

Untitled: Did I say sexually frustrated? [Will someone edit this from this book in this society of alleged “freedom”?!]

Sexually frustrated
Spiritually insolvent

She left out as quick as she came
A fantasy, perhaps
Or was it that I could not discern between what was Real and
what was not
Did she leave me or did I force her away?
Her fault or mine? Or both of ours?
Who’s to say?

I only have memories left to hold on to and she’s no longer here
to share them with me.
Gone forever out of my Life.

I didn’t appreciate her the way that I should have: self-hatred,
self-pity, self-doubt, lack of self-control/discipline
I didn’t see the signs that she was slipping out of my fingers
I figured that I could always have her, she wouldn’t have the
strength to leave.
Shit, I was wrong or what?
Didn’t expect that to happen.

Wishing my days could be brighter
Wishing for the memories to come alive again
Wishing for the strength to move on and move forward

Wishing for the wisdom to forgive her and myself
Wishing for the answers to the questions: Why?
What could I have done better?
What can I do now?
What should I do now?

So I continue to sit here sexually frustrated
No longer able to inundate my partner with my steamy, liquid
blessings
No longer able to feel that connection – like I've lost a part of
myself
No longer able to experience her sexual prowess

I sit here wanting to blame someone else for my temporary
disconnection
Yet I can't, I did it all myself to myself
I was with another good person and once again I fucked up – my
ego and I destroyed our happiness

So I sit here wondering why I am sittin' here sexually frustrated
when there is a Life to live and people to meet

I guess the pain of recognizing my own culpability is too great
Or maybe it's that I hope that she'll come back
Or that she'll accept me back
Or maybe I'm still too stunned to see Reality through my eyes
clouded with tears

Sexually frustrated, missing the mental stimulation as much as
the vaginal penetration

And the full bodily excitation and relaxation

Exotic massages

Fulfilling fantasies

Love – so painful when it's so False – full of lies and deceit

Though I know it was False Love, the pain still exists

Attempt suicide to relieve the pain and heart-ache

May solve that problem, but won't be able to see another day of
sunshine and realize that I'm blessed

Plus it would create other problems

Do I love myself that little to die over False Love?

Is she worth dying for?

Am I worth living for?

Am I afraid of living or am I afraid of dying?

I can't think that deeply profound now,

Remember I'm sexually frustrated

I miss the closeness

Sex is more than a physical act, much more

The more you know about sex, the more you know about your
partner & yourself

I hope that you don't fall victim to False Love

I hope that I don't fall victim again to False Love

I am a Survivor sitting here for now, sexually frustrated, until I
take responsibility for myself and realize that this cycle will
continue until I break it.

Or I can always sit here by myself and think of the memories and

ask myself why I'm sexually frustrated.

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