

IS THIS HEAVEN OR SHOULD I WAIT?

The years of creation and rage rolled on, and like any power monger in the American dream, I took lovers as hostages to escape its pressure. Lisa became my salvation the moment I removed her clothing...revealing in her naked rawness the quintessential force that can alter a man's very reason. The vision of her before me still corrodes all sense of right and wrong. If ever I was addicted to anything it was this creature delivered up by forces bent on my destruction.

A double Gemini like me, she was my feminine counterpart, twin to every latent emotion, and partner in the devil's domain. Together we taunted the face of conformity, disdained respect, and broke all the rules. I kept her hidden on the upper farm like some secret weapon to unsheath when confronted by no other challenge. Then into society we'd creep like covert operatives in a free-fire-zone. I took her with me to provoke the world, giving her away only to retrieve her in a swirling wake of broken hearts and shattered minds.

Her sexual appetite was voracious. She came like a man, squirting a foot, screaming and scratching like some caged cat, intuitively reflecting one's most essential drives. She smelled and tasted just right, and her body was always amorously accessible. Hard nipples pierced her dresses when men simply looked at her, and she gave off an uncanny scent that drove them wild. We teased the world, chose our threesomes, and devoured our prey with little regard for anyone's feelings.

Into the web linking our sybarite paths fell the only woman who might have saved me from myself. I just want to believe, now anyway, that I could've given up Lisa and settled with Mary as enough to make peace in my war. Far be it my place to gaze into crystal balls...I accept my fate for decisions made then. I can't allow myself the luxury of remorse after all that resulted from my polygamous plan.

Demure and reserved, Mary came from a fine family, and in her lithe grace resembled Ali McGraw, Steve McQueen's girl. She'd recently settled near her parents, following a world tour precipitated by a failed romance. I sensed her parents had spent their whole lives sheltering their fair daughter from the very probability of meeting someone like me, but I gathered my courage and set out to win her heart.

We dated like high school kids, holding hands at shows and talking about our travels. She was pioneer stock if I'd ever seen it, and her goals were as hopeful as mine...a large, loving family in the country was all she wanted. This was my inner dream too, if I remembered correctly, but it seemed too far down a murky road to make proper calls.

I absorbed this innocent beauty, her brown eyes glowing in a submissive femininity as our fingers touched, and sensed she could cure me. She didn't need to prove herself or flirt with the world. She was an earth woman, and could make my schizoid character whole.

I'd drop her off and drive back to Lisa's animal lusting. Somewhere between them, having it all seemed near at hand. The plot thickened, with elemental lust on one side and family respect on the other. Finding the perfect woman in two bodies seemed a logical solution to my demented state...feudal lord over a tribe of servile roustabouts and lover of the two most coveted women in the land.

If by some miracle it could've worked, I'd have wrecked the ending. If I'd found Heaven there, I would've passed it up for sure. My destructive tendencies were far too strong to allow true happiness to seep in and clutter the chaos I perpetuated. So I ran them through a trial of fire designed to break, more than temper their spirits. I don't want to go through any rationale why I hated women, my mother, and all that crap.

Even John Kennedy tried this one, and, as for sanity, our entire bunch of war babies was a little "off," getting under desks, into bomb shelters, and hearing continuous sirens in our youth. Like Chicken Little, disaster was eminent and one should grab whatever pleasure was at hand. Man's been tempted by the lure of concubinal bliss since his first erection. Wars have been fought, many a throat slit, and more than one of us has gone down in flames attempting it. Add my name to the roster...

Mary became the most driving force the farm had known, picking string beans 'til dark and driving the big truck to the docks at the crack of dawn, while I'd stick my prick in Lisa's. She wore jeans and boots like me, and worked like a man, but feminity radiated from her soul, and she was granted respect without asking. It was in her basic trusting, more than naivety, that she thought of Lisa as a friend and fellow bean picker rather than my primal sexual equal.

