

Excerpt from in-progress manuscript *Sex World (is Definitely for Adults!)*

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Jamie Popowich next book, *Chrome Kisses* (Insomniac Press, 2018) is a series of connected pulp fiction comedies about the collision of technology, broken-hearted criminals, shifty baristas, and the surveillance-gig economy.



from shoes to suit

magician gloved hands yank

and

abracadabra

naked

falling

through

sex world

PROCLIVITES

Proclivities &
Proclivities
Sitting in a tree
b-d-s-m-i-n-g

proclivities (n)

no one ever saying nice proclivities.

Proclivities being a word discussed in court.

Grimaced over by juries and the prosecution.

Ex-wives sayin' "You wouldn't believe his predilections."

Predilections being proclivities perverse cousin.

paraphernalia of The Predilector:

you got your silk stockings

cuffs (obvious), glass dilds,

lady's underthings,

male overthings,

autoparts

late nite park meetings

anything and everything

that makes the wholesome squirm

Deeters

What they called customers. Men, women, they're all Deeters. Rolling off the buses onto Sex World in their visor caps, t-shirts tied around their waists, wearing deep-pocket cargo shorts. Serious contenders for *take me to your leader*. Deeters with their disposable income needing release. Money giving them permission to behave any dame way they please. They want experimentation with deregulation. Double-regulation. Gold showers, price rising. Gaping tax breaks. Sexually humped. Oil rig-spilling. Pollution banging.

Yeah, there were rules. Sure thing there's police force. And these were all citizens Deeters were treating this way. But seriously, folks, laws lose their solidity when a thousand extra bucks is dropped in the lap. Everything for sale for the Deeters. Linked arms marching down the streets with their wide mouths snorting everything around them. They fought, drank, stalked, pinched, stuck, whipped, dicked, vaged, knew they could grab whenever however. Because *how many times you want to punch me in the face* becomes a point of discussion for that kind of money.

baby,

baby,

baby

don't leave

Ooh, please don't leave

yearning feelin' Inside me

Ooh, deep inside me

baby,

baby,

baby

Where'd our love go?



Sexy Clown

Fig. 1

Dirty Talk (unknown knowns about verbal love)

Saying I love you
While you're ejaculating
Adds sum extra oomph

Breaking news stories
Should be muted or turned off
(Unless that's your bag)

If you desire kink
(high heels, ropes, clowns, cheesy puffs)
Don't nag your lover

Dick Dance (Part One)

Dick

Dick Head

Dickhead

Most times, seriously, what's a dick but a limp, pathetic looking, thing? Sagging there. Hanging round. Flopping between a guy's legs like some beat up motel sign that reads There Be Man. Whoopee-do.

Set the scene. We get a couple of cops, an eyewitness, heavy strobe lights in some park, crime scene style, with strobes on some bush where a loose, freed, dick's been found. Not severed either. This is casual dick out on the town. Being dick-free. The eyewitness is horrified, IDing this dick, it looking like a shrivelled-up man. Size isn't the issue. We got a loose dick lolling about in the beat down dirt. This is dick. For like twenty-something hours of most days of most months of most years of a dick's life there isn't hard-boiled, blood-flowing, man-full erections. This park dick being no different. Being like all dicks. Dicks as fragile fucking appendages. Shaking away on account of nerves.

And any full steam ahead erections is only like an hour, hour an a half of a dick's daily life. And, okay, we can talk about common glancing erections. Passing erections in the night erections. Two ships NO port NO lighthouse guiding the way erections. And yeah, you can get boners all the time. Had boners all the time. Hordes of boners. One popping after another popping pushing against blue jeans popping boners. But if we're talking wood, right, so dig that that wood can get so wooden, rigid wooden, that there was a time you could catch the wood resting against the belly no problem. But get realistic. That wood's more like a symbol, like a lifecycle sun dial, slowly moving down the boner tracks, marking age and mortality.