FALLEN ANGEL

He's barely more than a child, but the worst forms of hopelessness and recklessly forlorn longing drive me back to them every time.

BELLY WITHIN THE WHALE

- How much do you want?
- I'll suck you off for thirty.

I hand over the cash. I earn that much in fifteen minutes. It strikes me he'll earn it again in five. From that perspective I know who is winning.

He crouches in front of me in the dank cubicle and unzips me. I try to think of Maureen and forgiveness.

FLAMING LAKES

But I do it all for *that feeling*.

He's not beautiful. Not even my type - as if such a thing even exists. But he's *here* and he's *now* and he's *doing it to me*. I sway against his movements. Eyes closed. Lost in the thrill of the chase of the payment of the betrayal.

Too late to return now.

A bolt of ecstacy strikes and I drain into him. I cry out my dead son's name.

SHAME

At that signal the feeling evaporates and I am left with nothing but the horror of what I am and what I do and who I am and how I would fall so hard. So much to lose.

I open my eyes.

He has gone. The cubicle is bare and white. There is no door. No porcelain. The cubicle has become a perfect white box into which I am sealed.

Leave me alone. Lives move outside. Life goes on, endlessly.