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# Lie with Me

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I'm not sure I can give you what you expect.

I really don't want to disappoint you.

That's why I'm here actually.

I wanted to escape the gaze of...everybody.

I went to bed a while ago.

It was quite... a while ago actually.

I thought I'd just lay down for 10 minutes...

And now you're here.

Which is fine, it's really fine, it's just...

Maybe I'm dreaming

Yeah, I'm dreaming!

This is like the classic nightmare!

You're on stage in front of a lot of people and you have no clothes on and you don't know your lines.

Absolute nightmare.

I'm just gonna try something. This is so funny.

So I'm gonna lie down and when I wake up, you're gone

Easy.

No offence..

But um.

Yeah.

Nope.

You're still there.

Okay.

I'm here, you're here, we're all here together.

I guess if that was the start it wasn't much of a start

I have prepared... nothing.

... say something. Anything.

What are you expecting from me now?

You're the performer here. And stop staring at the screen.

I'm sorry, do you speak English?

PERFORM NOW!

I guess you have some expectations

I mean when you go to bed with someone you expect something, you have expectations, desires.

I'm just not sure I can give you what you want, I'm not really even sure what I want.

I mean how can I know what I want?

If I want it because I want it or if I want it because you want it?

You know?

If it results from a kind of porousness?

Like a big sponge, soaking up the wants of others, the desires, the rules, the established order, the status quo, the expectations... until you become so sodden and heavy that you're not sure if you're wet, or if it was already wet, or why you got wet, or where the water came from, or why you're a sponge now -

Am I a sponge now?

Well anyway, I decided to go to bed, to be a dry sponge.

Well not really, but a sponge with agency?

And self-reflection?

A sponge that can stay soft and spongy, but also...

That got to the root of understanding:

Is my desire to please you, to meet your expectations, a performance?

And if it's a performance can it be something real, something authentic?

Or is performance itself a lie?

Like now, I'm performing for you but also, I'm not really performing.

I'm performing that I'm not performing.

But then if I'm performing that I'm not performing then where is the performance and where is the lie?

Ugh.

So, I'm in bed to work it out...

Somewhere soft, somewhere I can be vulnerable and feel safe, and unobserved.

Well, almost unobserved.

The first time, I remember really wanting something, really desiring something, was in the house of God.

I look up and I see them.

So many of them.

Saints.

You've seen them too, right?

Lips parted, eyes rolling back in their heads,  
hands clasped, some bound.

Their long delicate fingers pressing gently on chests,  
their eyes so... deploring.

They are being delivered, martyred,  
giving themselves over to a greater force.

Preserved forever in their exaltation:

The original blow job face.

Once you've seen it you can't unsee it.

It's so erotic.

The ritual of it.

The performance.

There's the one with arrows - Sebastian -he's full of arrows.

One in here and out the other side.

One in his big strong muscular thighs,

and one coming into his big strong muscular arm

and it's dripping with his blood.

And his pants are like falling down.

And he's so chill about it, so cool.

Just like the other one!

St. Teresa of Avila, her pierced sacred heart bleeding, dripping, hot, red, blood,  
down her long pale torso ...

Just like Jesus!

Jesus is hot.

With his hips swung out in that skimpy little loin cloth, and his 90s boy band  
haircut.

He looks just like Beckham...

And you know what they say about Jesus?

He was a carpenter so... he would have been good with his hands...

For me that's where it started - desire, lust - with Jesus's hands.

But I don't wanna be tied up and bound just because Jesus invented bondage.

And it's so performative, but also so passive, and he makes such a big deal out of it.

Unlike Lilith.

Lilith just asked for what she wanted and everyone else made a big deal out of it!

Lilith was Adam's first wife.

- YES!

He had a first wife - before Eve.

Lilith is made from the same earth as Adam

but with a little bit of filth mixed in.

Like me.

But they broke up, because she didn't wanna lie down.

She didn't want to be passive.

She didn't want to be fucked.

She wanted to fuck him.

On top.

She was like:

I will not lie below

And he was like:

I'm not gonna lie below

She was like:

I will not lie below

And he was like:

I'm not gonna lie below

And she was like:

I wanna lie on top

And he was like:

You will not lie on top

And she was like:

I am the top

And he was like:

I'm not the bottom

And she was like:

We're made from the same earth so we're equal.

But he still wouldn't let her ride

And so she raised her hand and flew away.

She went to the red sea,

to birth all of the babies she had made with the seed of Adam

- stolen obviously.

There's even a German word for it.

"Samenraub..."

God sent some angels to get her back.

They were like:

'Return to Adam or we'll drown you!'

And Lilith was like:

Naaah.

The angels were not pleased, they were like:

"If you don't, we will blame you for every miscarriage, stillbirth and abortion for ever and ever and ever!"

And she was like:

Fine. I just want my freedom.

Or so.

And so, she stayed there being a child birthing murdering sea witch demon devil woman.

Which is actually kind of scary...

And which gives the impression that having your own desires can get you into some serious... trouble.

Having your own desires can be dangerous.

And so, I need to understand why it's dangerous,  
so I can prepare, so I can do it safely, so I can protect myself.

Because - I want to have safe sex.

I'm a millennial...

Almost, I'm on the edge....

So, I started doing the penis hex.

You know hex hex!

I got it from this book...

This one...

No, maybe it was this book....

(...)