

Zoo Blessed

ZOO CHANGE

It was, I knew, bordering on psychotic- folding the letter yet again and re-inserting it into its creamy envelope. OCD. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. This repeat activity, the reading and the re-reading had emptied the coffee pot. It would be a rare thing indeed to live a rich life without a bomb never having been dropped randomly through your post-box. This explosion had been anticipated, long awaited. Here it was, albeit somewhat overdue. Hot. A new brew of liquor strength emotion whose smell alone seduced the naughty past from slumber.

I watched the awful pleasure of it wake utterly regardless of my flat's harsh light and gleaming surfaces. The blue film would have to be re-run before suitable arrangements could be made. A small phone call. A place to meet. Starbucks I thought- safe, neutral, other women with offspring in breeder's buggies, machines hissing, mobile songs.

I was ten back then, one of absolutely identical twins besides the gender. My wanton sister never minded my almost hairless disproportionate dick. A thing that made me significantly sick. A tool she loved to fool around with, loved to lick and loved to stick inside her beautiful secret. We habitually did it 'till the torrid afternoon we were first and last discovered. Lou's chin was covered in my cum. I was finger fucking her from behind when the bedroom door was violently flung open and the air was blown apart with my name shouted louder than I'd ever heard it before 'Zoo!'

They re-homed us separately. I never saw her after that- except in mirrors as I daily shaved or regularly dealt with whiteheads.

I tried homosexuality but it always hurt- apparently I have a gristly sphincter peculiarly resistant to stretching. Men quite happily sat on my large prick but I always felt some sense of ennui and the notion that something crucial was missing. A cock in my mouth was neither north or south to me. I stuck with it for years because on some subliminal level I recognised my growing addiction to the various flavours of body warm gissum. I actually had a boyfriend who memorialised my member in the best latex. Imagine that in my various effects post mortem. He inevitably went. I



never could keep any of them. Well, in truth, I missed her. I missed my stolen sister. None of the gay interlopers knew there was a competitor, a very heavy hitter, hiding in my closets.



Eventually I tired of it. It. I'd known for years. The source of all my inner sorrow lay between my legs. A psychiatrist concurred- for the sake of my sanity it had to go. You know the process- lengthy and stuffed with drugs and self obsession, pre-op, depilation, boob-job, plastic-surgery, then