

part two:

amor hardcore



dear man,

i think we were both wrong,  
numbers are nothing more than wasted time  
and hatred comes at the cost of understanding  
your strengths are to me what weakness are to you  
so lets count our sins and pay for more time together

your dearest friend,  
the woman

*It wasn't the light sound of air nor the dreamy scent of a rose, it was the fluid slow drops of passion that moved the feeling of ecstasy. The physical and mental desire that grew as a lighting spark inside him, more than being free as a bird or high as a kite, it was the full unfiltered and completed version of himself. Embodying his emotions was complicated to say the least, but it was always there, the slow patch of drums at the beginning of a song or the lusted hot breath at the ear. To be free was to be himself, to be who he always was meant to be, completely aware of his own desires, wishes and dreams. It was the way he was in love with himself.*

*This man stood on that mountain of pleasure, he was everything he had hoped and wished for, a striking image of self awareness that showed both acceptance and vulnerability. He was confident, emotional, unashamed and sexy, loving instantly his silhouette and its shades. The body he had was his sacred temple, every part shined brightly, distinguishing itself from others, from his delicate hard hands, to his rigid soft neck or even his asymmetrical wavy curves. His mind stood on the other side of that temple, functioning as a calming garden, a creative empty canvas used to explore, always clear, unbothered, focused and reserved. His love went beyond standing in the mirror, it was everything about him, how he placed his feet or how his jaw would bend everytime he smiled, it was how he talked, stood and faced life, his love embodied all of his actions and movements. The body and mind were one, both controlled and restricted by its operator, always balancing to where the focus was, he knew what he wanted and how he could get it, pushing against all odds for his own satisfaction. He was a free man.*

*His days would be spent around himself, caressing his voice with words and thoughts. Every activity explored further his loving image, the pale skin in the sun, the exposed but hidden outfits or the provocative and alluring dancing he did, he never was out of place. Every single branch of his love was explored, but the roots were strapped to sex. Written all over him, sex was on his clothes, hair and scent, whether subtle or crude, a toned grey or an empty pink, it was always present. His pleasure was both his friend and mentor, a figure so important and prominent in his mind that required most of their shared time.*

*All thoughts, powered by emotions, running like a silent film at all hours, his mind was a sex filled paradise, always creating tension through its ghosting desire. Horny was his word, it fired all cylinders, always evoking a stronger urge, his arousal was sometimes controlled, other times abrasive, but always enjoyable. Everything and everywhere, on the bed and the car, in the morning or the evening, sex was held high and normalized. The mantra was simple, the pleasure never mistaken, the hormones blessed, and experiences teaching, but it grew beyond physical emotion, and turned into exploration of his world, talk after talk, lesson after lesson, it was his forbidden dream of freedom.*

*Not to be confused, nothing comes for free as this man had to put in the work to be able to live his pleasure at his fullest. His life wasn't always like this, behind this very secure and confident figure stood a trembling and weak boy, deeply ashamed of his shadow. An affecting little boy ashamed of his pleasure, ashamed of his expression, ashamed of his body and mind. A profound lack of self love and acceptance led him down a dark alley where his world was consumed by the others' opinions, insecurities that manifested in rules.*

*There were always rules, guided passages to stabilize and define, filled with hatred and paranoia. Rules were meant to be followed, obeyed like a trained puppy, rules that shaped how he acted, thought or even done. Prescribing stories told to scare, or glowing eyes ready to criticize, they stood patiently, like a handbook, a social manual that ruled under one slogan, to limit. Prohibiting the exposure, avoiding the sorrow, draining the creativity, only to contour your life. The autonomy of his pleasure stood in honesty and bravery as he burned all manuals only to write his own.*

*His journey started with his own self discovery, wheeling the body and its pleasure. Days spent around the mirror, analysing every inch of his skin, deciding if it was good enough or not. Sometimes the hatred was so potent he had to look himself in the dark, hiding his imperfection, other times his love was obscene, fondling its uniqueness and appreciating its look. His body was a vessel, but beyond that a congruent camera of memories that held identity. As his days of self pleasure began, so did his fantasy, he started putting more time and effort around it, rather than rushing only to feel shame and emptiness. The sessions would last longer, letting the moment of enthusiasm breathe, to result in stronger, more fulfilling orgasms. With time his body connected with his mind, creating an almost eloquent robotic nature, his movements were lustful, his breath expressive, each stroke he made was a different chain being lifted from his back. And so, the slow rhythms of drums began to play, and the moving bass along the flashing chords appeared, he had found a base.*

*His next stop was exploring the body of others, unraveling those knotted feelings that peaked between the lines of love and lust. Everything behind the idea of the other sex interested him, he was the one to choose after all, was it the legs? maybe the hips? even the breast? that erotic nature and honest beauty of others lighten his search. He would go into the night and choose a stranger, using something from their body as the question and pleasure as the answer. The kisses were rather sloppy and forced, the sex awkward and rubbered, but it never was the feeling, but the idea that he chose to and did so.*

