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My mother's lying on the basement floor of our house, where we lived when Becky and me were in school, fugly and naked on the red linoleum, with the electric hair clippers jammed up her cooz. They're plugged in and running, eating her alive on the inside. She's diddling herself with her big manly hands, yowling like a cat, and I can't tell if it's from pleasure or pain. Till I step up and piss on her. Then it's all pain.

My arc of hot whizz hits her right in the face and splashes over her buzzed head and the pile of gray hair like dirty laundry on the tile. She gasps and spits and curses me like she always does.

I say, "Shame on you, now. *Shame* on you! *SHAME ON YOU, YOU FUCKIN EVIL BITCH!*"

I spray a golden fountain down her body, over her flat tits, the bunched hysterectomy scar, and onto the mound of matted gray fur between her ricotta thighs.

When my piss hits the trimmers, she's electrocuted and bucks like a rhino getting shock therapy. Sparks fly. She spews blue lightning out her hole, and then she bursts into flames, screaming like a demon. A flame dances up my piss-stream like it's lighter fluid, an unquenchable fire climbing the stairway to heaven.

But in the dream I never get electrocuted, I never get burned. At least I ain't yet. I always wake up. And I always wet the bed.

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The angry red digits of my alarm clock across the room tell me it's 3:00 a.m., the

pissing hour.

I ain't wet the bed in a long time. I thought I was completely over it, but I guess not. It happened because of the dream. I've had this dream before, lots of times, when I lived at home. Always the same thing, and every time it makes me wet. And that's not all.

My cock is a rock. I stick my hand in my sopping undies and rub one out real quick before my piss turns cold. Then I shuck my shorts, strip the sour mattress, and wrap myself in my catskin rug I keep hid under the bed. It's the only dry thing I got.