I would be with one, lolling in that aspect of my split personality, and then with the other...but the urge to bring them together was building. Ten years of the farm's creative period had gone by without much drug use and very little drinking, but now I indulged to keep the roulette wheel turning. Like a squirrel cage it went...faster as I added fuel. Whether it was to deaden the pain of the lie I lived or heighten it, I'm not sure, but more and more I worked my way into inebriated states, fueled by drugs of pleasure.

Slowly too, fragment by fragment, nightmares of my subconscious fed the mad captain of my soul...secret sharer and witness to it all without my knowing. On the surface, I was the farmer formed on the white volcano, until judgment revealed the players to each other.

I'd avoided focusing on who we really were, but when

Mary became pregnant, the actual drama in our play hit me like a wet blanket. The decision to abort rang the bell of doom in my mind. What was I to do? All my life I'd skirted the very possibility of happiness being mine, and now that Heaven lay before me, I stalled for time, smoked another Camel, and looked sidelong for exits.

Maybe it was low self-esteem or letting anyone close after 'Nam. Whatever it was I ran from the great responsibility, as well as the promise, that lay before us. Some sense argues I wanted to save her from a life with me, and that became the saving grace of my moral attitude. On the surface, we came up with a bunch of practical excuses why a child was not in order...like the farm's call for her constant labors, and our need for more time. The real failure was mine, and I hated myself first and her second for believing me.

I drank and drugged myself into altered states, and made love to her as if she were a piece of art in a tantric ritual. She'd been to the sexual temples of Khajuraho and Konarak in India, and I asked her what she'd seen there. Embarrassed to recall the erotic statuary, Mary said it was all the aberrant positions I'd tried with her. These were just the outer shell of that shameless sect's sideshow. I wanted to know what she'd seen inside the huge idol house there.

She could remember nothing in the vaulted cavern, and that was my point. I wanted her to see there was nothing inside me either, that I was obsessed with the outside of love...its lust and sensate pleasures. Unwilling and unable to go inside, I was a cripple to its truth, and had been scared as long as I could remember.

I know it seems sick, but the more she agreed with me the more I hurt her, finally telling her of my lust for Lisa and vision of the three of us. I might have really loved her. I thought so after she left, but will never be certain now. She allowed me to break her, slowly, like the spirit of a wild animal tamed, and waited obediently to see if her master need whip the lash once more.

Can I feel it from her point of view when the three of us lived as one? Were the incredible moments in our spectral menage a trois worth the pain and price we paid? I ache to even remember. The memories of our ecstasy can barely be savored through the guilt of hurt I inflicted on them both.

Lisa was more capable, calloused by insensitive misfortunes enough to take without remorse. Mary was more hopeful of life's good side, and her love flowed from a purer and simpler source. I don't blame Lisa for overwhelming her. She and I were sexual animals from another cage.

I slept between them while it lasted, and the girls made love to me together in wondrous splendor. Once we lay on virgin sand in Waipio Valley, with diaphanous clouds above us as I stroked the soft mounds of hair between their legs

spread over mine, and we spoke and thought as one being of this love we sampled. Beyond borders of conventionality and the rest of the world's thinking, it was a perfect fit in my progression, and must've meant a lot to them as well, for it was based on some visionary family befitting our times.

There were wonderful, totally unselfish, and wholly loving moments in our cautious testing of that innermost fear called jealousy. Sometimes when we made love or laughed together, we'd notice ourselves watching, and it's for these priceless feelings we agreed to pay our dues. I would not exchange a bit of my agony for a share of bliss returned, but cannot speak for them. We tasted the extreme measures of human emotion, and like the fragile creatures we are...crumbled like dust in ruins, fallen angels bargaining for release.

Mary went to Tahiti and Lisa ended up in Spain with an oil rigger. I guess that's the way triangles end, but I still can't figure out why. How come they both left in such a hurry? Was it some statement to each other...or to me? It began to dawn on me that I'd driven off those I cherished most, and for the first time I actually feared for my sanity. I'd broken rules ever since childhood, but never ones like these...