

SEXTING FROM WALSALL

I've masturbated four times today. I've avoided the shiny surfaces though, I've avoided leaving a smear on the steel.

This morning I was so tired and I didn't feel good, but I am feeling better now. Much better, IDK if its the caffeine or the sleep of what. I saw this photo and I found it inspirational, how bizarre is this



its a woman who murdered her husband, but after domestic violence and being forced into prostitution. I'm not justifying the murder, if thats what you think, but the top, the orchestration of that, almost as a beacon of hope "Dear Past, Thanks For All The Lessons. Dear Future, I Am Ready. There are some photos of her smiling and laughing with her female guards. And while we look at the image, look at her guards earrings and sunglasses, power in those gestures.

It's hot and sunny and my face is flush and full of blood.

And my cock.

Is yours?

Are you hard?

I'm wearing dungarees which I know are not erotic, its not adidas, its not all black sportswear

cupping my balls, but its easy access. Thats hot right?

I wish I was wearing TN's. I saw a photo today of cum on TN's.

Did you cum on instapumps?

REEBOK INSTAPUMPS.

I sang a lot this week, how did that feel? How did that touch feel? I keep on thinking about what Marie spoke to me about, how the voice a physical product of the body, and to view sound as this physical connection touching your mouth and the other persons ear. So I was being incredibly intimate. Did you feel that?

I bought four falafels from a yellow van, that on the bottom said 'Sleep Well, Feel Well'. I think. It was a pro Palestine van, but I don't think the quote connects to that. The man in was nice, his conversation was forced but in a really nice way. He said to another man, but its Walsall, a place to relax, chill out. I put the crispy orbs in my mouth from the paper bag. No salad just there own greenness.

I feel really aware today that every man I meet has a cock. It's not necessarily that I want to see and hold each one, but I'm not ruling it out, just the potential in every mans pants as they walk by me. But men are the worst.

Hows work?

What are you up to tonight?

I have a thing and then sleep, I'm still tired.

Have you gone camping today?

I hated it last time, I was so uncomfortable. Like you didn't have a phone, and the Wonga Loan people called for you. I had Ben's number but still I wanted to know you were okay. I wanted you to text saying, hi got here safe. I had no idea what was happening, and when you told me afterwards about being so drunk in the street it made me stiffen up. If I'd gone into the game in a different way I could have probably spanked you, turned this frustration into a sex thing. But I wasn't that person.

Just Listen to my voice, everything is fine. You are okay, its gonna be okay, you are just a product of your situation at the moment and thats it. Your context will shift and change. Re-contextualise yourself.

I was thinking about the concept of Digital Intimacy yesterday. I haven't really read any theory that uses that term, but I feel its something important to me. The idea of being a generator of content, a broadcaster. Obviously some things will be broadcast to me, and to everyone else online, but I want some things just for me, and as we aren't in physically proximity I want this to be digital as well. I create spaces for us to be digitally intimate, space of conversation and sharing. Was that intimacy when we slept together on Skype. I remember the first time when I came home and was drunk and flush and I didn't want to be alone, and I asked you to watch me sleep. I guess I actually wanted you to be awake and watching, but you laughed, then did it, and I still am unsure if you did it for me and continued to think it was silly or if you wanted it yourself. Is that intimacy. I keep on paraphrasing a theory, and I think it is object based ontology , or some branch of philosophy anyway, when there are like layers of being and sense, and they all lay on top of each other, and I'm

thinking of this quote "touching is an interaction of the senses rather than a simple contact of an object with the skin" quoted p124 of Baudrillard's Simulations and the idea of my skin touching something of yours, while my eyes look at pixels of you, while my ears hear you and all this intermingling to mean that you're actually physically intimate with me at that moment.

my sourdough starter spilt on my trackies and didn't even work, so instead I'm eating cheap pitta with salt, oil and herbs