

An Ode to My David Duchovny Obsession...

By Regina Robo

He is flowing. All over. Ripples. Taut flesh. Ridges. Muscles. He moves. The world freezes. My world grows smaller. Nothing but him. He and me. He smiles. Asmirk, really. Small and decisive. He knows what I want. He knows what I need. I want to hear it. Hear him say that he desires me. It shall never happen. Things like that— not his style. He likes the game. Moving his limbs, back and forth, up and down, in and out. For me. He knows. He knows. He reaches for me. I stay out of reach. Blank stare. He reaches. Reaches. A touch. I waver. I feel his rough finger tips. A hangnail scrapes my flesh. Mmm. He feels me respond. A coy smile plays across his crooked mouth. He bows his head. Imploring. Begging in his own way. Begging with his flesh and tendons and muscles. With the fiber of his being. Begging. Shamelessly. Yet, he makes me feel it's me who is begging. For his hands on me, all over me; touching, exploring, caressing, fondling, manipulating. Forming my soft skin into what he sees. How he sees. Why he sees. He sees me. He acknowledges me with a small nod. Appraising me. Moves towards me. Moves around me. Stands near. Very close. I can feel his warmth across the mere inches which separate our flesh. When he breathes, his coarse sparse chest hair brushes against my shoulder blades. I feel so naked. I feel so much. I cannot stop feeling him. In my head. In my tummy. Lower. Lower still. When I forget about what differs between us, our gender, our sex, he insists on reminding me. Reminding me with floppy, dark hair, a swimmer's build and a primitive stare. He doesn't look at me or through me, but within me. With the stare of a child, he cocks his head, looks, REALLY LOOKS with those pale eyes. Comes closer,

gathers my face in his strong, encompassing hands and delves into my gaze. Asserting his own existence though my recognizance of him. He depends on me. My stare. My unwavering, dark, complete stare. Finds some sort of peace. Solace. It happens when it pleases, not due to seasons or orbits or weather. And it pleases often, and forever. Pale eyes searching. Moving rapidly. He is reading my mind. Giga- and tera-bytes worth of information, storing it; to find my weakness. He knows my weakness. He is my weakness. I am his strength. And in that way, I am the slave; and he, my master.

Post Scriptum: David Duchovny is not my obsession. The men who emulate him, however, are.

