

**Untitled: Did I say sexually frustrated? [Will someone edit this from this book in this society of alleged “freedom”?!]**

Sexually frustrated  
Spiritually insolvent

She left out as quick as she came  
A fantasy, perhaps  
Or was it that I could not discern between what was Real and  
what was not  
Did she leave me or did I force her away?  
Her fault or mine? Or both of ours?  
Who's to say?

I only have memories left to hold on to and she's no longer here  
to share them with me.  
Gone forever out of my Life.

I didn't appreciate her the way that I should have: self-hatred,  
self-pity, self-doubt, lack of self-control/discipline  
I didn't see the signs that she was slipping out of my fingers  
I figured that I could always have her, she wouldn't have the  
strength to leave.  
Shit, I was wrong or what?  
Didn't expect that to happen.

Wishing my days could be brighter  
Wishing for the memories to come alive again  
Wishing for the strength to move on and move forward  
Wishing for the wisdom to forgive her and myself

Wishing for the answers to the questions: Why?  
What could I have done better?  
What can I do now?  
What should I do now?

So I continue to sit here sexually frustrated  
No longer able to inundate my partner with my steamy, liquid  
blessings  
No longer able to feel that connection – like I've lost a part of  
myself  
No longer able to experience her sexual prowess

I sit here wanting to blame someone else for my temporary  
disconnection  
Yet I can't, I did it all myself to myself  
I was with another good person and once again I fucked up – my  
ego and I destroyed our happiness

So I sit here wandering why I am sittin' here sexually frustrated  
when there is a Life to live and people to meet

I guess the pain of recognizing my own culpability is too great  
Or maybe it's that I hope that she'll come back  
Or that she'll accept me back  
Or maybe I'm still too stunned to see Reality through my eyes  
clouded with tears

Sexually frustrated, missing the mental stimulation as much as  
the vaginal penetration  
And the full bodily excitation and relaxation

Exotic massages  
Fulfilling fantasies  
Love – so painful when it's so False – full of lies and deceit  
Though I know it was False Love, the pain still exists

Attempt suicide to relieve the pain and heart-ache  
May solve that problem, but won't be able to see another day of  
sunshine and realize that I'm blessed  
Plus it would create other problems  
Do I love myself that little to die over False Love?  
Is she worth dying for?  
Am I worth living for?  
Am I afraid of living or am I afraid of dying?

I can't think that deeply profound now,  
Remember I'm sexually frustrated

I miss the closeness  
Sex is more than a physical act, much more  
The more you know about sex, the more you know about your  
partner & yourself

I hope that you don't fall victim to False Love  
I hope that I don't fall victim again to False Love  
I am a Survivor sitting here for now, sexually frustrated, until I  
take responsibility for myself and realize that this cycle will  
continue until I break it.  
Or I can always sit here by myself and think of the memories and  
ask myself why I'm sexually frustrated.

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