*With much casualty, he embarked on the true challenge of his journey, the world of sexual taboos. Forbidden words that terrified and amazed him at the same time, a hidden and highly critiqued practice with a morbid curiosity behind it. Doing something prohibited was arousing enough, but the true form of pleasure stood on no greater hill than the autonomy of one self.*

*He began sleeping around, from stunning brunettes, to buffed masculine dudes, he held no flag; his only interest, their pleasure. Each person he slept with had something different to say as they had a unique view of pleasure that distinguished them completely, some felt valoration, others searched for power. In a way, he got to hear their stories, calmly listening from their happiest moments to their biggest regrets. Sometimes it didn't feel like sex at all, it was more like he was just staring, sharing with a different body. Sex or not, he got to experience something new, just kisses, some oral, maybe a bit of both. His chessboard expanded and he found that there were no limits to what he wanted, but more specifically, there were no limits to what one could see in the other person. Somedays didn't feel as bright, as he thought about his likings and tried to justify them, was it lack of compromise?, maybe a fear of attachment?. Turns out, there was never really a handbook, there were never written rules to control, he made them up, the fight was on his head, and suddenly he felt free to stop fighting.*

*His desires conclude on the true furred velvet of pleasure, kinks. Kinks never stood on the feeling of ecstasy, they worked as a mental stimulation locked in each person's mind. They were all fantasy, layered fabric of reality based on imagination, most of the time they weren't even related to sex. Being degraded like a loser or worshiped like a god, playing the role of the defense criminal or ruthless cop, enjoying pain or causing it, watching others or let other watch you, liking the textures of comforting furs or gauging leathers, limiting one sense, weather blindfolding, strapping or gagging, maybe one at the time, maybe all at once; there were fetishes around everything, from body parts to viscous fluids to even morbid muscles. Kinks allowed him to pursue provocative pleasures, but beyond that, they managed to seal a further goal, he was able to put limits.*

*At that point he realized it, at that point he felt it, the absolutely feeling of not giving a fuck, the feeling of not carrying about others opinions, the feeling of doing what you liked because you choose to and did so. There was no limitation to his pleasure and its expression, he was who he was because he decided to, because he picked his clothes, he loved his body and chose his partners, because he followed his desire shamelessly. Was he promiscuous? Was he monogamous? Was he straight, gay or bi? Did he even like sex at all?, it didnt fucking matter. That became his autonomy, that pulsating desire he had been searching for: amor hardcore, a way to love his image, a way to love his ideals, a way to love himself.*

*In a snap of time, he had done it, he had become who he wanted to be, a ruler, protector of his desire and controller of his enjoyment. During that crazy high he felt the freedom, like the breeze during an open window ride, blushing at its face, strongly, windy and liberating. He didn't want to let go.*

*Intensity began to crawl more and more his experiences, filling them with search and conquest, what once were adrenaline rushes and dives into the unknown now we're a part of his day to day. Sex parties, polyamorous adventures, cruising orgies, his horizon was vast and open and his appetite only kept growing. Because that was one thing of*

*him, he always took big gulps, he always consumed in huge quantities. It was all or nothing for him, go to get go as they call it. There was no inbetween, only saturation. Excess was right around his corner and he knew it well, but it never worried him, why would it?, his limits were firmly established and tightly put together. In the end, wasn't that it? wasn't that the point of knowing where to stop?, to avoid feeling misplaced? To avoid feeling lost? It only took him so long to learn that the worst type of sex he could have was the one that didn't feel at all. And just like that, he found a bottom to his top.*

*It wasn't the risk of STDs, the occasional danger he would face, or the lack of maturity when approaching situations, what really bothered him was that sensation. Slowly itching inside the chest, tormenting the inner viciously, dissatisfaction was a loud and painful pill to swallow.*

*He remembers the first time he felt it. A dampen whisper read like a missing hug, a loud scream with nothing to say, it was as if someone you didn't know had passed away, and with them, so did a part of you. The pain wasn't instant, on the contrary, it never arrived, like a melancholic ghost, it wasn't even there to begin with. But as time went on, he somehow got the feeling it never really left.*

*The feeling became inescapable, there was no way to avoid it, no matter where he went, no matter what he thought of, he always saw it, the big flashy neon sign with the words "nothing will ever be enough" printed on it. Paranoid and empty, his life started to revolve around it, lie after lie, void after void, it became an unconscious addiction that wouldn't leave him alone, as sex grew from a pleasurable act, to a liberating freedom, to an unconscious validation. But the worst part wasn't how it felt or what it meant, but the fact that he always had it. From the start of his journey till the very end, always there, lurking in the corner, accompanying like a dear friend, reminding that in him existed a world where pleasure was no longer fulfilling. A singular agonizing thought, because without pleasure, his world burned, and with it, everything that made him.*

*And so, the crimson strappes of freedom that once called him were nothing more than a reflecting lie. A lie found in the sunken boat of a lost captain, a lie told to its passenger and to himself, a lie to swim afloat. The story was read backwards, it was never about the captain's interest for adventure, but in the hope to find something in the open sea that he couldn't see on the vast land. Now his days are told from the bottom of the ocean, stumbling like a dead poet, lost in the path of liberation, waiting eagerly for the day he would swim back to the surface.*