

EROTICA, IRISH TRAD STYLE

I have done a lot of writing on a lot of topics in my life, but this excerpt - posted in 2002 - may give you an insight as to why there is almost a complete lack of Ess Ee Ecks in my work (or "oeuvre", if you like). To judge by the quality of the following, that may not be a bad thing.

Anyway, here goes - clothespins to noses please and don't forget to breathe through your mouths till it's done.

The loud silent lights of Las Vegas stretched out in all directions from Brian's hotel room. The room itself was dark, illuminated only by the reflection from the city thirty floors below. There was an aroma of stale tacos from the microwave. The only sound was the low hum of the air conditioner.

In the silence Brian reached across the bed, tentatively permitting his throbbing fingers to make hesitant contact with the smooth warm skin of her backside. He caught his breath; he had not done this before, although he had picked up many like her in pubs around the world. Most of them were the same: fun for a night, then out of his life forever. But this one . . .

His body ached as he resisted the desire, the need, to move his hand across the perfect curve of her hip, but he knew neither of them was ready for that. Not yet. He realized that in spite of the relentless air conditioning, he was sweating slightly.

They lay silent, motionless except for the tentative movements of Brian's trembling fingers. How they ached to grab her, to overpower her, to strike her repeatedly and rapidly with a small stick! Yes yes yes! There was no doubt now in Brian's whirling

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mind - this was love, strange passionate love. He wanted to cry out, to hit something, to throw carrots at the moon, to run naked with a pack of hyenas . . .

Yes, love! He could barely breathe: he had never felt like this about a bodhrán before, but this one - this one was different . . .

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door.

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