

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

Dustin Junkert

God Only Knows What I'd Be Without You

In the blink of an eye it went from talk of something about the dog side in the show *Catdog* to lunging, heaving, a straddling position. Her back and hips move eagerly as if she has been teased with a feather for an hour and then unchained.

*Lord Jesus Christ, reveal yourself to me.
Lord Jesus Christ, reveal yourself to me.
Lord Jesus Christ, reveal yourself to me.
Lord Jesus Christ, reveal yourself to me.
Lord Jesus Christ, reveal yourself to me.*

This or some variation. Even during this kind of behavior? Did Salingler do a better job spreading The Lord's Prayer than Matthew?

Once she went with the black tights. Often I find myself in the role of teacher—I hear passing mention of what in summary might be labeled “a bag of tricks.” I am just living my life, I assure her.

The first utterance of the word “joy” and I must distract her brutally to erase it. I sing a song aloud, hop a fence, I un-shoe in the frosted grass. Because I know that all evil flows forth from insistence on the distinction between happiness and joy.

To both of us our neighbors are strangers we discuss going door to door to meet. I am fully conscious of all licking and sucking and it feels impossible to come and she looks like someone else sometimes, the flashes of her eye I catch at random, and it does not help.

Her mouth theatrically found me and the eagerness of sexual success grasped at her, where I had left off and at that moment I wanted my penis back, which is rare.

If this woman cannot with all her violent world-crushing virility do what I could do in thirty seconds of concentrated visualizing her doing what she's doing now, then I don't know what.