ready to flunk a student if he doesn't give the correct answer. "In other words, am I the best pee-pee-toucher you know?" "God, yes," he painfully grunts as if a chicken bone is lodged in his esophagus, "you're the tops! The very tippy-tops! The zip-a-dee-doo-dah tippety-tops! And I'm not just saying that!" "Howzabout if I pinch your nipple?" I beseech him. "Thanks for beseeching me," he says. "Yes, please—pinch my man-nip as if it were a strawberry you were testing for ripeness at your local produce store. Pinch one, then the other, then the first one again, 'til they stand firm and pointy like pinkish Hershey's Kisses."

As I squeeze his nips, he flaps and flails like a speared fish and makes a screeching sound not unlike that of the giant pterodactyl in those Japanese monster movies. He's havin' a GOOD time.

"How about your armpits, laddie?" I ask. "Should I gently run my fingertips around your armpit area, hovering ever-so-slightly above the soft, pale skin as if I were a fat old grey-ponytailed lady in a poncho performing Reiki healing?"

"I would never be able to talk to you again if you didn't pay some erotic attention to my ultra-sensitive armpit area," he admonishes me. "I wouldn't send you birthday balloons, and I'd erase your number from my cell phone."

Fearing such abandonment, I move my bony, veiny, ten-years-older-looking-than-the-rest-of-me fingers around his armpit area like a gentle wind softly blowing the sands of the Sahara. He screams as if being stabbed repeatedly by a gang of street toughs, only his screams are those of pleasure...I think.

"Would you like it if I sucked your dick?" I ask, growing as bold as a used-car salesman. "Would it feel good if I just wrapped my lips around your Love Pole and started chowing down as if it were a spicy hot link and I were a Mexican migrant worker on a 15-minute lunch break?"

"There is nothing on earth—nor on Mars or Venus—that I would love more than if you were to suck my dick," comes his earnest reply. "If you were to suck my dick, it would be as if a giant slingshot sent us catapulting into the astral plane, where nose hairs never grow and you can eat all the donuts you want without gaining weight. But both you and I know that this will never happen. You will never be able to suck my dick."

"WHY?!?" I pout, as if told that Santa wasn't real. "Because you just aren't limber enough," he says. "How hard is it to suck someone's dick?" "Almost impossible," he counters, "if it's your own dick, Jim."

To my horny delight, I observe that he has already "pitched a tent." I reach under the covers and forcefully grab his pink burrito. Squealing like a Vietnamese potbellied pig, he arches his back ecstatically as if struck with a bug zapper.

"Do you like when I do that?"

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"If I were able to clone myself, I'd marry myself in Hawaii or the Netherlands, or wherever it is that allows same-person marriages."

"Whatever do you mean?" I ask, flabbergasted.

"I mean, NIMROD"—he sits up, quickly losing his erection—"that this is only a dream, and you're only having sex with yourself."

"You mean that YOU'RE ME?"

"That's right, Einstein—I'm you, and you're me. I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together."

I suddenly awake, hard as a rock, and finish the job... sadly, with my hand rather than my mouth.

I DIDN'T NEED TO LOOK FAR to find my perfect lover. I didn't need to look at all. He's always been right there, under my nose.

If I could clone myself, the first thing I'd do is have sex with myself. I'd grab myself by my greasy hair, shove myself into bed, and launch into the most perfectly symmetrical '69 in world history. Who knows my dick better than I? Who, indeed, has touched it more than I? Who is more intimately involved with my brain's pleasure center than I am? Who knows when to go harder or softer, faster or slower, like I do? Aided by the miracle of cloning, I'd become my own sexual biofeedback machine, lost in the forbidden joys of onanistic solipsism.

If I were able to clone myself, I'd marry myself in Hawaii or the Netherlands, or wherever it is that allows same-person marriages. I'm my perfect match. I not only grasp my physical needs, but also my emotional needs. No one else could possibly understand me as well as me and myself understand each other. I know and accept all of my darkest secrets. I'd never get into a fight with myself due to miscommunication. I would take care of myself, and myself would take care of me in turn. I'd walk hand-in-hand with myself, strolling through an apple grove, telling myself jokes.

I wouldn't kick myself out of bed, I can tell you that much. I fancy myself. When I see myself walking down the street, I get a tingly feeling. When I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror, I think, "Oooh—I wants me some of that!" I'm a complete fag about myself...but nobody else. I don't want to have

sex with other men, because I can't see how it would be pleasurable. I don't like the stink of men. Don't like their bodies. Don't share many of

their interests or insecurities. I am disgusted by other men yet tantalized by myself.

Opposites attract? Not in my case.

I am attracted to a man—myself.

But I'm not technically gay. Just gay 'bout me.

As a friend once said to me, "What's the only thing cooler than Jim Goad? TWO Jim Goads. And what's cooler than two Jim Goads? Nothing. There is *nothing* cooler than two Jim Goads."

It would be arrogant for me to disagree.

You can call me all the homo names you want, and I still wouldn't want to have sex with you—only myself. Me and my good pal Sigmund Freud have found that the biggest homos are ALWAYS the ones who make a point of telling you they aren't homos, always the ones who are obsessed with homosexuality far more than any out-of-the-closet homosexual. So go ahead, ya repressed nelly-boy—tell me you've never touched a dick. Not even your own, right? And pretend you've never tried—and failed—to suck on your own wang-a-dang-diddly-dang, you lying Fag-a-Tron.

Civilization is built upon the fact that 99% of men are unable to suck their own dicks. If most guys were able to do this, as the joke goes, they'd never leave the house. Our entire infrastructure would crash to the ground as most men sat at home, eternally gobbling their own cocks.

Only one percent of men are said to possess the magical combo of penis size and spinal dexterity to be able to self-blow. If a dog licks his balls because he can, it follows that the only reason men don't suck their own dicks is because they can't. There's a rumor, probably false, that the ugly-girl-looking rocker Marilyn Manson had one or more of his ribs removed so he could auto-fellate. And there's an online joke that speculates Adam—the first man—originally had his rib removed for similar reasons.

Sucking my own dick would bring closure...the circle would be complete. I would become Ouroboros, the snake eating its own tail, a self-sufficient mythic creature eternally reproducing through mitosis and auto-fellatio.

Let the yoga classes begin!

