

Wet and Ironic

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An elaboration on a dream and the way it is connected to the reality or, contrariwise, the reality turns out to be connected to the dream.

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My erotic dreams have always been only semi-erotic, their other self pronouncedly ironic, sometimes even offending to me, though not to the part of me responsible for them. There is something inside me which agrees with everything happening in them and admits it to be quite just. Still, they provoke more toilsome brooding than my most philosophically sophisticated ones.

As I grow older, the trait acquires some maturity, too, blind embarrassment being gradually replaced by a certain fear of the improper. In fact, the fear of sleeping and dreaming.

Iâ€™m now approaching the age of 20, though, Iâ€™d say, rather slowly, as I still believe myself to be 18. At least this is my answer to the question when itâ€™s required to be as spontaneous as possible. And here the irony gets revoltingly obvious, just on the peak (as I can presume) of my simplicity â€” that of one hungry and oversaturated at the same time.

I believe I can give quite a list of sources and backgrounds for the main figure of the dream, though Iâ€™d never dare to choose one. It might have been the steering music from â€” Poison Ivyâ€” by David Michael Frank, the disgusting character of Murakamiâ€™s book reborn and advanced, a side effect of the long hours spent over articles on the Noble Prize for Literature. Whatever.

This is the rare case when the fountainhead of everything happening to the dreamer is the latterâ€™s partner. Obvious and vulgar in the real life, this fact is grossly distorted in most of my wet dreams. But this time itâ€™s contrariwise, the person emanating feelings and emotions, controlling my perception â€” But not my self-control.

Itâ€™s a middle-aged man, probably aged fifty or so, exclusively business-like in appearance and manners, neat and clean to the backbone. Not the kind Iâ€™ve ever had the slightest slant to. Short grizzling hair, a little spiky, salt-and-pepper, and a carefully trimmed moustache framing his mouth, carved to be decent and cool. His eyes are imponderable, both the shape and the color, covered with strict rimless glasses.

Iâ€™m looking right into the face expressing nothing but power and equanimity through my legs, spread wide as Iâ€™m lying on the bed Iâ€™m actually sleeping in. I donâ€™t know whether my desire or his offering, titillating look of confidence is prior, but Iâ€™m positively mad with passion. It has nothing to do with the man, though. Heâ€™s just the distributor of bliss, which I feel quite clearly through his look â€” from behind his heavy, broad forehead of an intelligent man, that of secret power and joyful possession.

I canâ€™t actually define the way, but I know Iâ€™ve expressed my consent. He bows down to me and licks me. I manage to consider my doubt, trying to guess whether Iâ€™ll be able to sense it through the layer of sleep covering me, of which Iâ€™m shockingly conscious.

I am, oh, I am. The mellow wetness is so genuine and hard to bear that I find myself on the verge of crying or screaming or groaning â€” whatever, the details slips away as I slip into the shaking emotion of the body. It takes me no more than two elaborate moves of his tongue to get the haunting idea that I must wake up. The thought is seducing, as for some reason I believe the chances of waking to the same reality to be ridiculously high.

My mind takes great pains to work its way through the heavy cover of empty, wordless bliss, and I do wake up. Needless to say, everything vanishes as soon as I can open my eyes to the darkness of the room and chuckle back another moan, this one very likely to become too real and wake the whole house.

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I am angry with myself and utterly frustrated, feeling that all my attempts of getting back into the dream
I am still positively soaked in are ironically vain. I feel it ironic just because it was so real a moment ago
but not anymore. Well, who is to blame if not me?

I look at my boyfriend, sleeping like a very decent, gentle-lined cat, so calm and steady in his sleep. This is
the first time I have been so mad about a man's appearance, his body, plump and easy, obviously lacking
detail, being something I truly love. His yellow hair, the color of ashes in the purple darkness, and the
impossible features never fail to evoke tenderness in me.

I give a slight kiss to his back, his skin smelling discreetly of milk and sweetness and pepper. He doesn't
arouse the desire gone abruptly several seconds before. I merely know whose tongue it was, long,
sharp-pointed, and dexterous like that of a lizard.

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